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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.





Lady Bowmore
5 Clifford St
MACMILLAN'S

MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX.

MAY 1874, TO OCTOBER 1874.



London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

Cambridge.

1874.

W. J. LINTON. SC.





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PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,
LONDON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
"Bothwell," On Mr. Swinburne's	521
Castle Daly : The Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago :—	
Chapter VIII.	19
" IX.	23
" X.	
" XI.	104
" XII.	110
" XIII.	115
" XIV.	196
" XV.	203
" XVI.	209
" XVII.	295
" XVIII.	302
" XIX.	389
" XX.	394
" XXI.	400
" XXII.	486
" XXIII.	499
" XXIV.	504
Caliph's, The, Draught. By EDWIN ARNOLD	237
Cheshunt College, Addresses at. By the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER	314
Ditto, Author's Note to	448
Church Reform :—	
I. Patronage	121
II. Local Government	334
Curious Product, A	259
Dante. By REV. M. CREIGHTON :—	
Part II. His Writings	56
Dean of Westminster, Two Addresses by the :—	
I. John Bunyan	273
II. Arnold and Rugby	279
"Dies Iræ," On the Sequence. By A. SCHWARTZ	455
"Dies Iræ," Note to Article on. By A. SCHWARTZ	568
Duff Gordon, Lady : A Short Memoir by her Daughter	530
Eastern Asia, The Future of. By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK	435
Esthonian Hercules, The. By JOHN OXENFORD	263
Etching, Masters of. By FREDERICK WEDMORE	151
Female Suffrage. By PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH	139
Fool, The, of Five Forks. A Tale. By BRET HARTE	541
Foundling Hospitals in Italy. By LADY AMBERLEY	351

	PAGE
Froude's, Mr., "English in Ireland." By W. E. H. LECKY	166
German Girls' School, A Visit to a. By MRS. SANDFORD	82
Háfiz, The Persian Poet. By PROFESSOR COWELL	251
India, The Civil Service of. By W. B. SCOONES	365
India, The Poor Whites of: A Few Words Regarding Them. By SIR ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT, K.C.S.I.	554
Invisible, On the Perception of the. By G. F. RODWELL	342
Laid at Rest. By ISA CRAIG KNOX	88
Life or Death. By E. B.	47
London Poor, The Homes of the. By MISS OCTAVIA HILL	131
Mendelssohn. By DR. FERDINAND HILLER. Translated by M. E. VON GLEHN—	
Conclusion	35
Michelet. By GABRIEL MONOD, Directeur à l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Paris	225
Not Lost	165
Novelist, Our First Great. By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH	1
Old Plays, Who Wrote our? By F. G. FLEAY	408
Ordered South. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON	68
Pictura Poesis. By the BISHOP OF DERBY	362
Plants, The Grouping of. By H. EVERSLED	356
Priestley, Joseph. By PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.	473
Prussia and the Vatican:—	
I. The Settlement of the Peace of Westphalia	464
II. The Relations between Church and State in Prussia up to 1850	559
Requiescit. By J. W. HALES	262
Roman Funeral, A.	429
Rome, Recent Works on the Buildings of. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN	89
San Marco, The Convent of:—	
I. The Painter	239
II. The Frate	323
III. Preacher and Prior	418
Scholars and Friars: A Chapter in the History of Ecclesiastical Strife. By GEORGE L. B. WILDIG	511
"Shadow of Death, The." By SIDNEY COLVIN	215
Slavery and the Slave Trade. By SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, Pacha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., &c.	185
Spectre, The, of the Rose. By FRANCIS DAVID MORICE	407
Unionism, Agricultural. By A. J. WILSON	449
Unreturning Brave, To the	130
Vermont, More about	74
Victor Hugo's Dramas. By CAMILLE BARRÈRE	281
Woman Suffrage.—A Reply. By J. E. CAIRNES	377
Yarkund, A Ride through the Bazaar at. By CAPTAIN E. T. CHAPMAN, R.A.	49

Contributors to this Volume.

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SANDFORD, MRS.
SCHWARTZ, A.
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. TO XXX., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—180,

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers. One Shilling.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1874.

OUR FIRST GREAT NOVELIST.

HENRY FIELDING, for he it is upon whom we place the distinction of being England's first great novelist, has for a century past been the constant subject of criticism. His surpassing merits have compelled even his most pronounced foes to assign him a lofty place in the art which he adorned. Attempts to depreciate his genius, because the moral backbone was lacking in some of his characters, have been repeatedly made, but with no permanent effect upon his renown. For ourselves, we affirm at the outset that we consider him the Shakespeare of novelists. By this, of course, it will be understood, we do not imply that the sum of his genius was in any way comparable to that of the illustrious dramatist; but that he achieved his results in the same way. He was the great artist in fiction because he was the great observer and interpreter of human nature. The novel will never be able to assume a position of equal importance with the drama, because of its comparative defectiveness of construction. But to such perfection as it is capable of being brought, Fielding almost attained. It is, then, for the reason of the similarity of his method to that of Shakespeare that we have ventured to award him the highest title of eminence. It will be our endeavour, while not hiding his defects, to set forth the grounds of justification for the position we have assumed.

With that perversity which only men
No. 175.—VOL. XXX.

of the same class or profession can exhibit towards each other, it was the fashion with literary men of Fielding's time—and indeed for many years subsequently—to compare him unfavourably with his rival, Richardson. It is singular how frequently individuals of professed literary acumen are willing to accept the *dicta* of others in matters of criticism. We are only just now losing the effects of this empiricism. Some unfortunate epigram, or some warped and fantastic judgment, has frequently been passed upon an author by those who were supposed to be competent judges, and the depreciatory observations have had the same effect upon the public mind as that of the pebble cast into the pool. The waters have been agitated and disturbed by ever-widening circles of discontent, even to their utmost limits. Much laborious effort has been required to exorcise the prejudice thus established; and it is just this power which a wrong judgment possesses over the minds of men in an equivalent degree with a right one, which makes criticism dangerous. In the hands of an incapable person it is an engine of incalculable mischief. And the fact that now and then this engine destroys its foolish owner is no satisfaction for the wrong done to men of undoubted genius. The self-righting power of criticism certainly moves slowly. We are somewhat diffident, for example, when we find it neces-

sary to differ strongly from such authorities as Dr. Johnson; or at any rate should unquestionably have been so had we been amongst his contemporaries. Now that we are out of reach of his terrible voice and his overbearing demeanour, and regarding him thus from a safe distance, we do not find it so difficult to designate his capacity for judging in literary matters as often shallow and pretentious. Most people admit that his view of Milton is far from a just and worthy one of that sublime poet. He lacked the balance of mind, the intellectual equipoise, which is the foundation of the critical faculty. Consequently, with the lapse of time, his reputation in this respect will crumble away. Even the obsequious Boswell has ventured to insinuate that at times Johnson was so swayed by his feelings that, when making comparisons between writers, he very often contradicted his intellect by his affection; and, while saying the utmost he could of the inferior qualities of his personal favourite, ignored those which were superior in the person with whom he was ranged in comparison. Some such treatment as this was meted out to Fielding when he placed him in juxtaposition with Richardson. Let us reproduce his criticism. "Sir," said he, in that pompous manner in which we can fancy the burly old Doctor was wont to settle the affairs of men and mundane concerns generally, "there is all the difference in the world between characters of nature and characters of manners; and *there* is the difference between the characters of Fielding and those of Richardson. Characters of manners are very entertaining; but they are to be understood by a more superficial observer than characters of nature, where a man must dive into the recesses of the human heart." There is very little in this beyond saying that there is a great deal of difference between things which differ. Yet it is the kind of criticism which bears a deceptive sound with it, and acquires a reputation far in excess of its value, as being an expression of great apparent profundity. We

shall hope to show that in his attribution of the one method to Fielding and the other to Richardson, Dr. Johnson came to an erroneous conclusion. For the present his observations lend some force to what has gone before, and it is an undoubted fact that the weakness of Fielding's moral character had much to do with Johnson's estimate of him. The formidable lexicographer was of that class of men who are almost prepared to find fault with the sun because of the spots upon his surface.

Horace Walpole was another of the critics who appear to have been either blinded by envy or unable to detect the effects of true genius, for we find that he was amongst the earliest detractors of Fielding—a prominent member of the school of depreciators which endeavoured to humble him in the eyes of his contemporaries. It is pleasant, however, to think that some who bear great names have expressed the most unqualified admiration for the novels of our author, and the opinion of one really master mind outweighs that of a hundred Walpoles. Byron gave it as his belief that "Fielding was the prose Homer of human nature;" the far-seeing Goethe was delighted with his art; and Gibbon demonstrated his literary sagacity by the following eloquent eulogium:—"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Dukes of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburgh; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberties of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial,

and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." Ornate as is Gibbon's language it yet contains a judgment upon Fielding which has been in gradual process of verification since the words were written. Most of those who have dispassionately considered Fielding's works, and compared them with the works of his contemporaries and successors, will arrive at a conclusion much nearer that expressed by Gibbon than that of the detractor, Horace Walpole. Of course, an argument which we have previously used for another purpose, may possibly be inverted and turned against ourselves. It may be replied that after all criticism is only the opinion of one man, though it is often acted upon by the multitude : and that judgments upon literary works attain an inordinate influence when delivered by individuals of acknowledged reputation. Supposing this were to some extent true, every single reader has the opportunity of righting the matter so far as he is personally concerned. But what we do find valuable about the art of criticism, notwithstanding its numerous and manifest imperfections, is this, that it not unfrequently results in the deposition of much that is unworthy, and in the exaltation of some works which have been threatened with an undeserved obscurity. The critic is really nothing more than a leader of men ; he is supposed to have the capacity of leading in the right way, and when it is found that there is no light in him, and he is incapable of perceiving eternal Truth, we should withdraw ourselves from his guidance. We say, then, that while it is necessary for a man's self-culture and intellectual independence that he should not accept off hand the opinions of any critic, however eminent, in the bulk and without scrutiny, yet when judgments come to us stamped with the names of those who have devoted themselves to the art of criticism, they should at any rate receive candid, if searching, investigation. The destruction of the empiricism of the critic need not involve the destruction of the eclecticism of the art. It must come to us as a friendly guide, and

not as a tyrant. Our own opinion of Fielding stands very little short of the most eulogistic which has been expressed concerning him ; but we trust we have arrived at it out of no slavish regard for other minds.

A glance at the novelist's life is almost a necessity, for it elucidates many points in connection with his works which would otherwise be obscure. There has probably been no instance where the impress of the author's character has been more perceptible upon his writings than that of Fielding. Some of his novels confessedly contain passages from his own life, with very little variation of detail. It will have been perceived by the quotation from Gibbon that Fielding was of illustrious descent, but the wealth of the family must have flowed into another channel, for he got none or little of it. He was born on the 22nd of April, 1707, at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury. His father was a distinguished soldier, having served with Marlborough at Blenheim, and at length obtained the rank of Lieutenant-general. Besides being grandson of an Earl of Denbigh, this warrior was related to other noble families. The mother of Fielding was a daughter of Judge Gold, one of whose immediate descendants was also a baron of the Exchequer. Posterity may thus rest satisfied with the novelist's birth. Fielding, however, was not the only one of his family who appears to have been talented in literature. One of his sisters wrote a romance entitled "David Simple," and was also the author of numerous letters, which, with the story, earned the encomiums of her brother. We cannot, of course, now say to what extent she may have been indebted to him in regard to these compositions. There is every reason to believe that he was most accessible to advice and sympathy, whilst his affection for his relatives was deep and sincere. This—in addition to a warm affection for children—is one of the redeeming traits in a character that was subsequently marred by many imperfections. Having received the earlier part of his education

at home, from the Rev. Mr. Oliver, his private tutor—who is supposed to have been laid under contribution as the original of Parson Trulliber—Fielding was sent to Eton, where he became intimate with Fox, Lord Lyttelton, Pitt, and others, who afterwards acquired celebrity with himself, and at various crises in his history sustained towards him the part of real friendship. Unlike many literary men, whose scholastic career has been rather a *fiasco* than otherwise, Fielding was most successful in his acquisition of knowledge, and when only sixteen years of age was acknowledged by his masters to possess a very sound acquaintance with all the leading Greek and Latin writers. Traces of this linguistic proficiency are again and again beheld in his novels. From Eton he went to the University of Leyden, where he immediately entered upon still wider and more liberal studies; but at the threshold of his life the demon of misfortune which seems to have dogged his footsteps all through his career found him out. His university career closed prematurely, for his father, General Fielding, had married again, and having now two large families to keep out of a small income, discovered that his original intention with regard to his son must be abandoned. This could not have been a pleasant intimation to a youth of twenty, who had just begun to feel the expansion of his faculties, and doubtless to be conscious that his future “might copy his fair past” as regards the accumulation of the stores of knowledge. Whatever laxity of mind overtook him in after life, the earlier years of Fielding show him to have been enamoured of learning, and in no wise averse to its routine. His spirit was keen and eager, and though at twenty years of age he was somewhat given to pleasure, he at the same time was always desirous to excel, and never allowed his recreations and amusements to bar his intellectual progress.

Undismayed, however, by this rebuff of fortune, Fielding returned to London with comparatively little depression of

spirits, and even this entirely cleared off as soon as he began to mingle in the society of the metropolis. It was here, as we shall presently see, that greater dangers afterwards attended him, which he was less able to withstand than the assaults of adversity. Fielding was especially distinguished for all those gifts which make a man the darling of the circle in which he moves: and accordingly we learn that in a very few months after his settlement in London he was an established favourite of its great literary and dramatic lions, Lyttelton and Garrick amongst the number. Under the auspices of the latter he speedily commenced writing for the stage, and at the age of twenty, as Mr. Roscoe tells us in his excellent life of the novelist, produced his first comedy of “*Love in several Masques*.” We shall postpone what comments we have to make upon this and Fielding’s other works till the close of our remarks on his personal history. Necessity compelled him to turn to the writing of comedies, for though he was supposed to be enjoying an allowance of some 200*l.* per annum, he made a joke about this income to the effect that it was a sum which really anybody might pay who would. At this juncture some of our most brilliant wits were writing for the stage, so that the young author might be pardoned for the degree of nervousness he felt on entering upon the same career. Indeed, although his genius was not naturally that of the dramatist, the probability is that what aptitude he really possessed for it was somewhat cramped by the circumstances in which he was placed, and the diffidence with which he undertook a profession that at the time enjoyed two of its keenest and wittiest ornaments. It appears, nevertheless, that the comedy already mentioned, and his second one of “*The Temple Beau*,” were well received, though his success was by no means proportioned to his increasing embarrassments. That his efforts at comedy were well appreciated is testified to by Lord Lyttelton’s assertion, when some one was alluding to the wits of the age, that

"Harry Fielding had more wit and humour than all the persons they had been speaking of put together." This language seems to have been concurred in by others who were continually looking out for some new thing in that age of wit and humour. Fielding must have worked with great rapidity, for during the nine seasons in which he wrote for the stage, and before he attained his thirtieth year, he had written no fewer than eighteen pieces, reckoning both plays and farces.

It was in the midst of his unsatisfactory career in connection with the stage—unsatisfactory because of its restlessness and its recklessness—that an event occurred which promised to change the whole tenor of his life for ever; and had Fielding been as strong in his will as he was in the perception of what is right, we should now probably have been able to write him in different characters. In his twenty-seventh year he fell in love with a young lady named Cradock, residing at Salisbury. She was possessed of both beauty and accomplishments, but her fortune was small. Fielding, however, never hesitated in the pursuit of an object wherein his heart was deeply enlisted, and accordingly he married Miss Cradock with her small fortune of fifteen hundred pounds. The old, old passion had thus again its good old way. Shortly after his marriage his mother died, and Fielding became possessed of a little estate in Dorsetshire, worth some two hundred a year. Hither he bore his bride, and made many resolves to lead the life of a model country gentleman. But with all his affection for his wife—and it was genuine and sincere—he was led by the example of others into great extravagance. Setting up his coach, and living as though he could make one pound do duty for a hundred, it can evoke no surprise that at the end of three years he discovered all his patrimony to be gone, and found himself faced by the terrible spectre of absolute poverty which he himself had raised. It is held by many that genius should never be tried by the ordinary standpoints of thrift and virtue. This is

a position to which we can give no kind of countenance; but what we may look at with regard to Fielding, as some mitigation for his conduct at this period, are those social qualities for which he was so famous. Though they ultimately proved his pecuniary ruin, they were marked by a generosity which cannot but breed in us a pity for the man himself. The delights of society were more than he could bear; he entered into them with a zest which completely overmastered his *aplomb*, and for the time being made him their slave. So far this was unquestionably bad; but his case must not be confounded with that of the essentially vicious, with the man who never had Fielding's lofty appreciation for the good, and never even felt the most spasmodic striving after an ideal. To the one we can extend our unfeigned sympathy, to the other only our unmitigated abhorrence. As the sequel to the difficulties which overtook Fielding, he was compelled to resume the study of the law, which he had at one time hoped to abandon for ever. Entering himself at the age of thirty as a student of the Inner Temple, he at once began to work with a will, in order to recover himself from his embarrassments. His devotion to his studies was most praiseworthy, and, as he had great natural shrewdness, there is every reason to believe that in the legal profession he would have been most successful. But one cause or another continually interrupted him, and whatever he undertook through life seems to have met with a premature ending. For his failure, however, ultimately to earn distinction at the bar, he was himself in the first instance responsible. He was not only called, but assiduously went the Western circuit for two or three years, though briefs appear to have been very scanty with him. Suddenly, and in consequence of an intimation that he proposed issuing a work upon law, his practice increased immensely, but only, we are told, to decline again as rapidly. Meanwhile physical retribution began to overtake him for the convivial years he had spent in London society; he

was seized with gout, in addition to which, his constitution was much weakened and enfeebled; though in justice it must be said that late hours of study, with literary work executed under great pressure, acted as additional causes in the general break-up of his system. The upshot of it all was that after ceasing the active exercise of his profession, and writing two large volumes (a "Digest of the Statutes at Large"), which remained for many years unpublished, he finally quitted the bar, and returned to literary pursuits. As might be expected from the nature of his talents, he contributed for a time most successfully to periodical literature. But a period of great distress quickly came upon him. With failing health, which interfered somewhat with the operations of his brilliant intellect, his mind was still further racked with the consciousness that his wife and family were entirely dependent upon his exertions. Heroic he undoubtedly was under difficulties, but there are some odds against which men cannot possibly contend. Note, nevertheless, how the true spirit of the man shone through all the darkness which surrounded him at this trying moment. His biographers, one and all, bear testimony to the native strength of his mind. We are assured that "when under the most discouraging circumstances—the loss of comparative fortune, of health, of the fruits of years of successful toil; his body lacerated by the acutest pains, and with a family looking up to him for immediate support—he was still capable, with a degree of fortitude almost unexampled, to produce, as it were, *extempore*, a play, a farce, a pamphlet, or a newspaper. Nay, like Cervantes, whom he most resembled both in wit and genius, he could jest upon his misfortunes, and make his own sufferings a source of entertainment to the rest of the world." He did, in fact, at this precise period, and in the darkest hour of his misery, indite a rhyming letter to Sir Robert Walpole, with himself and his position for its subject; which is full of the most humorous allusions. One cannot help thinking, while reading this incident, of

the much later humourist of our own time, Hood, whose experience was almost its counterpart, with the exception of the difference in the cause of Hood's suffering, a naturally frail constitution being the sole reason of his bodily decay. Fielding was now writing because, as he expressed it, "he had no choice but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman." This was the man who had been the pride of London fashionables, who had doubtless kept a hundred tables in a roar, and whose very enjoyment of life for its own sake was so keen as to cause Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (his second cousin) to say in comparing him with Steele, that "he ought to go on living for ever." When writing for the stage, Fielding was frequently obliged to pass off work which did not satisfy his critical judgment. For this he was now and then remonstrated with by Garrick, and he once replied that the public were too stupid to find out where he failed. The consensus of the pit, however, is tolerably keen, and when the audience began on this occasion to hiss the weak part of the comedy Fielding was astonished, exclaiming, "They have found it out, have they?" An anecdote characteristic both of the man and his times is told of the novelist which affords a clue to some of his pecuniary difficulties, though it is a credit to his generosity. It appears that some parochial taxes had long remained unpaid by Fielding, a fact which need not greatly surprise us. At length the collector—as tax-collectors always will—became rather threatening in his aspect, and Fielding went off to Dr. Johnson, that friend-in-need of the impecunious, to obtain the necessary sum of money by a literary mortgage. He was returning when he met with an old college friend who was in even greater difficulties than himself. He took him to dinner at a neighbouring tavern, and emptied the contents of his pockets into his hands. Being informed on returning home that the collector had twice called on him for the amount, Fielding re-

plied, "Friendship has called for the money, and had it; let the collector call again." Other anecdotes could be cited illustrating the *bonhomie* and natural benevolence of the novelist's character.

It was during the period in which Fielding was most busily employed upon his literary ventures that he married a second time (having lost a few years before the lady to whom it has been seen he was devotedly attached); and we now find him bending to his work with redoubled energy. But all his assiduity was in vain, and he was compelled to announce with regret that he could no longer continue the publication of "The Covent Garden Journal"—a paper he was then editing. The mental and physical strain had been too severe, and there were now added to his other ailments the alarming symptoms of dropsy. The only hope held out by his physician for the prolongation of his life was that he should go abroad; and this, upon the earnest solicitations of his friends, Fielding consented to do. Portugal having been recommended, he tore himself from his wife and children, and set sail for Lisbon on the 26th of June, 1754.

At this juncture, noting that Fielding makes his references to the matter in the introduction to his "Voyage," we may allude to him in another capacity, one in which the literary man has seldom an opportunity of exhibiting himself. In 1748 he had been appointed Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office which, as we learn, was then paid by fees, and was very laborious, without being particularly reputable. As affording some idea of the nature of the work which fell to the accomplished Justice, we may recapitulate certain facts narrated by himself. While preparing for a journey to Bath, which it was hoped would result in his restoration to health, there was placed upon his shoulders no enviable piece of work. When nigh fatigued to death by reason of several long examinations relating to five different murders committed by gangs of street robbers, he received a message from the Duke of

Newcastle to wait upon him the next morning upon business of great importance. Though in the utmost distress he attended, and found that what was desired of him was a statement of the best plan he could devise for the suppression of robberies and murders in the streets, offences which had become alarmingly common. Fielding submitted a plan that was highly approved of by the Duke, who promised to lay it before the Privy Council. All the terms of the proposal were complied with, one of the principal being the depositing of 600*l.* in its author's hands. At this small pecuniary charge he undertook to demolish the gangs complained of, and also to put civil order in such a state of security that it should be thenceforth impossible for these gangs to enrol themselves in bodies and pursue their nefarious occupations. It is interesting to note, as demonstrating Fielding's executive ability in his new post, that in a few weeks the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed. But the occupation of Justice was anything save a pleasant one, whilst its remuneration was paltry in the extreme. Fielding himself says that by refusing to make the most of his position, by composing instead of inflaming the quarrels of porters and beggars, by not plundering the public or the poor, and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who would most undoubtedly not have had another left, he had reduced "an income of about 500*l.* a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than 300*l.*," a considerable portion of which remained with his clerk. It was acknowledged on all hands that Fielding made an excellent justice, and it is moreover affirmed that his charge to the grand jury, delivered at Westminster on the 29th of June, 1749, is to be regarded, for that time, as a very able and valuable state paper. It was most lucid and searching, as were certain legal investigations which he subsequently made. Furthermore, it may be noted that in a "Proposal for the Maintenance of the Poor," of which he was the author, Fielding was the first to make

the recommendation of a county work-house, in which the different objects of industry and reformation might be united. The paper also contained numerous suggestions creditable to Fielding's magisterial sagacity, some of which have since been carried into effect. Altogether he appears to have justified the high eulogium passed upon him in the capacity of Justice of the Peace.

The journey to Lisbon was of no avail for the novelist; his poor, shattered constitution had already failed beyond hope of recovery; in fact, it is stated that he was a dying man when he reached the port. He lingered, however, for two months after his arrival, in great suffering, and at length died in the Portuguese capital on the 8th of October, 1754, being then only in his forty-eighth year. It is not too much to say that in that brief span of life Fielding had exhausted both the mental and physical energy of the seventy years allotted to humanity; and when we consider the wearing and excited existence he led in the metropolis, it is almost marvellous that he should have been able to accomplish so much intellectual labour. There is something touching in the fate which compels a man whose genius was so native to the soil of England, to die in a foreign land, away not only from those he loved, but from the scene of his literary triumphs. The last tribute of respect paid to the novelist emanated from the Chevalier de Meyrionnet, French Consul at Lisbon, who not only undertook his interment, but followed his remains to the grave, and celebrated the talents of the deceased in an epitaph. The people of the English Factory in the city also erected a monument to him. In Fielding's absence from England, he was not forgotten by his friend Mr. Allen, who, after his death, educated his children, and bestowed pensions both upon them and their widowed mother. This Mr. Allen was the original of one of Fielding's best and most satisfactory characters.

The title of honour which we have accorded to our author at the outset may

seem to need some justification when it is remembered that Defoe and Richardson were writers at and before the same period, and had produced novels anterior to those of Fielding. Defoe, however, can scarcely be treated as the ordinary novelist, or put into competition with the race of writers of fiction: he was rather the fierce polemic and satiric author. In the fictitious element he was, of course, remarkably strong; his art was undoubtedly good, but it was the art of the inventor, and not the narrator. Crusoe was a real creation, but not in the same sense as Tom Jones. He was a greater effort of the imagination, and excites the faculty of wonder in us accordingly to a greater degree; but while Tom Jones was not a being of such strange singularity as Crusoe, he became so realizable to the rest of humanity that his conception must be deemed more admirable from the novelist's point of view. Then, again, Defoe seems to let it be understood, from the general drift of his writings, that he meant them to have a personal interest, that they were to be saturated by his own individuality, that his scorn, his anger, his sorrow, were to shine through them. His energy, his irrepressibility, his misery, all combined to make him one of the strongest writers of his age; but he must yield the palm to Fielding in the art of novel writing. The latter had individuality too, but it was individuality of a higher stamp than Defoe's. It selected human beings not from the imagination, but from the species itself, and the types are as unmistakeably real, and more true, though not so astounding in conception to the general consciousness.

With regard to Richardson, though, as we have said, it was the fashion at one time to extol him as the superior of Fielding, this is a position which has now been abandoned by the best critics. The man in possession has necessarily always the advantage of the man who is desirous to succeed him, and Fielding, having written one novel in imitation of his predecessor, had to struggle for some time against that fact, which was continually

hurled against him. Richardson was evidently a man of high moral principle; indeed, he always strikes us as a perfect compendium of innocence and the virtues. We are willing not to see in him what others have seen, merely the priggish moralist, but he comes terribly near earning that character. Yet let us not be unjust to him. His "*Pamela*" is a very original work, and its author deserves no small meed of praise for daring to make it a pure one in an age so strikingly celebrated for vice. But the fact that Richardson commenced to write at fifty years of age, precludes the idea of his having possessed lofty creative genius: talent may slumber, as in his case, but genius never. In some respects, "*Clarissa*" is a stronger novel than the one which preceded it, but here again it is difficult to avoid the idea that we are in church, listening to the homilies of the clergyman. The spiritual psychologist is at work again; he is flinging his code of morals at us on every page. We could admire the strength of his virtuous characters without the endless panegyrics upon morals to which we are treated, but we implore in vain. The strings of conscience were what Richardson desired to lay hold upon, and to do this he thought it necessary to follow both virtue and vice from their very inception, and to write as it were their autobiography. How powerfully he has done this let his characters of *Clarissa* and *Lovelace* testify. But the permanent impression remaining is that, in spite of his acknowledged power and Puritanical tendencies, he is not one who loves his fellow-men so much as one who would wish to see them made better by the rigid exercise of those virtues to the exposition of which he has devoted his talents. Courage, talent, purity, all these Richardson exhibits, but little genius.

How greatly dissimilar to him was Fielding! Inheriting the frailties of humanity, and feeling himself bound up with its joys and sorrows, he was gifted with a mind incredibly rich in resource. Richardson had some of the

weaker elements of woman's nature mingled with his own, but Fielding had its real tenderness, its compassion. Tripped up repeatedly by his follies, his nature never hardened; he was the same genial spirit as ever. Betwixt the chariot of excess and the stool of repentance a great portion of his time seems to have been passed. He had the voice of mirth for those who wished to rejoice, and the tears of sympathy for those who were called upon to suffer. He flung no sermons at the head of men and women overtaken in their sins, though he never wrote one book wherein he failed to let it be gathered that he honoured virtue and scourged vice. He was not the kind of man to be the favourite of Richardson. More magnanimous than the latter, though not so severe in his morality, his knowledge of humanity was at once wider and deeper, and he could gauge it to its greatest depths. His invention and his naturalness were far superior to those of Richardson. His mind was more plastic, his wit keener, his intellect altogether of a superior order. He had, in one word, what Richardson lacked, genius. In his boyhood the marvellous gift began to develop itself, and in after years it achieved its greatest results with the apparent ease by which the operations of genius are often attended. In Richardson there burned the lambent flame which neither surprises nor destroys; in Fielding there was the veritable lightning of soul. These, then, are some of the reasons why we have assigned to Fielding the right to be considered our first great novelist: but others will be apparent as we proceed.

It is fair to assume that, to a very large extent, those works which attain the widest celebrity must be national in their character—that is, must bear an unmistakable impress of the national genius upon them. See how that is borne out. Shakspeare, Bunyan, and Fielding in England, Goethe in Germany, Voltaire in France, have each produced individual works in their various languages which have acquired world-wide celebrity. And are not

all those works imbued with national characteristics? Do we not find the strength, and at the same time the singular mobility and elasticity of the English mind developed in the writings of the three authors whom we have named? Are not the speculative thought and transcendentalism of Germany adequately embodied in Goethe? Does not Voltaire sum up in himself the force, the point, the fickleness, and the scepticism, which lie at the core of the French character? An English Voltaire, or a French Goethe, is a sheer impossibility. We feel it to be so in the very nature of things. And with respect to Fielding, he has taken root in foreign soil because of his distinctly national character, and yet, at the same time, cosmopolitan genius, as genius in its highest form must always be. We have no writer to whom we can point who excels Fielding in the art of setting out his characters by means of strong, broad lights and shadows. The drawing is masterly and accurate. And nothing deters him from telling the whole truth. He is full of a sublime candour. His narrative is no mere record of events, but personal history of the most effective description. Whoever comes in the way of his pencil must submit to the most rigorous and unflinching representation. However great, rich, or powerful, he will be drawn exactly as he is—himself, the veritable man, or, as Cromwell wished to be limned, with the warts on his face. We are getting, through these observations, to the secret of the success of "Tom Jones." It is marked by the characteristics to which we have been referring, and all the world has acknowledged the truthfulness of the work. Where is the novel in existence which has reached so many corners of society?

As it is considered, and with reason, its author's masterpiece, we may well devote some space to its examination. Notwithstanding its vast popularity, it is regarded in two lights by opposing classes of readers. The first, those who are overcome by its wonderful power, have no eye for blemishes; the second, those who are afraid of seeing plain truths

stated in a plain way, and men and women represented with their masks off, have nothing for it but terms of reproach, on the ground of what they call its indecency. With the exception of certain phrases which are redolent of the period at which Fielding wrote, it is one of the purest books in our literature. Pure, we affirm, in its general tendency; and surely that is the way in which any work should be regarded. If we adopt the objectionable principle of selecting words and phrases which are obnoxious to the sensitive ear, and from them forming an adverse opinion, what will become of some of the finest effusions of Chaucer and Shakspeare, whom these same purists doubtless cherish most closely? We are inclined to agree with the distinguished critic who asserted that the man who read "Tom Jones" and declared it an essentially evil book, must be already corrupt. Of course, to the evil there is a ministry of evil, which can find sustenance everywhere, turning even good so that it may become food for their debased natures. But to a really healthy nature we can conceive no ill accruing from an acquaintance with this novel. It is but fair, however, in a matter upon which there is some difference of opinion, to hear the author himself speak before delivering judgment. In dedicating "Tom Jones" to Lord Lyttelton, Fielding trusts that he will find in it nothing whatever that is prejudicial to religion and virtue; nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency, or which could offend the chastest eye. It was obvious that the author had little fear that he would be charged with indecency, and he goes on to declare that goodness and innocence had been his sincere endeavour in writing the history. Further, besides painting virtue in the best colours at his command, he was anxious to convince men that their true interests lay in the pursuit of her. What more exalted end could an author have in his work than this? and we are bound to affirm that, read in the right spirit, the novel has fulfilled its writer's original intentions. He has no scruple in laugh-

ing men out of their follies and meanesses, for he is a satirist as well as a romancist. But throughout the work he has done nothing contrary to the rules which a great artist is bound to follow. The book is indeed full of overwhelming excellences in this respect of art. Look how each character is painted in! There is no scamping with the humblest individual honoured by reproduction on the canvas. The same truthfulness to life which we find in the portraits of Mr. Allworthy and Sophia Western we find in the depiction of a maid or a man-servant at an inn. With the enthusiasm which is as necessary to art as is the air we breathe to humanity, he labours at the minutest details till he brings all to perfection. Then the story appears rounded and complete, with no patchwork to mar its artistic effect. Dr. Warburton gave expression to our novelist's merits in this regard excellently when he said: "Monsieur de Marivaux, in France, and Mr. Fielding in England, stand the foremost among those who have given a faithful and chaste copy of life and manners; and by enriching their romance with the best part of the comic art, may be said to have brought it to perfection."

M. Taine, whose criticism may too often be described as the sound of "a rushing mighty wind," never exhibited his faults and his excellences more strikingly than he does in his observations upon Fielding. Nearly always vigorous, and endowed with a jerky, but oftentimes an admirably epigrammatic, force, the French critic is now and then erratic in his judgments. His eye travels faster than his mind. He perceives, and writes what he perceives before he has given full time for reflection. For instance, he says in describing Fielding: "You are only aware of the impetuosity of the senses, the upwelling of the blood, the effusion of tenderness, but not of the nervous exaltation and poetic rapture. Man, such as you conceive him, is a good buffalo; and perhaps he is the hero required by a people which is itself called John Bull." This is a smart use of a synonym, but one

incorrect both as regards what the individual novelist supplies, and what the nation demands. The whole gist of M. Taine's complaint against Fielding is that he wants refinement. "In this abundant harvest with which you fill your arms, you have forgotten the flowers." But Fielding is quite as refined as Cervantes, to whom the critic awards the possession of that excellence. Let anyone who wishes to be convinced that Fielding possesses refinement read the chapter in "*Tom Jones*" which gives a description of Sophia. There will be found both the poetry and the grace which M. Taine desires. But the critic has misrepresented Fielding in other respects. Not only has he declared the author to be without natural refinement, but he has denied it to all his characters. After the lapse of more than a hundred years, the character of Sophia Western stands forth one of the purest, sweetest, and most attractive in literature. We seem to see the very bloom of health upon her cheek, a bloom only equalled by the perfections of her mind—not so much intellectual perfections simply as those other virtues and charms which make woman the idol of man. Compare this character with those which crowd too many of the novels of the present day. How absurd are the latter as living representations, and stiff as wooden puppets in the hands of their literary parents! Tinged with false sentiments, lacking in real femininity, they form as great a contrast as could be imagined to the true woman we find depicted in Sophia Western:—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought."

This dainty conceit of Dr. Donne's exactly expresses the most perfect heroine drawn by Fielding. In Jones himself, too, we may discover some traces of that refinement which lifts a man out of the merely animal category. The namby-pamby element was entirely absent from him, and he was in the habit of calling a spade a spade—a habit much in vogue at the time in

which his life was fixed. We should join in the verdict delivered by Mr. Allworthy, after he had carefully studied Jones's character—viz., “in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.” It must not be forgotten that Fielding never intended to depict a perfect hero; he would have shuddered at the thought. Whilst he “would nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,” he at the same time never failed to place in full relief—with not a shadow less or more than they deserved—all the characters which he took upon himself to delineate. Remembering this, we feel at once how admirably he fulfilled his task in the picture of Western, the jolly, rollicking squire. Had he softened in any degree the violence, prejudice, passion, and boisterousness attaching to this man, its value as a faithful picture of a Somersetshire squire would have been utterly destroyed. He is no worse than Falstaff, and why should we yield to the one conception the merit we deny to the other? But the world has within its keeping all characters which have been truly realized, and will not let them die. There is much of the bull in Western's constitution; and it is meant that there should be, for he is typical. Fielding's power has lain principally in supplying types. Other portraits are drawn in “Tom Jones” (besides those we have named) with remarkable skill. There is Mr. Allworthy, upon whom the author has laboured with affectionate zeal, and who appears as one of the most finished specimens of his class of humanity. He has the generous heart which prompts to benevolent deeds, and the ready hand to carry out what that heart dictates. He is himself a strong protest against the assertion that Fielding takes no thought of virtue as regards its inculcation upon others, for one instinctively feels that he is purposed by the author to be represented as a being worthy of imitation. Precisely the opposite lesson is intended to be taught by the portrait of Blifil. The villainy of this character is singularly striking, and when the

book is closed, the reader will admit that he has followed the fortunes of but few beings who have been rendered more despicable in his eyes. This unredeemed scoundrel, whose meanness is matched only by his cowardice, is flayed alive according to his deserts. And yet the novelist has exercised no prejudice in the matter; he has simply turned the heart inside out, and made its fetid character apparent to the world. There is no artistic bungling, because there has been no attempt to tamper with the character. Fielding has allowed knavery to show itself, just as on the same page he keeps open the way for innocence and virtue.

The genius of Fielding was not strongly developed until the appearance of “Joseph Andrews,” which, as is well known, preceded the publication of “Tom Jones.” Before the production of his first novel, the talents of this great wit and humourist seem to have been devoted to the hurried writing of brilliant dramatic and other pieces, which had in them but little positive assurance of a lasting fame. One can well understand, however, what a flutter the launching of “Joseph Andrews” must have caused in London society. The author's leading idea was to write a story in imitation of the style and manners of Cervantes; and it was his intention therein to set forth the folly of affectation, which he regarded as the only true source of the ridiculous. Great vices, he considered, were the proper objects of detestation, and smaller faults of pity; but affectation held its own place aloof from both. Referring to the scope of his work, he has the following remarks: “Perhaps it may be objected to me that I have, against my own rules, introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set

forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene; and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil." All which is very sound and true, but it availed him nothing; for did not the leading characters of his novel immediately strike people as strong and pronounced caricatures of those in the novel by Richardson which had just been all the rage? It was in vain for him to assert that he meant to vilify or asperse no one, or to copy characters hitherto conceived, with the addition of considerable burlesque colouring. Richardson himself, on reading through the work, felt what he described as its covert satire keenly, and, it is said, never forgave Fielding for this novel. The closing portion of it was held to put the question of satiric aim beyond doubt, when Fielding makes the lady conduct herself in such a manner that, as one critic observes, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." Yet, making allowance for whatever element of parody there may be in it, "*Joseph Andrews*" is a remarkable book for the individuality of its characters. We might search in vain for a more worthy or more vividly-drawn personage than Parson Adams. His natural goodness and simplicity of heart endear him to us beyond measure, and must mitigate our condemnation of his share in certain scenes which are scarcely seemly to the cloth. This character was evidently a favourite of Fielding's, and in his plea on Adams's behalf to his brother clergymen, for whom, "when they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect," the author says: "They will excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations." Of the originality of Parson Adams there is little to say, for criticism is disarmed; he is perfect in that respect. Many commentators on Fielding have been unable to dis-

cover a resemblance of even the faintest character between "*Joseph Andrews*" and the immortal work of Cervantes. But making allowance for the variation in scenes and incidents, we consider that Fielding's novel displays a great deal of the breadth of treatment pertaining to the Spanish master. It is somewhat similar in conception also, being a mock-heroic narrative, and in it the romance and the apologue are blended in happy proportions. The spirit of Cervantes has been caught, while the author has avoided a professed imitation, and several of the ludicrous catastrophes which occur in the course of the story, give full weight to the assertion that Fielding had in his mind's eye the author of "*Don Quixote*" when he wrote. The humour of Fielding's history is rich and yet inoffensive; it possesses not the slightest tinge of bitterness, and is distinguished by a remarkable mellowness. Whatever else the work demonstrated, or failed to demonstrate, one thing was clear—it predicted the rising of a humourist of the highest order, and had its authorship been unknown on its first publication, there was but one man to whom the finger of society could point as its literary father. Of "*Tom Jones*" the second novel written by Fielding (taking them in the order of their appearance) we have already spoken at length.

The third novel from this master-mind of fiction is one to which a peculiar interest attaches. Whilst it is considered to be, in point of talent, inferior to the others, it is noteworthy as being a transcript of a portion of Fielding's family history. We refer to the story of "*Amelia*." Its fault, as a novel, seems to us to lie in the absence of any supreme interest in the several characters individually. They are not boldly drawn; and the fact that the gold was not of so rich a quality as that previously dug from the same soil, immediately induced the detractors of Fielding to rejoice over the supposed decay of his powers. They forgot, in their spite, that Shakespeare only produced one "*Hamlet*," and that if Fielding had written no other

work but his crowning novel, that alone had ensured him his place amongst the gods. But, in truth, while "Amelia" is not by any means equal to its predecessors, it exhibits many graces of style, and its pathos is deep and true. The style is not so strong nor the humour so ceaseless, so abundant; but there are frequent genuine touches of passion in it, and some scenes of truthful domestic painting. Captain Booth is a strange mixture of weakness and fidelity; his character is supposed, and truly, to bear some resemblance to Fielding's own; there was the same readiness in both to fall a victim to their own passions, and the same deep tenderness when they had recovered themselves. Booth is trustful and devoted, and worships the woman of his love. "If I had the world," he says, "I was ready to lay it at my Amelia's feet; and so, Heaven knows, I would ten thousand worlds." He is not the man to inspire admiration so much as to provoke an affectionate interest. Herein is one of the failures of the novel: the hero is not strong enough to occupy the centre. We expect to do something more with a hero than condole, laugh, or shed with him an occasional tear. He must appeal to wider sympathies. He must be greater than ourselves in some way, no matter what; but never beneath or even on a level with us. The same trait of devotion is very conspicuous in Booth's wife Amelia, who is supposed to be the representation of Fielding's first wife. We can partially agree with M. Taine in his criticism of this character when he says that Amelia is "a perfect English wife, an excellent cook," so devoted as to pardon her husband for his numerous failings, and "always looking forward to the accoucheur." This may be accepted as true with regard to a great number of the English wives of that period, though there were many of a superior *calibre*, such as we could imagine Sophia Western might make. Amelia is happy because she is typical—typical of a portion of English wives, but not by any means a universal type. The novel in which these two

amiable beings appear may be beautiful, but it lacks the pith which stronger characters would have given to it. We have to travel away from these to a subordinate individual in the story to discover a genuine point of interest—which is a great transgression of one of the cardinal principles of novel writing. Fielding, nevertheless, did not prove by this story that he had written himself out. It is neither so brilliant nor so incisive as his other novels, and has no concentration of force or continuity of plot, and for these reasons it cannot be expected to take so worthy a position; but it is without doubt far above mediocrity.

Incensed by the adulation paid to successful villainy, Fielding wrote the history of "Jonathan Wild, the Great." In his day, more than in our own, perhaps, the world worshipped at the shrine of success—certainly of a lower order of success—nor stayed to inquire too closely into the cause of any rapid rise of fortune, however disreputably acquired. It is our general rule not to measure a man by the inherent qualities of good which he possesses, or by the claim which his genuine acts of benevolence establish upon us, but by the figure he is able to make in Society, even though that gilded exterior be a covering for much that is base and contemptible. An income of ten thousand a year will always cover a multitude of sins. Virtue itself has a terrible struggle to maintain its own against it. And this insane feeling of adulation of material success was, as we have observed, carried still further and still lower in Fielding's day. It went so far as to shed a halo round the head of the man whose natural place was the felon's cell, provided he were clever enough to evade the grasp of justice, and preserve a bold and brilliant outward appearance. This hollowness in the conditions of society annoyed Fielding deeply; he was moved to his innermost depths of contempt by it; and in his apology for treating the subject of the great criminal, Jonathan Wild, he explains the motives which led to the production of this

extraordinary piece of satirical writing. "Without considering Newgate," he remarks, "as no other than human nature with its mask off, which some very shameful writers have done—a thought which no price should purchase me to entertain—I think we may be excused for suspecting that the splendid palaces of the great are often no other than Newgate with the mask on. Nor do I know anything which can raise an honest man's indignation higher than that the same morals should be in one place attended with all imaginary misery and infamy, and in the other with the highest luxury and honour. Let any impartial man in his senses be asked for which of these two places a composition of cruelty, dust, avarice, rapine, insolence, hypocrisy, fraud and treachery, was best fitted, surely his answer must be certain and immediate. And yet I am afraid all these ingredients, glossed over with wealth and a title, have been treated with the highest respect and veneration in the one, while one or two of them have been condemned to the gallows in the other." This, of course, is the fault of Society, which rarely estimates a man for his intrinsic worth, whatever groove he moves in. He may be as gigantic a fraud as was ever palmed off upon the human race, but if he only manages to dazzle the eyes of those who are beneath him on the ladder, nothing will be whispered about his peccadilloes. Let him make one slip, however, and lose his hold, and a thousand gazers will rejoice in his fall, declaring that they always knew it would come. It was to help in destroying, therefore, the bombastic greatness of society, that Fielding wrote his "Jonathan Wild." It is marked by a singular perception of motives, and a careful dissection of those unworthy passions which attain so great a sway over men. He invariably keeps one leading point in view, viz., the proper distribution of strict justice amongst his various characters. The hero, who flourishes in apparent security before our eyes through the course of the narrative, cannot escape his just doom at the last. On the gallows he fulfils the

proper ends of his being, which was corrupt and unreformable. Fielding's position as magistrate undoubtedly furnished him with many ideas for this history, which he failed not to make the most of, though as a composition, regarded in its entirety, it is somewhat deficient. It was written for a special purpose; it fulfilled that purpose admirably; but beyond that fact, and that it contains much of its author's sarcastic genius, the fragment is not in any other aspect very noticeable.

Little has been said at any time of Fielding as a writer of verse, and yet he appears to have penned a considerable amount of rhyme in his day. But his verse is much inferior to his prose, his strength seeming to evaporate under the influence of rhyme. He has not the polish or the strength of Swift in this respect; but he might have made some figure as a rhymester had he adhered to the Muse. What he has left behind him is necessarily completely dwarfed by his excellence as a writer of fiction. It will not be without interest, notwithstanding, if we glance slightly at his attempts in verse. In a poem on "Liberty" he gives vent to a noble exordium upon the good which she has accomplished for the human race, and for the progress in arts which we owe chiefly to her. Then comes the following apostrophe:—

"Hail, Liberty! boon worthy of the skies,
Like fabled Venus fair, like Pallas wise.
Through thee the citizen braves war's alarms,
Though neither bred to fight, nor paid for
arms;
Through thee the laurel crowned the victor's
brow,
Who served before his country at the plough;
Through thee (what most must to thy praise
appear)
Proud senates scorn'd] not to seek Virtue
there."

In form and conception the poem reminds us something of Goldsmith, being, however, in parts less pastoral than he, but having more force. The whole concludes with the following lines, which will stir an echoing sentiment probably in the mind of every reader:—

"But thou, great Liberty, keep Britain free,
Nor let men use us as we use the bee;
Let not base drones upon our honey thrive,
And suffocate the maker in his hive."

Other poetical effusions by Fielding, while not exhibiting the strength and width of view which we gain in this poem, show considerable tenderness of feeling and delicacy of treatment. He has a set of verses "To Celia," supposed to be addressed to the lady whom he afterwards married, and which he closes thus happily, after descending upon the hollowness of the world and the sickness of heart which the knowledge of it has produced in him:—

"Ask you then, Celia, if there be
The thing I love? My charmer, thee;
Thee more than life, than light adore,
Thou dearest, sweetest creature, more
Than wildest raptures can express,
Than I can tell, or thou canst guess.
Then though I bear a gentle mind,
Let not my hatred of mankind
Wonder within my Celia move,
Since she possesses *all* I love."

Other poems could be cited which betray a lively fancy, and as a specimen in another vein we may reproduce his lines for Butler's Monument. Fielding was moved to great indignation at the treatment of Butler by an ungrateful court, and his sarcasm took the following form:—

"What though alive, neglected and undone,
O let thy spirit triumph in this stone!
No greater honour could men pay thy parts,
For when they give a stone they give their hearts."

In contrast to Fielding's poems in the didactic and sentimental vein, we may turn, lastly, to a specimen of the humorous. When labouring under pecuniary embarrassments, he addressed an appeal to Sir Robert Walpole, in which, under a playful guise, he administered a rebuke to that great minister for his neglect. In this rhyming missive the following stanzas occur:—

"Great sir, as on each levée day
I still attend you—still you say—
'I'm busy now, to-morrow come;
To-morrow, sir, you're not at home;
So says your porter, and dare I
Give such a man as him the lie?"

"In imitation, sir, of you
I keep a mighty levée too;
Where my attendants, to their sorrow,
Are bid to come again to-morrow.
To-morrow they return no doubt,
And then, like you, sir, I'm gone out."

In other verses the poet presses Walpole to assign him some appointment; he is not particular what, as will be gathered from the following cosmopolitan choice which he gives to the Minister:—

"Suppose a Secretary o' this isle,
Just to be doing with for a while;
Admiral, gen'l, judge, or bishop;
Or I can foreign treaties dish up.
If the good genius of the nation
Should call me to negociation,
Tuscan and French are in my head,
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.
If you should ask, what pleases best?
To get the most, and do the least.
What fittest for?—You know, I'm sure,
I'm fittest for—a sine-cure."

Of Fielding as a dramatist, there is, perhaps, no necessity to say much; and what must be said is not of the most flattering character. His comedies are not so suggestively indecent as those of Wycherley, but there is a good deal of actual impurity in them. The license of the stage, to a large extent, has been pandered to, while the literary talent displayed is not of so high an order as that which shines through his novels. One point should be remembered in connection with these comedies and farces—that they were written under great pressure, their production having been a matter of urgency with the author. A good deal of the wit of Fielding is encountered, but altogether they are not equal to his fine intellect. Smart sayings flash from the page now and then, as in "Don Quixote in England," where he remarks that "Every woman is a beauty if you will believe her own glass: and few if you will believe her neighbours." Again: "all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what gets another man a halter;" which is a very acute remark upon the disjointed conditions of English life. In "The Modern Husband," a comedy whose general scope must be condemned as being worthy of the worst period of the Restoration,

the following reflection occurs: "Never fear your reputation while you are rich, for gold in this world covers as many sins as charity in the next: so that, get a great deal and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both." A remark made by Sir Positive Trap in one of Fielding's comedies seems to have anticipated the conduct of society in the nineteenth century, or if not of the whole of our present society, of more of it than we like to admit, if whispers from its sacred circle are to be believed—"I hope to see the time," said the worthy knight, "when a man may carry his daughter to market with the same lawful authority as any other of his cattle." Of all Fielding's dramatic pieces "*Pasquin*" seems deserving of the highest praise, and it touches pretty freely upon the political corruptions of the times. Considered in the light of a satire alone it may be pronounced very successful, showing its author as usual at his best in the unsparing use of the lash. It is of course difficult to say where the line should be drawn upon the stage in regard to satire. The power of the press is not so strong as that of personal ridicule, and it is on record that the Great Chancellor Hyde was ruined at Court by the absurd manner in which he was mimicked in farces and comedies, an end which would never have happened to him by mere abstract criticism. Fielding was, upon occasion, exceedingly free in his use of this weapon of ridicule; and however deficient his comedies may be in those qualities which are admitted to sustain the drama upon the boards, there are many passages in them of unquestioned brilliancy and power. His strong capacity for parodying the great is demonstrated in more than one of the comedies; and it is but just to add the observation that what is good and virtuous in itself is always exempt from ridicule. He perceived the moral fitness of things so clearly that he never transgressed propriety in this respect. Shocked we may occasionally be when he reproduces too faithfully the follies and vices of his period, but never through the whole of

his works do we remember a single sneer at what is good, honest, or noble.

In "*A Journey from this World to the Next*" Fielding has been the forerunner of a host of works of our own day, of which the reading public has become unconscionably weary. Undoubtedly the best of these modern efforts to describe another world is "*Erewhon*;" but it is singular to find Fielding, upwards of a hundred years ago, describing what took place in another sphere, after the death of the supposed writer of the narrative. It shows what little originality there is in the matter of great bold outlines of thought in the world; and doubtless many things which we consider new and of great merit in our own day have been done in ages past, and in much superior style. We do not mean to imply in any way that the work we have named and other similar works which followed it resemble in detail Fielding's "*Journey*," but simply desire to point out how early the author of "*Tom Jones*" was in the field in this very idea of describing another world, for which there appears at present to be an unreasonable mania. His work is both curious and interesting, and excellent occupation for a quiet hour's literary relaxation.

Authors are measured in various ways; some are fitted for the great mass of ordinary readers alone; others find their devotees in a few choice intellectual spirits; but of few can it be said that they are favourites of both. When we are able to affirm that this last is the true position of a writer we have paid him the highest tribute it is in our power to offer. It means that we are speaking of lofty genius; for that is really great which can satisfy the philosopher and the peasant at the same moment. "*Hamlet*" is the product of such a mind; so is the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and to these books must indubitably be added the masterpiece of Fielding. It possesses that salt of genius which will arrest dissolution. Years roll on and only add to the imperishable character of all such works.

What novelist has delighted a greater number of individuals than Fielding, or satisfied more with his exquisite delineations of human nature? We know what his influence has been over millions of undistinguished men; but look for a moment at the estimation in which he is held by the conspicuous descendants of his own craft. Dickens always had the most unfeigned admiration for him, and has described the keen relish with which he devoured his works as a boy. This love grew as he grew, and there was no novelist for whom Dickens cherished such a feeling of respect for his singular power as Fielding. It is said that he took him for his model; but if so he has failed in catching his spirit, notwithstanding his profound admiration; for in truth to us the two methods—those of Fielding and Dickens—seem to differ most widely. That is a question, however, which cannot be discussed here, and we pass it by with the observation that Fielding's power over Dickens was unquestionably immense. The same remark applies to Thackeray, whose genius, far more than that of Dickens, resembled Fielding's own. "What," said the author of "Vanity Fair," when speaking of his great predecessor in fiction, "an admirable gift of nature it was by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people. What a genius, what a vigour! What a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! What a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy; what a cheerfulness; what a manly relish of life! What a love of human kind! What a poet is here, watching, meditating, brooding,

creating! What multitudes of truths has the man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly!" And again, speaking of his works as a whole—"Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the building remains strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill." Who is there who cannot subscribe to this exalted opinion of our author, first given utterance to in its full boldness and generosity by Gibbon, and perpetuated by Thackeray? Whether we regard Fielding in the light of an observer of human nature or as a humourist, he has but few rivals. In the matter of the combination of both these excellences in the garb of fiction, we fearlessly reassert that he is entitled to the position we assigned him in the outset. He is at the head of his race. Other novelists may show a particular aptitude, he is the one being who has no aptitudes, for his art is universal. The temple he has reared has no dwarfed or stunted columns; it is perfect and symmetrical, and of towering and magnificent dimensions. Years have not defaced its beauty or shaken its foundations.

Another tribute to those already paid to this great king of fiction—more ephemeral, perhaps, than some, but as sincere as any—is now laid at his feet. Henry Fielding, we would that thou hadst been a better man, but it is impossible not to love thee, and to recognize shining through thee that glorious light of genius which grows not dim with Time, but whose luminous presence is ever with us to cheer, to reprove, to delight, and to elevate!

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

CASTLE DALY,

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE absence of its owner from Castle Daly had the double effect on Anne O'Flaherty of inducing her to shut herself up more than ever with her own subjects in her kingdom, as the little valley was called by its inhabitants, and of causing her thoughts to stray so often to the different localities from which letters directed in Ellen Daly's handwriting reached her, that she often told Murdock Malachy, whom on his partially recovery she had taken into her service, when he limped in with the letter-bag, that she did not know whether she really spent most of her time in England or in Ireland.

The busy monotonous days and months slipped by in the Hollow. Anne did not grow less confidential with her servants and inferiors from having lost the only equal companionship within her reach, or for knowing that there was no Mrs. Daly near to look disapproving surprise on her eccentricities in this respect. A good deal of gossip reached her about the sayings and doings of Mr. Thornley, the English gentleman, a relative of Sir Charles Pelham, who had been sent over from England to manage Mr. Daly's affairs in his absence, and who with his sister had taken up his abode at Castle Daly. The accounts reached her filtered through the prejudices and coloured by the grudges (reasonably or unreasonably entertained) of the narrators; and Anne listened sympathetically, as was her wont, without always troubling herself to unravel fact from fiction. A stranger who acted decisively on his own judgment, without condescending to consult old residents, and who in small things and great, from the granting of leases to the breeding of pigs,

appeared by all accounts to have diametrically opposite views from her own and Peter Lynch's, was pretty sure to go wrong, and sooner or later do serious mischief.

If Anne's conscience occasionally pricked her for having allowed herself to become a decided partisan on the popular side, she was sure the next day to be made acquainted with some fresh instance of harshness on Mr. Thornley's part that restored her to self-complacency by seeming to justify any amount of indignation. In some cases of what seemed to her positively unjust treatment of tenants, she thought it her duty to write and give Mr. Daly her opinion of his agent's conduct, and thence resulted an irritating correspondence, which usually ended by Anne's having to acknowledge that the version of affairs which Mr. Thornley communicated to Mr. Daly in self-justification, while it materially differed from her own, was substantially the correct one, and that her interference had been ill-judged and uncalled-for. Once or twice Anne cut the discussion short before it reached this point by receiving the rejected tenants as settlers on her own domain, and found that she had introduced hopelessly bad sheep among her flock. If this discovery ought to have mollified her anger against Mr. Thornley it did not; it only induced her to endorse heartily the sentiment of Peter Lynch—that there was "nothing but ill luck to be expected in a country when mane-spirited, grasping nagurs had the rule in it; seeing they took all that was best for themselves, and nately shuffled all the burdens on to their neighbours' shoulders."

One day more than a year after their arrival in the country, Mr. and Miss Thornley rode over from Castle Daly to visit Good People's Hollow, bearing,

in guise of an olive-branch, a package of rare flower-seeds and cuttings, which Sir Charles Pelham had transmitted to them from Pelham Court for Miss O'Flaherty's acceptance, and requested them to deliver with their own hands.

The visit was well-intentioned, but it did not prove happy or well timed. Anne had received a letter that same morning from Sir Charles Pelham, roundly accusing her of adding to Mr. Daly's difficulties by encouraging a disaffected spirit among his tenantry, and she was too seriously hurt by the accusation to be mollified even by a bribe of flower-seeds. Then it had given her a sharp pang to see two strange figures, mounted on Mr. Daly's horse and Ellen's pony, approaching the house by the path along which she had so often watched the coming of her friends. The unaccustomed sounds of a sharp double-knock on the little-used front door, and of strange voices in a strangely high key asking in the hall for Miss O'Flaherty, jarred upon her nerves; and when at last the visitors were ushered into one of the turret rooms, their appearance so utterly contradicted Anne's anticipations, that she felt as much put out as if someone had given her the lie to her face.

The gentleman, who entered first, was the most provokingly contradictory to all Anne's expectations. For the last eighteen months she had been picturing Mr. Thornley to herself as a hale, fresh-faced, obstinate-headed John Bull sort of a man, of the Sir Charles Pelham type, who would talk her down with loud-voiced self-assertion, or crush her good-humouredly with contemptuous patronage. The gentleman with whom she found herself shaking hands was, in the first place, much younger than she had expected, and had much more the air of a scholar than a man of business. He was thin and not particularly tall, while face, whiskers, hair, and eyebrows partook of a general grey neutral tint that would have stamped the whole person with insignificance if the countenance had not been redeemed by the presence of a

pair of very bright grey eyes, looking keenly out from under the sandy eyebrows, and by the play of the lips, which when speaking disclosed two rows of very white teeth, and when silent fell into a curve, that puzzled you to make out whether it was a smile or a sneer.

"That little whitey-brown grocer's apprentice to attempt to rule over us in the place of Dermot Daly. Phew!" thought Anne, as she dropped the hand she could not bring herself to shake cordially. The lady who, followed and claimed Miss O'Flaherty's second greeting, appeared to be about five or six years her brother's senior, and exaggerated in her person the neutral-tint effect produced by his, so that she gave Anne the impression of having been cut out, dress, face, hair, and all, from an immense sheet of packing paper. Both spoke in pleasant, well-bred tones, and brought out well-chosen remarks with a deliberation and air of good sense that reduced Miss O'Flaherty to a state of conscious idiocy, and robbed her of all possibility of inventing appropriate replies. Yet, though the conversation languished, her visitors were in no hurry to go away, and seemed to find sufficient amusement in looking about them with an air of intelligent investigation, such as would have become a European traveller in a Kamschatkan hut or Indian wigwam. They asked permission to examine the Good People's Hollow works of art that adorned the cheffoniers and chimney-pieces, and they did examine them thoroughly, passing little faintly laudatory remarks upon them to each other, that so put Anne past her patience, that she longed to end the talk by knocking together the two neutral-tinted heads bent critically over her treasures. Every now and then, while indifferent discourse went on, Anne felt that four thoughtful, cold eyes were stealing critical glances at herself, as at some strange, unaccountable, possibly malevolent being, whose ignorant animosity was to be soothed away or rendered harmless by the charms of superior

wisdom and a magnanimous example of tolerant goodwill. She went out of the room for a few minutes to order some additions to her luncheon, and on approaching the turret-room door was startled by hearing a laugh, actually a natural girlish and boyish fit of laughter, perpetrated by her prim visitors. Peeping in, she saw that Miss Thornley had lifted up a gaily-coloured feather flower wreath from the cheffonier, and was holding it round her brother's head, and making him admire the effect in the cracked looking-glass above the chimney-piece. Connor had cracked the glass long ago, and Anne knew well how distorted everything looked in it.

The two faces had now a grey tinge of colour and light in them, and the white teeth showed agreeably, but it did not propitiate Anne to find that her guests' stupidity was due to her presence, and that they could be animated at her expense. After luncheon they took a walk through the valley to examine some new cottages Anne was building, and to talk to Peter Lynch about the draining of the bog lands on the hill side, and the other agricultural improvements for which the valley was famous.

Anne read on Peter Lynch's stolid face a fixed determination not to let a word of useful information be dragged from him by her present visitors, even if he were to be torn by wild horses for his silence, and for peace's sake contrived to leave her prime minister to the lady's management, and monopolize the company of the gentleman herself. He did not like it, and tried at first to show his indifference to any information on matters of business that came from a lady, by restricting his communications with Miss O'Flaherty to remarks on the scenery, and by turning back to Peter Lynch when he wished to ask a question respecting the nature of the soil or the works he saw carried on. Anne could not help enjoying the puzzled look that Peter's astounding replies brought upon his face. In despair, at last he came back to her, and against the will of both they were drawn by the vital interest

that each took in the topics that opened up, to throw off restraint and talk freely. Anne had the most to say at first. It was the wisdom or folly of the work of her life that was in question, and somehow it was no longer an insignificant countenance into which she looked up as she talked. It was the thoughtful, pondering face, young and yet strangely old, of a deeply interested inquirer, whose verdict she could not help eagerly wishing to win for her own views. The questions he asked showed that he had thought a great deal on the subjects he was investigating, and Anne answered and argued, and her words flew out faster and faster, and began to take colour from her hopes instead of her experience, till she found herself expounding unreservedly to this stranger some of the most cherished dreams and aspirations of her solitary hours. This was while they were investigating the industrial works and chief points of interest in Anne's little domain: peeping into the new cabins, and measuring the depths of the drains, and pacing the dimensions of the potato plots won from the bottom of the bog; while Mr. Thornley's eyes were occupied with looking as well as his ears with listening. After a lengthened progress they returned to the house by a mountain path where there was nothing to be examined; then Mr. Thornley took his turn to speak, and Anne walked by his side, listening and wishing that she could take back and hide every one of her words. His were quiet and polite enough. He spoke from the calm heights of logical deductions, and proved by well-argued and thoroughly established laws of other people's finding out, how baseless all Anne's expectations were; how sure her work was to fall to pieces and fail in the long run; and how miserably inadequate her little bit of partial experience was to set against the world-wide, often proved wisdom on which he founded his theories. As he talked, a huge, crushing, iron monster called Political Economy seemed to loom for the first time on Anne's vision, before whose Juggernaut wheels

the prosperity of her populous little valley must inevitably be ground to powder some day. And the demolisher of her bright visions did not appear to find anything to regret in the results he foresaw so plainly. He stood still and looked over the valley lying bright in the golden sunset, where the labourers stood in groups about the gates of their little garden enclosures, and the women came out and put the babies into their fathers' arms, and children filled the air with joyous evening clamour; and talked quite calmly of the inevitable evils attending on the subdivision of land, and the certainty that an over-stimulated population like the one he was surveying must come at last to the point of being decimated by want and sickness. He did not particularly regret that it should be so. Law was law, fortunately inevitable and unvarying; and the object most to be desired was that its workings should be fully understood and recognized, and that ignorant individual action should be restrained. What did the disappointments and losses of the inhabitants of an obscure valley signify, if only the great principles on which the world progressed were justified and made plain?

For a moment or two Anne hated him with all the strength of her vehement, unreasonable Irish heart; and then, glancing up into the old young face, she caught an expression on it that softened her and changed her indignation into a smile of wonder.

The far-away eyes were so clearly not looking at anything near, but watching the imaginary march of great systems and the results of long ages, with such a strange, unindividual interest, that she could not bring out the charge of heartlessness that was on her lips. It was a sort of enthusiasm that changed the grey, insignificant face, and quickened it with life and power: an incomprehensible enthusiasm for some ideal far out of her sight, yet its existence gave her a glimpse into a mood she could sympathize with better than with the hard sense the words professed. The sentence she did bring out instead of

the indignant reproof that had risen to her lips, was perhaps more disgusting than the reproof would have been to her companion.

"You are young yet," Anne said, with a deep sigh; "if you live to be as old as I am, and by chance get interested in the lives and troubles of the poor people you reside among—I think you could—you will learn to be glad to take the most practical way that comes to hand of rescuing them from present degradation and suffering, and you will leave remote consequences to take their chance."

"I shall know that the remote consequences must come when they are due. I shall not expect by any efforts of mine to bring about results which economical and social laws are dead against."

"You speak about laws as if they were alive," cried Anne; "horrible, heartless things—I don't believe in them, I believe in God, and I don't think He is ever dead against any honest effort to do good to our fellow-creatures, even if it be a somewhat mistaken one. He will take care that some good, physical or moral or spiritual, comes out of it somehow."

Mr. Thornley shrugged his shoulders; his face changed to its ordinary grey quietude, and the light of enthusiasm died out. Here were questions brought up which he had decided did not concern him, into the discussion of which he absolutely and always refused to be drawn. It was his turn now to wish to call back his words, regretting the pearls of wisdom he had cast away. What was the use of explaining principles to a woman, since women never can be touched by anything beyond the range of their own experience, and will not consent to consider the most practical question without intruding subtleties of speculation or emotion that can only lead astray?

There was a strange light in Anne's eyes too as she raised them up from her valley beyond its protecting hills to the golden gates of the sunset, the sight of which troubled him, and woke that un-

reasonable yearning in his heart kept down habitually at the cost of so much pain. He would not be tempted on to such dangerous ground by anyone.

When Anne had done gazing skyward and walked on, he stooped and gathered a handful of eyebright and sun-dew, and for the rest of the way home talked diligently of botany and nothing else. Anne walked by his side silent and annoyed; she had felt rather than seen the shrug, and if there was a thing specially repugnant to her it was the being obliged to discourse or listen to discourse on indifferent subjects with a full heart.

Miss O'Flaherty's hospitality obliged her to bring her visitors into the lodge to take coffee before they set out on their long ride home; and just as they were saying good-bye, Miss Thornley contrived by almost her last words to put a crown on all the petty offences of the day. She stopped before a portrait of Ellen Daly that hung in the entrance hall.

"Ah, look here, John," she said; "this is evidently another likeness of the girl whose portrait used to hang over the chimney-piece in the library at Castle Daly."

"Used to hang!" cried Anne sharply.

"Yes, the library is one of the rooms we are occupying now, and Mr. Daly kindly begged us to make any changes in them that we found convenient. We are not particular as to furniture and comfort, John and I, but we have lived abroad a good deal at various times, and we like the pictures about us to be good if we have any at all. We ventured to dethrone the portrait, which was rather an eyesore, and substituted an engraving we brought with us. But I assure you the painting is safe; I carried it up to a dry attic, and covered it over carefully myself."

Mr. Thornley came up and peered with half-closed eyes at the canvas. "Yes, certainly, it is a portrait of the same young lady, but rather better painted, I think."

"The picture at Castle Daly is thought to be particularly well painted by everyone about here," remarked Anne stiffly.

"Young Mr. O'Roone seemed to admire it immensely, I remember," said Miss Thornley, with a smile at her brother that protested against their being bound by the taste of any Mr. O'Roone. "He was very much disposed to quarrel with John for taking it down but we wanted a good light for our engraving and it did not occur to us that we were committing an enormity."

They called each other John and Bride, and said "we" and "us" with tones and looks of perfect mutual understanding and confident sympathy, such as can only exist between people of thoroughly congenial characters who have lived long together, and which have a tendency to make outsiders feel somewhat put out of court. Anne just then thought their manners detestable.

When the door closed behind the brother and sister she went back to do homage before her darling's portrait, and atone to it for the slight put upon its counterpart. The colouring might be a little gaudy, the attitude wooden, but what could people be made of who found even an imperfect representation of that face an eyesore?

The artist had really managed to put something of the true expression in the pictured eyes, or Anne looked till she conjured it up. Wistful, tender, gay, eager and timid all at once, a dozen different and contradictory qualities beaming out their expression through the soul's wide-open windows, blending into a look, a spell, a charm, that if it had not power to "wile fish out of the water, and water out of a stone," might surely have won tolerance, if not admiration, from the most supercilious of English hearts. That the Thornleys could resist it, settled their place for ever in Anne's estimation.

CHAPTER IX.

A RAINY autumn, and an unusually severe winter, when the mountain roads were almost impassable, excused Miss O'Flaherty from being in any haste to return the Thornleys' visit. The months

of Mr. Daly's absence crept on, till yet another summer and winter were passed, and the third year of his absence was reached. Anne's letters from England began to be less frequent, and sometimes brought news that made her look grave as she read, even though she knew that Murdock Martin, who was now permanently installed in her service, was studying her face, and was resolved not to leave the room till he had received his share of news. Mrs. Daly, instead of growing stronger in her native air, had become a more confirmed invalid, and was constantly changing from place to place in search of the health and comfort that seemed to fly from her. Anne wondered whether it was the disappointment that so frequently follows the fulfilment of a long cherished wish that was making her life a burden to her. Connor, after twice running away from two different English schools, and narrowly escaping expulsion from a third, finally got his way and was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, whence Anne and Murdock too received gay letters, containing accounts of wild freaks and rhapsodies about new friendships, sometimes too, promises of speedy visits, which, however, never came off.

Occasionally with the letter came a newspaper adorned with verses in the poet's corner, signed, "Connor of the Double Sword." Anne sometimes laughed and sometimes cried over her first reading of these productions, but was never able to manage the second dispassionate perusal she intended. Somehow or other the newspaper, however carefully hidden away, was sure to vanish in the course of the morning, and did not return to her possession till the paper was in holes and the printing worn away by the numerous unfoldings and handlings it had undergone from those to whom Murdock Malachy had not had the heart to deny the privilege of looking at Mr. Connor's "poetry and music wid their own eyes." There was, however, no danger of Anne's forgetting the words; they seemed after that to have got into the air, and to be always coming back to her borne on voices

which, if they disfigured them as to accent, at least gave them emphasis enough.

Those were the years of O'Connell's trial and imprisonment, and the verses were of course patriotic, and such as did not lose any force by want of decision in the sympathies of the writer.

Pelham was reported to be quietly and creditably keeping his terms at Oxford, "and learning," Ellen's letter said, "to tolerate me better than he used to do. I rise in his estimation," she wrote, "when he brings any of his friends home, and finds that at sight of me they are not exactly shocked; and that even when I do perpetrate bulls and slip out an Irish phrase in an Irish accent, they think me worth talking to. Between ourselves, this same talking is often hard work for me. Pelham's friends are all cut out so exactly on the model of himself. I am obliged to run away every now and then to laugh by myself, they do make such a blushing and stammering over a few soft words; such as Darby O'Roone would have turned off his tongue as easily as he would have said good morning, meaning as little by them. I get very tired of the talk, that I daren't put any spirit into, from fear of being misunderstood, but I bear it, for it brings a little kindness for me into Pelham's eyes, and pleases poor Mamma. Oh, Anne, I have quite made up my mind that those two will never approve of me—of my very self—out of their own hearts, so I try to be content with little bits of reflected favour when they catch sight of me in a light that is not bad in other people's eyes. Sometimes I am afraid it will almost make a hypocrite of me, I do strive so hard to make people I don't care for think well of me, that I may wear their good opinions like ornaments round me, and so look a little less despicable to those whose approval I covet so earnestly. It is very freezing work. You see Connor is generally away from home, and his letters give Mamma a bad headache, and Papa pockets them, his share and mine, too, to take them out of the way of comments, and carries them off to read

over and over to himself or to his friends. Now I come to the worst of all my complaints. I hardly like to write it even to you Anne. We see very little of Papa now, he hardly seems to belong to the house. There is nothing for him to do in the dull little houses, where we never stay long enough to get a home-like feeling. Of course he makes friends wherever we go, but I fancy somehow they are not the sort of people he cares for Mamma and me to be intimate with, and Pelham looks down upon them, because you see they are generally Irish and poor, and I daresay rather queer, like you and me. I know they would suit me a great deal better than Pelham's friends. Sometimes when we are sitting prim in the drawing-room, and I hear a loud knock at the front door, I rush out and lean over the bannisters, just to catch the sound of voices that bring a whiff of home with them, or to hear a laugh or a joking word that has some heart in it. Then I peep and see Papa come out and slip his hand under some shabbily-coated arm and stroll out of the open door into the street, talking and laughing, and looking a little bit like his old self. How I long to follow him. I daresay they are going to some place that would not suit me, or he would let me come; but, oh! my whole soul goes out in longing for one free day—such a day as Connor and I used to have in plenty at home. An old man, with very ragged, grey whiskers, and wisps of reddish hair round his bald head, who often comes, caught sight of me one day, and Papa made me come down, and said who I was. He is a doctor; his name is Lynch; and, Anne, I do believe he is a relation of Peter's. He said he lived close to Good People's Hollow in his early days, and that you were the light of his eyes and the jewel of his heart; he called me Miss Eileen, and said I was like you. I could have thrown my arms round his neck and kissed him, and I believe I should if Pelham had not come out of his study just then, and stood on the landing swelling with disgust at it all. The house is

very still and dead, when the front door closes behind Papa and his friends. I creep back to the drawing-room, feeling very guilty, and Mamma turns her sad eyes reproachfully on me, and I fancy she must be reading all the longings that are in my heart, and I hate myself vehemently for pining after things that used to pain her. So I go up and down. It is a very shadowy bit of road I am walking up now, and it is only now and then that I can get a far-off glimpse of light beyond. The now and then is generally on Sundays, when Mamma and I and Pelham go to church together. Pelham has decided, as Connor did when he went last year to Trinity College, to be confirmed in the English Church; and I am very glad, though it does put another barrier between them and Papa. I never might talk to you, Anne, about this one subject that we both care most about, but I will say now that I used to envy you dreadfully for going on Sundays where you could pray among the poor, and that I found it very difficult sometimes to feel right in our own church, where there were only a few respectable people, and the going there seemed chiefly a mark of distinction between Mamma and me and our neighbours. Here it is all different, and I am learning to understand what the teaching of our Church is, and that its chief merit does not consist in denying what other people believe: that is the one bit of light that has come to me here."

Mr. Daly's letters were even less satisfactory to Anne than Ellen's. There was a tone of recklessness and indifference about them that grieved her. He was clearly unhappy away from home, but he seemed to be sinking into a state of listless acquiescence in idleness and self-reproach, and as time went on spoke less and less frequently of the possibility of return.

With the view of rousing him, and tempting him back to his duties, Anne wrote constantly, dwelling not only on the unsatisfactory condition of the neighbourhood, where the effect of the first

partial failure of the potato crop was being felt in widespread distress, but mentioning, without scruple, her conviction that Mr. Thornley had neither experience nor judgment to act judiciously in the circumstances that seemed likely to arise, and taking it on herself to repeat some of Murdock's and Peter's stories to his disadvantage. Sometimes Mr. Daly roused himself to inquire into particulars, and then followed references to Mr. Thornley himself, and such a sifting of evidence as made great havoc in Peter's statements, but generally failed to satisfy Anne, who, could not bear to give up her follower's veracity. The most important result of these controversies was the prevalence of an opinion spread far and wide about the country that Miss O'Flaherty was ready to uphold every one, whatever their deserts might be, who "went agin" the Protestant English agent, and that to thwart or outrage him was a sure passport to protection from her. Anne began to be a little shocked and alarmed at the fervour of partizan enthusiasm that greeted her whenever, according to her wont, she and Peter Lynch made their appearance at the fairs and markets at which her people congregated. She tried to put down the groans and execrations of the Thornleys that alternated with blessings on herself; but Peter Lynch refused to second her, and her applauders told her to her face "To spare her swate breath, for they knew better than she did herself how it was wid her heart, and that black Protestants and nagurs were as hateful to her as to themselves."

Anne could not be surprised that she received more and more indignant letters from Sir Charles Pelham on behalf of his young relative; that Mr. Thornley proudly signified his determination to resign his appointment if any further reports of his doings, from Miss O'Flaherty, were listened to by Mr. Daly; and that when once or twice in the course of the next summer she made an attempt at a peace-making call of ceremony at Castle Daly she was met at the

door by a civil but decided "Not at home."

This rejection of civilities did not, however, put an entire stop to intercourse. As the anxious months passed on, there was an inevitable drawing together and increase of intimacy among all those whose business it was to take measures to alleviate the dire misery that was certain now to come. Anne O'Flaherty and the Thornleys met pretty frequently through the early autumn on public committees and at the houses of mutual acquaintances, where plans for the distribution of relief were being laid. They did not keep out of her way, and they did not seek her, and she could not but acknowledge that there was dignity in their bearing towards her, the dignity that comes of conscious right doing.

The brother seemed to have grown thinner and paler since he came into the country, and the sister looked anxious. One day, after a meeting at the house of the Protestant clergyman of Ballyowen, when Anne, a comparative stranger to her hosts, was standing a little apart and not joining in the conversation, she overheard Miss Thornley complain to the clergyman's wife of the weary length of the hours when she sat alone in the evenings, watching for her brother's return home, and confess that terribly anxious thoughts would come when he chanced to be a little later than usual. "It was not mere nervousness," she said. She had never found it hard to be alone in her life before, and she could not comfort herself by thinking that her terrors had any fancy or exaggeration in them—the danger was only too real. Threatening letters were placed about the premises, or thrust into the crevices of the doors and windows almost every night now; and she could not but think that the lonely road by which her brother returned from Ballyowen to Castle Daly was watched. The evenings were tolerably light still, but what would it be when the autumn closed in, with the winter to follow? She confessed she dreaded it.

Mr. Thornley here caught sight of Anne's horrified face, and made an imperious sign of silence to his sister. Anne pondered over that look and the comprehending glance Miss Thornley gave her brother back for long hours, as she drove homie through the dark night by Peter Lynch's side, as safe in the loneliest part of the mountain road as by her own fireside. She understood quite well what the two looks meant. They thought her their enemy, through whose adverse influence the danger had grown up round them, and not for worlds would they let her have a glimpse of its effect on them, or abate a jot of their pride by seeming to appeal to the compassion of one who misjudged them. There was plenty of spirit, ay, and of deep and delicate feeling too, concealed by those grey masks of faces. Anne began not to like to think of the character in which she must figure in that anxious-eyed sister's thoughts. She did not sleep well that night, and when she came down in the morning, with her head full of the Thornleys still, she found a long letter of Ellen Daly's on the breakfast-table, and seized upon it eagerly, hoping it would send her thoughts and interests comfortably into their usual channel. Before she had finished the first page she uttered an expression of surprise, which so alarmed Murdock Malachy, who was standing stock still in the middle of the room, with the toast-rack in his hands, watching her as she read, that she felt obliged to look up, and say, re-assuringly, "No, there is nothing amiss; they are all quite well, Murdock; but Miss Ellen has curiously enough made the acquaintance, at the sea-side place in England where they are living now, of a young sister of Mr. and Miss Thornley, and I am surprised at the description she gives of her."

"The thieves of the world, them Thornleys," cried Murdock, dropping the toast-rack to scratch his head. "But it's a queer thing that they should be *everywhere*. It'll be for no good, Miss O'Flaherty, dear, that another of the black-hearted brood have got round

Miss Eileen where she is now. It'll be mischief they're schaming together, the two here and the one there of them."

"I wish I could think that there was no mischief afoot but of Mr. and Miss Thornley's scheming," said Anne, severely; and fixing her eyes on Murdock's face, which changed a little, she added, "Can you tell me, Murdock, what has become of your uncle, Dennis Malachy, since he left the little place Mr. Daly put him into before he went away? Do you ever hear of him now? Is it true what you told me about his having quitted the neighbourhood for ever?"

"Do I know what has become of my uncle since the day whin, by Mr. Thornley's orders, the roof was taken off the bit of a cabin the master gave him, and he was left widout a place to put his foot in? It's that your asking me."

"Yes; I want to know. You told me once that he had gone to America."

"And why would not he have gone?"

"Only as we passed by Lac-na-Weel, last night, I thought I saw a light in the roofless cabin, and heard voices."

Murdock craned his neck over the table, so as almost to whisper in his mistress's ear—

"Maybe the boys were houlding a meeting there; or maybe it was only one or two who had come together peaceably to hear a bit of Mr. Connor's poetry read, and taste a dhrop of poteen that they had brought."

"Well, I hope you were not there yourself, Murdock," said Anne; "you know I don't allow my people to belong to secret societies."

"And right you are there," replied Murdock, stooping down to pick up the scattered pieces of toast with his fingers, and placing the toast-rack before his mistress with an ostentatiously meek expression of face that warned Anne of the uselessness of attempting to get further information out of him.

She turned back with a sigh to her letter, and read over again the passage that had provoked her exclamation.

"Did not some one say that the world must be quite a small place because

everybody he met knew someone he knew? Have I expressed that properly without a bull? Well, I have had an instance of that sort of thing myself lately, and it has interested me so much that I must write it to you. First, let me tell you that I am much happier than when I last wrote in the spring, partly because Connor has come from Dublin to spend his vacation here, and partly on account of the acquaintance that has grown out of the adventure I am going to relate. You will say it is the oddest coincidence when you hear. Whitecliff Bay, where we have been living for the last three months, is a very gay little place, especially in the autumn. There are miles and miles (Pelham would bring me down to yards, but I will indulge in amplitude of speech when I write to you) of parade crowded with visitors, and below and beyond there is a region of wet white sand, broken up with big boulder stones and jutting-out ledges of rock. This is usually given up to regiments of nursemaids and digging children. Connor hates these haunts of Cockneydom, as he calls them, and in our walks hurries me at breathless speed through the populous district till we get beyond a certain rocky wall, where the beach is so solitary that we can almost fancy ourselves on our own shore again, and where he can make speeches to the stones, as he used to do at home. One day when we had had a great deal of poetry, and Connor had come out of his heroic into his ridiculous vein, he insisted on climbing up into a hollowed-out mass of rock and giving me a series of imitations of lectures by Dublin Professors. He said such absurd things, and made himself like so many different people, that I tired myself out with laughing. In a pause, we heard an echo of my laugh, stifled but very distinct, come from the other side of the stone. Connor jumped down like a shot, and almost fell over a young lady who was seated comfortably at the foot of his rostrum on the shady side with a large sketching-board on her lap. Her face grew as crimson as his when she saw we

had found her out, and she looked up at me in an appealing way (I never saw such pretty brown eyes before), and said, 'Indeed I did not mean to listen. I was busy sketching, and did not know what was going on for a long time, and afterwards I really could not help laughing.' Her mouth quivered again as she spoke, and she peeped up from under her curly dark eyelashes at Connor, as if she were very anxious to know what kind of creature all that rodomontade had come from. I was charmed, but Connor walked off down, I could see, in the very lowest depth of glumness. 'It did not make it any better for him,' he said, 'that it was only a girl, and such a very pretty one, who had overheard his nonsense; he was all the more disgusted at being caught making a fool of himself.'

"We met the same young lady again afterwards on the sands, sometimes with a troop of children who seemed to be under her charge. Connor called her 'the girl with the shabby bonnet,' and I 'the girl with the pretty eyes.' She used to purse up her mouth and look demure as we passed, and I don't believe we should ever have spoken to her if it had not been for another little incident which these same children brought about. We came upon her one evening standing by the edge of the water, looking very angry and ready to cry. Two of the boys had perched themselves on a high white stone round which the tide had flowed. She wanted them to get down, and they were riotously daring her to come and make them. It was only a narrow streak of water, but it would have spoiled her neat boots and her fresh muslin skirt to wade through it. It is true about the bonnet and all the other poor little things being shabby, but she manages to put them on with a dainty air that I could not give to silks and satins. I saw her glance down at her little feet and her pink flounces, and tears of vexation swelled up into her big brown eyes. I made Connor look. In a minute he strode over the water and was back again with a kicking boy

under each arm. We walked back with her to the house where her aunt and uncle live, Connor keeping the boys in good order, and bringing them back to the height of good humour with such stories as only Connor can tell; and since that evening we three—or rather I should say we ten, for I must include the seven boisterous cousins—have been the fastest of fast friends. We did not find out who she was at first. The aunt's name was Maynard, and we called her Miss Lesbia—she has the misfortune to own that *sonnetical* name—and after a while Babette and Baby, as the boys call her. The fun is, that Pelham took a great disgust at our friendship. It is to be confessed that at first we talked about the Maynards night and day. 'Are they respectable people?' he asked. 'They don't keep a gig,' was all the satisfaction he could ever get from Connor. To satisfy himself, he used to come down to the Parade to watch us through an opera-glass as we set out and came back from our boating excursions. He pronounced that Miss Maynard was not in the least pretty—quite plain, in fact, and in bad style—just the sort of friend he should have expected Connor and me to pick up and rave about. Yet though his judgment was so decided, one sight of her plainness did not content him. Somehow or other he was always there watching. Now there is this about our Babette—she has such a kind heart she can never bear to leave anybody out of her liking. She expects everyone to be friends with her, and I even think that the more people stand aloof from her the more interest they have for her, and the more resolute she is to win them. One day when we were all setting forth on a long expedition, and Pelham was lingering forlornly about, she just looked up at him with her large, babyish brown eyes, and said, 'You are coming too, are not you?' and he came. Not that once only. He has quite turned over a new leaf. He leaves his books in the morning, and sits out with us on the beach while Connor reads 'Lalla Rookh' aloud. He joins our

afternoon walks as a matter of course, and gets into the boat of an evening uninvited. Connor quizzes his shy, grave efforts to make himself agreeable, and Lesbia laughs; but Pelham, though he is not witty, can give a good hard, effective snub in self-defence now and then. When he administers one to Connor, it is like putting a lid on to a jack-in-the-box. Connor is effaced for the moment, to flash up again at an unexpected opportunity, and Lesbia in a fright makes haste to twist the joke into something that sounds like a compliment to Pelham, and so restores peace. I am not sure that the boys are really learning to like each other better, but at all events we, sister and brothers, spend more of our time together, and have more things in common to talk about, than we ever had before in our lives; and Anne, is it not odd that we should owe this to the sister of Uncle Charles' grand favourite, John Thornley—the man you dislike so much? It's true. Connor's Lesbia is actually sister to the brown-paper man and woman you described to me. I have been a long time coming to the fact, for it was very long in coming to me. I knew a great deal of Lesbia's history before her real name came out. It is a very sad one and fits the grave brother and sister you describe better than our pretty Lesbia. Their father, though he was a near relation of Uncle Charles, seems to have been a very imprudent man, and his conduct so offended his cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Maynard, that they dislike the very mention of his name, and acquiesce gladly in the mistake strangers naturally fall into of calling Lesbia Miss Maynard instead of Miss Thornley. There were several Thornley brothers and sisters at one time, but all are dead now except these three. I wish Lesbia was not subject to be seized with fits of shyness whenever anything, about the troubles they all had to bear in their father's lifetime, comes out in the course of conversation; for it seems to me, from little words she has let drop now and then, that

the grave brother and sister must have done some things that were rather fine, and that I should like to hear more about. They have had to work—actually work—with their own hands like common people to help the others in very bad times. Lesbia speaks of them with a kind of loving awe that impresses me greatly. It seems there is a rich old uncle on the mother's side, and when their mother died he offered to adopt his grand-nephews and nieces and take them to live with him, if they would adopt his name and solemnly promise never to hold any further communication with their father, who was abroad at the time. There were four nearly grown-up brothers and sisters then, and Lesbia tells me they held a family council over the letter, and decided not to accept their grand-uncle's offer. They would not give up their father or their name, which they did not consider he had in any way disgraced, and they did not choose to be dependent on a relation who had allowed their mother to die in poverty. They agreed, however, that Lesbia, who was then only ten years old, ought not to be bound by their resolve, and they made a compromise about her. They sent her here to live with their mother's cousin, Mrs. Maynard, and wrote to the grand-uncle begging him to wait for her determination till she was old enough to make it for herself. He never answered the letter, and he has not taken any special notice of Lesbia since, though he is on good terms with his relations here, and sends presents to their children sometimes. I think Lesbia almost hopes he has forgotten her existence. She dreads having a decision to make; she could not bear to separate herself from her brother and sister; and yet she acknowledges that luxury and riches would be great temptations to her. I can see they would, by the disgust with which she often looks at her own shabby bonnets and faded gowns. Why do I tell you all this? I am coming to the reason soon; but first I must explain the link between us and the Thornleys

that sent them to Castle Daly. Uncle Charles was mixed up at one time in some of the speculations that brought the elder Mr. Thornley to grief; and it was the eldest son's conduct, when the father's difficult affairs came to be wound up, that inspired our wise uncle with such an opinion of his ability that he would not believe anyone could set our affairs to rights so well as he. I asked Lesbia one day if the appointment had been good for her brother, and to my surprise she shook her head and began to cry, and when Connor and I tried to comfort her by going into raptures about the country, and telling her how we longed to live there again ourselves, she put a letter from her sister into my hands, and begged me to read it. It was a very clever letter, full of little touches of description that made me cry out with longing for home; but at the end came an allusion to some danger which she seems to believe hangs over her brother, and threatens his life. It was only a word or two, but they were such grave, quiet words, that I felt they meant more than they said. Anne, is this danger all a delusion, or is there a grain of truth in it? I will not believe in more than a grain, especially as Miss Thornley insinuates that you have used your influence to prejudice the people against her brother, and that you are to blame somehow for his not being safe at Castle Daly. I'll tell you what you must do to open her eyes. The instant you have finished reading my letter you must order out Peter Lynch and the car, and drive over to Castle Daly, whatever other business you may happen to have in hand, and invite the brother and sister to come and stay with you at Good People's Hollow. If they hesitate you and Peter must bring them off by force. When you have possession of them you must take them about in the car to all the wakes and fairs and stations you can hear of, till their faces and your's and Peter Lynch's have got so mixed up together in

people's thoughts that they will never disconnect them again. Then you must write a letter for me to show Lesbia, such as will set her heart at rest, saying how well you and Mr. Thornley are getting on together, and how everybody's ill-will has given way at the sight of your triple alliance. Be quick, dear Cousin Anne, and accomplish this, or I'll never believe you are a true descendant of the O'Flaherty witch. I shall expect that letter before another month is over, and the shortening of the days which Miss Thornley says she dreads so much has become perceptible."

CHAPTER X.

MISS O'FLAHERTY went about her usual occupation for the rest of that day and the next, carrying Ellen Daly's letter in her pocket, and bearing on her mind the conviction that a disagreeable duty, to which she must bring herself sooner or later, hung over her head. It was not any personal feeling against the Thornleys that made Ellen's request distasteful, it was rather that it brought her, as despotic rulers are liable to be brought, into unexpected collision with the limits of her power.

Sympathetic people with active minds and not very strong wills sometimes appear to have almost unbounded power over those with whom they are brought constantly in contact. The busy brains and hearts quick to interpret the emotions of slower intellects seem to have an irresistible faculty for moulding the actions of others in accordance with their wishes; but it is a sort of influence that is very apt to fail suddenly. It only gathers up and gives form to the feelings and thoughts of others, it does not control them, and the link of sympathy once broken, the authority falls to the ground.

Miss O'Flaherty, Queen of Hearts, as she was reputed to be, had had one or two examples of her powerlessness to bring about what she desired, when it was *against* the prejudices of her neigh-

bours she was working, and not *through* them, and she suspected that this matter of calling back the sanction she had been supposed to give to the popular hatred of the Thornleys would prove another humiliating instance of the failure of her influence.

She had no instinctive love of combat in her, but in this instance the duty was too imperative to be long put aside. She let two fine days slip by, but when the third came in, with drenching rain and howling west wind from the sea, her resolution woke up. It was easier to defy weather and Peter Lynch together than to take Peter Lynch alone, and from childhood Anne had always found a storm of wind inspiring, and taken delight in braving the weather; besides, she should be sure to find the Thornleys at home, and they hardly could turn her away from her cousin's door wet through. She gave her little maidens directions to prepare for visitors before she left home, and in spite of the blinding rain took the reins in her own hands to provide against Peter's circumventing her after all by overturning the car in the first convenient bog he came near.

She did not set forth till noon, and her progress was slow, the road being converted in many places to a shallow running stream, and the old horse knowing well in whose hands he was. It was already late in the afternoon when Castle Daly came in sight. The storm had spent its strength by that time, the loud wail of the wind had died away into little fitful gusts, like the worn out sobs of a child spent with angry crying, the clouds had lifted in the west, showing below their black jagged ridges a blood-red sun sloping to its funeral pyre piled with purple and gold. The tossed waves of the lake caught the glow, and ran up to the shores in crimson curves as if the expanse of water had been suddenly turned into a sea of molten jewels. The trees and battered flowers in the garden seemed to be gathering themselves together and lifting up their tossed arms and wet faces for a farewell kiss of peace from

the departing sun. It looked like an hour of reconciliation. The battle had been fought, and the contending powers, storm and sunshine, were stretching hands to each other across the battlefield. Anne felt it a good omen, and took heart for the task that lay before her.

The place was very still and deserted, no loungers by the gate, no beggars airing their rags on the wall, or gossoms hanging about the back premises waiting to be sent on errands. A dull, empty echo came back from the wide hall and staircase when Anne knocked. The maid that answered her summons informed her that Mr. Thornley was out, and Miss Thornley at home, but very busy. Anne did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, she glided past the girl, an old acquaintance, walked straight to the library door, and opened it for herself. She had planned during her drive exactly what she would do and say on her arrival. She meant to walk in with outstretched hands, take Miss Thornley's in hers, and speak out at once all that was in her mind without false shame or grudging. She would confess frankly her repentance for past misconstructions, and speak of the strong desire that had grown up in her mind to undo the wrongs of which she was guilty towards them. There should be no holding back; the barriers of dislike and misunderstanding should be thrown down by a flood tide of generous impulse and goodwill. Her purpose held good till the door was thrown open, and she had taken a step or two forward into the room, and then a sudden revulsion of feeling came. A quiet figure rose from behind a writing table, heaped up with books and papers, and two grey eyes fixed on her face, plainly asked the meaning of her intrusion. A snowball aimed at Anne would hardly have sent a more sudden chill through her than the dignified surprise expressed by those eyes. The hearty words she had meditated died on her lips, and she gave up all intention of taking Miss Thornley's friendship by storm. There was an awkward pause which the Eng-

lish lady broke first, making a step forward, but not holding out her hand.

"I am afraid there is some mistake. You have no doubt come in to see my brother, Miss O'Flaherty, and I am sorry to say he is out. If I could be of any use—but—" (glancing expressively at her letters) "I am unfortunately very much occupied at this moment."

"Yes, I know, and I am sorry to intrude upon you," cried Anne, feeling that since she had lost courage to offer a favour, the only possible way of escaping from her dilemma was to beg one; "but I have had a long wet drive, and I am very tired. I think I must venture to ask you to let me sit with you an hour to rest."

Miss Thornley gave a despairing glance at her writing-table, then, with a resigned air, pushed it aside, brought forward an arm-chair for her visitor, and, ringing the bell, ordered coffee and a fire. While these were in the course of preparation, she sat upright on her seat, and made conversation on indifferent topics with all her might. If she had drawn a circle round herself with an enchanter's wand, she could not more effectually have erected a barrier against intimacy, which her guest was warned not to cross.

"I fear I am keeping you from finishing letters you are anxious about," Anne ventured to observe at last, noticing how, in the intervals of her little dry sentences, Miss Thornley's eye stole lovingly back to her writing-case.

"Not letters; I was copying out an essay of my brother's for the Quarterly Review, which I had hoped to dispatch by to-day's post, as it is already due; but never mind, it is too late now; it can't be helped."

The tone was so much more interested than anything that had gone before, that Anne ventured to take up a MS. sheet and ask a few questions.

The essay proved to be a very laudatory review of a book on Ireland which Anne happened to have read, and particularly disliked. She could not refrain from stating some of her objec-

tions to the book in her usual eager way. Miss Thornley defended the author's opinions coldly at first; then with some force, turning to her brother's essay, and reading out bits of sarcasm with evident relish, which provoked angry eloquence from Anne. Argument, even when so vehement as almost to approach a quarrel, was a nearer step towards acquaintanceship for those two than mere company talk. Both parties forgot to whom they were speaking in the interest of the question, and put forth all their powers. Miss Thornley's eyes brightened, her white teeth gleamed now and then with a smile of triumph when she pounced upon a very obvious contradiction in Anne's statements, a little colour stole into her brown cheeks. Suddenly, in some far-off region of the house, a clock struck. Anne saw all the interest and excitement die out of the grey eyes instantly, and a new expression steal into them—a yearning anxious look that went to her heart. They talked on, Miss Thornley sitting more and more upright on her high-backed chair, and wandering further and further from the point of discussion in her replies to Anne's remarks. Her whole soul had evidently gone out in striving to catch some distant sound. A quarter-of-an-hour—half-an-hour slipped by; silence fell upon the talkers; it was impossible to keep up the farce of conversation any longer.

Miss Thornley rose from her chair at last, and began to pace up and down before the windows, peering out into the darkness, first from one and then the other; then, with a muttered excuse about the closeness of the room, raising a sash, and leaning her head far out to listen. Was this her usual way of spending the twilight hours, Anne wondered. Her heart began to ache for her, as she observed how she kept nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers, as if every minute that passed made endurance more difficult; and what a great start she gave when another hour struck.

"You will have a dark drive home,"

No. 175.—VOL. XXX.

Miss Thornley observed to Anne, when it could no longer be denied that evening had come, and that they were sitting in the dark.

"I don't care, Peter can always drive safely; you will let me stay a little longer, till your brother comes back?" Anne implored.

Miss Thornley put out her hand and grasped the back of a chair, as if to keep herself from falling.

"You—you—know of some danger he is in; you came to warn me?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Anne; "do you think I could have sat still, talking all this time, if it had been so? Please don't imagine me so heartless."

A quick gesture from Miss Thornley, that seemed to say the question of Anne's heartlessness was one to which she could not give her mind just then, was all the answer that came.

"There!" she said faintly, a minute or two later, "did you hear that?"

It was a very distant sound, so distant and faint that Anne would not have troubled herself to think what it was if her attention had not been called to it; but as it was, there was no resisting the conviction—that sharp, clear ring—it was a gun going off somewhere, a few yards from the house. Anne could not keep her voice from trembling a little, as she answered—

"It was nothing; such sounds are often heard."

"No, not such sounds; I never heard anything exactly like that, at this hour before. Will John never come?"

She covered her face with her hands, and stood trembling, but self-controlled still. Anne thought she could almost hear the beating of her heart in the dead silence that followed, while both held their breath, listening for what would come next.

Cheerful sound—a man's brisk step crushing the gravel, a voice giving some directions outside, in what Anne believed to be a purposely loud and reassuring tone of voice, then a commonplace knock at the door.

Miss Thornley withdrew her hands

from her face, into which colour and expression had rushed back.

"There!" she said, looking up at Anne, "I have been foolish again, and you have seen it. May I beg you not to tell my brother about my little fright; it was nothing, you see, and I would not have him know how nervous I am apt to get, when he is long away, for the world; it would make him needlessly uncomfortable."

Anne had only time for a gesture of compliance, for the brisk steps were approaching the library door, and Miss Thornley sprang forward to meet her brother.

"Well, John, are you very wet and tired?"

"Yes, wet through; but my pockets are well stuffed to make up for it. Three letters—one from Lesbia, and a better haul of books than I ever had before, from the Ballyowen book-shop. Actually, a 'Quarterly' only six months old; and a volume of Napier's 'Peninsular War.' Don't you call that worth riding in the rain for?"

The tones were light, but as the brother's and sister's eyes met there was an eager question in them that betrayed more feeling than comes into every-day meetings and partings.

"I have you safe at home again, and nothing has happened then?" the sister's eyes asked, while the brother's telegraphed back an affectionate remonstrance.

"Yes, you see I am safe. Why do you let yourself be anxious?"

The expression passed in a moment, as Mr. Thornley turned to address Anne; but it was not lost on her.

"I thought I heard a gun go off in the direction of the field beyond the larch grove, at the back of the house," Miss Thornley remarked in a studiously indifferent voice some minutes after.

"Ah! yes, I daresay you did," her brother answered; "some stupid fellows popping at the rabbits, I suppose."

"Shooting rabbits in the dark! and close to the road?"

"Well, I jumped over the stone wall and looked about in the wood, thinking I should surprise whoever it was, but I saw no one."

"Jumped over the wall! Oh, John, how rash! You promised you would not run risks."

"The risk of being mistaken for a rabbit? I assure you, Bride, it was not a risk; it was the best thing to do."

The pair of grey eyes met again, and looked into each other; there was an agony of questioning now in the sister's. What did he mean? Had he just come out of great peril? Had he had a hair-breadth escape of his life a few minutes ago, and did he know it himself? Anne could not quite make up her mind what to think. Her eyes, too, were rivetted on Mr. Thornley's face, and she fancied there was a little trembling of the lip as if he were trying to keep down some emotion before he spoke again.

"I really think that the poaching theory may be the true one to-night," he said. "Let us be satisfied with it, and ask no more questions. We shall never have a moment's peace here if we try to account for everything that happens on reasonable suppositions. Now, if Miss O'Flaherty will excuse me, I will empty my pockets of books, and go and change my wet clothes."

It was clear that Anne could not delay her leave-taking longer. As she took Miss Thornley's hand to say "Good-bye," she managed to bring out the invitation that she intended to speak with her first greeting. It was so decidedly negated by brother and sister in one breath, that she felt there was no possibility of urging it further. Her disappointment was less keen than it would have been an hour ago. The events of the evening had convinced her that the danger was too real and grave to be met by the measures Ellen had suggested. Another project had dawned on her mind. She was now in haste to return home, and spend the rest of the evening in taking the first step for carrying it into execution.

MENDELSSOHN.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANKFORT: SEPTEMBER, 1842.

For this period my chief authority is my journal, which, though short enough, I kept very regularly. Having spent the first winter after my marriage in Rome, I returned to Frankfort with my young wife in the summer of 1842, and was most kindly welcomed by my numerous friends, amongst whom I may reckon those connected with Mendelssohn by his wife. Felix came to Frankfort with his family in September, and stayed a fortnight. My wife had cultivated her beautiful soprano voice with great care in Italy, and had even been very successful on the stage for some months. Mendelssohn took the greatest interest in her musical gifts, and his short visit that autumn was like a musical spring to us. He generally spent half the day with us, and we used to meet him and his wife at parties nearly every evening. I had filled a thick blue music-book with songs of all sorts, German and Italian psalms, airs and romances, which I had composed for my wife, and all of these Mendelssohn insisted on hearing; in fact, he never came to see us without asking for the blue book. Carl Müller, a clever painter, whose acquaintance we had made in Rome, happening to be in Frankfort just at this time, promised to do us a pencil sketch of Mendelssohn if we could only get him to sit. At my wife's request he consented to put himself into the painter's hands, on condition that she would sing to him meanwhile. Sixteen songs of various lengths completed the sitting, and this sketch, with his autograph and the date of the 15th of September, is one of our greatest treasures.

A few days before his departure he wrote in my wife's album a setting of the Volkslied,

“Es weiss und es rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl”—

and painted underneath it a miniature map of Germany, so as to impress her new country on her mind. Next to the map he drew a pair of yellow kid gloves, as a sign of his endeavour to attain the height of elegance. After his return to Leipsic he continued his gallant behaviour by writing her an Italian letter, which I shall give in its proper place.

At that time he chiefly played to me the choruses from “Antigone.” He delighted in recalling to mind the energetic way in which he had pushed forward and fixed the performance, in opposition to Tieck's hesitation and doubt, and as usual in such cases gave me amusing and graphic accounts of his little devices for getting round the famous old poet; he seemed to enjoy all this almost more than the beautiful work itself, which had taken him only just over a fortnight to compose. He had completed his great A minor symphony in the course of the summer, and was at work on a four-hand arrangement of it for the pianoforte, which he made haste to finish on my account. During his stay we had invited our Frankfort acquaintances for the first time to a musical *Matinée*; Felix completed the arrangement the evening before, and we began our music with this glorious work.

As usual Mendelssohn's time was always entirely taken up in some way or other with music. Charles Hallé, who has since gained such a high artistic position in England, came to Frankfort

with his charming wife during that fortnight. Being totally unknown there, the prospects of a concert which he intended giving were perhaps not so brilliant as his great talent deserved. So I persuaded Mendelssohn to help us, and we played Bach's Triple Concerto; in consequence the room was crowded, everyone wanted to see Mendelssohn at the piano, and Hallé's success was complete.

Another day he played on the organ at St. Catherine's church, and this, as may be imagined, attracted a great number of musical people. But I confess that even Mendelssohn's eminent talent, like that of so many other famous organists, left me quite cold, though I am far from attributing this to any want in their playing. I find it immensely interesting to stand by an organist and watch the motions of his hands and feet whilst I follow on the music. But the excessive resonance in churches makes it more pain than pleasure to me to listen from below to any of those wonderful creations, with their manifold intricacies and brilliant passages. When I saw next to me so many cultivated musical people in the greatest delight, I was obliged to tell myself that the fault must lie in my imperfect musical organization. Or did they only show their delight because it was the correct thing to do? That also is possible. As an accompaniment to congregational singing, or for strengthening the harmony in oratorio choruses, the organ is indispensable, sublime, unique. But as a solo instrument I can only enjoy it when the greatest care is taken both in the choice and performance of such things as lie completely within its province. To make use of the organ for secular music is to misuse it; but many even of the great works written expressly for it, suitable as they may be in feeling, are not effective in a church. The organ is a queen who should only show herself when surrounded by her choicest state.

Mendelssohn was immensely excited whenever he played the organ, and indeed, even for musical organizations

less highly developed than his, it must be most intoxicating to revel in that ocean of sound. Still, there is a gulf between making music and listening to it. He also accompanied us to the opera a few times, and I may here recall a gay remark of his as we were listening to a performance of the "Favorita" for the first time. In the opening scene, if I am not mistaken, there is a chorus of monks, which begins with an ascending scale, accompanied by the orchestra in rather an old-fashioned style. "Now they will sing the descending scale," said Felix; and he was right.

The young singers of Frankfort were determined again to do homage to the famous composer, and a great *fête* was given at the "Sandhof," with part-songs, tableaux vivants, toasts, speeches, and the like. It was very pretty, though it had none of the poetry of the one which Mendelssohn so charmingly describes in a letter to his mother, 3rd July, 1839. I was in Italy at the time, and was only represented by some of my songs which were sung. But I cannot resist quoting a letter written by one of the ladies who helped to arrange the *fête*, because it gives such a vivid picture of the chief figure:—

"Everything went off beautifully, and it was just as if God had given His blessing to the whole affair. Mendelssohn seems not to have been able to wait till the time fixed, for he and his lovely young wife arrived much too early. But he adapted himself to the situation with the greatest good humour, and watched the preparations for his reception with infinite delight. I have never seen such a perfectly happy being as he was when he heard his quartetts sung for the first time in the wood. His whole face beamed, his eyes literally sparkled with pleasure, and he was so excited that he actually danced about on one leg, calling out after each song, 'Again, again please, once more!' We had to do the 'Lark's song' three times running with all the repeats."

It was in consequence of this *fête* that he dedicated the first book of his "Part-

songs for the Open Air" to Dr. Spiess and Herr Martin, two very musical gentlemen who had greatly helped in the preparation of the party.

On the 25th Mendelssohn went to Leipsic, and then to Berlin. It was only twenty years afterwards that I learned from the published collection of some of his letters in 1863 what a truly friendly action he had done for me during that very time. Amongst these letters I discovered one to Simrock, the publisher in Bonn, in favour of someone whom the editors of the letters discreetly designate as "X." There was no doubt about my being this unknown quantity; and having revealed the secret, I cannot resist letting the letter appear in print again, for it displays such a wonderful amount of tender consideration and loving sympathy. It is dated Frankfort, the 21st September:—

"DEAR MR. SIMROCK,—I write to you to-day about a matter in which I must count on your entire discretion and profound secrecy; your kindness towards me I know too well from experience to doubt the fulfilment of my wish, and I put the matter before you fully relying on your silence. I heard quite by chance, during my stay here, that my friend and fellow-artist, Mr. F. Hiller, had written to you about the publication of some new works, but as yet had received no answer. I wish very much, in the interest of art as well as in that of my friend, that your answer may be favourable; and as I fancy that my opinion may have some weight with you, it occurred to me to write to you about it, and beg you, if you possibly could, to make the German public acquainted with some of my friend's works. My reason for begging you to keep the matter secret from *everybody* and under *all circumstances*, is that I am certain that Mr. Hiller would be frantic if he had the remotest idea of my having taken such a step. I know that nothing would be more unbearable to him than not to stand altogether on his own feet, and therefore he must *never* know anything about this letter. But, on the other hand, it is a duty and obligation which one artist owes to another to help him as much as possible over difficulties and disagreeables, and to give him every assistance towards the attainment of his efforts, provided

they are noble and the cause a good one. And certainly this is true in the very highest degree, both of his efforts and his cause. That is why I wanted to beg you to publish some of his compositions, and above all, if possible, to enter into some sort of agreement with him. I know perfectly well that the German publishers have not done any very brilliant business (as it is called) with most of his works as yet, and I cannot ensure its being different now; but that this *deserves* to be otherwise I feel no doubt whatever, and this is my reason, and my only reason, for making you this request. Were it not so, however great a friend he might be of mine, I would not ask it.

"But just because the only consideration which ought reasonably to be entertained is that of intrinsic worth, and because it is the only one which *ought* to insure success if everything were carried on fairly in this world, and because it is too annoying to hear the old story repeated for ever of the deserving and clever artists who at first have the greatest difficulty in getting their works brought out and made known, and afterwards are made a fuss about by everybody when one of their works happens to make a hit and gains the ear of the public, though, after all, neither the pleasure nor the fuss can make up for all their former troubles—just because of all this I want you to act differently, and to believe more in real work than in chance success. It must be put a stop to some day, and the only question in such cases is how soon, and after how many disagreeables; and that is just the point where a publisher may be of so much value and importance to an artist. Universal applause brings them all to the front, of course; but I feel that you would be just the man to reform this state of things, and bring about one which should be at once ideal, practical, and just. Pray forgive my boldness, and if possible fulfil my request. As far as I understand, a large remuneration is of no consequence; the most desirable thing is that you should write in a friendly and artistic tone, and that the works should be published and be well diffused. And finally, if you are willing and able to carry out the matter, please to keep my share in it, my name, and my request, *completely secret*. How happy it would make me if I were to hear from him before long that you had written to him, and made him a kind offer to publish some of his new songs and pianoforte pieces! But after all, perhaps you will only say 'What

does this idle composer and still more idle correspondent mean?' In my correspondence I certainly have improved, as may be seen from this, and in the former I mean to improve very soon, and shall assail you with music-paper (as soon as it is well filled), and beg you, in my own name, what I have begged so earnestly and fervently for my friend.

"Always yours faithfully,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

The following extract from a subsequent letter of his from Berlin to Simrock also deserves a place here :—

"If ever I was agreeably surprised by a letter, I was so by yours which I received here yesterday. The kind and quick fulfilment of my wish, and the large sum which you send me for my 'Songs without Words'—I really do not know how to thank you enough, or express the great pleasure you have given me; I must confess I had hardly expected so hearty and complete a response as your immediate reply to my letter, and I am now doubly glad that I took a step from which, even as I wrote, I was very nearly withheld by false shame, and by that fatal worldly-wise maxim about not meddling with other people's affairs. I feel that your conduct, as exemplified in your yesterday's letter, only confirms me afresh in what I believe to be good and right, so I shall hang up the much-vaunted worldly wisdom on a nail, and go straight ahead, following my own first impulses and feelings. Even if I fail a hundred times, one *such* success is ample amends."

We composers, though possibly more inclined than other artists to devour each other (which lies in the nature of things), are still not so bad but what we often do one another such services as Mendelssohn did me by means of this letter. But this was done without any encouragement—quite secretly—without the possibility of receiving any thanks, much less a future return—even without the satisfaction of having patronized me. Perhaps it is just the secrecy of the service rendered which makes it a thing so rarely heard of. But nobody who has not made the experience can imagine the overpowering, elevating feeling it gives one to hear of such a deed long after the death of a friend.

The following letters I received soon afterwards from Berlin and Leipsic :—

"BERLIN, 8th October, 1842.

"DEAR FERDINAND, — We arrived, here quite safe and well, but still it seems to me as if it were already centuries since I left the 'Fahrthor,' and as if Berlin were a thousand miles from Frankfort. There's nothing worse than travelling north in the autumn; for the yellow leaves, and the bare trees, and cold blasts, and hot stoves, seem to come upon one quicker and quicker till one is right in the midst of them, and then one sees the court carriages all out, and eats sour grapes and bad nuts, and wastes a deal of breath in grumbling over them, and at the same time bores oneself and everybody else but—Oh dear, I am already falling back into the old Berlin strain! But why is everything better in the south? The people, the fruit, the weather, the country, and everything? Your wife won't hear of its being so—but that doesn't alter it. At Leipsic I was told that there had been a musical morning-soirée at Ferdinand Hiller's last Sunday, with Herwegh and other notabilities. And then, as I said before, it did seem to me no end of a time since I left the 'Rothmännche,'¹ though it was only three hours before the said morning-soirée, but I was already at Langensebold whilst the 'Rothmännche' was resounding with good fine music. This is really a business letter, though you may not think so. I was at S.'s yesterday about your message. He says he will have your songs engraved, and then, when he gets your answer he will be able to publish them in six weeks, with a German translation, which we both thought desirable; if you are satisfied with the whole arrangement, he begs that you will fix the day of publication for him and for Ricordi. He made difficulties about engraving the Cello Sonata, because he has just now got to engrave the whole of Halévy's 'Queen of Cyprus,' besides all sorts of arrangements and potpourris of it, and could not publish any large work at the same time; however, if you like, he will write to Ricordi, and order a hundred copies from him, and get him to put the name of his (S.'s) firm on the title-page, and then he will see that it gets known in Germany. I could not exactly make out what particular advantage this would be to you, but

¹ The name of the house we then lived in at Frankfort.

as he insisted, I was at last obliged to promise that I would write to you, and so I do it. If I have done wrong, send me your 'Hattischerif,' but without the bow-string. S. is the only publisher here (Z. is the essence of Berlin *Philistinism* bottled, and sprinkled over a music-shop), so he does what he likes, and you have to cringe if you want to get anything published in Berlin. The day before yesterday they gave Rossini's 'William Tell' as a new opera, for the first time, to celebrate the grand wedding, &c. (what should I know about it?) They cut it down to three acts, and announced it 'as arranged by the composer for the stage in Paris.' Since then it has been the question all over Berlin every day, whether or not it is Rossini's true vocation to be a composer—that is to say, whether he has been able to rise to the level of dramatic music, and possesses the inspiration for it—whether, in fact, it was justifiable to choose such a subject, Schiller's tragedy being certainly a far more perfect work of art than this opera,—whether meanwhile, &c. &c. (Oh dear! how good the dinners at the 'Mainlust' are!) Certainly the Philistinism of all the rest of Germany put together is nothing compared to this spiritual 'Michel,' this immortal Nicolai,² who blooms and blossoms in all discussions on art, and peeps out of every Berlin form of speech. But now I am tired of this dry tone, and must talk to your wife in Italian.

'ILLUSTRISSIMA SIGNORA!—S'io avessi voluto aspettare la esecuzione della sua promessa, voglio dire il ricevimento d'una lettera Italiana scritta da lei, io avessi potuto aspettare lungo tempo. Per questa ragione debbo far il cominciamento e domandarla come sta la vostra salute? Spero che il rhumo del quale Lei soffriva allora è partito lungo tempo fa, e che la sua voce è da capo chiara e bella come sopra. Il paese qui non mi piace a fatto; vado frà dubbio e sospiri, navigando in un mar di pene, senza ramie senza vele. Vorrei aver il coraggio di dir al fine: così si fa; ma la mia indecisione è sempre più forte di me. Qualche volta vorrei sentirla cantare soltanto un quarto d'ora; darei in cambio tutte le opere del Teatro Reale, dove si ascolta un canto pessimo. Adesso voglio finire. La mia moglie gli fa cento complimenti e pregandola di scusare gli sbagli che

forse si troveranno nel mio stilo italiano, sono sempre con molta considerazione il suo umilissimo.

"FELICE MENDELSSONIO BARTHOLDI.

"The fact is that after all I am a little ashamed of these last lines, on reading them over again this evening; but as I had to write to you directly, and in all the hurry of my arrival have no time for another letter, you must excuse the old bad jokes, and remain my true old friends. Good-bye for to-day.

"Always your FELIX M."

"LEIPSI, 19th January, 1843.

"MY DEAR GOOD FERDINAND,—When your letter of the 16th of November arrived (it was the best and nicest that I have ever had from you, and not one has ever given me so much pleasure, or touched me much more), I determined at once to write to you the next day, and at the same time to thank your wife for her affectionate lines. I put it off a few days—and now what a terrible gulf there is between that time and this!¹ I have to thank you for a second letter since then, another proof of your true friendship and kindness to me. Till now I could not think of letter-writing, or I should have thanked you at once, and have already done so many times in my heart. But at first I could do nothing, at most read a few pages or so, and it was only some weeks afterwards, when I could occupy myself with any routine musical work, or with writing music, that I began to feel a little better,—but letters were not to be thought of, and the least conversation with my most intimate friends would bring back the dull, confused feeling in my head, a sort of stunned sensation, together with the sorrow. I have had to conquer it these last three days, the mass of business letters had accumulated to such an enormous degree; and having once begun writing I felt that I must at least send you a few words of greeting and thanks; it won't be much more to-day. You know my feelings towards you and yours, and the deep interest I take in your welfare; let me hear of it soon and often, for it always cheers me and gives me pleasure. Thank God, my wife and children are well, and I really ought never to do anything but thank Heaven on my knees for such happiness. When I am alone with them, drawing windmills for the children, putting the

¹ "Michel" is the German "John Bull."

² Nicolai was rendered "immortal" by a work on Italy, solely remarkable for the wholesale way in which he abuses that country.

¹ He had lost his mother on the 12th of December.

oboes and violas into the score, or correcting tiresome proof-sheets, I sometimes feel quite cheerful and happy again; but when I begin to think of other things, or have to see people, and also after the rehearsals or concerts which I had to go on conducting directly afterwards, it is as bad as ever. So I am never at home for anybody all day, except between three and four, and sit in my little study, which I have now arranged, and where I am most comfortable; it is the old nursery, which you will remember, just opposite the front door, with a beautiful view over meadows and fields towards the sunset. Schumann and David we see sometimes, A. hardly ever, for he really only lives and breathes for the Subscription Concerts, and I am very little good to those just now—and so the days slip on. May yours be all the brighter and happier! I hear of great Charity Concerts which you are giving, and also that your new work is soon to be performed. I hope you will soon tell me about it, and confirm the good news. You ask for details of my present position. The King of Prussia has allowed me to return here, and stay here till he wants me in Berlin; in that case I have promised to go back. I have since written to him, that until I am personally established in Berlin I wish to give up half my salary, and meantime will carry out all his instructions here. Thereupon he wrote to me here, that he was satisfied with this; he has also given me a new title, but otherwise there has been no change of any importance. In a word, I am only awaiting here what I was at first to have awaited in Berlin, namely, that I should be indispensably needed there. I still doubt whether that will ever be the case, and hope (more than ever now, as you may imagine) that the King of Prussia will allow the present state of things to continue. What made me specially cling to Berlin, what in fact produced that consultation, or rather combination, no longer exists now.

"The interest of that bequest, which I petitioned for more than three years ago, for a school of music, has at last been granted, and now the official announcements will appear in the newspapers. I shall have to go to the Gewandhaus three or four times a week and talk about 6-4 chords in the small hall there. I am quite willing to do this, for love of the cause, because I believe it to be a good cause.

"How thankful I am to you for counting

me amongst those with whom you like to be, and how heartily I respond to all you say about it. Indeed, it could not be so with one, unless the other felt exactly the same about it. We think we shall not travel this year, and shall probably spend the summer here or at Dresden. Is there any hope of our seeing you here? You once spoke of it. Best and kindest remembrances to your wife from me and mine; thank her for her sympathy, and beg her to keep us a place in her heart, and think of us sometimes, as we do daily with fond affection of you both, in good and evil times.

"YOUR FELIX M. B."

"LEIPSI, *March 3rd*, 1843.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—Best thanks for your dear, good, kind, long letter, which gave me great pleasure; especially what you say about your Opera, and your own satisfaction with it, and its conclusion; *you* feel this now that your work is done, whilst others would only feel it on the day of performance, after receiving laurel wreaths and poems, and such like; but really the satisfaction can only be true and genuine when one has finished one's work. I am quite delighted with all that you say about it, and I have no doubt whatever that a work written in such a spirit, and from the depths of your soul, cannot fail to make an impression on our countrymen.

"But it will not only meet with success, it will deserve it—which in these days is saying ten thousand times more. How I look forward to it! Pray don't dream of letting the first performance be anywhere but in Frankfort; it would be the greatest mistake. You know how much importance I attach to one's native country; in your present circumstances I attach it also to your native town; they are fond of you there, they know all about you, and have to make amends for former slights in their behaviour towards you; and little as I should like to enforce this for the sake of making a bad thing pass for good, so much would I do it to ensure success for a good thing. Besides, *all* the theatres in Germany are at present in a bad state, so do not let yourself be deterred by any defect in your Frankfort theatre; rather try and improve it and all the others as well, by degrees. How can you wonder at N.'s success? They put all that into the newspapers themselves: and you who read them don't know what to think of it all, whilst I, meantime, am

much better off, for I have become such a *Septembriseur* against all newspapers that I believe nothing, absolutely nothing, except what I see with my eyes on the music-paper, or hear with my ears. Unfortunately it is somewhat the same thing with Wagner; I am afraid that a great deal becomes exaggerated in that quarter; and *those* musicians whom I know to be conscientious people, increase my fear not a little. Still I have not yet heard any connected things out of his operas, and I always think that it must be better than people say. Talent he has most certainly, and I was delighted that he got that place, though even that made him enemies enough in the course of those few weeks, as I will tell you when we meet and go for a walk together at sunset.

"Your question about your oratorio at Berlin you must explain to me more clearly; what do you mean by 'being able to give a performance?' Do you want to give a concert on purpose, or do you merely want to give it a hearing at the Sing-Akademie or elsewhere? The subscription concerts here begin on the 1st of October; there is no regular musical season in Berlin before the middle of September; so that if you come, as you say, towards the end of August and spend a few quiet weeks with us, here or in Dresden, it would then be the regular concert season. Now do carry this out, and fulfil these fine plans and promises as soon as the summer comes on. You remind me to take a good singing-master for our Music-School. Please tell me if there is one to be found in Germany! Meantime I have had hard work to stop them from altogether doing away with the teaching of singing, which is almost more necessary than anything else. Thirty-four pupils have sent in their names, and the school is to be opened in the middle of April. Schumann will teach the piano, and so shall I. Next Thursday, as I hear, is the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Leipzig Subscription Concerts, and the orchestra is to have a supper. My symphony is out, and to be had since yesterday; Guhr did not say anything definite about it, or I should have sent it to him sooner. I hunted out that *Scena* for Mdle. Schloss, for her Benefit Concert, wrote a new *Allegro* to it, and so helped to make a full room. Otherwise it has little merit. I have written the *Walpurgis Night* all over again from beginning to end; in fact, it is altogether a different thing now, and a

hundred times better. But I am still in doubt about having it engraved. Many remembrances to your wife from me and mine. Don't forget your FELIX."

"LEIPSIK, *March 25th*, 1843.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND,—If it be one of the evils of separation that good moods pass away before any answer can be made to them, it is one of its good points that bad moods also pass away before they can be answered. I hope this is so with my to-day's answer, and shall therefore not inquire much into your depression, but, firmly believe that it has already gone by, and that you are as contented with yourself, with your work, and consequently with everything else, as I always wish you to be, and as you were in your first letter. Besides, if that sort of mood of cheerful contentment with himself and his works becomes habitual to a man, I look upon him as a regular Philistine, and believe that he will never do anything decent all his life long, so I don't complain of your despairing remarks. And when you declare that you have a real liking for any musical sphere of action, you meet with a hearty response from me and from all your friends and all musicians; and your insane misgivings about the 'doubtfulness of your compositions' I shall again put down to the account of ungovernable fury, and not complain of that either, as it leads your thoughts to so desirable a result. And yet, to be candid, I do complain of it after all; and only hope that when you get these lines everything will look brighter and more rose-coloured.

"I can write but little about myself, or anything else, just now. If the dear God will only grant me and all of us a happy Spring—then everything will go well again, even letter-writing. Now I can say and do very little, but always keep on thinking, if only the dear God would grant us a happy Spring. And because I don't want to go on repeating this in a letter, I will to-day only make haste and answer your questions. Do you mean that for a joke, what you say about the Director-general of the sacred music? or does it only sound so, without your intending it? You must know that I don't get the least thing for it but the title on paper, and nobody knows whether I shall ever get anything more. I neither have the right nor the wish to interfere in anything that goes on, or does not go on, in the way of music in Berlin.

This much only do I know from all my experiences, that you would find it very difficult to give the oratorio in a concert of your own—it is difficult to supply the civilities requisite for inducing the chorus to sing, the money for getting the orchestra to play, and the unheard-of perfection which is necessary to make the public really interested; therefore it's better that the Sing-Akademie should give it at their concerts, and you should conduct. Anyhow, you ought soon to communicate with Rungenhagen about it; I would gladly save you the trouble and bother of a correspondence with that Society, if, on the one hand, I were not already utterly weary of them, and on the other did not know that my recommendation would more likely produce the opposite effect, if any at all; because everything there is done in a sort of haphazard way, and according to that strange Berlin *je ne sais quoi*, by which nobody knows, nobody cares, but everybody rules, from the King down to the meanest porter and the pensioned drummer. As far as one can reasonably foresee, a letter from you to Rungenhagen would be the best thing at present; especially if you can therein refer to your conversation with Rellstab, and say something about his having advised you, and so on. But, as I have already said, business being chiefly carried on in an unreasonable way there, a different plan may perhaps be just as good—for instance, if you happened to know one of the managers, and could entrust the matter to him. If all this doesn't suit you, and you want me to write to him, then I shall have to do that too, and everything else that I can, to please you; but, as I said before, I think I could then answer for a failure, and their unbusiness-like and unartist-like style of procedure is almost more than I can stand. Forgive this philippic. I suppose I shall be in the right, whatever the newspapers say, good or bad. I am working at the music for the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' with chorus, entr'actes, &c., and when I have done that I shall also finish the choruses for 'Œdipus,' which I have begun.

"I know next to nothing about the 'Tempest,' so only a third of those reports, if even that, has any foundation.

"You want me to write about Berlioz? A subject like that is far too vast and full of detail; besides even as to his success or non-success, his giving pleasure or not,

there are so many different opinions. In the autumn, when you come here, I will tell you about it; now, if you would only be very curious, and come a week sooner! Best remembrances to your wife from us both. Farewell, and may we have a happy meeting!

"Your FELIX."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEIPSIK: AUTUMN OF 1843.

SINCE the accession of King Frederic William IV., who wanted to transplant Mendelssohn to his capital, the latter had often wavered between living at Berlin or Leipsic. He was drawn to Berlin by his promise, and to Leipsic by his inclinations. However, at the end of 1843 it was decided that the whole family should move to Berlin; and under these circumstances I received at Frankfort the flattering proposal that I should undertake the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts during Mendelssohn's absence. Though I saw very clearly that a temporary situation of that sort would have its difficulties, and how hazardous it would be to follow immediately after, or rather act as substitute for, a conductor who was worshipped to the degree that Mendelssohn was, I still thought I could not refuse; for since my marriage, I had been longing for some regular, artistic occupation, such as my friend had long wished me to have, and a more interesting one than that now offered me at Leipsic could hardly be imagined.

So I crossed the Rubicon and the Fulda with a light heart, and on the 23rd arrived in Leipsic, where a few hours afterwards, whilst my wife was resting from the fatigues of the journey, I was present with Mendelssohn and other friends at a performance of "Samson," in St. Thomas's Church, under the direction of Hauptmann. The peculiar situation in which Felix and I stood towards each other caused a slight *gêne* that evening, but next day it entirely disappeared. He and David came to see me early in the morn-

ing; in the evening he accompanied us to a performance at the theatre, supped with us afterwards in the hotel, and was in such exuberant spirits, so gay and genial and communicative, that I felt how anxious he was to put everything on a smooth footing.

He confessed to Cécile and David that at the first meeting he had felt rather a pang at seeing the person who was to fill the place he so loved and gave up so unwillingly. How little this had disturbed his confidence in me he proved, by repeatedly telling me that it would not be impossible under certain conditions to fulfil the promises he had made to the King, and still retain his accustomed sphere of work at Leipsic. He even initiated me so far into the secret as to tell me the particulars of the conditions, and begged for my candid opinion on the subject. I could only advise him to agree to them.

He also gladly volunteered to play in the first concert which I conducted, and which took place on the 1st of October. He played his G minor Concerto, which David allowed me to conduct, although it was his duty to conduct all solos with orchestral accompaniment. It was the first time I heard the Concerto with orchestra, though I had known it in Paris. It made a most favourable impression on the public that he should thus initiate my first appearance at the conductor's desk by taking a part in the concert, and it was thought to do honour to both of us.

A few days afterwards he went off to Berlin, without his family, to conduct the first performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." I followed on the 11th with David and the clever and good-natured Niels Gade, who had just come to Leipsic for the first time. The young prodigy Joachim also could not resist the temptation of going to hear this latest work of Mendelssohn's. On the 14th it was given for the first time, in the "New Palace." Mendelssohn joined us at dinner at the "Einsiedler" in Potsdam, after the rehearsal; he seemed very well satisfied, and we had a most lively and pleasant meeting.

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" enchanted me. The actors managed their parts capitally, even though Charlotte von Hagen, so lovely and popular, had rather more the air of the drawing-room or ballet, or both together, than of the elfin Ariel. The comic scenes were irresistibly amusing, and the *mise en scène*, especially the children's ballet, was quite poetic. But above all this, even above the great Shakespeare's verses, did I enjoy that wonderfully lovely music; that alone would be enough to stamp Mendelssohn for ever as one of the cleverest of Tone-masters and Tone-poets. The band played to perfection; Felix had had eleven rehearsals, and one saw what was possible with means like these under the direction of such a conductor.

It is characteristic of Mendelssohn's views of things that he should have been very much excited after the performance, and this from a twofold cause. It had been arranged, according to his wish, that the whole thing, with the entr'actes, should be played without any pause whatsoever, as in his opinion this was indispensable for the proper effect. Nevertheless, not only was a long pause introduced, but this was made use of to offer all kinds of refreshments to the people sitting in the front rows and belonging to the Court, so that a full half-hour was taken up with loud talking and moving about, whilst the rest of the audience, who were quite as much invited, though perhaps only tolerated, were sitting in discomfort, and had to beguile the time as best they could. This disregard of artistic considerations, as well as common civility, so enraged Mendelssohn that he hardly took any notice of all the fine things that we had to say to him.

A few days after I had returned to Leipsic, Felix also came back there. Musical life was in full flow: Gade gave us a new symphony, Schumann brought out his "Paradise and the Peri" for the first time, Mendelssohn played at a chamber concert, and we performed Bach's Triple Concerto a third time, Clara Schumann taking the first part in

it. Mendelssohn's relations with that great artist had always been based on the most chivalrous affection, and I well remember a charming little incident illustrative of this, which occurred at a *matinée* at the house of our dear friend Bendemann the painter.

A large number of friends had been invited to hear Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann amongst them. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's great F minor Sonata; at the end of the Andante he let the final chord of the diminished seventh ring on for a long time, as if he wanted to impress it very forcibly on all present; then he quietly got up, and turning to Madame Schumann, said, "You must play the Finale." She strongly protested. Meanwhile all were awaiting the issue with the utmost tension, whilst the chord of the diminished seventh was hovering over our heads like the sword of Damocles. I think it was chiefly the nervous, uncomfortable feeling of this unresolved discord which at last moved Madame Schumann to yield to Mendelssohn's entreaties and give us the Finale. The end was worthy of the beginning, and if the order had been reversed it would no doubt have been just as fine.

The King of Saxony was present at one of the first of the Gewandhaus Concerts which I conducted. Mendelssohn arranged a great *soirée* in the Gewandhaus Concert-room in honour of the Grand-Duchess Helene, and also played to her on the organ. He was busy just then with a four-hand arrangement of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and I used to try it over with him as he finished each part. He put off his departure for Berlin as long as possible, evidently finding it very hard to separate himself from a circle which had become so dear to him.

In one of his very affectionate letters to me he once suddenly asked: "Do you really think we could ever quarrel? I think not." As far as I was concerned it seemed to me impossible. But, with a sorrowful heart, I must here mention the fact, that it did come to a *brouille* between us, arising from social,

not from personal, susceptibilities. I think we were both in the wrong, but no angry words passed between us, and certainly the matter would soon have been smoothed over if Felix had not gone to Berlin in the beginning of December. However, it put an end to our correspondence, even though Mendelssohn's feelings towards me remained unchanged; I heard this often enough, sooner or later, from mutual friends, as well as from his wife. In fact, I have just now, quite by chance, come across a letter which he wrote to his old friend Professor Hildebrandt at Düsseldorf, five weeks before his death, on the 1st of October, 1847, and which I cannot quote, because my doing so would look like the strongest self-praise. But I look upon this cessation of my intercourse with that wonderful man during his last years, even though it was only an external separation, as one of the greatest losses which I have sustained in my agitated life.

On my way to Düsseldorf, where I had accepted the post of musical director, I came to Leipsic on the 11th of November, 1847, a week after Mendelssohn's death. Cécile received me with tearful eyes wonderfully calm, and her lovely features transfigured with grief. She told me that even during his last illness Felix had often spoken of me and of my appointment to Düsseldorf with the greatest sympathy. In the evening there was a concert at the Gewandhaus to his memory. "The saddest thing," says George Sand somewhere, "after the death of a beloved being, is the empty place at table." I had this same feeling during the concert. There stood the orchestra, the chorus; there was the audience, which for so many years had been inspired by Mendelssohn; they made their music and played and sang—and only a few days before they had followed his corpse to the church. I could hardly listen to the music—his last song, most touchingly sung by Madame Frege, is all that I remember of it. Indeed it seemed to me impossible that there should so soon again be music in that

Gewandhaus Concert-room ; but life must go on as usual, and the bereaved must again assemble for the accustomed musical feast !

A few years later, during a short stay in Berlin, I was one day dining with Mendelssohn's widow, surrounded by her charming children, and could not help feeling deeply affected ; the ingenious bantering prattle of the children, the graceful, gentle way in which Cécile tried to check their high spirits, nearly overcame me. How much happiness was lost to him who had been taken from us—how much happiness those who were left behind had been robbed of !

Again after some years I returned for a few days to my native town. I had heard very sad accounts of the state of health of Mendelssohn's widow, who was then staying in Frankfort, and I feared the worst. It was on the 25th of September, 1853, I went to the house of Cécile's family and rung the well-known bell, which had so often answered to my touch when I went prepared for happy times there. In a few minutes Mendelssohn's mother-in-law, Madame Jeanrenaud, burst out of her room and opened the door for me. She was expecting Cécile's brother-in-law. "Oh, it is *you*, dear Mr. Hiller," she said in a gasping voice, with that frightful calm which often comes from despair,—"*I have just lost my daughter !*"

CONCLUSION.

The mass of the public are in general not ill-pleased when to a certain extent it fares ill with great poets in words or in sounds. People pity their fate, but the misery which they have endured invests them with a certain interest. The outward radiance which shone around Goethe certainly procured him numerous opponents, and the advantageous circumstances which surrounded Mendelssohn from his birth are by many looked upon as blemishes.

"*Le génie c'est la faim*," said a Russian diplomatist to me one day. This absurd witticism meant nothing

more than that a small amount of starvation is very wholesome diet for genius—but even that is false. Talent may be spurred on by it to the energy which is necessary for its development ; but genius works by the force of nature, and the material difficulties with which it has to struggle are like rocks in the bed of a mighty stream ; it dashes over them, making lovely waterfalls as it goes.

The struggle for the bare necessities of life may be hard enough, but in itself it has no special merit. It is only the instinct of self-preservation, which also compels the day-labourer to work, and though the struggle may be more painful when the head is called into action instead of the hands, it is certainly not more meritorious. Another kind of struggle is that against prejudice, against want of understanding, against jealousy, or whatever all such fine things may be called ; but what champion of light can be spared this ? More or less, everybody has to fight these battles, some sooner, some later, and in the midst of this second struggle it is far harder to preserve the desire for creating, and the power of willing, than it is to resist the first one.

It is certainly very unfortunate when, as often happens, both struggles are combined. Whether the increased admiration which is paid to anyone who has made his way in the face of want, is perfectly justified, remains to be seen. Anyhow, it certainly depends very much on the manner in which he fights.

Perhaps even a stronger, because a more independent, force of will is needed to produce great things out of wealth than out of poverty. Who has not known men of remarkable gifts, varied knowledge, overflowing eloquence, who—I will not say by the force of genius, but by superior gifts of mind—would have been able to produce great things for the public benefit, if the world had not gone "too well" with them. When people bring riches and position into the world with them, all that remains to be acquired of this world's goods is fame, and it is not everyone who is

born to that. Contact with the public, to say the least of it, is unpleasant—it is like the wind which fans the large flame, but extinguishes the small one—and the thankless work, which even genius has to do, the self-sacrifice which she requires from so many sides, frightens many away, whilst the feeling of duty which demands that something should be done for the benefit of society, if one has the stuff for it, is much less often found than could be wished for the honour of mankind. Therefore, when an artist like Mendelssohn devotes his whole strength to giving even his smallest songs that perfection which always hovered before him as his ideal, when he strains his full power and knowledge to advance all that is best in his art on every side, he deserves no less acknowledgment because he happens to be in a position free from all material cares, than if he were compelled to wait for the reward of his work in order to pay his debts. Or is that preference for misery the unexpressed feeling, which in fact ought never to be expressed, that it is too much of a good thing when outward prosperity is united to the happiness of possessing the poetic creative faculty? Such a preference must surely arise from error. The satisfaction of a man who forcibly conquers mean cares must surely be much greater than that of one who never felt them.

Be this as it may, the spectacle of those spiritual warriors, who, like the heroes

in Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns," do not touch the earth, but strive for victory in the clouds, is at any rate more gratifying than that of those who fight on the earth and raise clouds of dust. They themselves are works of art; their bright forms are beautiful, apart from the palm-branches which wave before them; and one ought to feel the proudest pleasure that fate succeeds, though it be but seldom, in bringing forward a thoroughly free man.

Felix Mendelssohn was a bright being of this nature. Gifts of genius were in him united to the most careful culture, tenderness of heart with sharpness of understanding, playful facility in everything that he attempted, with powerful energy for the highest tasks. A noble feeling of gratitude penetrated his pure heart at every good thing which fell to his lot. This pious disposition, pious in the best sense of the word, was the secret of his constant readiness to give pleasure and to show active sympathy.

Were it conceivable that all his works should perish, the remembrance of his poetic nature would alone suffice to afford the German public the great satisfaction of thinking that such a being was born in their midst, and bloomed and ripened there.

How gloriously the Greeks would have honoured and praised him as a chosen favourite of Apollo and the Muses! For "all the highest things are free gifts from the gods."

LIFE OR DEATH?

Doth Life survive the touch of Death?
 Death's hand alone the secret holds,
 Which as to each one he unfolds,
 We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here,
 Confirms the hope to which we cling;
 But still we grasp at anything,
 And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew
 Hover around us while we pray,
 Anxious to speak. We cannot say:
 We only wish it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought,
 "As healthy blood flows through his veins,
 And joy his present life sustains,
 And all this good has come unsought,

"For more he cannot rightly pray;
 Life may extend, or life may cease;
 He bides the issue, sure of peace,
 Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;
 If, working out this great design,
 God cuts us off, we must resign
 To be the refuse of His plan."

But I, for one, feel no such peace;
 I dare to think I have in me
 That which had better never be,
 If lost before it can increase.

And oh! the ruined piles of mind,
Daily discovered everywhere.
Built but to crumble in despair?—
I dare not think Him so unkind.

The rudest workman would not fling
The fragments of his work away,
If ev'ry useless bit of clay
He trode on were a sentient thing.

And does the Wisest Worker take
Quick human hearts, instead of stone,
And hew and carve them one by one,
Nor heed the pangs with which they break?

And more: if but Creation's waste,
Would He have given us sense to yearn
For the perfection none can earn,
And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be,
It is a cruelty refined,
To make the instincts of our mind
Stretch out towards eternity.

Wherefore I welcome Nature's cry,
As earnest of a life again,
Where thought shall never be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

E. B.

A RIDE THROUGH THE BAZAAR AT YARKUND.

It is Thursday, the 13th November, 1873, market day in the ancient city of Yarkund, where some five years since an Englishman had not even been heard of; but, as a member of the British Embassy to Kashgar, and a king's guest, I have the entrée, and, reader, gladly take you with me.

My first visit is paid to the pony market, which is outside the city wall, and near the western gate. No sooner do I make my appearance than a stir is evident, for business has up to this period been slack: the riders of some 150 ponies are, however, marshalled in some sort of order by a decidedly hossy-looking gentleman who styles himself a Delál; his authority rests solely on his aptitude for concluding a bargain, and certainly he is glib enough in his recommendations. If I am to believe him, the little piebald, on which a white-bearded old man is sitting at the very edge of the crowd, is the animal that has all the qualifications I require; I have only to leave the matter in his hands and the pony shall be sent to my quarters at the Embassy. As I do not indicate my approval in any way, a whole string of animals are praised and separately paraded, as though I must be a certain purchaser: this, however, is not effected without a considerable amount of struggling and fighting on the part of the owners, and frequent applications of a severe whip by the Delál to the wadded coats of the unruly. It is a hard thing that I may not judge for myself, but my inspection has no other practical result than that I fall into the hands of the professional bargainer, who promises to bring some three or four ponies to me after he has fixed their price. I may here remark that, to avoid the payment of the usual percentage to the Delál would be quite

impossible, and that, when I have really secured three very serviceable little nags, I have every reason to be well pleased with my bargain, having paid about 12*l.* for the lot. Leaving the Delál then in possession, I make my way across the road to the sheep market; this is held close under the gallows, where chattering groups are assembled in perfect disregard of the public scaffold. I might buy ten sheep for a couple of sovereigns, but no one is apparently anxious to sell; people are moving in every direction, but all seem the gossipers and idlers, for even thus early, the butchers have done their business for the week, and evidently there is no expectation of a bid. A falconer, who rides from one group to another with a hooded golden eagle on his arm, creates a much greater sensation than even a European traveller, for the people of Yarkund have grown accustomed to our white faces and inquisitive habits during a short week of residence, and I am allowed to turn towards the city gate almost unobserved. To get either in or out of this cumbrous portal is a serious matter: twice I attempt an entrance, my best efforts being each time frustrated; first by a whole string of donkeys loaded with walnuts or large bundles of wood, and having, in addition, riders mounted on their loads who hustle them forward and bring about my confusion. The second time a more serious obstacle presents itself; a two-wheeled Araba, heavily laden with flour for the palace, has followed close on the donkeys and fairly chokes the way. This is a light vehicle of capital build, capable of carrying about 10 cwt., in which four horses are harnessed, one in the shafts and three in the lead, the whole being driven by a merry-looking waggoner armed with a

long willow pole and lash. A third time I attempt the passage, but just as I reach the door I espy two highly respectable females astride of a donkey coming from the opposite end of the gateway; they are grandmothers most certainly, and ought to know better, but, regardless of consequences, they are actually unveiled; some wag raises the cry of "Reis," the usual hint to ladies who prefer to let their charms be seen, that someone in authority is approaching, and, what between tugging at their veils, and struggles to retain their balance on the jackass, now grown refractory, the distress of the old ladies is extreme. Ah! it's not always an easy thing to keep your seat on a donkey—I thought so! the venerable damsels fall softly in the dust, one on one side and one on the other, where they bury their confusion until I am many yards within the city walls.

A whole street of butchers' shops first invites attention; beef and mutton are selling at $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ for a jing, *i.e.* about $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., and horse-flesh is valued this morning at $1\frac{3}{4}d.$ the jing. Trade is brisk, for every soul in Yarkund will eat meat to-day, and even the well-fed cats that line the roofs seem to know that it is Thursday, and that an additional allowance of dainty morsels must, in consequence, fall to their share. However, here it is easy to make one's way through the crowd, and, skirting a large tank, one of the numerous water stores of the city, I soon become conscious that I am nearing the main thoroughfare; for the jam created by my stoppage opposite to a furrier's shop, where a white leopard-skin has caught my eye, bids fair to become serious. My attendant, Yoos-Bashi, commander of 100 in the army of the Amir, has, however, no idea of allowing the king's guest to be jostled, and before I can interfere, he and a couple of comrades, whom he has enlisted for the purpose, commence belabouring the crowd with their whips; the blows are, though, received with considerable indifference by those nearest at hand, many of whom are wearing two and even three wadded coats, or

chogahs, this crisp frosty morning. An opening results from a general movement one way or another rather than from any efforts to force a passage.

Men, women, and children even now swarm, turn which way you will, for there are at least 35,000 purchasers abroad in the streets laying in stock and food and clothing for the whole week; there is but little difference in the style of dress adopted, both sexes wearing a long wadded chogah falling below the knee, and tall boots with high heels, the former of any colour, and with but little pretension to cut.

I am nearing the portion of the bazaar set aside for hats and boots, though here and there a shop displaying women's apparel of all sorts is driving a thriving trade. Here are three ladies with fur caps of some pretension, loose flowing chogahs and dandy green leather boots worked as high as the knee in gold and silver lace, and set off with many a rosette. They are evidently bargaining for an indoor robe having a striking pattern worked in chicken-work on the back, and they are sufficiently engaged to allow of my getting quite close before the tiresome veils are drawn down. One is a merry, rosy-cheeked little lady who is clearly sorry to disappoint me by hiding her good looks, and the other two are respectable mothers, as I am able to discover from the cross stripes they wear on the front of their chogahs: all three have splendid plaits of dark hair stretching from either side of the head far below the waist. That two are the wives of well-to-do citizens is clear enough, but the youngest is wanting in some of the adornments of a wife; true, she does not wear the handkerchief on her head which indicates the lady in search of a husband, but it needs a practised eye to tell that her dowry has been fixed, and that her marriage garments are actually being purchased.

I take you behind the scenes, reader, and even venture to tell a young lady's secrets. Last evening a wealthy suitor, according to Yarkund estimate, deposited 300 tungas, or about 7l. 10s., with the mother, who stands on one side of the

fair Aijsha, for such is the name of the bride elect, and when the trousseau is completed the mullah will quickly tie the knot: no wonder the purchases are lingered over, for this is her first wedding. The fur cap has cost 100 tungas, and a pair of boots, still smarter than those I have already noticed, will cost about twenty more; while a silk chogah has been set aside at 100 tungas. These are necessities without presenting which no man can gain a wife, and of the eighty tungas that remain, at least fifteen must be devoted to a feast; but it will be odd if that chicken-worked robe is not carried home, besides lesser articles of apparel. The fortunate man has two wives already, but wedding garments valued at 300 tungas will command any young lady in Yarkund, and the character of the gentleman will not even be inquired into, for "incompatibility of temper" is reason sufficient for either gentleman or lady to dissolve the contract before the Caze, and such rosy cheeks and bright eyes as our young friend possesses will, for some years to come, secure any number of husbands, caps, and chogahs, among the marriage-loving Toorks.

The cap market is really a busy scene; there are different hatters for men and women, though all wear fur in some form or another. I had excited curiosity in purchasing a lady's garment at the last shop; but now I am bent on becoming the possessor of a rich brocade cap with a deep band of otter-skin round the edge. All doubt is at an end. I am a married man making purchases for my zenana! if only I invested in the various articles now put forward as indispensable to the comfort of my ladies, not even the large supply of copper coins which a mounted attendant carries behind me, could hold out. These are in strings of fifty each, representing two tungas.

I struggle through the hatters, and solemnly determine to show no excitement when passing the bootmakers that immediately succeed. Alas for my resolution! there is one small pair that I find quite irresistible; they would do

for Cinderella, and are certainly not meant to be concealed by the long garments of the West, for they are beautifully worked right up to the top! The shopman has his eye on me, and before I know where I am, these treasures are mine—in fact, my zenana need be a large one to make use of all the boots of which I involuntarily become owner.

I am quite relieved by the comparative quiet of the silk market, which is next visited; here skein silks from Audijan and from Khoten are exposed side by side, those from either place being poor in texture, owing to an inferior method of reeling which is adopted; the bright shades of yellow, red, and purple that are grouped upon the stalls in this neighbourhood are picturesque in the extreme.

But, reader, I am growing hungry, and there is a capital "Aash-khana," or restaurant, close by; it is early in the afternoon, and there are plenty of empty tables, though the crowd seems thicker in front of the open doorway than elsewhere; for eating must be concluded before afternoon prayer, *Nemaz-i-deegur*, and those of the faithful who have the smallest pretension to being devout, must look in at the neighbouring mosque when the *Arzan* is heard.

Mine host is a Chinaman turned forcibly into a good Mahomedan; he evidently thinks that I am a cut above the ordinary quarter-tunga (penny-half-penny) customer, and accumulates a variety of delicacies on the table I have selected; excellent hot mutton pies, familiarly known as *muntoos*, form the first course, with pickled carrots and turnips cut in slices and stacked on miniature plates, with a capital side-dish in which a local vermicelli is conspicuous, and chopped meats are mixed up with considerable judgment. Chopsticks have from the first been at my disposal, and a small book of rough papers intended to serve as a table-napkin, or a *mouchoir de poche*; some sweet pastry and cakes serve as *entremets*, prepared in imitation of apples, pears, or vegetables; but one's energies must be reserved for the Aash, a grand

pillar of mutton and rice which constitutes a separate course, and from which all in the room are served in turn ; and then, last of all, come two or three kinds of soup. My immediate neighbour, who is a bit of a swell, commenced operations, I observed, by ordering an independent brew of tea ; and now again he turns up his nose at the soup and calls again for tea, green and in strong decoction without milk, but with heaps of sugar. As a rule, however, no drink has throughout the repast been provided, and alas ! there is no salt ; so next time you come, bring a private supply in your pocket. We have, however, had an excellent dinner, well cooked and cleanly served, and mine host knows that he is robbing us when he asks us threepence each, for the double charge should have secured us a separate plate of horseflesh, which is here regarded as a delicacy ; however, we need not complain, and, being Englishmen, cannot object to an overcharge—a piece of forbearance that does not add to the respect which our converted Celestial entertains for us ; he is, as a rule, but little troubled with respect of persons, serving alike his well-cooked viands to Toork, Badákshanee, Afghan, or Nogai, to Kashmiree, Tartar, or native of Hindoostan without question or remark.

By the way, the tables and forms we have made use of are of Chinese origin, and had you dined strictly *à la Toork*, the discomfort of your sitting position might have taken something from your appetite. But we have still a long round to make, for we have not yet reached the permanent bazaar, which occupies an entire street about half a mile in length, and covered in from end to end. This is at a quarter of a mile's distance from the Chinaman's restaurant ; we can peep into the principal madrasah *en route*, and have a chat with the mullah who is responsible for this home of wandering scholars. Education of a high order is, indeed, restricted to the writers and officials in the immediate employ of the Governor, and the ancient Don cannot tell us very much, except that he has accommodation for twenty-

four scholars with their families, who are supported from the college-lands, the establishment being privately endowed. My Toorkee is not sufficient to enable me to enter into a learned discussion, and his Persian is not quite so fluent as it ought to be, so we must be satisfied with his statement that, in the entire city there are thirty-six such charitable institutions, where learning, if not greatly advanced, is at any rate fostered by the maintenance of some 800 Toorks from various parts of the country who claim the privileges and title of students.

Entering the covered street I have already mentioned, one is attracted by the large number of druggists' shops ; let us stop at one which is presided over by a gentlemanly-looking old man, who has quite the cut of a chemist, and, with his permission, take stock of his wares. Ah, he is quite pleased with the attention, but I must find an interpreter ; fortunately, a much-travelled Yarkundee is at hand. Hajee Kassim has twice been at Mecca, has seen ships on the Mediterranean, and, during a short time that he was in service in Egypt, wandered to Khartoom, where he happened to be during the Abyssinian expedition ; he is now a soldier under the orders of the Yoos-Bashi Zureef, whom I have spoken of as being in attendance : it is scarcely necessary to introduce him as something of a linguist.

I count sixty-five drugs, spices and minerals exposed in the old man's stall, and he assures me that these do not represent half his treasures ; I must be a great Hakeem to take so much interest in his wares, and if I will only step in and have a cup of tea, he will show me medicines from all parts of the world. I won't trouble you to make a list, but present you with a brick of Chinese tea, dug up from one of the buried cities that lie beyond Khoten in the great Gobi desert, and will purchase some dried water-lilies and a little maiden's-hair fern merely to gratify our polite old druggist, as he assures me they are much esteemed by married ladies. We haven't time to drink his tea, so, with

a promise to call again, let us bid him good-bye and turn into the great Audijanee Serai, the entrance to which is near at hand, on the left of the street.

There are few Audijanee merchants in Yarkund just now, as troubles in Khokand have prevented caravans from crossing the Alai mountains for some months past; but there is a fair store of goods in the vaulted chamber which occupies the centre of the court-yard. Pig iron that has found its way from Nijni, and madder from Audijan, while bales of cotton, felt and carpets from Khoten are piled about the square ready to start with the first venture for the Russian market of Tashkend, so soon as a royal order pronounces the road to be open; the skins of grape-juice that are thrown about are a local production, and will accompany the caravan.

There are twenty-three very comfortable little residences forming three sides of the Serai, the somewhat imposing gate, and two bare walls completing the square; tea is being served in one of the rooms, and the owner, a strikingly handsome Nogai, tempts us to be civil, if only that he may carry back a good report to his Russian masters; he understands Persian, so we can introduce ourselves with a "*Salaam aleikum*," and if you do not object, persuade him to draw a little more water from his sernavar, and make ourselves at home.

He is as fair as a native of the Donnau-thal, and with the self-possession and good-breeding of an Oriental, receives the remark of a bystander that we are of the same colour, by making a truly courteous salaam. He has only heard of Englishmen as the enemies of Russia, and is puzzled by the expression of good-will on our part towards all the subjects of the great Czar, whose daughter has given her hand to a British prince. It is easy to make a favourable impression by a few words of courtesy, so let us leave him pleased and yet uncertain as to what manner of people these free and strangely-dressed Englishmen may be; we have made ourselves his guests, and we do not say good-bye to him and to the group of merchants

who have watched our proceedings until we are fairly at the gate of the Serai, and ready to turn into a queer little shop, lacking but three balls above the entrance to make its owner's business understood.

It is a Chinaman in spectacles who seeks to know our pleasure, and to make a haul by putting exorbitant prices on the contents of his old curiosity shop. There is a fur-lined robe of the daughter of the late Amban, who, when the Chinese lost the citadel to the Tunganees in 1863, blew himself and family into the air rather than submit to disgrace; this jade mouth-piece belonged to the old hero's opium pipe, and the miniature shoes were once amongst the treasures of the lady whose wardrobe has remained so long unsold; here is the skin of a Siberian otter, here crystal spectacles, old cups and ornaments, and I know not what; but the rascal's prices are so high that one cannot think of purchasing even the relics of a heroine.

We are now in the cloth market, and of the next 200 shops we shall find ninety devoted to the sale of Russian piece-goods, chintzes, and broadcloths, a few stocked with pottery of local manufacture, some with cutlery and general stores made in Moscow; matches, and other articles of daily luxury have certainly found their way from Tashkend, with large quantities of candied and loaf sugar. There are saddlers who sell riding gear and whips made on the spot, and very good indeed; while chandlers and soap-dealers, eating-house keepers, and fruiterers make up the tale.

The present Mission to Kashgaria has for its object the conclusion of a Commercial Treaty, which is to open the markets of Central Asia to Manchester wares and to the tea now grown in the Himalayas; but at present we shall find little in all the stores exposed to remind us of the world-wide influence of British commerce. Some of the better chintzes, brocades, and cloths which lie in the shops of the Cabul merchants, or Kashmirees, who have been long established in Yarkund, must have crossed

the lofty Karakorum in the bales of traders from British India; and the needles and razors in the cutlers' shops, though packed in an outer wrapper with the word **MOCKBIB** in large type outside, have "Birmingham" plainly printed on the inner cover in which they left the British Isles.

The able pen of Mr. Shaw, the adventurous Englishman who first visited the quondam Atalik Ghazéé, has indicated a rich harvest for English merchants in this new field, and no doubt, after the conclusion of the Commercial Treaty now offered to the Amir, and the consequent reduction of the import duties on goods of British manufacture, it will be an easy matter for our traders, with the advantages of a railway line from Bombay to Lahore, and the improvements contemplated in existing trade routes, to undersell the Russian merchants who travel by the tedious line of the Syr-Daria, through Tashkend and Audijan, across the Alai mountains; but it is a difficult thing to break down long-established trade associations, and to tempt the Yarkundee who has for years disposed of Khoten carpets and cotton to a corresponding firm in Tashkend, to change from the beaten track; more difficult still to conquer the prejudices of the consuming population of these countries in favour of articles of Russian manufacture to which they have become accustomed. For years such luxuries as they have indulged in have been stamped with Russian trade-marks, and, in their simplicity, they will hesitate to accept new brands, though they are placed upon better and cheaper goods. Fashion, too, in Yarkund is as imperious, in her own way, as in Paris, and colours and patterns, to be accepted, must needs be those which are in vogue.

I say little of the impossibility of obtaining a quick return in a market where all trading transactions are still carried on by barter, and where at present a copper coinage alone is in circulation. The actual trade across the mountains must eventually remain in the hands of the native trader, either of India or Yarkund, no matter how

largely it may be developed, nor how great a demand may be made upon Manchester and Birmingham.

What, then, is to be the practical result of our Commercial Treaty, and how are we to gain admission to this much-coveted market?

I have misrepresented matters if I have not conveyed the impression that the people of Eastern Toorkestan are a thriving and industrious race. The country is luxuriantly fertile, and its undeveloped mineral resources are great.

The Amir, now he finds his power established, and his position recognised by the Governments of Great Britain, Russia, and Turkey, needs nothing but the continuance of peace to enable him to raise his kingdom high in the scale of Oriental nations. It is true that, owing to constant wars, the population of the vast region lying to the south of the Tian Shan mountains and to the east of the Panin, has fallen much below what it must have been under Chinese rule, but women abound, and numbers are rapidly on the increase.

A silver coinage is shortly to be introduced, and if only we assist in the supply of skilled labour, gold and copper will be obtained in large quantities from the mountains.

In the course of a few months much will have been done to smooth the difficulties of the Karakorum, with its 18,000 feet, and a warm welcome will be given by Toorkestan officials to our caravans in 1874.

Merchants, however, who launch large ventures into a market which, as I have endeavoured to point out, is in some measure unprepared for an extraordinary and immediate development in trade, may meet with disappointment. The supply from our side, to meet with acceptance, must not exceed the demand, or we shall at once encounter the drawbacks of an overstocked market.

Simultaneously with the efforts of the Amir in behalf of our traders, our aim should be to induce the resident merchants of Khoten, Yarkund, and Kashgar, to send agents to make purchases in such dépôts of supply, on our side

the Himalayas, as may be found most convenient; either at fairs similar to that started some years ago at Palimpore, or in the markets at Lahore and Umritsur. Once we have established confidence and a belief in our good faith, we may safely leave the development of our trade with Central Asia in the hands of the enterprising Toorks and our own spirited traders of the Punjab. Inferior articles are, however, not worth the cost of carriage, and will not find a sale in Eastern Toorkestan.

Our Indian possessions lie in the direct route from this country to Mecca and Constantinople, places of irresistible attraction to a Mahomedan people; and once the line of communication is made easy to them, we shall find that travelled Yarkundees are the best agents for bringing Himalayan teas, and piece-goods and cutlery of British manufac-

ture, into fashion on this side the mountains.

But, reader, I have wearied you sufficiently, not only with our ride, but with my moralising. I might take you round to visit the twelve remaining serais, where Hindoos, Badákshanees, and others are separately accommodated; or might introduce you to some of the 230 dyeing-houses, where silk and cotton cloths are coloured either red, green, yellow, purple, or slate colour; the soap factories, candlemakers' shops, and leather-workers, might all be visited; but one cannot do everything in one day, and I have already reason to claim your indulgence while I seek your interest in the Yarkund Bazaar.

E. T. CHAPMAN,
Captain, R.A.

KASHGAR, *Dec. 24th, 1873.*

DANTE.

II.--HIS WRITINGS.

I HAVE attempted to describe the way in which the outward circumstance of Dante's life affected his inner development, till sorrow wrought out, in the long years of dreary exile, the aspirations which in boyish days love's touch had first revealed. I would now trace in Dante's writings his own record of his inner life, the workings of his mind, and the meaning of his pursuits.

Dante is known amongst us chiefly as a poet, but he wrote also on politics, on theology, on philology, on philosophy. He was deeply versed in all the learning of his day, and was, above all other things, a diligent and careful student. Not only does he sum up, in his great work, the social and political life of his time, but also all its knowledge, all its thought and all its science breathes through his poem and takes fresh form from his genius.

It is this that specially distinguishes Dante from all writers who have lived before or since, that he sums up in himself all the life of his time with all its problems and all its thought. His time moreover was one of singular interest, and likely to remain of singular interest to all thoughtful men; a time not too remote from our own to cease to affect us, yet not so closely allied to our own as to wear the same form. He lived in noticeable days, and is himself the most noticeable feature of them. They were days in which the Christian religion still ruled over Christendom in all the grandeur of its ideal unity, though men had already begun to seek deeper than its outward rites for the sustenance of the individual conscience. The Roman Empire still claimed to rule the temporal kingdoms of the earth with undivided sway, though outward submis-

sion was already the thin cloak for the fullest assertion of individual freedom. The growing sense of men's power and the world's beauty was finding fit expression for its joyousness and thankfulness in song and music, in painting and sculpture, in the adornment of civil life by stately buildings and the expression of holy thought by fitting symbol. Italy had set clearly before herself life's problem in much the same shape as that which now it wears to us, but had set it in a frank and manly way, and was solving it with the straightforward sincerity of faith, without the perplexity that comes from previous failure, without the one-sided intensity that comes from long effort, without the languor that comes from disappointment. It was a time which, as we read the pages of Dante, we cannot fail to recognize, and feel with, and know to be our own; but know faintly and dimly, as an old man who, aroused for the moment by some boy's simple enthusiasm, struggles to recall the experiences of his own youthful days.

Truly Dante had many experiences from which to learn—lover, student, citizen, statesman, philosopher, exile; travelling from place to place, now an ambassador, now almost a beggar; mixing with all, yet always superior to all; with a keen, observing eye, and a powerful mind that knew no rest from thought. The world as it was seems to have passed before him, and piled for him all its products and poured at his feet all its treasures. Dante laboured incessantly, and pondered deeply; he is most learned, but his learning does not strike us so much as his deep thoughtfulness; it was not for him enough to know—he must draw his knowledge into himself, and reap its full harvest, and turn it to his own profit, and grow stronger by

its support. He was a poet, but his imagination is never allowed to wander uncontrolled: his fancy is not employed to mirror unconsciously his passions' wayward course; rather it is only the most serious products of his mature thought that receive the stamp of his poetical treatment, and are, after careful sifting, sent forth as current in the mouths of men. It was not the lightness but the seriousness of Dante's mind that made him a poet; not the ease with which he received outward impressions, but the care with which he revolved them when they came; not the passion but the intensity of his nature. His thoughts passed beyond the limits in which they could be expressed by ordinary words: he must tell them in imaginative symbols, which he who can must learn to interpret and unravel for himself.

It would seem, at first sight, as if the earliest of Dante's works, the "*Vita Nuova*"—the story of his love for Beatrice, written when he was between the age of 20 and 26—did not justify this general estimate of his writings, but might be classed with other tales of youthful love, as the genuine outpouring of an enthusiastic soul, which transformed the world in the light of its own passionate feeling, and was intent solely on expressing its own joys and sorrows. But a slight examination soon convinces us that we have here no ordinary love-tale, no mere overflow of intense passion, no expression of merely individual feeling. It is rather the chastened product of mature thought—thought quickened by feeling, but never carried away by it—thought working through passion and reducing it, without any loss to its supreme ideal beauty, to due subordination. It is for this very reason, perhaps, that Dante's love seems so inexplicable, so unlike any feeling with which we are made familiar by modern analysis. It is not that Dante's love was different in its origin to that of common men. But Dante was not content with merely receiving impressions; he took them to himself and meditated on them; he did

not regard them as mere vivid moments, fleeting and therefore precious, to be seized while they remained and recorded in the most forcible forms in which they could be conceived and imaged. They were not isolated forms to be gracefully arranged at leisure in their most striking manifestations, but they were to him part—the most valuable part—of his daily life, which, as they became part of his being, found noble expression from a noble mind. Their imaginative form was the expression of thought and reflection, not of feeling and passion—was the outcome, not of the first moments of pleasure, not of the excitement of the senses, but of the working of the whole moral and intellectual nature, of the efforts of the mind and soul to apprehend the passing emotions, and fix their permanent results in an enduring shape. Hence, after agonies of tears in the dim visions of the night, or in the meditative solitude of the day, the figure of Love, an awful yet gentle master, would detach itself from the surroundings of his life, and utter dark sayings which had to be followed beyond the verge of ordinary expression, and then shadowed forth in the mysterious forms in which the imagination could apprehend them in the region of poetry and fancy. Hence he says, as the key-note to the understanding of his book, "*Albeit the image of Beatrice, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard.*"¹ And this "*counsel of reason*" so wrought upon his life that Love bred in him an overpowering sweetness; and when Beatrice vouchsafed him her salutation, "*such warmth of charity,*" he says, "*came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him 'Love,' with a*

¹ *Vita Nuova*, Rossetti's translation.

countenance clothed in humbleness."¹ Such were his feelings, not fantastic, not unreal, not coming from onesidedness or weakness of nature, but only chastened, purified, solemnized by earnest thought, till all which was merely earthly had dropped from them, the dross was all burned up, and the fine gold, ten times purified in the fire, alone remained.

The *Vita Nuova* is the record of his youthful passion; but it was written after Beatrice was dead, when the full light which deep sorrow alone can shed upon the past, had shown him what was real, what was abiding in his soul's experiences. The *Vita Nuova* is no ordinary love-story, breathing unrest and feverish desire; it is the careful record of one who has loved and knows what love unrequited, as men call requited, had left him as its lifelong legacy. A deep sense of the seriousness of his subject was present with Dante in every page. He mistrusts even the imaginative form of his poems, and tries by explanations, always obscure and often pedantic, to show more intelligibly his purpose in writing them. Of the sonnets which he wrote to Beatrice only a selected few are inserted in the *Vita Nuova*, a few others survive amongst his miscellaneous poems, but many are doubtless lost. From those which he thought worthy of a place in this record of his new, his regenerate life, all which express repining and hopeless sorrow are carefully excluded. He is anxious to separate the deep truths of his individual self from all that was merely transient; he endeavours to show the inmost recesses of his soul's treasure-house after all that is worthless or unworthy has been cleared away.

Hence Dante's Lyrics express the highest form which Love can ever reach—Love, not in the form in which he appears to the ordinary man, or in the way in which he develops in the unreflecting mind, but in the highest and most abiding shape in which he can

become the heart's possession, in the way in which he nestles in the mind where he is to find his eternal dwelling-place.

So Dante's love for Beatrice followed her, after her death, into the everlasting regions, till his thought pressing after her was stopped by doubts and hesitations and mysteries hard to be understood, yet which the mind could dimly feel after, and realize in some way, though it could not express. "It was given unto me," he says, at the end of the "*Vita Nuova*," "to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she well knoweth. Whereof if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continues with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo.*"

So with this aim before him, of finding a fitting expression for the thoughts which Beatrice had awakened, the revelation which she had made to him of life and the world and their purpose, Dante turned with renewed interest to his studies, determined in the pursuits of practical life to find their full meaning. I have already shown how Dante's public life met with no success. His moderate counsels met with no hearing from those inflamed by passionate hate. Moreover, he himself felt, in the retrospect of later years, that during the time of busy activity his nobler self had grown dim. Still in the cares and anxieties of public life Dante's mind was active and inquiring: he was investigating the origin and meaning of politics, the end of a state, the method of its good government, the source of its obedience. His treatise "*De Mon-*

¹ *Vita Nuova*, Rossetti.

archia," composed probably before his exile,¹ is the first work of modern times that treats of the problems of speculative politics.

In Dante's days political theory was busy with the dim abstractions of the Papacy and the Empire, and round these shadowy forms political ideas gathered. At the present day we talk of the Italian cities as Republics, and we are justified, as we look back upon them, in classing them as self-governing and democratic states. They were not, however, so regarded by those who lived under them. Their independence was purely municipal independence. They were distinct, it is true, one from another, but all recognized themselves as parts of one great political system. None of the parties which their politics developed, looked upon these Republics as self-organized, or as possessing inherent rights to absolute self-government. Their aim rather was, to secure free scope for personal or party intrigue by weakening the central authority, by setting Pope against Emperor and Emperor against Pope. Their desire was to organize anarchy, in which they could pursue the small local interests of the separate Towns to the sacrifice of any care for the common good of Italy. Against this view, which underlies all the politics of Mediæval Italy, Dante directs his arguments. He wishes to set forth in its fulness the idea of a comprehensive and orderly political system. He wishes to free the State from the theocratic idea, to assert for it its proper place and its true dignity as the ruling power of the life of man. The greatness of the Imperial system, its eternal seat in the city of Rome, its immediate authority from God, its freedom from Papal control—these are the central points of Dante's system. His method is not our modern method; his end of peace on

earth, and concord amongst all, of a common union for the common good, of orderly subordination to righteous law, must always be the end of all right political speculation and practice. He sighs with true patriotic anguish over the wretched waste of human energy in efforts for self-assertion. "O miserable race of men, by how many storms and shipwrecks, by how many destructions must you be overwhelmed, while like a many-headed monster you pull in different ways. Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."¹

Dante's next work, begun in the first few years of his exile and never finished, was a treatise, "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," about the Vulgar Tongue. Its aim is thus set forth in the opening sentences: "Seeing that no one before us has treated of the science of the Vulgar Tongue, whereas we see that such tongue is necessary to us all, since not only men, but women and children, strive after it as far as nature allows, we wishing in some way to illumine their discretion, since they are now walking blindly through the streets, for the most part thinking what is last is first—will try in the help of the Word from above, to be of some service to the Vulgar Speech."

Here, again, it is Dante's intention that is of importance to us, not the actual value of the book at present. Dante had none of the materials for a science of Philology, but he discusses the origin and growth of language, the separation of the Romance languages from the Latin, the various Italian dialects and their literary capacities. Here again unity is his object—to form a common Italian tongue from careful observation of the different dialects, avoiding their harshness and combining their beauties. As in politics he would have his countrymen obey one law, and submit themselves to one system, so in language he would have them overcome their purely local usages and form one common and noble vehicle of speech. His object was in no small degree ac-

¹ I regard Witte's argument, founded on the omission in the "*De Monarchia*" of any reference to the struggle between Pope Boniface VIII. and Philip IV. of France, or the writings which it produced, as conclusive proof that the treatise was written before 1311, to which date it is currently assigned.

¹ *De Monarchia*, sub fin.

complished by his "*Divina Commedia*." It was not the speculative precept but the positive example which drew his country's speech to assume a common form through common admiration of the noblest utterances that any Italian tongue had framed.

Similarly, in his next work, the "*Convito*," is the progress of Dante's interests expressed. It was undertaken in his student days, and is the record of his intellectual labours, which were broken off never to be resumed, by the news of the advance into Italy, so long forsaken, of the newly-elected Emperor, Henry of Luxembourg. It is a strange book, strange both in its form and in its contents. Its form is that of a commentary upon some of his sonnets: fourteen were originally selected for exposition, but only four were completed. If the work had been finished it would have been a mediæval encyclopædia without any order or arrangement. Taking the sonnet as his text, Dante follows out his own train of thought, and discusses, in the philosophic language of his time, such questions as arise,—the nature of love, the planet-heavens, the different methods of verbal interpretation, immortality, the nature of true nobility. On questions such as these he brings to bear all his learning, illustrates them with copious quotations from every side, and examines them in the recognized forms of mediæval logic. We forget in glancing over the pages that the author was a poet.

Such are the labours in which Dante was engaged as a preparation for the "*Divina Commedia*." As we turn over its pages it is impossible not to contrast the eternal value of the soul's insight with the transient worth of intellectual labour. Dante engaged with equal honesty of purpose, with equal depth of meaning, in his poems and in his treatises; but his poems, the record of his own heart, have been among the world's most precious possessions since his time—his learned works have long ceased to do more than attract the notice of the curious, or win a won-

dering attention from those who are drawn to them for their writer's sake. The same ideas prevail in both, the same deep power of thought has put its stamp upon all, but round the one the writer's vivid fancy has woven the spell of his soul's perpetual presence; the other is but a heap of dry bones from which all life and meaning have long since passed away.

The forms of fancy may live for ever, while the forms of thought perish with the age that gave them being, and leave at the best a mass of ruins, to be used by new builders in the generations to come.

It is true Dante gives us in his great poem all his thought, as well as all his fancy. The pages of the *Divina Commedia* are full of philosophy, theology, astronomy, and natural science: but thought and fancy blend together, and their mixture lends the book its deepest meaning, and fitly represents Dante's own soul, and the influences in which it grew and waxed strong. There are many points of interest in the "*Divina Commedia*;" many meanings may be given it, and it may be read in many different ways; but one thing certainly it means—the absolute victory over all around it of the soul, whose source of strength is within itself. The passionate love of the "*Vita Nuova*" has led to an intellectual insight as deep as the first emotion was tender; Dante's mind is as responsive to the stray indications of the real truth of things, as his heart was to the salutation of Beatrice when she passed him in the way.

The *Divina Commedia* was the work of the last years of his life, after he had enjoyed, and laboured, and suffered, and thought. In it he unfolds in calm decisiveness the mystery of the world's being, as it had slowly become manifest to his eyes. Those to whom Dante seems sentimental in the *Vita Nuova* will regard him as unduly stern or presumptuous in the *Divina Commedia*. The two sides of his genius hold closely together: only deep sensibilities could obtain such profound insight: only one who had

loved and suffered much could see and know much: only one to whom the small things of life were of momentous importance could understand the bearings of its mighty issues, and dare to follow them to their furthest point.

The *Divina Commedia* has been called a vision, but Dante never calls it so himself; it is rather the literal transcript of his soul's progress and of his life's teaching, thrown into the most serious form which the artistic representations of his time brought before the ordinary mind.

To the great sages of the ancient world, life's problem was confined within the limits of life itself, and their endeavour had been to introduce order into its confusion, and reduce its jarring elements into a system within which the individual might move with dignified and decorous freedom. The early Christians had looked on this life as the preparation for another, had found in it an awful seriousness, and had laid down strict rules of self-denial, by which the soul might enfranchise itself from its surroundings, and look forward with humble expectation for its full development elsewhere. Under this idea, dimly apprehended and fitfully acted upon, had grown up the moral life of Dante's time. The pleasures, the excitements, the passions, and the interests of which his active age was full, were kept in check by stern reminders of what was soon to follow upon them all. Startling pictures were drawn by the preaching friar of the torments or blessedness of the life to come. The sculptures round the arch of the doorway through which worshippers entered the house of God; the bold reliefs that met the eye of the careless each time they passed it on their daily way; the pictures or mosaics on which in prayer the weary heart gazed with fervent devotion—all these had for their favourite subject, the representation of the "Day of Doom," and the severance of mankind to happiness or misery. Nay, more than this, the subject, terrible and serious in itself, was chosen for dramatic performances, not

only by the Church, but by any society or club that wished to give a spectacle to the people. Here is an account given by Giovanni Villani, of a Florentine May-day Festival in 1304:—

"The Companies of Comfort throughout the city, that were wont to make joy and festival, assembled and did the best they could, or knew how to do. Amongst the others, those of the Borgo S. Priano, wishing to make a newer and more diverse amusement, sent out a message, that whoever wished to hear news of the other world should come on May 1 to the Ponte alla Carraia. Then they arranged planks on boats and little ships in the Arno, and made there the resemblance and image of Hell, with fires and other pains and torments, with men representing devils, horrible to see; and there were others, that bore the appearance of naked souls, being thrust into divers torments, with great crying and groaning and clamour—a thing loathsome and terrible to hear and see. For the novelty of the amusement, many of the citizens came to see it." There came in fact such crowds, that the wooden bridge gave way, and many were drowned. "So that," as Villani concludes his account, "the amusement turned to reality, and many went indeed to hear news of the other world, to the great grief of the city."

I have quoted this at length, to show the simple realism of an age, whose effort was to apprehend the forms that surrounded it and adapt its simple life to them. The Florentines shrank from nothing. They wished to see what life was, and they were prepared to live accordingly. They had no fear of irreverence, no desire to drop the veil and be content to go no further, lest they should be bewildered. They did not shrink from what was horrible, because it was horrible. They would know and understand it as fully as possible, and art should be employed in reminding them continually, and in a definite form, of what they genuinely believed, but were always tending to forget.

This temper of mind, which alone can

afford the conditions under which great works of imagination can be produced, must be clearly realized by the readers of Dante. Many are repelled from reading him by a shrinking sense of irreverence, of cruelty, of audacity, attaching to the very plan of the *Divina Commedia*. Yet Dante's subject was quite in accordance with the ideas of his own age. He was free from that modern form of reverence, which is founded on a desire not to see too clearly; he was stern because he was just; he was bold because he had no doubts.

Thus it was that Dante took the largest and most comprehensive form that could be found, in which to express his own soul's pilgrimage in characters large enough for every age to read. He took himself, and not another—himself even such as he was, and not an idealized self; and brought himself face to face with the awful realities of the future. His individual thoughts and experiences should be applied to the highest, the deepest of human interests, should be set in the clearest atmosphere, and viewed in the purest and whitest light that could be reflected upon them. "Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, not by manners," would set forth to whoever would listen the lessons which life had taught him. His object, as he says himself, was "to remove the living in this life from a state of misery, and lead them to a state of happiness."¹ This he would do, not in the abstract form of philosophy, but in the most solemn shape in which Art appealed to the feelings and imagination of the ordinary man. Himself, his own life, his own character, his own friends, the great men of his age, the great questions of his day, all these are set forth and represented against the awful background of eternal destiny, where passion and triviality come impossible, where seriousness is at once ensured without repeated demands, where things lose at once the sordour of common life, and nothing is insignificant, where everything assumes the most gigantic proportions of which it is capable.

This is the chief significance of the

Divina Commedia, the feature which distinguishes it from all other works. It takes a real individual character, surrounded by all the actual facts of his life; it takes a piece of the world's history with all its actors, with all its efforts and all its ideas, political, religious, and social; it detaches them from their place in the world of fact, and erects them into a monument of surpassing grandeur, by representing them with reference to their eternal meaning, when all the world's trappings have been stripped from them, and they are laid bare, as they are in themselves. Hence comes the air of stern reality that the whole book wears. It was not Dante's purpose to produce merely a vague and general impression. Vices and virtues were alike made manifest in the forms of real men whose fate had a deep interest for his reader. His ancestor Cacciaguida tells him, in his course through Paradise, to smite only the lofty, that the force of the example may be greater.¹

I have said that Dante nowhere calls his poem a vision, nor does he treat it as such. The same desire for reality that made him weave his poem around himself, and his own life and times, has made him aim at vigorous reality in every point of imaginative detail. His narrative is given with perfect minuteness in every point. We have a circumstantial account of his actual pilgrimage through the realms of the Inferno, of Purgatory and Paradise. The Inferno is a funnel-shaped pit, going down to the centre of the earth where Lucifer is frozen up for ever. The circles of the pit grow smaller and smaller, in proportion as their punishments are more severe and their inhabitants are greater sinners. The island of Purgatory rises out of the side of the earth opposite to Jerusalem, and is a sloping rock with terraces going round, corresponding to the circles of the Inferno. On the top of this rock, corresponding to Lucifer at the bottom of his pit, is situated the earthly Paradise, the original garden from which our first parents fell. Then, leaving the

¹ Epistle to Can Grande.

¹ Par. xviii. 125, &c.

earthly Paradise, Dante rapidly ravenges the sphere of the air, and passes into the planet-heavens, where are the souls of the blessed in the form of stars. The seven heavens contain each of them saints celebrated for some particular virtue, just as the circles of the *Inferno* had been assigned to particular vices, and the ledges of the mountain of Purgatory peopled by penitents for different classes of sins. The souls of the blessed are the stars that people these heavens; and as Dante mounts among them, they circle round him in a ceaseless dance of joy, testifying the delight with which the vision of the divine love had filled them. Still onward and onward Dante goes, till he reaches the Empyrean, or motionless heaven of pure light, where he sees the celestial host, and fainting at the sight of the vision of the Trinity can say no more of these unspeakable things. His heart sinks under the contemplation of the love that rules the world, and in that all else is swallowed up. The reader, who has followed him so far, is left in possession of his secret:—

“But now was turning my desire and will,
Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
The Love which moves the sun and other
stars.”¹

In this mysterious pilgrimage Dante is never carried away by his subject to forget himself. He is fatigued in climbing the rocky defiles of the *Inferno*. He is terrified, and clings to Virgil like a child to its mother, at the sight of the grotesque fiends who rule over some of its abysses. He toils up the mount of Purgatory, himself a penitent and slowly ridding himself of the burden of his sins. In Paradise he is led upwards by Beatrice, his early love, and the earthly grossness of his faculties often provokes her rebukes. We never lose sight of Dante's personal presence. Many of those whom he meets have been his friends in the other world. In the *Inferno*, one of his dead relatives hides behind an archway to avoid his gaze, and makes mocking gestures at him as he passes, to show

contempt towards the family which has allowed his untimely death to be so long unavenged. In Paradise Dante rejoices to be hailed by the soul of his great ancestor, Cacciaguida, who died on the Emperor Conrad's crusade—nay, such delight does he show at meeting so distinguished an ancestor, that he gives way to the paltry feelings of pride of birth, till Beatrice, by her laughter, admonishes him of his unseemly folly.

Nor is Dante's personality shown only thus. Much of his actual life is told him prophetically. There are many denunciations of Florentine cruelty, many assertions of his own innocence and worth, many clear indications of his own appreciation of the value of the poem on which he was engaged. Brunetto Latini, his old master, foretells his calamities and his glory. When he enters the limbo in which live the great men of antiquity, he is received with honour by the poet band; Homer, Horace, Ovid, Lucan and Virgil hail him the sixth member of their illustrious circle.

Moreover, the relation of Dante towards those whom he meets varies with his progress. In the *Inferno* he is superior to the tormented sinners, and behaves as such; as a man possessed of a good conscience he feels himself superior to them; he asks them questions with an air of authority, and demands an answer. He has been called cruel for his conduct towards those whom he saw in the *Inferno*, especially when he thrusts the mocking sinner under the waters of Acheron, and when passing through Caina, where the traitors are frozen up, he incautiously kicks one of the heads projecting above the ice, and shows no compunction—nay, when the head refuses to tell its name, he threatens to pull its hair to enforce compliance. This charge of cruelty is an unjust one, and shows an ignorance of Dante's point of view. He was being led, as a means for his own moral perfection, through the region where God's immutable decrees against sin were being fulfilled. Was it for

¹ Par. xxxiii. 141.

him to spend the precious time in un-availing tears? Was it for him, for whom this signal mercy was being wrought, to venture to arraign God's justice, by daring to pity those whom a loving Father had condemned?

On one occasion Virgil bids him restrain his grief, saying—

“Here pity lives when it is truly dead;
What man is there more guilty than the
one,
Who 'gainst God's judgments dare to feel
ill will?”¹

Very noticeable are the two occasions on which Dante tells us he wept—once at the sight of the soothsayers, who had their heads turned round upon the shoulders in mockery of their imposterous attempt at foresight. Here Dante's tears were occasioned, as he says himself, by the sight “of man's image so depraved.” The other punishment which awakes his tears is that of the sowers of civil and religious discord, whose bodies are torn asunder and divided as they had attempted to divide others. Dante, on both occasions, weeps not through pity at the sufferings which he sees, but through grief at the degradation which might come upon the noble human body through the misdeeds of the soul of which it was the unwilling covering. He could not endure to see the outward symbol of man's dignity abused.

In like manner it is noticeable that the sinners become vulgar, spiteful, mean, and given to little bickerings, as they approach lower depths of sin, and as their punishments become consequently more severe. In the pit of the falsifiers, Dante is severely reproved by Virgil for stopping to listen to a ribald altercation between two wretches, one labouring under dropsy so that he could not move, the other racked by raging fever. So too is it with Dante's fiends. They are not majestic embodiments of evil, but are simply low, contemptible, vulgar wretches, who delight in coarse jokes and hideous gestures, full of impotent malice, and regarding lying as an amusement.

¹ Inf. xx. 28.

Dante had no sympathy with deliberate sin. To him it had none of those stately proportions with which more modern times have loved to clothe it. It was not only wrong, because contrary to Divine law, but it was in itself contemptible, because degrading to human nature.

In the Purgatorio, again, Dante mixes with his equals, with those who were not deliberate sinners, but who were purging away their earthly dross before being fit for admission to Paradise. Here Dante is no longer a spectator, but is himself a humble penitent, from whose forehead, as he clammers up the mount, the marks of the seven deadly sins have to be painfully effaced. Here breathes an air of quiet and repose—a holy calm, a peaceful expectation of the coming of the time when sin's stains shall have been done away. Here all is love and tenderness, and each with good will helps the other. Old hostilities are forgotten; Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon, who fought in desperate rivalry for the fair isle of Sicily on earth, sit there side by side and join in the same evening hymn of praise. The whole mountain trembles with a joyous throe when a soul's purgation is accomplished, and a song of gladness bursts from the spirits left behind, when a brother leaps up to depart from among them. Here Dante walks girt with humility, and owns that pride was the sin whose punishment he had most to dread.

Far otherwise is it in Paradise. There Dante hides himself timorously behind his guide, Beatrice, from whose gaze he has to draw support for his enfeebled faculties, which are all unequal to endure the unwonted strain. Here he himself is but a lowly learner, whose mind, too small to comprehend all that he sees and hears, still struggles to gain what knowledge he can on every subject. He learns the reason of the spots on the moon, he strives to grasp the grounds of moral desert, to solve the difficulties of the freedom of the will, to comprehend the working of the Divine Will in the method of man's redemp-

tion. He sees the splendour of Heaven grow dim as St. Peter speaks of the sins of those who had in Dante's day disgraced his seat. He hears the failings of the Church bitterly lamented, and sees in the light of Heaven's fulness the weaknesses and shortcomings of earthly systems. Higher and higher as he soars, the more intense becomes the celestial brilliancy of Beatrice. Never in Paradise does he look on her as his earthly love: there she is entirely the lady of his mind, the source to him of heavenly enlightenment, till as he reaches the highest sphere she parts from his side to take her place in the adoring band which encircles God's abode. So all that is personal has passed away, and all is absorbed in the eternal Source of Love, with the faint vision of which the poem ends.

Thus Dante begins from himself, and his own life and character and place in the turmoil and conflict of the world. He passes through the realms of sin, and learns its extreme bitterness by the examples of those whom he had known on earth, or those whose sins had left their mark deeply imprinted on the minds of his age. He purges himself in the realm of purification, among those whom he had loved and revered on earth, and those whose characters had appealed to the interest and admiration of his time. He learns in Paradise, among the wise and holy of all times, to know and understand God's purposes even as they are; and the sole remnant of his earthly self is his youthful love, the source to his mind of all its pure and lofty impulses, whose touch had first awoke him to the divine side of life, and whose spiritual influence had led him to develop his soul's strength. In this way the teaching of his work becomes more abstract: the individual Dante fades away, and becomes the symbol of man's life and thought.

Thus the *Divina Commedia* is one mighty symbol, and each separate part of it is full of symbolism of its own; but if the general meaning be apprehended, the meaning of the separate parts may be readily adapted to it.

No. 175.—VOL. XXX.

Dante's age was one of noble symbolism, as may be seen at once in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, or in the façade of the cathedral at Orvieto. It is impossible not to feel in Italy how entirely the religious symbolism of the next age was derived from Dante; how Giotto and his school, how Giovanni Pisano, and through him the long line of Tuscan sculptors, owed almost all their didactic impulse to the master mind of Dante, and to the clear cut forms of which the *Divina Commedia* is full. On one point Dante's symbolism was curiously affected by his political beliefs and his historic feeling. He knew that his nation was half ancient after all, that Italy had her roots deep in the past, and that the glorious heritage of the old Roman world in some sense lingered round her still. He was severely a Christian, and knew no salvation for the pagan, nor any higher fate for their noblest souls than painless repose, where

"Rarely they spoke, with softly-sounding voices."¹

Still he felt that the new religion grew up under the shadow of the old Empire—as in many pictures of the Nativity the manger is built under the shadow of an old ruined temple, or, it may be, the Holy Child is laid to rest by some votive altar, or some memorial of Rome's conquering power. Hence to Dante a sanctity still hung round the ancient heroes of the great city, that so long had ruled the world and still claimed to give to Christendom its temporal and spiritual heads. He quotes the great men of Rome, as examples of virtue, side by side with saints of the Old or New Testament; the indolent are warned against their besetting sin by the example of Mary, who rose in haste and went to the mountains to visit Elizabeth, and of Caesar, who, on his way to Spain to besiege Ilerda, made an attack upon Marseilles, and then hurried onwards. This is characteristic, it may be said, of Dante's Ghibelline politics; he wished to take the side of the Empire and maintain its equal sanctity with the

¹ *Inf.* iv. 114.

Papacy; but it is characteristic, at the same time, of the real breadth of Dante's views, which did not fear to read the entire past in the light of his own knowledge.

Dante's wonderful variety of interests, keenness of observation, depth of knowledge, great breadth of view, and real insight into human character might be illustrated by many examples of many different kinds. He draws a simile from the way in which the beaver stands with his tail in the water to attract the fish (*Inf.* xvii.), from frogs standing with their nose only out of the water (*Inf.* xxii.), from the apparent increase of water's speed as it approaches the mill-wheel (*Inf.* xxiii.). Nothing could excel the clear knowledge of country life in the following:—

"When the hoar frost upon the earth pours
trays

The image of her sister fair and white,
Tho' brief time lasts the temper of her
pen;

Then the poor peasant, who has scanty store,
Rises and looks, and sees the country side
All whitened o'er,—whereat he smites
his thigh,

Returns to house, and here and there
laments,

Like a poor wretch who knows not what
to do.

Soon he returns, and plucks up hope
again,

Seeing the world has wholly changed her
face

In little time, and takes his vine-wood
staff,

And forth his little flock to pasture
drives."¹

Contrast it with the following for its knowledge of another phase of life:—

"When players part them from a game of
dice,

The loser sorrowfully stays behind
Going o'er the throws and learning with
regret;

But round the winner throngs the company;
One goes before, one plucks him from
behind,

One at his side recalls himself to mind.

He walks straight on, now one, now the
other hears;

Who once has grasped his hand no longer
stays;

So from the thronging he defends him-
self."²

These also are very subtle in their several kinds:—

"Like as advances still before the blaze
Over a paper upwards the brown mark,
Which has not yet turned black, though
the white dies."¹

"And like as one who dreams his own disaster,
Who as he dreams prays it may be a
dream,
Wishing 'twere what it is, as though
'twere not so."²

The following, again, shows a very fine appreciation, which was rare in Dante's time, of natural beauty:—

"The dawn was conquering the morning
hour,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I caught the tremulous quiver of the
sea."³

In this, again, his observation is still more remarkable:—

"Bethink thee, reader, if among the Alps,
The clouds have shrouded thee, through
which thou seest
No otherwise than through his skin the
mole."⁴

The ancients always thought the mole was blind, and only in the present century have naturalists established that it has rudimentary eyes beneath membranous covering.

Quotations might be multiplied endlessly, but these may suffice to show the wide scope of Dante's knowledge, and the way in which he could bring it all to bear, however incidentally, upon his main purpose.

I might mention many different aspects of Dante's genius, and point out this or that small merit, or defect, which the taste or sentiment of our own age might approve or condemn. But this is eminently not the way in which a poet like Dante can be apprehended. It is true he is full of beautiful passages which are known to all, but it is not in these felicities of expression that his greatness lies. The real cause of the attraction which he has had for six centuries, and still has, on those who read him, lies in the vast

¹ *Inf.* xxiv. 3 &c. ² *Purg.* vi. 1, &c.

¹ *Inf.* xxv. 64.

² *Inf.* xxx. 136.

³ *Purg.* i. 115. ⁴ *Purg.* xvii. 1.

comprehensiveness of his intellectual view, combined with the deepest and tenderest human feeling. No poet has exercised so wide an influence; no writer has been so deeply studied, so often commented upon, so closely investigated. A few only in each generation read Dante at all, but those who read him once are certain to recur to him again and again, finding each time new meaning, finding depths of serious teaching which they had entirely overlooked before. No one would venture to say he quite understood Dante; no one would boast he had got to the bottom of him. He has satisfied so many different minds, and has inspired so many different lines of thought, that it is useless to try and bind up his meaning within the rigid limits of our own modes of thought and action.

In this lies the secret of Dante's greatness, that he combines the deepest individual passion and intensity with mighty intellectual power and entire obedience to supreme law. His work is entirely individual, yet the system which it sets forth is a universal system. The life of the affections merged with him into the life of thought. He is entirely human, yet he passes with fearless steps beyond the farthest verge of what man's mind may reach. We know

him and all his surroundings,—Dante Alighieri, a poor wandering exile, a Florentine who lived 650 years ago, with deep-rooted prejudices and strong loves and hates. But as we follow him page after page he overcomes us by his immense capacities for feeling and for thought, and we merge his clear individuality in the ideal forms of wisdom and goodness. The *Divina Commedia* was the first sign to modern times of the completely enfranchised spirit; it still remains the grandest memorial of its power. Dante still shows us, as no other writer does, how he took the fruit of knowledge for his food, how he lived through life and overcame it, till his spirit moved in the realm of moral freedom which, in no figure of speech but in very earnest, is the earthly paradise to every toiling man—paradise, at whose entrance Virgil, so long his guide, parted from Dante—the mere earthly reason had no longer place—and, parting, said to him these words of wondrous import:—

“Expect no more my speech nor my direction,
Free, upright, healthy henceforth is thy
will,
And ’twould be wrong to act not at its
bidding:
So o’er thyself I give thee crown and mitre.”¹

¹ *Purg.* xxvii. 139.

M. CREIGHTON.

ORDERED SOUTH

By a curious irony of fate, the places to which we are sent when health deserts us are often singularly beautiful. Often, too, they are places we have visited in former years, or seen briefly in passing by, and kept ever afterwards in pious memory; and we please ourselves with the fancy that we shall repeat many vivid and pleasurable sensations, and take up again the thread of our enjoyment in the same spirit as we let it fall. We shall now have an opportunity of finishing many pleasant excursions, interrupted of yore before our curiosity was fully satisfied. It may be that we have kept in mind, during all these years, the recollection of some valley into which we have just looked down for a moment before we lost sight of it in the disorder of the hills; it may be that we have lain awake at night, and agreeably tantalized ourselves with the thought of corners we had never turned, or summits we had all but climbed: we shall now be able, as we tell ourselves, to complete all these unfinished pleasures, and pass beyond the barriers that confined our recollections.

The promise is so great, and we are all so easily led away when hope and memory are both in one story, that I daresay the sick man is not very inconsolable when he receives sentence of banishment, and is inclined to regard his ill-health as not the least fortunate accident of his life. Nor is he immediately undeceived. The stir and speed of the journey, and the restlessness that goes to bed with him as he tries to sleep between two days of noisy progress, fever him, and stimulate his dull nerves into something of their old quickness and sensibility. And so he can enjoy the faint autumnal splendour of the landscape, as he sees hill and plain, vineyard and forest, clad in one wonderful glory of fairy gold, which the

first great winds of winter will transmute, as in the fable, into withered leaves. And so too he can enjoy the admirable brevity and simplicity of such little glimpses of country and country ways as flash upon him through the windows of the train; little glimpses that have a character all their own; sights seen as a travelling swallow might see them from the wing, or Iris as she went abroad over the land on some Olympian errand. Here and there, indeed, a few children huzzah and wave their hands to the express; but for the most part, it is an interruption too brief and isolated to attract much notice; the sheep do not cease from browsing; a girl sits balanced on the projecting tiller of a canal boat, so precariously that it seems as if a fly or the splash of a leaping fish would be enough to overthrow the dainty equilibrium, and yet all these hundreds of tons of coal and wood and iron have been precipitated roaring past her very ear, and there is not a start, not a tremor, not a turn of the averted head, to indicate that she has been even conscious of its passage. Herein, I think, lies the chief attraction of railway travel. The speed is so easy, and the train disturbs so little the scenes through which it takes us, that our heart becomes full of the placidity and stillness of the country; and while the body is borne forward in the flying chain of carriages, the thoughts alight, as the humour moves them, at unfrequented stations; they make haste up the poplar alley that leads toward the town; they are left behind with the signalman as, shading his eyes with his hand, he watches the long train sweep away into the golden distance.

Moreover, there is still before the invalid the shock of wonder and delight with which he will learn that he has

passed the indefinable line that separates South from North. And this is an uncertain moment ; for sometimes the consciousness is forced upon him early, on the occasion of some slight association, a colour, a flower, or a scent ; and sometimes not until, one fine morning, he wakes up with the southern sunshine peeping through the *persiennes*, and the southern *pâtois* confusedly audible below the windows. Whether it come early or late, however, this pleasure will not end with the anticipation, as do so many others of the same family. It will leave him wider awake than it found him, and give a new significance to all he may see for many days to come. There is something in the mere name of the South that carries enthusiasm along with it. At the sound of the word, he pricks up his ears ; he becomes as anxious to seek out beauties and to get by heart the permanent lines and character of the landscape, as if he had been told that it was all his own—an estate out of which he had been kept unjustly, and which he was now to receive in free and full possession. Even those who have never been there before feel as if they had been ; and everybody goes comparing, and seeking for the familiar, and finding it with such ecstasies of recognition, that one would think they were coming home after a weary absence, instead of travelling hourly farther abroad.

It is only after he is fairly arrived and settled down in his chosen corner, that the invalid begins to understand the change that has befallen him. Everything about him is as he had remembered, or as he had anticipated. Here, at his feet, under his eyes, are the olive gardens and the blue sea. Nothing can change the eternal magnificence of form of the naked Alps behind Mentone ; nothing, not even the crude curves of the railway, can utterly deform the suavity of contour of one bay after another along the whole reach of the Riviera. And of all this, he has only a cold head knowledge that is divorced from enjoyment. He recognizes with his intelligence that this thing and that

thing is beautiful, while in his heart of hearts he has to confess that it is not beautiful for him. It is in vain that he spurs his discouraged spirit ; in vain that he chooses out points of view, and stands there, looking with all his eyes, and waiting for some return of the pleasure that he remembers in other days, as the sick folk may have awaited the coming of the angel at the pool of Bethesda. He is like an enthusiast leading about with him a stolid, indifferent tourist. There is someone by who is out of sympathy with the scene, and is not moved up to the measure of the occasion ; and that someone is himself. The world is disenchanted for him. He seems to himself to touch things with muffled hands, and to see them through a veil. His life becomes a palsied fumbling after notes that are silent when he has found and struck them. He cannot recognize that this phlegmatic and unimpressible body with which he now goes burthened, is the same that he knew heretofore so quick and delicate and alive.

He is tempted to lay the blame on the very softness and amenity of the climate, and to fancy that in the rigours of the winter at home, these dead emotions would revive and flourish. A longing for the brightness and silence of fallen snow seizes him at such times. He is homesick for the hale rough weather ; for the tracery of the frost upon his window-panes at morning, the reluctant descent of the first flakes, and the white roofs relieved against the sombre sky. And yet the stuff of which these yearnings are made, is of the flimsiest : if but the thermometer fall a little below its ordinary Mediterranean level, or a wind come down from the snow-clad Alps behind, the spirit of his fancies changes upon the instant, and many a doleful vignette of the grim wintry streets at home returns to him, and begins to haunt his memory. The hopeless, huddled attitude of tramps in doorways ; the flinching gait of barefoot children on the icy pavement ; the sheen of the rainy streets

towards afternoon; the meagre anatomy of the poor defined by the clinging of wet garments; the high canorous note of the North-easter on days when the very houses seem to stiffen with cold: these, and such as these, crowd back upon him, and mockingly substitute themselves for the fanciful winter scenes with which he had pleased himself awhile before. He cannot be glad enough that he is where he is. If only the others could be there also; if only those tramps could lie down for a little in the sunshine, and those children warm their feet, this once, upon a kindlier earth; if only there were no cold anywhere, and no nakedness, and no hunger; if only it were as well with all men as it is with him!

For it is not altogether ill with the invalid, after all. If it is only rarely that anything penetrates vividly into his numbed spirit, yet, when anything does, it brings with it a joy that is all the more poignant for its very rarity. There is something pathetic in these occasional returns of a glad activity of heart. In his lowest hours he will be stirred and awakened by many such; and they will spring perhaps from very trivial sources; as a friend once said to me, the "spirit of delight" comes often on small wings. For the pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it; and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together, in the very home-land of the beautiful. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one; and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendour of reality from the dull circle of surroundings; so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lake side. And if this falls out capriciously with the healthy, how much more so with the invalid. Some day he will find his first violet, and be lost in pleasant wonder, by what alchemy the cold earth of the clods, and the rapid air and rain, can be transmuted into colour so rich and

odour so bewilderingly sweet. Or perhaps he may see a group of washer-women relieved, on a spit of shingle, against the blue sea, or a meeting of flower-gatherers in the temperate daylight of an olive-garden; and something significant or monumental in the grouping, something in the harmony of faint colour that is always characteristic of the dress of these southern women, will come home to him unexpectedly, and awake in him that satisfaction with which we tell ourselves that we are the richer by one more beautiful experience. Or it may be something even slighter: as when the opulence of the sunshine, which somehow gets lost and fails to produce its effect on the large scale, is suddenly revealed to him by the chance isolation—as he changes the position of his sunshade—of a yard or two of roadway with its stones and weeds. And then, there is no end to the infinite variety of the olive-yards themselves. Even the colour is indeterminate and continually shifting: now you would say it was green, now grey, now blue; now tree stands above tree, like "cloud on cloud," massed into filmy indistinctness; and now, at the wind's will, the whole sea of foliage is shaken and broken up with little momentary silverings and shadows. But everyone sees the world in his own way. To some the glad moment may have arrived on other provocations; and their recollection may be most vivid of the stately gait of women carrying burthens on their heads; of tropical effects, with canes and naked rock and sunlight; of the relief of cypresses; of the troubled, busy-looking groups of sea-pines, that seem always as if they were being wielded and swept together by a whirlwind; of the air coming, laden with virginal perfumes, over the myrtles and the scented underwood; of the empurpled hills standing up, solemn and sharp, out of the green-gold air of the east at evening.

There go many elements, without doubt, to the making of one such moment of intense perception; and it is on the happy agreement of these

many elements, on the harmonious vibration of many nerves, that the whole delight of the moment must depend. Who can forget how, when he has chanced upon some attitude of complete restfulness, after long uneasy rolling to and fro on grass or heather, the whole fashion of the landscape has been changed for him, as though the sun had just broken forth, or a great artist had only then completed, by some cunning touch, the composition of the picture? And not only a change of posture—a snatch of perfume, the sudden singing of a bird, the freshness of some pulse of air from an invisible sea, the light shadow of a travelling cloud, the merest nothing that sends a little shiver along the most infinitesimal nerve of a man's body—not one of the least of these but has a hand somehow in the general effect, and brings some refinement of its own into the character of the pleasure we feel. And if the external conditions are thus varied and subtle, even more so are those within our own bodies. No man can find out the world, says Solomon, from beginning to end, because the world is in his heart; and so it is impossible for any of us to understand, from beginning to end, that agreement of harmonious circumstances that creates in us the highest pleasure of admiration, precisely because some of these circumstances are hidden from us for ever in the constitution of our own bodies. After we have reckoned up all that we can see or hear or feel, there still remains to be taken into account some sensibility more delicate than usual in the nerves affected, or some exquisite refinement in the architecture of the brain, which is indeed to the sense of the beautiful as the eye or the ear to the sense of hearing or sight. We admire splendid views and great pictures; and yet what is truly admirable is rather the mind within us, that gathers together these scattered details for its delight, and makes out of certain colours, certain distributions of graduated light and darkness, that intelligible whole which alone we call a picture or a view.

Hazlitt, relating, in one of his essays how he went on foot from one great man's house to another's in search of works of art, begins suddenly to triumph over these noble or wealthy owners, because he was more capable of enjoying their costly possessions than they were; because they had paid the money and he had received the pleasure. And the occasion is a fair one for self-complacency. While the one man was working to be able to buy the picture, the other was working to be able to enjoy the picture. An inherited aptitude will have been diligently improved in either case; only the one man has made for himself a fortune, and the other has made for himself a living spirit. It is a fair occasion for self-complacency, I repeat, when the event shows a man to have chosen the better part, and laid out his life more wisely, in the long run, than those who have credit for most wisdom. And yet even this is not a good unmixed; and like all other possessions, although in a less degree, the possession of a brain that has been thus improved and cultivated, and made into the prime organ of a man's enjoyment, brings with it certain inevitable cares and disappointments. The happiness of such an one comes to depend greatly upon those fine shades of sensation that heighten and harmonize the coarser elements of beauty. And thus a degree of nervous prostration, that to other men would be hardly disagreeable, is enough to overthrow for him the whole fabric of his life, to take, except at rare moments, the edge off his pleasures, and to meet him wherever he goes with failure, and the sense of want, and disenchantment of the world and life.

It is not in such numbness of spirit only that the life of the invalid resembles a premature old age. Those excursions that he had promised himself to finish, prove too long or too arduous for his feeble body; and the barrier-hills are as impassable as ever. Many a white town that sits far out on the promontory, many a comely fold of wood on the mountain side, beckons

and allures his imagination day after day, and is yet as inaccessible to his feet as the clefts and gorges of the clouds. The sense of distance grows upon him wonderfully; and after some feverish efforts and the fretful uneasiness of the first few days, he falls contentedly in with the restrictions of his weakness. His narrow round becomes pleasant and familiar to him as the cell to a contented prisoner. Just as he has fallen already out of the mid race of active life, he now falls out of the little eddy that circulates in the shallow waters of the sanatorium. He sees the country people come and go about their everyday affairs; the foreigners stream out in goodly pleasure parties; the stir of man's activity is all about him, as he suns himself inertly in some sheltered corner; and he looks on with a patriarchal impersonality of interest, such as a man may feel when he pictures to himself the fortunes of his remote descendants, or the robust old age of the oak he has planted over night.

In this falling aside, in this quietude and desertion of other men, there is no inharmonious prelude to the last quietude and desertion of the grave; in this dulness of the senses there is a gentle preparation for the final insensibility of death. And to him the idea of mortality comes in a shape less violent and harsh than is its wont, less as an abrupt catastrophe than as a thing of infinitesimal gradation, and the last step on a long decline of way. As we turn to and fro in bed, and every moment the movements grow feebler and smaller and the attitude more restful and easy, until sleep overtakes us at a stride and we move no more, so desire after desire leaves him; day by day his strength decreases, and the circle of his activity grows ever narrower; and he feels, if he is to be thus tenderly weaned from the passion of life, thus gradually inducted into the slumber of death, that when at last the end comes, it will come quietly and fitly. If anything is to reconcile poor spirits to the coming of the last enemy, surely it should be such a mild approach as this; not to hale us forth

with violence, but to persuade us from a place we have no further pleasure in. It is not so much, indeed, death that approaches as life that withdraws and withers up from round about him. He has outlived his own usefulness, and almost his own enjoyment; and if there is to be no recovery; if never again will he be young and strong and passionate, if the actual present shall be to him always like a thing read in a book or remembered out of the far-away past; if, in fact, this be veritably nightfall, he will not wish greatly for the continuance of a twilight that only strains and disappoints the eyes, but steadfastly await the perfect darkness. He will pray for Medea: when she comes, let her either rejuvenate or slay.

And yet the ties that still attach him to the world are many and kindly. The sight of children has a significance for him such as it may have for the aged also, but not for others. If he has been used to feel humanely, and to look upon life somewhat more widely than from the narrow loophole of personal pleasure and advancement, it is strange how small a portion of his thoughts will be changed or embittered by this proximity of death. He knows that already, in English counties, the sower follows the ploughman up the face of the field, and the reeks follow the sower; and he knows also that he may not live to go home again and see the corn spring and ripen, and be cut down at last, and brought home with gladness. And yet the future of this harvest, the continuance of drought or the coming of rain unseasonably, touch him as sensibly as ever. For he has long been used to wait with interest the issue of events in which his own concern was nothing; and to be joyful in a plenty, and sorrowful for a famine, that did not increase or diminish, by one half loaf, the equable sufficiency of his own supply. Thus there remain unaltered all the disinterested hopes for mankind and a better future which have been the solace and inspiration of his life. These he has set beyond the reach of any fate that only menaces himself; and it makes

small difference whether he die five thousand years, or five thousand and fifty years, before the good epoch for which he faithfully labours. He has not deceived himself; he has known from the beginning that he followed the pillar of fire and cloud, only to perish himself in the wilderness, and that it was reserved for others to enter joyfully into possession of the land. And so, as everything grows greyer and quieter about him, and slopes towards extinction, these unfaded visions accompany his sad decline, and follow him, with friendly voices and hopeful words, into the very vestibule of death. The desire of love or of fame scarcely moved him, in his days of health, more strongly than these generous aspirations move him now; and so life is carried forward beyond life, and a vista kept open for the eyes of hope, even when his hands grope already on the face of the impassable.

Lastly, he is bound tenderly to life by the thought of his friends; or shall we not say rather, that by their thought for him, by their unchangeable solicitude and love, he remains woven into the very stuff of life, beyond the power of bodily dissolution to undo? In a thousand ways will he survive and be perpetuated. Much of Etienne de la Boetie survived during all the years in which Montaigne continued to converse with him on the pages of the ever-delightful essays. Much of what was truly Goethe was dead already

when he revisited places that knew him no more, and found no better consolation than the promise of his own verses, that soon he too would be at rest. Indeed, when we think of what it is that we most seek and cherish, and find most pride and pleasure in calling ours, it will sometimes seem to us as if our friends, at our decease, would suffer loss more truly than ourselves. As a monarch who should care more for the outlying colonies he knows on the map or through the report of his vicegerents, than for the trunk of his empire under his eyes at home, are we not more concerned about the shadowy life that we have in the hearts of others, and that portion in their thoughts and fancies which, in a certain far-away sense, belongs to us, than about the real knot of our identity—that central metropolis of self, of which alone we are immediately aware—or the diligent service of arteries and veins, and infinitesimal activity of ganglia, which we know (as we know a proposition in Euclid) to be the source and substance of the whole? At the death of every one whom we love, some fair and honourable portion of our existence falls away, and we are dislodged from one of these dear provinces; and they are not, perhaps, the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments, till their life and influence narrow gradually into the meagre limit of their own spirits, and death, when he comes at last, can scotch them at one blow.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

MORE ABOUT VERMONT.¹

THE working-man is at a premium up in this northern country. Independently of his ingrained love of adventure and change, I seriously believe that the Yankee enjoys railway travelling as a pastime and a diversion: it feeds his restlessness of body. Even to boys and girls a run of a thousand miles by the railway-cars is a very common feat; and one hears of lone women going out West, or down to San Francisco, who do not think so much of the journey as a Londoner does of going to Edinburgh. In all the new settlements in and about the gold regions, numerous Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts incomers are recognizable, and the vast food-crops from the countries east of the Mississippi have come, and do come, from the hardy toil of emigrants from the New England States. Hence the home industries want hands. The rudest labouring-man can here, now, at this day, command from 10 to 12 dollars a week—say, 2*l.* to 2*l.* 5*s.*—working ten hours a day. The carpenter takes his 2 dollars to 2 dollars 50 cents per *diem*. At the present rate of gold, the dollar may be counted as equivalent to four shillings English money. The stone-mason can earn his 1 dollar 75 cents to 2 dollars a day. And, in a table sent me by a working-man, I find that the daily wages for machinists range from 2 dollars to 2 dollars 50 cents; for plasterers, 2 dollars 50 cents to 3 dollars; for tin-smiths and sheet-iron workers, 2 dollars to 2 dollars 50 cents; for iron and brass moulders, 2 dollars to 3 dollars; for common labourers, 1 dollar 25 cents to 1 dollar 50 cents; for navvies, or railroad men, 1 dollar 50 cents to 1 dollar 75 cents; and for wood-choppers, 1 dollar 50 cents. “Boss”-workmen, or foremen, obtain about 50 cents in addition. The actual board, or living, of a grown man or woman never needs to

exceed 3 dollars a week, and with prudent management should not attain to that amount. There is every inducement for a man to build his own house. A mile or more out of this flourishing little town land may be had for building purposes as low as 10 dollars an acre, and a decent plank-house may be built for 150 to 200 dollars, which may be paid for in weekly or monthly instalments. Nearly every house hereabouts is owned by the family which resides in it. Everything else, as a general rule, is costly, save the rule and administration of the town itself, which, with all its care of roads, bridges, poor, &c., does not exceed 6,000 dollars. The three individuals who may be said to represent the place, and who have been held to be “the Fathers of the town,” are the “select men,” chosen by the inhabitants to look after the town interests in every way.

Next to these come the three “listers,” whose special duty it is to appraise all property upon which the taxes are to be raised. A property assessment is made by these officers once in every five years, and a personal assessment once a year; and the juggling to deceive these officers is as incessant as daily existence. The taxes are neither numerous nor complicated: “town-tax,” to defray expenses of town government, “road-tax,” “school-tax,” occasionally “county-tax,” for the erection of gaols, court-house, &c., and “state-tax.” The United States’ Government levies no direct tax. As to the other town officers, there is no town magistracy, but there is a public prosecutor—“town grand juror”—who brings his charges of certain minor offences before a “justice of the peace” for the county in which he lives. “The States’ Attorney” has jurisdiction in each county of the State over offences of a graver kind, which are prosecuted at a county town.

¹ See *Macmillan* for June 1873.

How these several authorities execute their office in the district under my eye will be treated of hereafter. To aid in the maintenance of order, the town employs "a constable" and "a special police," being one officer. The sheriff and his deputies are in charge of the peace of the county and the town to which they are appointed. There is an overseer of the poor on the Town Farm. A "pound-keeper" takes care of stray cattle. Highway surveyors, "path masters," are responsible for the state of the roads, which hereabouts are mended with broken marble. The "wood and lumber measurer" is the officer who measures wood, bought and sold, over which there may be a dispute. And the "fence-viewers" are empowered to rule as to the divisions of the land by fences, and settle any questions about the eviction of them.

The functionary who seems to have the largest amount of duties, continuously, is the town-clerk. He is bound to keep a record of all proceedings in which the town is interested. He has the land records, and enters up all charges from mortgages and encumbrances, and is responsible for any mistake in the entry. To him is confided the charge of the registration, and he has to take care that all the records of births, deaths, and marriages are returned by the proper officers, the several district clerks, which returns he transmits to the Secretary of the State of Vermont once a year. He is paid by fees and is usually one bred to and familiar with the law. The "poor-master" appears to have an annual allowance of 50 dollars.

It is noticeable with how little appearance of authority the village or town and its affairs are regulated. A disturbance of the peace, save in a nocturnal fray between the Irish residents, rarely comes to light. Certainly it has more than once occurred to me, that the aim is to keep things smooth and fair to view; and I have remarked, twice especially, where a serious fracas had occurred on board the railway cars, and at a railway depot, all trace of the

trouble was speedily done away with, and the whole unpleasantness ignored by those acquainted with it. The first town trotting-match which I witnessed brought a very miscellaneous assemblage of country folks, of both sexes and of all ages; but the only public authority responsible for the orderly behaviour of the crowd was a good-natured, bustling, red-faced (red faces are rare) justice of the peace, armed with a long buggy-whip, by means of which he kept the eager spectators in line on each side of the course, close to the judge's stand. Virtually he was the master of the revels, and shared in them heartily. Burglary and house-breaking are common enough, according to the local newspapers, but very rarely accompanied with violence; the majority of these performances comes under the expressive generical title of "sneak-thieving." Personal altercations hardly ever come to blows. Language of as vile a character as can sully the tongue is very calmly given and taken, and it has surprised me beyond measure to hear the most degrading personal imputations uttered without any rejoinder at all. "Pretty mad to-day," some bystander will exclaim of the offender, and all the opprobrious epithet, foul invective, and threatening gesture are quietly passed over. Nor is there ordinarily much value attached to a verbal promise or a personal appointment, which are regarded, from my experience, as hardly more than a passing expression, and of no significance, and only to be abided by at the pleasure of the utterer. But it did seem very strange to hear of the public sale of a house and grounds, hard by where I am residing, which had been legitimately gone through, being coolly, and without interruption or hindrance, shelved aside as a transaction not *bonâ fide* (pronounced "fied"), because the vendor had not given money consideration, directly the sale was over, to "hold the bargain." From all which it may be inferred, that these prudent people are "tolerant" in no ordinary degree, and do not "go in" for sensitiveness or captiousness on any occa-

sion, and are very wary of entering into a quarrel save with words, and in many cases snap their fingers at any law but their own. The smaller tradesmen get whatever prices they can for their goods. It will not offend them to strike off a fourth or even half of what they ask, and you can always obtain a reduction of the price asked. They have plenty of enterprise, and there seems to be a perfect liberty of trade. You may purchase stationery at a chemist's, bed-furniture at a watch-maker's, blinds and paper-hangings and musical instruments at the stationer's, whips and dog-collars at a tailor's, and butter and milk of the ironmonger. It is not possible to refrain from uttering a jeremiad upon this untrammelled behaviour in many of the relations of life. The excess of independence and freedom from rules of the trade induces very careless habits of business, and tends to demoralize mercantile worth and the probity of the calling. A man may be, and most frequently is, running half his life from one class of occupation to another. In every one of his conditions he becomes (the chances are) an audacious slip-slop, ready to assert and maintain that his insufficiency is as good as his neighbour's sufficiency. "And if it isn't, what then?" says he. The children only learn half how to spell or read, and are thoroughly empiric in their studies, where the father is a "Jack of all trades and master of none." The careless or half-skilled manufacturer soon permits the manufacture to be deteriorated: if his business droops he readily betakes himself to some other employment. More than once it has seemed something more than odd that a chemist could not read a prescription, and has told me coolly to wait until his assistant came in.

Of all the New England division, Massachusetts is held to present the most satisfactory record about education. In 1858 the State expended only 6 dollars 60 centimes for the instruction of each child, while now the amount reaches to 11 dollars 75 centimes! Reference is specially made to this State, as the Governor has just

communicated the fact, "that there will ere long be opened, at Northampton, a *Woman's College of the highest and most liberal grade*, founded on the noble bequest of the late Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, who left about 400,000 dollars for building and carrying on such an institution." Perhaps an exact outline of a graded school, or school divided into the following grades:—First primary, second primary, third primary, first intermediate, second intermediate, grammar school, and high school, will best illustrate the sincerity of the Vermonters in the district where I am sojourning for educational progress; for the graded school, or classified school, is a simple illustration of the value of the division of labour. As Mr. Rankin, the Secretary to the Board of Education, urges, "each class has its specific work, and no advancement to a higher grade can be secured until that work is done. Each grade is a position which cannot be reached except by passing, step by step, all the intermediate ground." And its further advantage among a community which generally, and with constant resolution, only regards its own will and choice, lies in the fact that a systematic course of education is laid down. "Each pupil does not for himself, nor can his parents for him, elect this study or that, as whim or caprice may dictate." Parents frequently try with much pertinacity to break through the systematic arrangement of the graded school, but where the principal is firm the parents learn to submit. But, before detailing the precise particulars about the classes and course of study of the graded school which I have visited, it may be worth while to glance over a portion of the Thirtieth General Annual Report of the Vermont Board of Education. The details are amusing.

Generally, throughout the State the official reports of the superintendents, in this summary, whilst they give encouraging prospects of the desire of all classes to avail themselves of the schools, insinuate no little about the indifference of the parents, or their penuriousness in providing the means of educa-

tion, or a downright careless "apathy," "preferring sheep and calves to schools and children." Out of 117 returns in this thirteenth report from superintendents visiting the schools, you may read 36 which animadvert in positive terms on these shortcomings. One superintendent savagely writes: "The school-houses could scarcely be worse; the creature accommodations in and about them could not be more brutal; and there could not be less apparatus *without throwing the broken poker out of doors.*" Wood-cutters, it is recorded, in Bradford town are paid "much more than school-teachers—nearly double." From Greensboro', the superintendent thus gives in the sum and total of *his* report: "If you want your schools well superintended, pay the superintendent enough to feed his horse. In the past two years I have spent at least three months, and two months' horse labour, for which I get (perhaps) 59 dollars"—not quite 12%. That little word "perhaps" is pathetic, as well as highly suggestive.

But we need not designate the localities which lie under these and similar grave imputations. The object of these flying remarks is, least of all, to annoy any who read them; and accordingly our quotations shall stand without the names of the schools they affect. The imputations and direct charges must be by no means pleasant reading for the good folks of the Green Mountain State. Here are a few selected at random:—"Our school-houses are in a miserable condition, with few exceptions;" "Here seems to be inaugurated a system of parsimony and degradation;" "The idea seems to prevail that a scholar has a right to beignorant;" "We need teachers who are thoroughly qualified;" "Poor condition of school-houses, irregularity of attendance;" "Entire lack of dictionaries, globes, outline maps, &c."

One superintendent affirms, that when he spoke to the citizens about furnishing the schools with globes, maps, and dictionaries, they replied that "they had no such thing *when they went to school*, and they *guess* their children can get along without them."

Elsewhere the complaints are frequent, from these official visitors, of "the hasty, superficial, loose, slipshod routine and guess-work teaching;" "A prevailing fault is a desire for too rapid advancement to the higher branches;" "Some teachers and parents seem to think that the success of a school depends entirely on the number of pages passed over by the pupil, and hence the great haste in so many of our schools to get through the book;" "I have frequently found scholars cyphering in the common school arithmetic that could not repeat the multiplication table;" "The pupils are usually pressed forward so rapidly that they do not learn anything thoroughly;" "The estimate put on the quality of the school by a majority of the parents is predicated on the number of pages their children have been over rather than how much they know of what they have studied." Again: "The parents are too anxious to hurry their children from one book to another without examining them in the books they have left;" "Scholars are often found in algebra who know little of orthography." These extracts could be multiplied four-fold out of the remaining returns, but enough has been cited to establish the fact that hasty, ill-regulated, and insufficient teaching is an evil of magnitude in Vermont, a State proud and boastful of its schools. And the outcry is hardly less strong about the youth, inexperience, and incapacity of the teachers, who, according to all accounts, are miserably underpaid. The graded school, of which I was about to treat, has a principal with a salary of 1,500 dollars (300%) a year. The first female teacher in charge of the "high school department" receives 500 dollars a year; the second, in charge of the "grammar school," takes 450 dollars a year; the third, ruling the "second intermediate school," draws 400 dollars a year; and a similar payment is allotted to the fourth, the teacher of the "first intermediate school;" the fifth assistant, teaching the "third primary school," as well as the sixth, teaching the "second primary school," is paid 360 dollars a year; and the seventh, in

charge of the "first primary school," enjoys a stipend of 280 dollars a year. At the existing value of money in the States, these salaries may be estimated at half their nominal amount. Certainly 300% per annum cannot go so far over here, except in the mere necessities of life, as half that sum in England. The net cost, paid by a tax of 35 cents on a dollar, of the school for one year, is about 3,500 dollars, or 700%. The total number of scholars in this school very nearly reaches 400. The school-days extend over 40 weeks, and the school hours are from 9 o'clock A.M. to 12 M., and 1.30 P.M. to 4.30 P.M. "Absence," three times repeated, subjects the delinquent to suspension from school, unless the "reasonable excuse" is forthcoming. An unexcused absence of five days is punished by dismissal, unless condoned by the direction of the school managers, the "prudential committee." The day's exercises commence with reading from the Scriptures and the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, or such other form of religious service as each teacher may choose. The Principal virtually chooses the religious service. Each scholar is provided with a desk and chair, for the careful use of which the occupant is responsible; and the committee point out, with justifiable pride, that, though the school-rooms have been in use nearly four years, scarce a "scratch, ink-spot, or pencil-mark defaces any part of the building!" The aspect of the rooms is certainly surprisingly bright and clean; in this respect, and in the maintenance of strict order, there is assured evidence of a true, firm, and decided discipline. The change from the arrangements at home—a "licensing system" I have called it—must at first be very disquieting to the children. And another regulation, which is well acted up to, is also an admirable and uncommon reform: "No scholar shall be allowed to stay in school who shall enter it without having given proper attention to cleanliness of person and dress, but shall be sent home to remain till properly prepared for school." The recapitulation of the studies pursued in each grade of the school are copied,

verbally and literally, from the printed list furnished by the school committee. The "first primary" are prepared in "the" alphabet, spelling, reading, primary arithmetic, and general exercises. The "second primary" pass through Progressive First and Second Readers, Town's Speller, Greenleaf's Primary Arithmetic, Guyot's Primary Geography, and general exercises. The "first intermediate" take up with Progressive Third Reader, Greenleaf's Intellectual Arithmetic, Guyot's Intermediate Geography, Tower's Elements of Grammar, Writing, Map drawing, Hall's History and Geography of Vermont. The "second intermediate" are limited to the Progressive Fourth Reader, Greenleaf's Practical Arithmetic, Guyot's Intermediate Geography Finished, Norton's Grammar, History of the United States, Writing, Map-drawing. In the "grammar school" the scholars are practised in the Progressive Fifth Reader, Analysis and Parsing, General History, Monteith's Physical Geography, Cutter's Anatomy and Physiology, Quackenbos' Rhetoric, Greenleaf's Elementary Algebra, Writing, and Composition. The studies for the "high school" include Davies' University Arithmetic, Greenleaf's Geometry, Quackenbos' Natural Philosophy, Youman's Chemistry, Astronomy, French, Harkness' Latin Reader, Andrews' Caesar, Cicero's Orations, Virgil's *Æneid*, Crosby's Greek Grammar, Crosby's Greek Lessons, Xenophon's *Anabasis*, Homer's *Iliad*, Elocution. On all sides assurance is proffered to me that the Principal does teach Latin, as well as Greek; but whether he teaches either one or the other thoroughly it is not my business to ascertain. I have sat in his high school, and have heard the class parse and construe with a fair degree of accuracy. Many and frequent have been the complaints by parents about the careless spelling observable in the children's practice at home, and my own experience of the various scholars' reading aloud, in public, has been decidedly unsatisfactory. Monotonous, shrill, slurred, indistinct tones are most common, as is always the case with

children imperfectly taught. The enunciation is seldom exact, and the syllables are, I repeat, slurred, as in the slip-slop of conversation. The utterance is usually rapid, and the contrast in the volume of the voice is rarely attended to. Appropriate action there was not a vestige of. The right arm was shot straight out horizontally, or both arms were raised, as by a spring, above the head, with a very ludicrous effect. Childhood's toys have perhaps been the models. Some of the female pupils attempted to emphasise the delivery of their exercise by brisk nods. But the performance of the rhetorical exercises still had a great charm for me. It occurred on a fair, bright day, in Midsummer. The Town Hall, an apartment eighty feet in length, by fifty feet in width, and about thirty feet in height, was decorated with wreaths of evergreens, interspersed with flowers, surmounting the platform along the width of the apartment, at the further end facing the entrance; and the president's table had for its background the United States' standard draped for some twenty feet.

The audience came in slowly and fitfully, in great numbers at last; of course, as the rule is everywhere, with a total disregard of the hour at which the performance was appointed to commence. A grace of half an hour is a very common allowance. The proportion of those in attendance was about one male to twenty females, these last being accompanied by children not forming part of the school procession. An emotion was awakened—'twas in the still summer's afternoon—by the sound of approaching music, and the procession of the scholars of both sexes, heralded by the national ensign, and the local brass band, composed of working men of the town, who performed remarkably well for an amateur band, under the leadership of an Englishman, formerly a member of Jullien's orchestra, entered the hall. First came the girls, two by two—a graceful, cheering picture; the majority dressed in white, and with sashes, ribands, flowers in their hair, and exhibiting taste and

care in their appearance of no common degree, especially the younger portion. The bright, lively look of three to four hundred clean, cheerful, well-dressed girls and boys is always refreshing. Each makes her or his individuality so distinct on anything like a festive occasion. And this was a festive occasion, for none of the performers seemed to be ill at ease, or in the least degree timid, and, as it virtually closed the school attendance for that term, could not but induce thoughts of the holidays. The Principal stood to organize proceedings in the centre of the platform. He struck me as being prepared for the occasion, which I suppose he thought to render a striking one, for he carried an elastic cane, which he switched every now and then, with unconscious desire, as it were, to test its admonitory effects. The exercises were commenced by an extempore prayer, uttered by a keen, nervous, susceptible, sly-looking Non-conformist minister, who invoked, with his eyes tightly closed, as if his work was a tremendous effort. It was a realistic effusion, specifying thanks for the meeting, for the teachers, the pupils, their education, and the Principal, with details of information, as if the utterer were informing his intimate friend of what had been done, and recapitulating and insisting on the share they had in the doing of it. You shall not be wearied with any minute notes about the performances of the pupils. In their chorus-singing and some of their light gymnastic exercises there was great charm. But their speech is curt and rugged, and does not seem to be corrected or improved by their teachers.

There is no doubt that the Yankees with all their shortcomings here and there, are in earnest about education, as they have ever been. But they will go their own way in their improvements. The Principal of the school, as is most natural, is not disposed to tolerate outside interference with his plans, however friendly. If he is a man with a concerted intelligent rule, he is apt to regard the non-professional experience as speculative and visionary and impertinent: if he is but a creature of

routine, and of narrow sympathies and strong conceit, the new light which is offered him dazzles, confuses, or dismays him; and, like Sancho Panza on the judgment-seat, he would rather hear only one side of the question. There is considerable ferment nearly everywhere in the States about increasing the efficiency of the existing arrangements. It is generally felt that the children, though universally, are but half-taught. Superintendent Wickersham, in Pennsylvania, a working man, honestly striving for progress, aims for "a more thorough supervision." He recommends a reorganization under five distinct departments. 1. Elementary education; 2. Higher education; 3. Professional education; 4. Orphan schools; 5. Special instruction; and suggests the following measures respecting neglected and vagrant children. First, that the State shall pass a "judicious" truant law. Further, that a "judicious" law shall be adopted to prevent the employment of children in mines, manufactories, &c., without some provision for their education. And, in his zeal, the Superintendent seeks to authorize boards of directors, in cities and large towns, "to appoint and pay, when needed, a school missionary to visit the parents of children not in school, or attending irregularly, and endeavour to secure their attendance." His suggestions conclude with the proposal of a law "legalizing, if not requiring, the establishment of a home for friendless or neglected children" in every county in the commonwealth, and giving the boards of directors of the several districts power to send to these institutions such children as "the safety of society might justify being disposed of in that way." These reforms are neither new nor elaborate; and the notice of them is introduced as an evidence of the increasing desire to obtain sound education instead of the lifeless pretence of it, and, above all, the determination that the vast sums expended by each State, in the public schools, shall yield "money's worth" more adequately than they do at present.

Mention has been made of the swift, curt, and rugged manner of speech of the young. It comes to them from the home. The Vermont farmer uses, as Professor Lowell terms it, a decided lingo. And, as a specimen of phonetic vagary, there is here appended a ballad on the Cincinnati Convention, in May, of Grant's adversaries, taken almost verbatim from the mouth of one of the most ardent, outspoken politicians of the Republican party up here, the village cobbler:—

"THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

The Convents fust establish't, I've been told,
 Wur refuges ware men naw marms cud scold,
 Ware silens rain'd supream, 'cep' tu devoshun,
 An talk wuz done by sine an' dig'tal moshun.
 Et's wal fer us sech convents now air rare,
 An' our convenshuns air toute-o-contrair,
 Thar speech is free, 'n' epithetal sarse
 Uz stix uz close uz cobbler to his larst.
 A stretch o' talk mounts up like a balloon—
 It quits the airth, 'n' sales aroun' the moon.
 Talk 'emselves horse, du som, 'n' never fail
 Tu talk a dog's hin' leg off, 'n' the tail
 Hev' still to run, an' carry 'on full swing,
 Uz when one's 'sappiness' gets spy in spring.
 Nex' May a Mass Convenshun's to display
 The foes of U. S. G.¹ in hull array,
 To fan the Presidenshal contest into fire,
 An' push 'the man on hosback' down i' the mire.
 Sumner, an' his knight Schurz, an' all thet party,
 'Il foller noses up to Cincinnati.
 Ware Guv'nor Brown, with sper-rib, frutes,
 'n' liquor,
 'Il bankwit thick an' thin, ontill thar's thicker
 Dough, an' suthin' more sufficient basis
 Betwix the malcontented double-faces—
 Schemers, Hungries, Loafers, Growlers,
 Grinders,
 Traitors, Waiters, Slinks, an' Runbehinders,
 An' all the rabble rout thet swarms increasin',
 'The outs against the ins, 'n' them uz sees in
 Self-advansment nawt but public dooty,
 Whose public exigns is privet booty;
 The wun-term purist beggin fer protection,
 The two-year convert, 'n' the 'free-trade' section;
 The German Grab-all, clamorous 'n' venal;
 The temperance oaf, uz hopes to make it penal

¹ The initials of the President.

Tew run a cider-press, 'n' brew root beer,
Puts food in fetters, 'n' puts chains on
cheer.

Missouri's gong'd 'em all fer First o' May,
An' all the talents 'll resh out that day.
At fust they thort to hev an open Hall
To Lib'rals, black an' wite, uz care to call;
But Guv'nor Brown foun' out he'd git no
frute, he

Cudd'n' rely at all on promiscuity.
Ses he, 'Wind-falls air on'y good to me
Wen a frend's near, an' I kin shake the
tree;

But if I shake 'n' others over-number
Me ah' my fren', I ain't a gwine to cumber
An inch o' ground with eny o' my shakins;
I never keer'd fer missellaneous bakins,
Ware his is yours, an' mine by som mistake
Is his, an' so I go without my cake.

"So now the Anti-Granters issue passes,
By which they'll keep the hosses from the
asses;

An' Horace² can't confound the heads 'n'
shoulders

Of office-seekers 'n' of office-holders.

"An' nun but Leaders with 'great expectations,'

Uz wait the comin' man with strikin'
patience,

The ears of those aroun' 'll keer to tickle
With hopes of crown'd desert, an' wuthy
sekle

To uniet longing fer the spiles of office,
The victim's losses, 'n' the victor's trophies.

"We unnerstan' this holy zeal an' passion
Th' outsiders hev 'genst them thet's in
possesshun,

But wut's the fun uv allers sarsin' Grant?
'A kebbidge-hed,' you swar, 'es no one
can't

Make ort but kebbidge-hed'—is that a
grievns

To find fer onst thet seein' is belliev'ns?

A kebbidge is a honorable growth,
That's priz'd in Est, an' West, an' North,
an' South:

Domestic, usefle, good uz hot uz cold,
A fine preserve befor' it's grown too old.
It ain't a tatur, turnip, beet, or inion,
But there's more stuff inside in my opinion.

"At this here Cincinnati rendyvoov
The biggest blower's boun' to bend a few,
Suffish'n' grounds, 'n' stand up hones' resn'

Fer het invetret, 'n' etarnal squeezein' ;
Ulysses 'genst the wall, 'n' dropping
Lyalty, respect uv place, an' stoppin'
In full tilt, with cacklin', cries, 'n' menaces
An' minatory tex's from Acts to Genesis.
One ses 'he's petulant 'n' overbearin',
An' wun don't like his military swearin'.
'An' Mrs. G.,' ses penkett, het as fire,
'Turn up her nose et my ol' Aunt Keziah !'
'An' look,' rores D., who's illus begging
places,

'His deppurtism neshional disgrace is :
Appraisers, ministers, collectors, clerks,
The hull on em a pack uv offis sherks.'
'One of a Gold Ring,' writes Bohemian G.
'An' ef he's nut, we know who's A. R. C.'¹

"Is this a country's gratitood 'n' thanks
Fur him uz stood the foremost in the renks
Uv them uz fort the mightiest dedly strife,
'N' in hur peril sev' a nation's life?
I say it's mean, the skendle's just as haynous
Uz t'wuz wi' Rome 'n' hur Koriolaynus.
Peraps this Conference 'll clear the air,
Bust all the bubbles, 'n' intrigues lay bare.
Fer ev'ry kin' of itch there is an intment—
So let this resless currew keep its appint-

ment,
An' ventilate their woes, their griefs, their
ills,

Their hopes, their fears, their fevers, 'n'
their chills.

Let the Queen City of the West receive
The crowds that thieve to live 'n' live to
thieve;

Let private pique, revenge, an' all the train
Thet swell wi' envy, hatred, 'n' disdain,
An' the ambitions 'n' wild hopes that
scour

The san's of life, 'n' roun' the seat of power
Whirl, like the dust thet glistens in the
sun.

Proud Cincinnati welcomes ev'ry one
Uz pays his recknin', 'n' no trust 'll run."

Perhaps some of your readers will
recognize that here is a sketch of the
"condition of things" immediately pre-
ceding the opening of the Presidential
campaign, as well as an ample specimen
of New England dialect, as it rules in
Vermont.

¹ Sounded the gong.

² Horace Greeley.

¹ The initials of one of President Grant's
brothers-in-law.

A VISIT TO A GERMAN GIRLS' SCHOOL.

"ACTUALLY, there is that little girl going to school in the rain !"

The speaker was one of a group of travellers who were sitting in the verandah of a little hotel in the outskirts of Baden-Baden. They were drinking their morning cup of coffee, and exchanging lamentations over the steady downpour which was throwing cold water on all their pleasant plans and projects, when the sight of their landlady's little daughter Lisa coming down, fully equipped for school, and running in at the open door of a small room communicating with the great "Speise Saal," to give her mother a farewell kiss, changed the current of their thoughts. In that little room the busy mistress of the establishment was usually to be found, smiling and energetic, the centre of a complicated web of household activities ; and there she was at that moment, sitting at her desk in the window, and intent over her big account-book. They could see her rise up when the little schoolgirl came in, and cast a motherly eye over her attire ; and then there was a glance out of window, and perhaps a few words of doubt or hesitation as to whether to let her go at all, for some eager, childish expostulation followed ; and lastly, there was a fond pat on the shoulder, and a kiss, and evidently, though the travellers heard it not, a "Very well, you may," for in another minute Lisa was in the verandah, laboriously opening a mighty umbrella, beneath whose ample shade they watched her contentedly making her way down the long alley of lime-trees that led into Baden-Baden.

"I wonder what kind of a school she is going to !" speculated some of the travellers.

* * * * *

If Lisa had been an English maiden, it would not have been difficult to form a guess on the subject which would be only too likely to be a true one.

Do we not know them too well, those "Academies," or "Seminaries," or "Establishments," or "Finishing Schools," for "Young Ladies," where, for the most part, teachers, themselves imperfectly educated, and haphazard blunderers into the art of educating others, do their best to earn a precarious livelihood by imparting a certain amount of desultory and superficial knowledge to the daughters of tradespeople and other girls of the same class !

Of course there are exceptions. Here and there may be found teachers with a real, natural gift for teaching ; here and there a certificated mistress exchanges the National School for the "Academy for Young Ladies," and teaches the elements, at any rate, after the systematic method she acquired at her training college. But all this is a matter of chance. Anyone, in England, may open a school, or go out as a teacher (unless, indeed, that person aspires to teach the children of the poorest classes), without being asked to show anything in the shape of a certificate of competency ; and parents, as a rule, take the competency of those who profess to teach for granted in the most confiding manner. By and bye, if they are themselves sufficiently well-educated to form an opinion, and if they have time to look into the matter, they discover either that their children are making progress, or that they are not getting on as they should do ; and they have besides the general character that a school bears to be in some degree a guide to them, but all this is rather uncertain and unreliable ; and after all, there are so few good "secondary" schools in England, and so especially few for girls, that even in the largest towns, a middle-class father, earnestly desirous of giving his daughters a thoroughly good education, will very likely find himself baffled and disappointed, by the impossibility of

finding a really efficient school to which to send them. He has no resource but to let them go to the Misses This or That's to learn reading and writing, and, to a certain weak extent, arithmetic; and also to be taught how to do crochet and worsted-work; perhaps even to play on the piano a little; and, when six or eight years of this *régime* are over, whose fault is it, his or his daughter's, or the painstaking Misses This or That's, who really did their best for her as far as they knew how, if the girl grows up into rather an empty-headed young person after all?

But it was quite another sort of school to which the little German girl under the big umbrella was trotting off through the rain; her slate and books packed into the tidy little leather knapsack that every German school-child, boy or girl, carries strapped across the shoulders. The difficulties of which we have been speaking did not exist for *her* parents, for in every considerable place in Germany there are almost sure to be not only good elementary schools for the children of the poorest, but also excellent schools of a higher grade, *both for girls and boys*, and one would fancy that there can be few better schools of this sort anywhere, than the "*Höheren Töchter-Schule*" at Baden-Baden.

This school was first opened in the spring of 1869. When we visited it in the early part of the summer of 1872, it numbered about 200 scholars, who were drawn, we were told, from almost every class in the community. The majority of them appeared to be of about the same station in life as the little inn-keeper's daughter of whom we have already spoken; but there were also a certain number whose fathers were mechanics or artisans—clever girls, some of these, who had earned a right to superior educational advantages, and had been recommended for free admission by their former teachers in the primary school—and besides these, the instruction given at the *Höheren Töchter-Schule* is so good, that not a few of the higher families in Baden have begun to send their daughters there, and this seems to be an increasing practice.

The school-fees vary from 24 gulden (about £2) to 60 gulden (about £5) a year, according to the age of the scholar. It is no part of any teacher's duty either to receive or to collect them; they are paid quarterly to a board of management, and the teachers receive their salaries from the same board. The school is, just as much as any elementary school for the poor, a public school, under the control of the municipality, taught by certificated teachers, in a building provided at the expense of the town, open to government inspection, and assisted by annual grants out of the public purse. An early report tells us that a large number of the citizens of Baden had been for several years occupied with the idea of founding a good school, with a suitably enlarged scheme of instruction, for the education and training of their daughters, and had, indeed, got so far as to form a provisional committee, and call a meeting to take the subject into practical consideration, in the end of April, 1867, when "the town-council resolved to take this important undertaking into its own hands, and to give the whole a more comprehensive form." In a sitting of the town-council on the 20th of July, 1867, the foundation of a High School for Girls (to be a town-corporation school) was resolved upon. The necessary funds were voted, Government approval asked for and obtained, and a sketch of the object, extent, and general organization, and, in particular, of the plan of instruction to be adopted in the proposed school, drawn out by order of the corporation, and laid before the "*Oberschulrath*," the chief educational authority in the duchy, and by him, subject to a few unimportant modifications, approved; and then nothing remained to be done but to proceed as quickly as possible with the erection of the school building, for which the corporation were fortunate enough to secure a very central and advantageous site.

A building very unlike our English notions of a school-house is the result. When we first visited it we actually went past it by mistake, wondering if we had been directed into the right street, so little did the large many-storied

house, more like an hotel than anything else, with its wide, uncarpeted, staircases and passages, its arched entrance, and its many doors, answer to our expectations. For German notions of school architecture differ from English ones, just as the German system of teaching differs from the English system. An English National School generally consists of one large room, big enough to contain the whole body of the scholars, and in which several classes, sometimes as many as six or seven, are taught at once, and, besides this, there are generally, if possible, one or two small classrooms. A German National School, whether primary or secondary, invariably consists of a certain number of spacious class-rooms, in which each class is taught separately; nobody seems to care at all for having a large room in which the whole school could assemble at once. But then in Germany, one *never* sees *children* acting as monitors or pupil-teachers. The classes are very large; forty or fifty in a secondary school, and seventy or eighty in a primary school, are quite common numbers, but whether the children be backward or advanced, whether they are reading the easiest reading-book, and learning to mind their stops by seeing their teacher beat time, once for a comma, two for a semicolon, &c., in the first class in some primary school; or taking notes of a lesson on the construction of the human frame and the laws of health, in the sixth class at the Höhern Töchter, their instructor is *always* a *grown-up person*. Boys and girls, in training for the profession of teaching, must teach, if allowed to teach at all, under the eye of a master or mistress; therefore, in England, where the pupil-teacher system prevails, large schoolrooms are absolutely needful. But no doubt, under a grown-up teacher, the children can learn more quickly, and instruction can be imparted more energetically, and with less fatigue, in a separate room.

At the "Höhern Töchter" there are three masters and four mistresses, besides the director, Dr. Ekert, a drawing-master, and the clergy by whom the religious instruction is given. We could

not, of course, ask what their salaries were, but we were sorry to learn from those who knew more of Germany than we did, that, as a rule, the salaries of German teachers are exceedingly small, though the quality of their teaching seems in general to be high, and the social status of the profession, *taken as a whole*, better than it is with us. Our glance was but a superficial one, but it seemed to show us more *solidarity*, if we may venture to use the word, in the profession of teaching than exists amongst us. No class of teachers seemed to be set apart from any other class; all considered themselves as belonging to one great fraternity, engaged in the same important and honourable work.

The school is divided into six classes, besides the two divisions of the Vorschule, or preparatory class. The Vorschule deals with quite young children, and some may be inclined to think that the instruction of children of this age is hardly the work of a *secondary* school. The *general* character, however, of the instruction seemed fully to justify the designation, especially as the very name of *Vorschule* indicates that this class is introductory to the regular work of the school. There is a very definite *Lehr-plan*, or programme of instruction, in which the work of each class is marked out, so that both pupils and teachers know exactly what they have to do, and work within fixed limits.

First on the list comes "Religious Instruction," a subject which it does not yet appear to have entered into anybody's head in Germany to ignore or suppress for the sake of peace, and thus to sacrifice the children to the contentions of their elders. Imagine the melancholy strife with which such a school as the Höhern Töchter would probably be strangled at its very birth in England. A school under the control of the municipality, and subsidised out of the rates! How could such a school be allowed to recognize any definite religious teaching? some would ask. There are others who would even go farther, and say, How recognize *any* religious teaching at all? How is it possible to say a single word on the sub-

ject without offending the much-to-be-respected prejudices of *some* tax-payer? Surely the safest plan will be to omit it altogether, and do our best to forget that education without religion is like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

But the Germans put religious teaching, as we have said, *first* on the school programme, and they teach it in their usual methodical way, employing the parochial clergy, who come to the school at certain appointed hours to give their lessons, the Roman Catholic priest to give instruction to the young Romanists, the "Evangelical" pastor to teach the young Protestants. If any parent were to object to religious instruction altogether, his daughter would be exempt from receiving it. "But this never happens," said our informant.

This plan of confining the work of religious instruction to the clergy—not, we believe, universally adopted in Germany—is objected to by those among us who consider it of importance that the ordinary teachers should have an interest in this most important part of education, and that the most valued class of teachers, such as do their work in the spirit of Arnold of Rugby, would be lost to the profession if they were to be allowed no share in the religious training of their scholars. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into any discussion upon the respective advantages of one plan or another. Nor had we the opportunity of judging whether placing the religious teaching exclusively in the hands of the clergy works well or not. What struck us as really important, was the fact that the religious instruction *did* take the lead on the *Lehr-plan* of this "town-corporation school," that it embraced lessons on scripture, catechisms, and church history, and was given with method and regularity by teachers who received salaries for their services from a municipal board of management.

The times at which the religious lessons are given are arranged by the director, on whom the responsibility of drawing up the *Lehr-plan* rests. School-time seldom occupies more than five hours a-day, and of these the afternoon hours are devoted to needlework

and knitting, singing (at sight), drawing and *drilling*. For this last a capital gymnasium is provided, fitted up with poles, ropes, and ladders, proper for such mild gymnastic exercises as are suited to little girls. We were much amused in witnessing the manœuvres of a squadron of young maidens between nine and eleven years of age. They all looked so bright and merry that it was pretty evident that the lesson in drilling was a popular one; whilst from the enthusiasm with which forefingers were up-lifted, at the first hint from the master, for permission to show us what they could do with the aforesaid poles and ladders, it was equally clear which was the favourite part of it. Many people, besides Dickens, must often have been struck with the odd effect of the out-stretched arm with which English boys and girls "hail" their teachers when they wish to denote that they are ready with an answer; we can assure them it is still odder to see their young German contemporaries putting up their forefingers, and, as it were, making a point at their instructor. We do not think anyone could stand it for the first time without wanting to laugh, but habit soon wears off the ludicrous edge of anything so completely, that the only thing that strikes one as odd is that strangers should think that funny which they see with unmoved gravity every day. With the exception of a little attempt at French or English conversation, as an accompaniment to the sewing and knitting, and something in the way of preparation for the next day, which has to be done at home, all real study, all actual head-work, is reserved for the morning. The habits of the Germans are, as a rule, earlier than ours, and the morning's work at school sometimes begins as early as seven or eight o'clock. As it does not last longer than three, or at most three-and-a-half hours, the result is either a longer interval for rest in the middle of the day, or else an earlier hour for closing in the afternoon, and, consequently, longer leisure in the evening.

The educational course comprises, besides the lessons already mentioned, lessons in French and English, German

language and literature, arithmetic, geography, history, and a little elementary instruction in natural history and physical science. And here will perhaps be the place to say a few words on the special attention which seemed to be paid to geography in all German public schools, whether elementary or secondary. We could not help noticing the excellence of the large maps with which every class-room in the Höhern Töchter was provided; and even in the poorest schools the maps were always good, generally very superior to anything that is to be seen in England, even in school-rooms of far higher pretensions.

There is a peculiarity in the German method of teaching this subject. Instead of beginning with the map of the World, or even with that of Europe, the child begins with the map of *Home*. At the Höhern Töchter "*Heimathkunde*" is the title of the geographical programme in the *Lehr-plan* of the first class; and the lessons begin with "*Baden-Baden and its environs*." We have heard the question "What large town lies to the north of this place?" met with discomfited silence in an English school, where, nevertheless, maps hung on the walls, and the children were "taught geography." But the geography of his native place is the very first thing a German school-child learns; then he goes on to that of the duchy or province in which his home lies; the geography of Germany follows, and then that of Europe and the World. The little girls of the Höhern Töchter were learning geography in just the same way, except that the higher classes learn a little of physical geography, and other cognate subjects, which would be beyond the limits of a primary school; and in the earlier stages the geography of their country was connected with its history, and both taught at once.

We were unlucky in never being present at a geography lesson, though we have been at one at an elementary school, and were much struck with the success of the system in drawing out the intelligence of the children; but our time was limited and we were obliged to take our chance of whatever might be

going on. Finding that we could not arrange to come in for geography, we asked if we might be allowed to hear an English or a French lesson. Permission was most readily given, but with an expression of regret that we could only see the lesson of one of the junior classes, as it happened that all the more advanced classes were differently engaged. We were shown into the large, airy, third-class room, and introduced to a bright-faced, energetic-looking young lady, who spoke English quite as correctly, and nearly as fluently as we did, and before whom were ranged forty or fifty little German maidens between nine and eleven years of age, the same whom we had seen before in the gymnasium. Now they were seated in rows, at desks arranged in an oblong block, with plenty of space left for passing round and up the middle, and taking up perhaps two-thirds of the room. In one corner stood the tall, white stove, and near the teacher there was a table, a chair or two, and a large black board. Behind, on an easel, there hung a large map of the Duchy of Baden.

It is curious how alike they all look, and how much of a size. The fact is, they are all so very nearly of the same age, for the rule in German schools seems to be to classify according to age, and we were told that, though of course the director uses his discretion, and there is no rigid rule to keep back a forward pupil, or push on a backward one, yet it is only rarely that these exceptions have to be made; as a rule the classification by age provides all that is required.

Fräulein — is sorry we should have come to the third class. If it had only been the fifth or sixth class this morning, there the pupils read English quite nicely, and write it too; but these are quite beginners. Nothing more is attempted than to give them a small vocabulary of English words, and accustom them a little to the pronunciation, so as to prepare them for the next class when they are passed on into it.

However, in spite of this modest account, the little beginners do not do badly at all. They can read the easy lessons at the beginning of the reading book, and what they can read they can

render into German. It is monotonous, certainly, to hear them going through the little list of words, but even the stupidest child can hardly fail to acquire what is repeated so often, and we are interested in watching the patience with which the teacher corrects errors in pronunciation. "*Square*." That was a difficult word! But no little girl who called it *squar* (as they all had a strong inclination to do) was allowed to proceed without being brought by constant repetition to a sense of the power of that final *e*,—and so with the rest. "*Thorough*" may be said to be the motto of German teaching, and it is so patiently carried out in grounding beginners, each step being made monotonously sure before the next is permitted, that the evident progress of pupils who had only been allowed to advance at a snail's pace, seemed almost inexplicable.

"Do you not find it difficult to teach so many at once?" we asked.

"Oh, no," she answered; "I like it. I am very fond of teaching; and I find it more interesting to teach a large class than a small one. But it does not tire me, for I love my work. Only I should like you to see my more advanced pupils."

We were sorry, too, that we had not the opportunity of doing this; we had only one glimpse of the work of the highest class of all, a much smaller one, consisting of not more than a dozen or fifteen girls, who were receiving a lesson in German literature from Dr. Ekert himself; but even if we had been able to see much more, we feel that we ought not to lengthen this paper by indulging in any further descriptions; we have done enough to give an idea of a kind of school which is far from exceptional in Germany, and which, as it appeared to us, admirably supplies what may be called the "missing link" in the chain of popular instruction in England. We have good schools, public and private, for those whose parents can afford to pay large sums for the education of their children, and we have also good elementary schools for the poor; we have besides

a few good middle-class schools and commercial schools for boys; but between even these and the elementary schools there exists an unfilled gap, represented by the wants of an extremely numerous class of the population, the class, namely, which can afford to pay, and will pay very gladly, from 10s. to 25s. a quarter for the education of their children, and can also generally afford to keep them at school till they are sixteen years of age, but for whom there is at present no public educational provision, and who are therefore obliged in the majority of cases, to put up with inferior schools taught by teachers whose competency is a mere matter of chance.

Secondary education is better taken care of abroad. The Höhern Töchter only resembles other similar institutions in Germany in being assisted out of public funds, raised both by general and local taxation. Such schools, though not restricted to the children of any particular class, mainly benefit the trading class, and more especially its poorer members. In England, all our state aid to education is supposed to be given for elementary education, and the trading class, out of whose pockets the education rate must mainly come, derive no benefit from it at all. In fine, no one can have noticed the class of children who attend state-aided schools in England, without feeling that both above and below them there are important classes which our national system does not attempt to reach. It is in respect to the education of the girls that the deficiency seems most glaring, because such endowments as private benevolence may have provided to supply this kind of teaching, are, for the most part, appropriated to their brothers.

Let us hope that the day may not be far off when this want shall be supplied, and our English Lisas shall enjoy as good educational opportunities as those now within the reach of their German contemporaries, at the Höhern Töchter-Schule at Baden-Baden.

M. E. SANFORD.

LAID AT REST.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *April 18th, 1874.*

Laid among Kings! To be a King is duly
 To do great things that else are left undone!
 His life was one such deed: then reigned he truly?
 Yes, for he knit the hearts of men in one.

Laid among poets! was he then a poet?
 Had he the vision and the gift divine?
 Yea, one of those who see the unseen, and show it,—
 Those who behold Truth's far-off fountains shine.

Laid among heroes! All unquestioned wearing
 The title—Won by all that wins the name.
 Laid among heroes; for his ensign bearing
 The lion's tooth-marks on his wasted frame.

The lion's tooth-mark; this was but the token
 He passed through dangers of which death was least:
 Sickness, and pain, and loneliness unbroken,
 Terrors of savage man and savage beast.

Seeking the secret of the ancient river,
 Of which the flaming desert keeps the key,
 He strove men's souls from error to deliver,
 To break their every chain and set them free.

Dying he journeyed; dead, strange people carried
 Him they had loved a thousand miles, that we
 Might lay him here—long hath his funeral tarried,
 Through all the seasons round, by land and sea.

Journeying he died: his very dust has travelled
 Farther than erst the foot of men had trod.
 But now he rests, his secret all unravelled,
 His journey ended, and his home with God.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1874.

RECENT WORKS ON THE BUILDINGS OF ROME.¹

OF all the various forms of homage which the world has paid to the city which was once deemed to be its mistress, none is really more speaking than the countless multitudes of books of which Rome has been the subject. If we say that works on Roman topography have been growing for the conventional term of a thousand years, we are some centuries within the mark. We might almost venture to add another half millennium of formal and distinct descriptions of Rome, as distinguished from notices in the works of historians, poets, and professed geographers. Modern scholars still edit and comment on the topographical writings of the fourth and fifth centuries, which describe Rome as it stood when the line of the Western Cæsars, reigning in Italy at least if not in Rome, was still unbroken.² And

the series goes on, through the middle ages, through the Renaissance, till we reach those great works of modern German research which have worked out every detail, both of the surviving remains and of the lost buildings, of the Eternal City. We can still track out our way round the walls of Rome by the guidance of the anonymous pilgrim from Einsiedlen in the eighth century.¹ We pause not unwillingly in the history of the First Crusade, when the monk of Malmesbury stops his narrative to describe the topography of Rome, to tell us how the Romans, once the lords of the world, were now the lowest of mankind, who did nothing but sell all that was righteous and sacred for gold.² The chain never breaks; we have pictures of Rome in every age; but unluckily the picture drawn in each age

¹ 1. "Die Ruinen Roms und der Campagna." Von Dr. Franz Reber. Leipzig, 1863.

2. "Rome and the Campagna, an Historical and Topographical Description of the Site, Buildings, and Neighbourhood of Ancient Rome." By Robert Burn, M.A. Cambridge and London, 1871.

3. "Rome." By Francis Wey, with an Introduction by W. W. Story. London, 1872.

² "Die Regionen der Stadt Rom." Von L. Preller. Jena, 1846.

"Codex Urbis Romæ Topographicus." Edidit Carolus Ludovicus Ulrichs. Wirceburgi, 1871.

"Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum." Von H. Jordan. Zweiter Band. Berlin, 1871.

The first volume of this last work has not No. 176.—VOL. XXX.

yet appeared. Among the three the student will find several recensions of the text and abundant commentaries on the early and mediæval topographers of Rome.

¹ The Itinerarium Einsidlense is printed by Ulrichs, p. 58, and the latter part by Jordan, p. 646. The former text is specially valuable, as it contains the inscriptions, many of them now lost or defaced, which were copied by the pilgrim.

² William of Malmesbury (Gesta Regum iv. 351.) thus begins his account of Rome: "De Roma, quæ quondam domina orbis terrarum, nunc ad comparationem antiquitatis videtur oppidum exiguum, et de Romanis, olim rerum dominis genteque togata, qui nunc sunt hominum inertissimi, auro trutinantes justitiam, pretio venditantes canonum regulam."

sets before us less than the picture drawn in the age just before it. Archbishop Hildebert of Tours, whose verses William of Malmesbury copies, sang of Rome, when the marks of the sack of Robert Wiscard were still fresh upon her, as a city already ruined.¹ But the worst ruin had not come in his day. We may forgive the Norman and the Saracen; we may forgive the contending Roman barons; but we cannot forgive the havoc wrought by Popes and Popes nephews in the boasted days of the Renaissance. When we look at what they have done, we may be thankful that there are still some things, heathen and Christian, which have lived through four ages of relentless destruction and disfigurement. For Rome as the monumental city, as the museum of art and history, the evil day was, not when the Goth or the Vandal or the Norman entered her gates, but when Popes came back from their place of happy banishment to destroy their city piecemeal. We may rejoice that their day is over. New causes of destruction may arise, as the capital of new-born Italy spreads itself once more over hills which have become almost as desolate as they were when the first settlers raised their huts on the Palatine. As new streets arise, there is danger that many relics of old Rome, many ruined fragments, many foundations which have to be looked for beneath the earth, may be swept away or hopelessly hidden. But the main source of evil is dried up; there is no fear of columns being pounded into lime, no fear of perfect or nearly perfect buildings being used as quarries; perhaps even there is less danger of that subtler form of destruction which clokes itself under the garb of restoration. All has become, if not wholly safe, at least safer than it was, now that the power which so long

boasted itself that it could do mischief is happily banished beyond the bounds of the ancient Rome, shut up in a modern palace in a suburb which formed no part of the city either of Servius or of Aurelian.

Of the general antiquities of Rome, of its early topography and early history, and of the light which modern researches have thrown upon them, I do not mean to speak here at any length. The history of Rome is indeed written in her monuments, and new pages of that history, above all in its earliest chapters, are almost daily brought to light. We can now see many things in a new light through the great works of digging which are still going on in various parts of the city, above all on the spot which was the cradle of Rome and on the spot which was the centre of her full-grown life, on the Palatine Hill and in the Roman Forum. But the pages of history which are thus brought to light are pages which need the greatest caution in reading. They are oracles which tell their own tale, but which tell it only to inquirers who draw near in the spirit of sound criticism, not in that of blind belief or hasty conjecture. Of all the works of men's hands in the Eternal City, two classes speak to the mind with a deeper interest than any others. The first are the small remains of primitive times, the still-abiding relics of the days when the Ramnes of the Palatine and the Titienses of the Capitol lived each on their separate hills, as distinct and hostile tribes. These relics speak of the first birth of Rome; next to them, almost beyond them from the point of view of universal history, come, in deep and enthralling interest, the memorials of Rome's second birth, of the day when with a new faith she put on a new life. Between these two periods of birth and of revival, the time of mere dominion, the time of the Republic and of the earlier Empire, has but a secondary charm. Its proudest monuments yield in interest, as historical memorials, alike to the foundations of the primæval *Roma Quadrata* and

¹ The verses of Hildebert begin thus:

“Par tibi Roma nihil, cum sis prope tota
ruina;
Quam magni fueris integra, fracta doces.”

Presently after we read:

“Non tamen aut fieri par stanti machina muro,
Aut restaurari sola ruina potest.”

to the churches reared in all the zeal of newly-won victory out of the spoils of the temples of decaying heathendom. The purely artistic student naturally looks on them with other eyes. The stones of the primitive fortress can hardly claim the name of works of art at all. And the basilicas, built with columns brought from other buildings, columns often of unequal proportions, and crowned with capitals of different orders, are apt to be looked on simply as signs of the depth of degradation into which art had fallen. Of these two propositions the truth of the former cannot be denied; the latter is true or false according to the way in which the history of art is looked at. The fortresses of primæval days, from which, if we only read them aright, we may learn such precious lessons of primæval history, are hardly to be called works of architecture; they are simply works of construction. They are simply the putting together of stones, sometimes in a ruder, sometimes in a more workmanlike fashion, to serve a practical need. There is no system of decoration, no ornament of any kind, upon them. Indeed among the scanty remains which we have of primæval work at Rome we could not look for any system of decoration. There is not so much as a gateway of the primæval fortress left to us, and in no age should we ask for much of architectural detail in the mouth of a sewer or in the roof of an underground well-house.¹ Had Rome never risen higher than the other cities of Latium, she might have been as rich in remains of these early times as some of the other cities of Latium still are. Still in the early remains of Rome, scanty as they are, in these abiding relics of a time when

the names and deeds of men are still legendary, we can see clear signs of two stages in the art of construction. We can see a stage when the greatest of all constructive inventions was still unknown, and another stage when it was already familiar. We can see in Rome, as in Latium, in Greece, in Ireland, and in Central America, works of the time when men were still striving after the great invention of the arch. We can see works which are clearly due to a stage when men were still trying various experiments, when they were making various attempts to bring stones so as to overlap and support one another, but when the perfect arch, with its stones poised in mid-air by a law of mutual mechanical support, had not yet rewarded the efforts of those who were feeling their way towards it. The roof of the Tullianum is no true vault, any more than the roof of New Grange or of the Treasury at Mykênê. In some of the passages connected with it the roof has real mutually supporting *voussoirs*; but the shape of the *voussoirs* is still polygonal; the most perfect form of the arch had not yet been lighted on. In the Cloaca Maxima we find the round arch in its simplest form, but in a form perfect as regards its construction. This great invention, which was independently made over and over again in times and places far apart from one another, was also made at Rome, or at all events somewhere in Central Italy. The round arch, the great invention of Roman art, the very embodiment of Roman strength and massiveness, the constructive expression of the boundaries which were never to yield, of the dominion which was never to pass away, came into being in a work characteristically Roman. The beginning of Roman architecture is to be found, not in a palace or in a temple, but in those vast drains which were said to form an underground city, rivalling in extent the city which they bore aloft. What Rome began in her sewers, she carried out in her gateways, in her aqueducts, in her baths and her amphitheatres. Other nations invented the round

¹ All scholars seem now agreed that the lower story of the building which bears the name—medieval only, but still perhaps traditional—of the Mamertine Prison, was at first simply a well-house or *tullianum*, and that, when it was afterwards used as a prison, the true meaning of its name was forgotten, and it was connected with the legendary King Servius Tullius.

arch as well as Rome ; in Rome alone it found an abiding home. It was only in Rome, and in the lands which learned their arts from Rome, that it became the great constructive feature, used on a scale which, whatever we say of the Roman architects, stamps the Roman builders as the greatest that the world ever saw. But it was not till, in common belief, the might, the glory, and the art of Rome had passed away, that Rome, working in her own style, in the use of her own great constructive invention, learned to produce, not only mighty works of building, but consistent works of architecture.

In this way the two turning points in the history of Rome, her birth and her new birth, the days of her native infancy and the days when she rose to a new life at the hands of her Christian teachers and her Teutonic conquerors, are brought into the closest connexion with one another. From the point of view of the unity of history, the course of the architecture of Rome strikingly answers to the course of the literature of Rome.¹ Her architecture and her literature alike are, during the time of Rome's greatest outward glory, during the ages which purists mark out by the invidious name "classical," almost wholly of an imitative kind. As men followed Greek models in literature and clothed Roman words and thoughts in the borrowed metres of Greece, so men followed Greek models in art also. They clothed a Roman body in a Greek dress, and masked the true Roman construction under a borrowed system of Greek ornamental detail. In both cases the true national life was simply overshadowed ; it was never wholly trampled out. While philosophy and rhetoric, epic and lyric poetry, were almost wholly imitative, law and satire and, to some extent, history remained national. So too in architecture. If we stand in the Forum and admire the exotic grace of the columns of the temples of Vespasian and of the Great Twin Brethren, the

eye rests also on the gigantic vaults of the Basilica of Constantine. We may even catch a distinct glimpse of the huge arcaded mass of the Flavian Amphitheatre, nor do we wholly turn away from the arch of Severus and the small fragments of the disfigured arcades of the Tabularium. All these are Roman works ; Greek decorative elements are to be traced in all of them ; but what stands out in all its boldness, in all its dignity, is the true native art of Rome. That is the art which used the round arch as its constructive feature, and which could therefore bridge over and bind together distant spaces which were altogether beyond the reach of the Greek system of the column and entablature. When we see the Roman system of construction carried out on the mightiest scale, when, in such a pile as Caracallas Baths, we see Roman art preparing itself to influence the world as purely Greek art never could do, it is not amiss to remember that at the same moment men like Ulpian and Paulus were building up that great fabric of purely Roman Law which was in the like sort to influence the world, to be the source of the jurisprudence of modern Europe, and to win for Rome a wider dominion than was ever won for her by the arms of Julius and Trajan. At last the two great elements of revolution drew nigh. New nations were knocking at the gates of Rome, asking, not to wipe out her name or to destroy her power, but rather to be themselves admitted to bear the one and to wield the other. A new creed, born in one of her distant provinces, was making its way, in the teeth of all opposition, to become the creed of the Roman Empire and of all lands which bowed to Roman rule, whether as subjects or as disciples. Diocletian might be the persecutor of the Church and Constantine might be her nursing-father ; but both alike were men of the same period ; each had a share in the same work. Each alike marks a stage in the change by which the chief magistrate of the Roman Commonwealth grew, first into the despotic sovereign girt with the trappings of

¹ I am here assuming a good deal of what I said in my Rede Lecture on the Unity of History.

eastern royalty, and then into the foreign King who came to be anointed as Cæsar and Augustus with the rites of a creed of which the first bearers of those names had never heard. Under the line of Emperors from Diocletian to Theodosius the real influence of Rome was not ending, but beginning. And it was in these days too that the architecture of Rome fittingly cast off its great fetters, and stood forth in a form which was to be the root of the later architecture of all Europe. The construction which first showed itself in the Great Sewer, at last won for itself a consistent form of decoration in the palace of Diocletian and in the churches of Constantine.

The history of Roman architecture, as a whole, is still to be written, because the history of Rome itself, as a whole, is still to be written. Writers who deal with the architecture of Rome, or with anything else that belongs to Rome, from any of those special points of view which are implied in the words "classical," "mediæval," and "modern," are often doing admirable service within their own special range, but they are not grappling with the subject as a whole. I have now to speak only of the buildings of Rome, and not of any of the other aspects of Roman history; but the same law applies to all. I have put at the head of this article the names of three books published within the last twelve years, of which the first two are of a very different character from the third. The volumes of Professor Reber and Mr. Burn are of the utmost value to the student of Roman topography and history in every way that has to do with the buildings of classical and pagan Rome. But there they stop. Alongside of sound and scholar-like books like these one would hardly have ventured to mention a book like that of M. Wey, which does not aspire to anything higher than pleasant gossiping talk, save for one thing only. M. Wey, in his unsystematic rambles, has in one sense bridged over the gap better than the careful research of the German and the English scholar. He has at

least dealt with Pagan temples and Christian churches in one volume as parts of one subject. In architectural matters, as well as in other matters, we have to fight against the superstition that Rome came to an end in 476. This superstition, as applied to art, naturally demands that a wide line should be drawn between the heathen basilica which Maxentius reared and of which Constantine took the credit, and the Christian basilica which Constantine reared in readiness for the crowning of his Teutonic successor. From my point of view, we can no more draw any wide line in matters of architecture than we can in matters of law or language or religion. The story is one, without a break, almost without a halting place. The former part of the tale is imperfect without the latter; the latter part is unintelligible without the former. Rome invented the round arch at an early stage of her history. She has used it down to our own day in every stage of her history. But it was in that stage of her history which is marked by the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine that she first made the round arch the leading feature of an independent and harmonious style of architecture. This aspect of Roman history, like every other, should be written as one story, and as yet it has not been written as one story. I still long to see the history of the genuine Roman buildings of Rome, from the first strivings after the arch in the roof of the Tullianum to the church of the third Otto and the house of Crescentius, traced out as one single volume of the history of art, the later pages of which must not be unkindly torn away from the earlier.

The many works, chiefly the result of German scholarship, by which the topography and early history of Rome have been so largely illustrated during the last forty years deal of course largely with the buildings of all dates; but their object is hardly to supply a connected history of architecture at Rome. But the minute and splendidly illustrated volume of Professor Reber is specially devoted to the buildings of

the city, and it deals elaborately with their architectural detail. In Mr. Burns book also, the buildings occupy, though not an exclusive, yet a prominent, place, and they are largely illustrated by engravings. And both the German and the English writer give us also an introduction specially devoted to a sketch of the origin and growth of Roman architecture down to the point at which they unluckily stop. Both books give the result of real research and sound scholarship, but of course the work of Professor Reber, as specially devoted to the buildings, treats their details in a more elaborate and technical way. And, if Professor Reber is a little too believing as to the traditions of early times, it is a fault which does little damage in a work which by its nature is almost wholly concerned with the remains of the historical ages. Our only complaint is that so diligent an inquirer and so clear an expositor did not go on further. It would surely not have been a task unworthy of his powers to have given the same skill with which he has traced out the buildings of earlier times to trace out the first estate of the head church of Rome and Christendom. The same power which can call up the Flavian Amphitheatre in its ancient form might also call up the mighty pile of the old Saint Peters, when the crowning place of the Cæsars had not been swept away for the gratification of papal vanity. The narrow prejudices which once looked on such buildings as these as worthless and barbarous, unworthy of a glance or a thought from the eye or the mind of taste, have surely passed away along with the kindred prejudice which once looked with the same contempt on the wonders of mediæval skill in our own and in other northern lands. The early Christian buildings of Rome and Ravenna are indeed far from lacking their votaries; they have been in many quarters carefully studied and illustrated, and their history has been carefully traced out. What is needed is to put them thoroughly in their true relation with regard to the buildings which went before them and to the buildings which

followed them. The steps by which the arrangements of the earliest churches grew out of the arrangements of pagan buildings have been already often traced out; but it is no less needful to show the steps by which both the system of construction and the architectural detail of the so-called classical period changed into the construction and the detail of what the classical purist is tempted to look on as the barbarous Romanesque. In architecture, as in everything else, the works of the true Middle Age, the time when two worlds stood side by side, is the time which, in the view of universal history, has an interest beyond all other times. But with regard to architecture, just as with regard to other things, it is exactly the period which is least studied and least understood. It is neglected because of that very transitional character which gives it its highest interest. There is a classical school and there is a mediæval school; each studies the works of its own favourite class in the most minute detail; but the intermediate period, the period whose works tie together the works on each side of it into one unbroken series, is looked on by both parties as lying without its range. The classical purist looks on a basilican church as something hopelessly barbarous—something put together out of fragments ruthlessly plundered from buildings of a better age. He sees a sign of degraded taste in the greatest step in advance which architecture ever took since the arch itself was brought to perfection, in that bold stroke of genius by which Diocletian's architect at Spalato first called into being a consistent round-arched style. On the other hand there is, or was a few years back, a school which looked on the old Saint Johns and the old Saint Peters as buildings only half escaped from paganism, and which professed itself grieved to see an Ionic or Corinthian capital placed, even in an architectural treatise, side by side with what it was pleased to call "the sacred details of Christian art." By these "sacred details" were meant the details of the architecture of England, France, and Germany from the

thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. Between two such sets of narrow prejudices as these, the buildings of the intermediate time, the time when the true Roman construction was throwing off its incongruous Grecian mask, have, for the most part, fared but badly. A small special school gave itself to their study, but they have been cast aside by the two larger schools on either side of it.

I have more than once, in different ways,¹ tried to set forth the seeming paradox that the architecture of the so-called "classic" days of Rome is really a transition from the Grecian, the pure style of the entablature, to the Romanesque, the fully developed style of the round arch. The case is perfectly plain. The Greek architecture works its main constructive features, the column and the entablature, into its main ornamental features. The Romanesque architecture also works its main constructive features, the round arch and the piers or columns on which it rests, into its main ornamental features. The classical Roman, coming between the two, does not follow this universal law of all good architecture. Sometimes, as in most of the temples, it simply imitates Greek forms; in other buildings it commonly uses the round arch as the principal constructive feature, but masks it, as far as it can, under a system of decoration borrowed from the Greek construction. This inconsistency marks the classical Roman style as an imperfect and transitional style. The difficulty in accepting this doctrine comes from two causes. Till men have learned to take wide views of history as a whole, it is hard for them to believe that the time of the seeming decline of Rome was really the time of her new birth. It is hard for them to believe that the time of Diocletian and Constantine was, in architecture or in anything else, an advance on the time of Augustus or Trajan. And this belief is strength-

ened by the fact that, in the subsidiary arts, in painting, sculpture, and the like, the later time really was a time of decline. But when we once take in the position which the age of Diocletian and Constantine holds in universal history, we shall at once see that it is exactly the age in which great architectural developments were to be looked for. It is certain, as the ornaments of the arch of Constantine prove, that in Constantines day the mere art of sculpture had gone down not a little since the days of Trajan. It is certain also that the bricks of the age of Constantine are not so closely and regularly fitted together as the bricks of the age of Nero. But there is no absurdity in holding that, while the arts of the sculptor and of the bricklayer went down, the art of the architect might go up. If we allow that the chief merit of architecture is consistency, that the constructive and the decorative system should go hand in hand, architecture was certainly advancing, while the subsidiary arts were decaying. Through the whole "classical" period construction and decoration were kept asunder: the construction was Roman; the decoration was Greek. It was only in buildings which needed little or no decoration that the inconsistency is avoided. In an amphitheatre the Greek elements are so secondary that they do not force themselves on the eye; the half columns have sunk into something like the pilasters of a Romanesque building, and the general effect is that of a consistent round-arched style. In some amphitheatres, and in bridges and aqueducts, the Greek ornamental features vanish altogether, and we see the Roman construction standing out in all its grand and simple majesty. Buildings of this kind are the direct parents of the plainer and more massive forms of Romanesque, such as we see in many of the great churches of Germany. But such a style as this is essentially plain, essentially massive, and there are places where buildings are wanted which are at once lighter and more enriched. The beginnings of a light and ornamental round-arched style showed themselves when the arch

¹ I would refer to an article on the Origin and Growth of Romanesque Architecture in the "Fortnightly Review," for October 1872. I am here applying the principles laid down then to the particular buildings of Rome.

was first allowed to spring directly from the capital of the column. We now have for the first time a pure and consistent round-arched style, better suited for the inside of a church or hall or other large building than the massive arches of the amphitheatre and the aqueduct. And when the column and arch were once established as the main constructive features, they naturally supplied a new system of decoration. As arched buildings had once been inconsistently decorated with ornamental columns and entablatures, they could now be consistently decorated with ornamental arcades. We see the beginning of this system as early as the church of Saint Apollinaris at Classis; and from thence, diverging at one time into the wilder and ruder forms of Lorsch and Earls Barton, it grows into the endless decorative arcades of Pisa and Lucca, and into the more moderate use of the same kind of enrichment in the Romanesque of Normandy and England. Thus it was that Romanesque grew up. Change the form of the arch, devise a system of mouldings and other ornaments which suit the new form of arch, and Romanesque changes into Gothic. The hall of Spalato is thus the true beginning of every later form of good and consistent architecture. It is the immediate parent of Durham and Pisa; it is the more distant parent of Westminster and Amiens.

On the whole, the course of the earlier stages of this long history can be nowhere so well studied as in Rome. Ravenna has its own charm and its own lesson. It has a perfectly unique collection of buildings of an age of which there are few buildings elsewhere. In the later forms of Romanesque Rome is far less rich than Pisa and Lucca, or than Milan and Pavia; and of Gothic, even of Italian Gothic, there is at Rome all but an absolute lack. But nowhere else can we find the same store of pagan and early Christian buildings standing side by side. Nowhere therefore can we so well trace out the steps by which the inconsistent classical Roman style was improved into the consistent Romanesque. We start from

the very beginning. We have seen in Rome the invention—one of the many independent inventions—of the arch itself. But, as far as we can see, Rome failed to make the most of her own invention. If we had any perfect buildings of the time of the Kings and of the early Republic, we should be better able to follow out our subject. But, as far as we can see, the charm of Greek art, the exquisite loveliness of Greek forms, cut short all native effort in this as in other ways. Rome, in her most brilliant days, failed to form a native architecture, just as she failed to form a native literature. We gaze with admiration on the exquisite examples which Rome has to show of the transplanted art of Greece; we call up before our eyes the full splendour of the vast expanse of colonnades, the ranges of temples and palaces and basilicas, which covered the hills and valleys of Rome. Imagination fails as it strives to conceive the spreading forest of marble which gathered round the soaring column from which the sculptured form of Trajan looked down on his own mighty works. And yet, if we could see them in their splendour, an eye accustomed to other forms of art might perhaps grow weary of the endless repetition of one idea. We might feel that we had had more than enough of the stiff forms of the Grecian portico; we might weary of horizontal lines, of flat roofs, however rich with bronze or gilding. We might long to see the unvaried outline broken by the spreading cupolas of Byzantium, by the tall campaniles of mediæval Italy, or by the heaven-piercing spires of Germany and England. We might feel too that, after all, the splendours of Rome were not Roman, that the conqueror had simply decked himself out in the borrowed plumes of conquered Hellas. In such a mood, we might turn away from the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, from the vast Julian Basilica at its foot, to those works in which somewhat of a Roman spirit showed itself beneath the mask and varnish of the foreign system of ornament. A plain arch of brick, even if put together with the utmost

skill of the days of Nero, is in itself a far less beautiful object than a fluted column crowned by a Corinthian capital. But on the soil of Rome the arch of brick is native, and the Corinthian capital is foreign. A day was to come when the foreign form of beauty was to be pressed into the service of the native form of construction ; but that day was still far distant. The two forms still stood side by side, either standing wholly apart or else welded into one whole by a process of union much like that which was delighted in by the mythical Etruscan tyrant.¹ We might mark, as we still mark, with more of wonder than of pleasure, the attempt of Agrippa to tie on a would-be Grecian portico to a truly Roman body. And when we see that the classic architect knew no better way of lighting so great and splendid a pile than by making a hole in the top which left its pavement to be drenched by every passing shower, we might turn to the ranges of windows in some despised early Christian church, and think that, in one respect at least, the builders of the days of Constantine and Theodosius had made some improvements on the arts of the days of Augustus. From such an incongruous union of two utterly distinct principles of building we might turn with satisfaction to those buildings where the real Roman spirit prevails, more truly Roman sometimes in their decay, when the Greek casing has been picked away from them, than they could ever have been in the days of their perfection. The Baths of Caracalla, the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Basilica of Maxentius or of Constantine, as they now stand ruined, show only their Ro-

man features. They amaze us by the display of the constructive powers of the arch on the very grandest scale. In the days of their glory, features of Greek decoration, beautiful no doubt in themselves, but out of place as the mask of such a noble reality, must have marred the vast and simple majesty of the true Roman building. As it is, we see in them links in a chain which takes in the Cloaca Maxima at one end and the naves of Mainz and Speyer at the other ; when they were perfect, their exotic features might have made them as inharmonious as the Pantheon. We can admire the theatre of Marcellus, we can almost forgive the purpose of the Flavian Amphitheatre, when we see how completely the Roman element has triumphed over the Greek. So, in one feature especially Roman, one for which the habits and the arts of other nations could supply no parallel, in the triumphal arches, we see the native Roman forms stand forth as the leading feature of the structure, while the Greek features, the columns added simply for ornament, gradually lose their importance. In the arches of Severus and Constantine the columns have lost much of the importance which they have in the arches of Drusus and Titus. But the most consistent work of the kind is really the despised arch of Gallienus, where the round arch boldly spans the way, and where the Greek element has shrunk up into a shallow pilaster which has almost to be looked for. We are told that the Janus Quadrifrons was once adorned with detached columns ; but they are gone and we do not miss them. The old Latin deity might be well satisfied with the four bold arches and the vault which were the creation of his own land ; he needed not the further enrichment of features borrowed from the temples of the deities of another mythology. In all these examples, and in many more—wherever, in short, use came first and decoration second—the Roman forms hold an undoubted supremacy, and sometimes they have banished the foreign element altogether. But it was a higher achievement to lay hold on

¹ I need hardly quote the description of the Virgilian Mæzentius :

“ Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis.”

Certainly nothing can be more truly living than the grand conception of the really Roman part of the Pantheon, while the Greek portico had become something very nearly dead, with the unfluted columns, the disproportionate pediment, and the frieze where—undoubtedly very much for the convenience of historians—the name of a living man took the place once allotted to the sculptured forms of gods and heroes.

the noblest feature of the foreign style, to press it into the service of the native construction, to teach the columns of Greece to bear the arches of Rome. What the entablature was in the Greek system the arch was in the Roman, and no greater step in the history of art was ever taken than when it was found that the columns which had given so much grace and beauty to the one construction could be made to give equal grace and beauty to the other. At the bidding of Diocletian consistent round-arched architecture first showed itself. The restorer and organizer of the Empire might fittingly be also the restorer and organizer of the building art. The Emperor who handed on the legacy of Rome to so many ages might well be also the creator of a type of building which contained in itself the germ of every good and consistent building which was to follow it.

It is at this point that our guides fail us, that they hand us over to other guides, and that they leave us to bridge the chasm which yawns between them for ourselves. Chasm in truth there is none; all is true and genuine growth, step by step, though the battle was long and hard, longer and harder in Rome itself than it was elsewhere. At Ravenna the triumph of the arched system, with the arches resting on columns, seems to have been complete from the moment that the city became an Imperial dwelling-place. Nowhere in the buildings of Placidia or Theodoric do we see the columns still supporting the entablature. Nowhere at Ravenna are the horizontal lines of the outside of the Grecian temple transferred to the inside of the Christian church. But the triumph of the new style was perhaps less thorough because it was so speedy. Nowhere at Ravenna does the arch rest, as it does at Spalato, at once on the abacus of the column. An intermediate member, which is not without its constructive use, but which is artistically a survival, though no more than a survival, of the broken entablature, is thrust in between them.¹ At Rome, on the other hand,

the two modes of construction went on side by side, and the entablature remained in occasional use to divide the nave and aisles of Roman churches, after the northern architects had exchanged the round arch itself for the more aspiring pointed forms. Of the three greatest churches of Rome, the first in rank, the church of Saint John Lateran, the true metropolitan church of Rome, the Mother Church of the City and of the World, used the arch in all its perfection in that long range of columns which papal barbarism has so diligently laboured to destroy. But in the Liberian Basilica on the Esquiline the entablature—save again where triple-crowned destroyers have cut through its long unbroken line—reigns as supreme as the arch does in the Lateran. In the Vatican Basilica both forms were used; but the entablature had the precedence. It was used in the main rows of columns which divided the nave from the main aisles, while the arcade was used only to divide the main aisles from the secondary aisles beyond them. It was between the long horizontal lines of the elder form of art, lines suggesting the days of Augustus rather than the days of Diocletian, that Charles and Henry and Frederick marched to receive the crown which Diocletian rather than Augustus had bequeathed to them. And, as if to make the balance equal, the church of the brother Apostle, standing beyond the walls of Leo no less than beyond the walls of Servius and Aurelian, the great basilica of Saint Paul, modern as it is in its actual fabric, preserves, better than any other, the form of a great church with arches resting on the columns, the memory in short of what the patriarchal church itself once was. In the lesser churches the arched form is by far the most common, but the entablature keeps possession of a minority which is by no means contemptible. And at last it appears again, by a kind of dying effort, in the work of Honorius the Fourth

ture in Egyptian architecture. In the Saracenic styles it became a great feature with both round and pointed arches.

¹ The Ravenna *stilt* may be compared with the stilt between the column and the entabla-

in the basilica of Saint Lawrence, a work distant only by a few years from the last finish of Pisa, from the first beginnings of Salisbury. That the struggle at Rome should have been thus long and hard is in no way wonderful. Of the pagan buildings of Ravenna nothing remains but a few inscribed stones and such like, and the columns which are used up again in the churches. Not a single temple or other building is standing, even in ruins. They most likely perished early. The position of Ravenna was more like that of the New Rome than that of the Old. The city sprang at once, in Christian times, from the rank of a naval station to that of an abode of Emperors. But at Rome, where the stores of earlier buildings were so endless, where paganism held its ground so long, and where so many of the pagan temples were spared till a very late time, the older mode of building was not likely to be forsaken all at once. The churches had either been basilicas or were built after the model of the basilicas. And in the basilicas, the rows of columns which divided the building, the beginning of nave and aisles, certainly supported, down at least to the days of Diocletian and Constantine, not arches, but a straight entablature. Saint Mary on the Esquiline therefore, in its long horizontal lines, simply clave to the existing fashion; the arches of Saint John Lateran and of Saint Paul were an innovation which had to fight its way against received practice.

But the transition may be traced, not only in the construction and arrangement of buildings, but in their ornamental details. Classical purism allows of only a very few forms of capital. There are the three Greek orders in their pure state, and at Rome it would be hard to shut out their Roman modifications. The peculiar Roman or Composite capital, the union of Ionic and Corinthian forms, may perhaps be admitted by straining a point. But there toleration ends. Yet one may surely say that, though the Greek forms are among the loveliest creations of human skill, yet, if men are confined in this

way to three or four models, they are sure to weary of their sameness. The Corinthian capital is as beautiful an arrangement of foliage as can be devised; but it is hard to be forbidden either to attempt other arrangements of foliage or to seek for ornament in other forms besides foliage. The later Roman builders clearly thought so; they brought in various varieties, which it is easy to call corruptions, but which it is just as easy to call developements. Among the vast stores of capitals which are to be found among the buildings of Rome, there are many which, though they follow the general type of the Ionic or the Corinthian order, do not rigidly follow the types of those orders which are laid down by technical rules. Professor Reber has given some examples of this departure from rigid technical exactness even in the Colosseum itself. The forms used in the Colosseum are certainly not improvements; the point is that there should be varieties of any kind. But I must speak in a different tone of certain capitals, to my mind of singular splendour and singular interest, which lie neglected among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The artist has been so far from confining himself to one prescribed pattern, either of volute or of acanthus-leaves, that he has ventured to employ vigorously carved human or divine figures as parts of the enrichment of his capitals. And among the stores of fragments which lie in the lower gallery of the Tabularium, there are a number of capitals which go even further, capitals of which the volute is formed by the introduction of various animal figures. If it be true that the volute took its origin from a ram's horn, such a change is something like going back again to the beginning. In these capitals, some at least of which, if not "classical," are certainly pagan, we get the beginning of that lavish employment of animal figures in Romanesque capitals of which we have many examples in England and Normandy, but the best forms of which are certainly to be found in some of the German and Italian buildings. At Wetzlar and at

Gelnhausen, at Milan, Monza, and Pavia, we may see how ingeniously the volute can be made out of various arrangements of the heads of men, lions, bulls, and the primitive ram himself, and how, in the noblest type of all, it is formed by the bird of Cæsar bowing his head and folding his wings, as if in the presence of his master. Such forms as these may be grotesque, fanciful, barbarous, according to technical rules; I venture to see in them perfectly lawful efforts of artistic and inventive skill. And at any rate, here we have the beginning of them, in Roman buildings early in the third century. And there is another building which I have always looked on with especial interest, the small range of columns, the remains of the Temple of the *Dii Consentes*, immediately below the *clivus* of the Capitol. Here is a work of pagan reaction, a temple consecrated to the old Gods of Rome after some of the earliest Christian churches were already built. As a monument of the religious and artistic history of Rome, it has the same kind of interest which we feel when we find, ever and anon at home, a church built or adorned after the elder fashion during the reaction under Philip and Mary. This temple was the work of a devout and zealous pagan, Prætextatus the friend of Julian, though it was built, not during the reign of his patron, but in the tolerant days of Valentinian. This building, as a pagan building, as part of the buildings of the Forum, comes within Professor Reber's ken. We have to thank him for illustrating its remarkable capitals, in which we find neither human nor animal forms, but, by an equal departure from the ideal precision of any known order, the place of the figures of Hercules and Bacchus in the capitals of Caracalla is supplied by armour and weapons in the form of a trophy. Both Professor Reber and Mr. Burn note these steps in architectural development. Why do they not go on to notice the next step, when we find capitals of the same anomalous kind used up again in the Laurentian Basilica?

From thence another easy step leads us to the use of the same forms in the churches of Lucca, and one more step leads us to the western portal of Wetzlar and to the Imperial palace at Gelnhausen.

The complaint then which I have to make is that we have excellent works illustrating the pagan antiquities of Rome, and excellent works illustrating the Christian antiquities of Rome, but that we have no book, as far as I know, which clearly and scientifically traces out the connexion between the two, and which sets them forth as being both alike members of one unbroken series. In M. Wey's book I can at least turn from a picture of the Temple of Saturn to a picture of the church of Saint Clement, even though either may be picturesquely mixed up with a picture of a peasant or a buffalo. Professor Reber and Mr. Burn give me all that I can want up to a certain point; only then they stop, without any reason that I can see for stopping.

I have two more remarks to make on the connexion between the Pagan and the early Christian buildings of Rome. The exclusive votaries of classical antiquity sometimes raise a not unnatural outcry at the barbarism of Popes, Emperors, and Exarchs—the memory of Theodoric forbids us to add Kings—in building their churches out of the spoils of older buildings. But what were they to do? They naturally looked on the question in a wholly different way from that in which it is natural for us to look at it. They had no antiquarian feeling about the matter; such feelings at least were far stronger in the breast of the Goth than they were in the breast of the Roman. The feeling of a Bishop or of a zealous Emperor or magistrate would rather be that with which Jehu or Josiah brake down the house of Baal. The temples were standing useless; churches were needed for the worship of the new faith; the arrangements of the temples seldom allowed of their being turned into churches as they stood, while they supplied an endless store of columns which could be easily carried off and

set up again in a new building. The act cannot fairly be blamed; in a wider view of history and art it can hardly be regretted.

Besides this objection from outside, which may make some minds turn away from the study of the early Christian buildings at Rome, there is another remark, an admission it may be called, to be made from within. There can be no doubt that the form which was chosen for the early churches, though it fostered art in many ways, checked it, in the West at least, in one way. The arch is the parent of the vault; the vault is the parent of the cupola; and to have brought these three forms to perfection is the glory of Roman art. But for some ages the continuity of Roman art in this respect is to be looked for in the New Rome and not in the Old. The type of church which was adopted at Constantinople allowed the highest developement of the art of vaulting, and sent it in its perfect form back again into the Western lands where it had first begun. Saint Mark is the child of Saint Sophia, and Saint Front at Perigueux is the child of Saint Mark. But the oblong basilican type of the Roman churches had no place for the cupola, and the one objection to the use of the column as a support for the arch is that it makes it hardly possible to cover the building with a vault. The vault and the dome were therefore used in the West only in the exceptional class of round buildings, and in the apses of the basilican churches. The basilican churches had only wooden roofs, and their naves could be made no wider than was consistent with being covered with a wooden roof. Sometimes, as in the basilica which bears the name of Saint Cross in Jerusalem, where an ancient building of great width has been turned into a church, the single body of the old structure is divided by longitudinal ranges of columns in the new. In short, at the very moment when the arch won its greatest triumph, both of construction and of decoration, architecture, as far as the roof was concerned, fell back on the principle of the entablature. The

practice of vaulting large spaces, such as we see in the Baths of Caracalla and the basilica of Maxentius, went altogether out of use, till a distant approach to the boldness of the old Roman construction came in again in the great German minsters of the twelfth century.

It is the round-arched buildings, and especially the early type of them, which form the main wealth of the Christian architecture of Rome. The later Romanesque gave Rome one boon only, but that was a precious one. Rome now gained, what she had never had either in Pagan or in early Christian times, something to break the monotony of her horizontal lines. The pagan temple was all glorious without; the Christian basilica was all glorious within; but neither of them had anything in its external outline to lead the eye or the mind upward. That lack was supplied by the tall narrow bell-towers which add so much to the picturesqueness of many a view in Rome, and which are the only mediæval works which at all enter into the general artistic aspect of the city. Of the sham Gothic of Italy Rome has happily but little to show. The sprawling arches of Rome's one Gothic church by the Pantheon show that we are on the way to the time of utter destruction. They are the pioneers of the havoc of the Renaissance. Rome was now at last to be truly sacked by the barbarians. We may pass by the ravage wrought on the temples at the foot of the Capitol, on the Colosseum, on the stately columns of Nerva's Forum. One who has followed the line of argument of this article will perhaps rather be inclined to mourn over the destroyed and disfigured churches of the early days of Roman Christianity. Then it was that the fury of the destroyer was let loose on the venerable piles which Constantine had reared and where Theodoric had made his offerings. Pope after Pope had the pleasure of writing up his name, of recording his "munificence," on the holy places which he laid waste. The disfigurement of Saint John Lateran, the destruction of Saint

Peter's, may stand on record as the great exploits of papal rule in Rome. Men enter the modern Vatican Basilica and wonder why the building seems so much smaller than it really is. We may be sure that no man wondered on that score in the ancient building, as no man now wonders in the restored church of Saint Paul. No wonder that the building looks small when three arches have taken the place of twenty-four intercolumniations; the vastness of the parts takes away from the vastness of the whole. In this mood we turn from the boasted glory of the Renaissance to try and call up to our minds the likeness of the nobler pile which has passed away. That dreary and forsaken apse, that front which it needs some faith to believe to be part of a church at all, may pass away from our thoughts. They have sprung up on ground which no part of the old basilica ever covered. We turn from the work of the Borghese to the portal of ancient times, when the one imperial tomb which Rome still holds was not yet thrust down out of sight and out of mind.¹ We enter, and, as the eye hurries along the few yawning arches of the nave, we long for the days when it might have rested step by step along the endless ranges of its columns. And even the majesty of the dome cannot make us forget that on its site once stood the altar, not as now, standing alone and forlorn, with its huge bal-dacchino further to lessen the effect of size and dignity, but standing in its place, canopied by the apse blazing with mosaics, with the throne of the Patriarch rising in fitting dignity among his presbyters, the throne from which a worthier Leo than the Medicean destroyer came down on the great Christmas feast, first to place the crown of Rome on the head of the Frankish Patrician, and then, as a subject before his sovereign, to adore the majesty of

the Frankish Cæsar.¹ We turn from the church of the Emperors to the special church of the Popes, to their own forsaken home on the Lateran, to the patriarchal church, disfigured indeed, but not, like its successful rival, wholly destroyed. We strive to call up the pile as it stood when its columns, its arches, were still untouched, not only before the destroyers of later times had hidden the marble columns beneath dull stuccoed masses of stone, but even before Northern forms which have no true abiding place on Italian soil had thrust themselves into the windows both of its apse and of its clerestory. We picture it as it was when Hildebrand arose from the patriarchal throne of the world, from the throne which his successors have swept away as an useless thing,² to declare the King of Germany and Italy deposed from both his kingdoms. We picture it as it was when Urban sat in the midst of his assembled Council, and called Anselm of Canterbury, as himself the Pope of another world, to take his seat beside him in the circle of which the destroyers have left no trace behind.³ So we might go through all the buildings, great and small, of which any portion has been spared to us. Everywhere there is the same destruction, mutilation, or concealment of the ancient features, the same thrusting in of incongruous modern devices, the

¹ Einhard, 801: "Post quas laudes ab eodem pontifice more antiquorum principum adoratus est."

² The fact has been once or twice lately brought into notice that in the cloister of Saint John Lateran, the patriarchal chair of the Bishop of Rome may be seen, cast out among other disused fragments. A paltry altar fills its place in the apse, and the whole ancient arrangement, which may be traced in one or two of the smaller churches of Rome, is utterly destroyed.

³ Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.* p. 52, Selden. "Cum vero ad concilium venturum esset, et episcopis qui de Italia et Gallia venerant suas sedes ex consuetudine vendicantibus, nemo existeret qui se vel audisse vel vidisse archiepiscopum Cantuariensem Romano concilio ante hæc interfuisse diceret, vel scire quo tunc in loco sedere deberet, ex præcepto Papæ in corona sedes illi posita est, qui locus non obscuri honoris in tali conventu solet haberi."

¹ The tomb of Otto the Second, which stood in front of the old Saint Peter's, is thrust down into the crypt of the modern church. To be sure several tombs of Popes have shared the same fate.

same fulsome glorification of the doers of the havoc. Still, in the vast extent of the city, enough is left for us to trace out all the leading features of the various forms which were taken by the early Christian buildings, and to connect them with the buildings of the pagan city which form the models out of which they grew by healthy and natural developement. The historical associations of these buildings are surely not inferior to those of their pagan predecessors. As marking a stage in the history of art, we must look on them as links in a chain, as the central

members which mark the great turning-point in a series. That series, as we have seen, begins with the arch of the Great Sewer; it goes on, obscured for awhile, but never wholly broken, under the influence of a foreign taste. Through the buildings of Rome and Spalato and Ravenna and Lucca it leads us to the final perfection of round-arched architecture, both in its lighter and more graceful form at Pisa, and in its more massive and majestic variety at Caen and Peterborough and Ely and Durham.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

CASTLE DALY :

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XI.

THE library at Castle Daly, since the Thornley occupancy of the place had taken a more habitable look than when Mr. Daly only used it to yawn away an hour in on a rainy day. The rest of the wide empty house echoed footsteps drearily, and looked dismal; but cheerful sociability and home comfort seemed to have taken up their abode among the heaped-up bookshelves and well-laden writing and work tables with which the brother and sister surrounded themselves.

When the front door had closed behind Miss O'Flaherty, Bride Thornley employed herself in putting the few ordering touches to the room, needed to bring it to the perfection of cosy-ness her brother loved to see in the evening. She gathered up the scattered leaves of the MS. she had been copying, and laid it ready for a last loving inspection; she arranged the books her brother was most likely to want, on his own particular table; she let down the heavy curtains over the windows, and wheeled two armchairs to their places opposite each other on the hearth-rug; then she sat down and stared at the fire. It was not often she let her thoughts fly back to old times, but to-night they flew back. She and her brother were in the habit of telling each other philosophically that to allow recollections of past sorrows and privations to rise up was a mere waste of mental strength, an infliction of purposeless pain; but to-night the painful images would arise, and she could not conjure them away. People thought her grave and reserved, and old-looking for her years; but had there been a time when she was young? She saw herself a pale, still child, gathering her

younger brothers and sisters around her to hush their play and laughter, because she had discovered by her mother's swollen eyelids, and her father's knitted brow, that something had gone wrong with the elders of the house, and that the sound of mirth jarred on them. She saw herself a thin brown-faced girl without any of the charms of girlhood, thrusting from her all timidity, all yearning after her mother's love and care, that she might go forth and work among strangers. She heard over again the bitter tales of privation, of "carking cares" and shames which that young girl had to hear when she returned for short holidays to her home. She saw herself kneeling by her dying mother's bedside, straining to catch the last feeble injunctions that fell from her parched death-drawn lips—not concerning herself—hardly a farewell to herself. She had been held to be capable of struggling alone in the world for so long, that there was no need for anxiety about her; it was the younger, more loveable ones, that claimed even those last thoughts. A little rosy face—a golden head—lay nestled against the mother's cheek; towards that her dying eyes were turned. "Child, be mother to this child!" And then the tired soul had escaped from the worn-out body, and the burden under which the elder woman had sunk fell on the girl's shoulders. It had been heavy in the long years that had followed. Unbearable she told herself it would have been, but for the help that came, when she discovered that there was one among her young charges able to take part with her in carrying the load; one whose determination to work and struggle, and suffer, rather than sink, matched her own; one from whom a word of counsel could be

obtained now and again; one who could be trusted, in small things and great, not to fail. Bride traced in thought the steps by which she and this young brother had changed positions towards each other, till, from his looking up to her, she had learned to rely and lean upon him. What a rest it had been! What a tower of strength he had proved to be, when the stress of the storm came! And when the worst was over—yes, perhaps there was a time when she had felt young, like other people, with energy to spare, and that strange bubbling up of eager thoughts and bright hopes in the heart that leads to purposeless talk, and pleasure in mere motion and life such as kittens and puppies seem to have. She had known it during that one year when she and John had kept house together in London before death had invaded the brother and sister band. A very straitened household it had been, and the struggle to keep it together hard for the two young heads, but they had all been gay together. Bride thought she could not then have been such a very formal, cold, repulsive person as Miss O'Flaherty seemed to find her now. Perhaps in that far back time, when there had been younger sisters to care for her looks and sew bows on her dresses, and arrange her soft, silky brown hair in becoming fashion round her head, there might—if she had not always been too busy—if she had gone out into the world and made acquaintances as other girls did—there might have been a possibility of her having been loved—of her having had some story of her own, some insight into the great mystery that seemed to fill up so large a space in other people's lives. Strange thought to flash across her, now that youth and the possibility lay so far behind! Well, if no love of the usual kind had come in that one sunny strip of life, that one breathing space between crushing anxieties and heartrending bereavements, something else had come—something that Bride Thornley was well content should stand for her in the place of what is usually called love. It was

No. 176.—VOL. XXX.

then that she and John had found each other out. Heart and conscience had been proved before, but it was in that leisure that their close mental companionship had begun—then they had first tasted what keen pleasure interchange of thought between minds that stimulate and satisfy each other can give. What talks they used to have in their quiet evenings after days of hard work, when, from the dingy, London lodging-house parlour, their minds took bold flights into realms of speculation and fancy, which seemed their own by divine right, because they were most at home there. What lovely dream-pictures rose up; what sparkles of wit flashed out; how eloquent, how wise, and how brilliant they were for each other!

The first eagerness with which their studies were prosecuted might have faded somewhat, the talks grown less eloquent, with the discovery that mysteries are not to be solved by dint of discussion; but the old comradeship was as close and sweet as ever still, the salt of life to each.

Whatever John Thornley might be to other people, to his sister Bride he was the sunshine and glory, the very fountain of joy of her life. Could she bear ever to lose him, or even to share possession of him with anyone else? Had not his grave face an extra attraction for her, because she thought that to no other eyes but her own would it ever look beautiful?

There did not appear to be any special reason for asking herself that question to-night, but it came and absorbed Bride so completely that she did not observe, as she might otherwise have done, that her brother was absent a long time from the room, or that when he did return, and came and stood by the fire, there was an expression of suppressed excitement on his face, which it had not worn half-an-hour before. It was he who broke the silence at last.

"Bride, I have something to tell you."

She looked up with a start and an exclamation of dismay. "Ah, I knew

there was something—that gun!—Go on, I'm ready."

"No, no. Put such fancies quite out of your head. I have told you really all I know of that matter. This is something far more important. It concerns ourselves entirely."

"Good, or bad?"

"I don't quite know which you will think it."

"Bad, then, if it means change; we have had a fairly happy time lately, and, according to past experience, trouble is due. What quarter can it come from? Whitecliff Bay and Babette, I guess. She has quarrelled with Mrs. Maynard, or perhaps in a fit of desperation over the eternal stocking-darning she has rushed into some silly flirtation, or engaged herself imprudently, and they want you to interfere."

"Quite wrong; what could make you think of such a thing? It's odd how even the sensiblest woman's thoughts always fly off to love-making."

"Indeed, John, it was not quite a vague guess; if you had read Babette's late letters as attentively as I read them, you would have noticed the hints that gave my thoughts that impulse."

"Hints as to growing weariness of stocking-darning or dawning love,—which?"

"I think I detect a combination of both states of feeling."

"Hum; we may have to inquire into that by and bye; but the news of to-night, which I have just read in one of those letters I brought in my pocket from Ballyowen, concerns a very different matter from marriages or giving in marriage. Bride, our grand-uncle, John Maynard, is dead."

"Dead! Well, I suppose he was a great age; where did he die? Had he any friend near him?"

"I don't know about a friend. His lawyer James Clarke was with him. The old man sent for him to Florence when he was taken ill, and he stayed till after the funeral. It is he who writes to me about the will."

"Well, well, John, you know what I want to ask. How is it after all? Has

he died rich or poor? Has he divided his money fairly among all his dutiful, expectant relations excepting our two-selves, or has he left it all to a hospital?"

"He has left a very large fortune indeed; much larger than anyone expected I fancy, and he has not divided it. With the exception of a few small legacies, it all goes to one person."

"And the lawyer has written about it to you—to you, John?" A vivid colour flashed into Bride's face; she rose from her chair and held out her hands to her brother. He crossed the hearth and took both in a firm clasp.

"No, Bride, that thought must go out of your head at once. I am not the heir. It concerns us nearly though."

"Then it is Lesbia."

"Yes, it is little Lesbia. Old John Maynard has left the bulk of his great fortune to her—the child—our child is a great heiress now; that's the news that has come to-night."

"I can't take it in—baby—our poor little Babette."

"Rich little Babette, you mean. She need never break her heart over a stocking-basket again; as to the incipient love-making, that will have to be looked after perhaps."

"How will she feel about it when she hears—Babette a great heiress! I always thought the old man would reward us for sending her away by remembering her in his will, but that he should pass over so many other relations equally near and single her out to inherit all his fortune is different from what I expected."

"Our mother was his favourite niece till she married. I fancy he always secretly intended to make her children his heirs, and as we cut ourselves off, there was only Lesbia."

"How I should like to be near her and see her face, when she is told. It is seven years since we have seen her. Oh, John, does not this, at all events, end her banishment? Shall we not have her with us now?"

"Of course. This will please you. You and I are left sole guardians. A proof that, however angry the old man

professed to be, he respected our conduct at the bottom. He has left us each a legacy of four thousand pounds, and we are to have four hundred a year for looking after the young lady and her property till she marries."

"A salary for taking care of our own little sister, whom we have provided for since she was five years old! Can we bear that, John?"

"I suppose it soothed the old man at the last to do us so much of justice without altogether revoking his threat. We must take it as he intended it."

"But how about the other relations—the Joseph Maynards?"

"They have a legacy equal to ours."

"And the bulk of the old man's rich hoards goes to Lesbia! How strange it will be to the Joseph Maynards to see her set up on such a pinnacle of prosperity—the little cinder-girl of their house this seven years. I am afraid they will be very angry."

"They won't like it; but they have no more right to grumble than you or I, except that they have been kept longer in suspense. Old John made all his money himself, and had a right to do what he pleased with it."

"If it had pleased him to spend some of it in helping us when we needed help sorely, what grateful hearts he might have had round his death-bed!"

"Let that thought rest now he has gone."

"It shall. I don't suppose, though, that Mrs. Joseph Maynard will be as silent over the wrongs of her precious boys. Lesbia will not have much comfort after the news of her fortune reaches Whitecliff."

"We will send for her as soon as possible."

"How strange it will be to have her again, a girl of seventeen and an heiress, instead of the little clinging thing I used to dress, and coddle and teach, and work my fingers to the bone for! I hope she is not much changed. John, do you remember the night we resolved to separate ourselves from her seven years ago? how my heart ached!"

"Yes, it troubled you more to part

from Lesbia than to give up your chance of inheriting the great Maynard fortune."

"We elder ones had no choice. We could not promise to disown our father, or not to go back to him if he wanted us, and we could not foresee he never would. I think we had only two or three letters from him during the next six months, and then we heard of his death in Canada. The decision could not be recalled then."

"Why, you have never wished to recall it; have you?"

"Not till to-night; to-night I think it does give me pain to remember that, if things had fallen out ever so little differently, this great fortune would have come to you."

"The 'falling out' would have had to be very different for this money to come to you or me as we are now. Think what mean reptiles we should have grown into by this time if we had been depending on that despotic old man all these years. Lesbia has, at all events, got the fortune without having had to serve an apprenticeship of servility to earn it."

"Yes, but if the thought that made my heart beat so quickly just now had proved a correct guess: if he had, as I hoped just then, relented and done you full justice at the last."

"It would have been a bad precedent. It's best to know that, if one makes a choice, one must expect to abide by it, and that one can't turn one's back on an object and reach it by walking the opposite way."

"You would have been in your right place."

"Perhaps; but don't be covetous, madam. I believe that if I had had the money I should have done something with it you would not have greatly approved."

"I can't imagine not approving of what you did."

"I should have bought this house and estate of Mr. Daly—he'll have to sell it sooner or later—and settled down into an Irish landlord."

"To be shot dead from behind a

stone wall three months after. I would not have let you."

"Yes, you would; you as well as I have a spice of the obstinate temper that helped old Uncle John to make his fortune. You don't like any more than I to be baffled in an undertaking you have once put your hands to."

"You have cured me of ever grudging Lesbia her fortune again. As it is, we can hardly keep her here. You will have to give up the agency. Did not you say we had each four thousand pounds? Why that is enormous riches. It sets you free at last to devote your whole time to study and such literary work as you really care for."

"Time will settle all that. What we have to do at once is to write to Babette and the Joseph Maynards. I should like the child to receive the news from us first; if it comes to her through Mrs. Joseph it will be spiced with bitter comments."

"The little thing has not had a brilliantly happy home with our good cousins, I fear. She has been very good to complain so little; and now to think of having her again for our own. She must have grown up very pretty. Do you remember the dimples in her cheeks, John, and her beautiful big brown eyes?"

"I suppose she was a pretty child, but I don't think I liked her eyes as well as I like some other eyes in the family; yours, for example, Bride, always seem to me to have a great deal more in them."

"Mine?" A personal compliment was such a strange thing to Bride Thornley, that coming even from her brother, it brought a vivid flush to her face. "My pale grey things! You don't know what you are talking about, John; you have no appreciation for beauty."

"Yes, I have, but it does not oblige me to like sparkling glass beads stuck in a face. I know quite well what I do admire."

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, that I do, really."

"You are laughing, John."

"At the terror I have put you into

with that word. In one instant of time you conjured up the notion that I was preparing to tell you of some long-concealed attachment, by way of winding up the surprises of the evening. Did not I say truly that your feminine thoughts were always flying off to match-making?"

"It is wise of me to keep myself prepared. It must come some time, and if I never think of it I shall not be ready."

"I don't see what preparation you would need for such a communication if I were ever in a condition to make it."

"Of course you don't, you matter-of-factest man."

"Don't you profess also to be a matter-of-factest woman?"

"Yes, but the gulf there is between man and woman in such a matter as this!"

"The gulf is created simply by your womanly unreasonableness in supposing that the new feeling, if it ever does come, must necessarily be so absorbing as to blot out old ones. It would not with me. Make yourself easy on that score, Bride; I cannot imagine such a thing of myself. If I ever do fall in love, I shall look out for having the same calm, satisfying, equal-minded comradeship with my wife that you and I have had together. I have thought it well over, and that is my highest ideal of human attachment. And that is what I mean to go in for."

"No, you won't. I am not at all pleased to hear you say so. I think it a very bad sign that you have formed the plan."

"I have formed no plan; it is you who are planning. I think we do very well as we are, and that nothing can be more uncalled for than your drilling yourself to expect changes. It would be ridiculous for you and me to talk sentiment to each other; but if you are in no haste to dissolve our old partnership, I am not—it satisfies me."

"John, that is as good as a fortune to me; I am richer now than Babette."

Their manners were habitually so reserved, and it was so seldom that personal feelings were discussed between

them, that Bride felt those few words a possession to be laid by in her memory and often looked at, especially when after a moment's grave silence her brother stooped down and put his lips to her forehead. It seemed to her to be a seal on the old bond of fellowship, given on this day when new conditions were about to enter into their lives.

"Now let us have tea, and write the letters that are to transform Cinderella into the Princess," said John.

"They will only invest her with her silk robes and her chariot and glass slippers," Bride answered. "The Prince is another question, and for my part I hope he will be a long time in coming."

"We must not however take measures to keep him away, or we shall lay ourselves open to the imputation of manœuvring to keep our own four hundred a year."

"As if anyone in their senses would suspect you of interested motives."

"Heiress-hunters will be very apt to do so if I interfere with their game, I suspect. The child will be a more anxious charge for the future, than when——"

"You lifted her sobbing from the bed where our mother lay dead, John. It shall be very tender care we take, shall it not, of herself, not of her fortune, with as little thwarting as may be of any true feeling that comes? I should not like hers to be a colourless life."

"A colourless life is not by any means the worst fate that can befall a woman. We have witnessed one far more cruel, and our earnest care must be that Lesbia's life shall in no degree repeat that. Our poor mother was an expectant heiress in her youth, you remember, and I heard her say that she owed all her unhappiness to her having had the prospect of these same Maynard hoards hanging so long over her head. Our father would have been a different man but for the thought of them."

"Yes, yes, I know. But we will be the wisest providences over Lesbia. She shall not have a chance of making a mistake in her marriage; but don't let us attempt to forecast her future till our

letters are written, or I am certain we shall not make them encouraging enough. I want the news to come to her sweet and bright."

The spirits of the two guardians rose as they wrote, and Bride was so well satisfied with the letters she sealed and directed at the close of the evening that for the first time since her residence at Castle Daly she ran down to the lodge-gate with the letter-bag to deposit the precious budget in the postman's hands herself, and to administer a not unnecessary admonition to him to make a point of reaching Ballyowen that morning in time to catch the mail. The man of course pulled up his horse to enter into a long and vociferous defence of his own punctuality, and in the vehemence of his gesticulations threw down a bag, which being imperfectly fastened, emptied its contents on to the road. Bride stooped to gather up the letters, and as she returned them to their place could not help seeing that the direction of one was to the same little seaside town in England for which her own letters were destined. She crossed her arms on the upper bar of the gate when at last the carman had been prevailed on to start again, and watched him drive up the steep white road whipping and shouting to his horses with a great display of energy, while the children from the mud cabins on the mountain-side rushed down, and threw themselves full in his way, whooping and huzzaing and waving ragged caps and sticks, till Bride thought it a wonder that car, horse, driver, and letter-bags were not precipitated over the rocky ledge into the dancing waters below. She stayed looking up the road till the car had rounded the summit of the hill, and the last urchin crept back to his mud retreat, her thoughts following the queer-looking messenger, who was bearing on the first stage of its journey the news that was to make such a revolution in one little life. She wished she could somehow conjure herself within the folds of her letter and creep out when it reached its destination at last at the other side of the kingdom, to add some words tenderer

and graver yet than any that had come to her the evening before. Her head bowed itself at last on her clasped hands, and purple mountains and shimmering lake, and shouting children passed out of her vision as her heart rose in yearning prayer to Him whose felt presence with all annihilates distance, giving into His hands the task of delivering from unsafe elation the eager little heart that had to learn that the new strange temptation of a "time of wealth" was coming upon her.

Anne O'Flaherty's thoughts took flight in the same direction many times that day. The letter whose direction Bride had read was hers. She had written it off impulsively on her arrival home the night before, and not allowed herself to re-read it in the morning. It was full of the impression her visit to the Thornleys had made on her. Not mitigating anything of her fears, or scrupling to urge strongly on Mr. Daly the motive for a speedy return to Ireland, which she knew would be most powerful with him, the duty of not allowing another man to run risks for his sake which he was not sharing.

She was anxious and unsettled all the day after her letter went. She did not exactly regret having written it, but the cooler judgment of the morning showed her it was an important step she had taken, and that the reading of her letter would certainly make a change in the lives of those she most cared for. Would they have cause to thank or reproach her for it by and bye? Would Mrs. Daly ever forgive her for bringing her husband back to Ireland just then?

There was however no use in questioning or regretting. Bearers of good news and bad had passed out of their writers' control now, and through the bright sunshine and the dark night, and the dawn of another day, were speeding over the sea, by quiet country roads, through noisy towns and pleasant English villages, to meet the eyes and hands that would never afterwards forget the feel of those particular sheets of paper between their fingers, the position and shape of the words on which their startled glances fell.

CHAPTER XII.

A SHARP shower was falling, turning the badly-paved streets of the little seaside village of Whitecliff into a succession of gutters and puddles, and driving the early promenaders and the troops of children, mammas, and nursemaids on their way to their morning bath in the sea, to beat hasty retreats into the green verandahed houses that stretched in irregular rows along the cliff. In ten minutes the busy little place looked deserted, and discontented loungers at the windows had nothing to regale their eyes upon but the rain-drops splashing in the gutters and the occasional advent of a dripping umbrella, or a woman with a basket of shrimps on her head. Pelham Daly had been standing for nearly three-quarters of an hour in the window of one of these houses, lazily swinging the tassel of the window-blind backwards and forwards, and contemplating that pleasant prospect in no very contented frame of mind. Ellen had accused him playfully of being always out of humour when it rained, and Connor had made a calculation of how many sulky days he might reckon on having in a year, if he spent his life at Castle Daly, and he had not taken their remarks in very good part. He thought within himself that he had very special reasons for being disgusted at the turn the weather had taken in this last week of his vacation, but he could not make out a very satisfactory account of them to his own mind in the course of his meditations at the window. Of course it was of no consequence whatever to him, whether that picnic to the pirate's cave, planned with the Maynards, came off while he was at Whitecliff or after he had left; he had only consented to join it out of good-nature, and that there might be some one of the party capable of taking reasonable care of Ellen; and yet—and yet—"Yes, certainly," he thought, "it was towards him, and not towards Connor, that a certain pair of brown eyes had glanced when, on parting for the night at the Maynards' garden-gate, the words 'We shall meet to-morrow' had

been spoken softly. The swinging tassel, the square window-frame, the dripping pavement vanished altogether from Pelham's vision for a few minutes while the momentous question of the exact direction of that glance occupied his thoughts—in their place came a little pink and brown face set in smooth bands of soft dusky hair and two bright eyes, flashing quick glances, whose meaning required a good deal of after-thought. Not that he cared or was ever likely to care seriously what the glances meant, only it was tantalizing never fairly to know whether one was looked at or not. All at once, in a second, his eyes recovered the power of seeing what was before them—the dream-picture faded and reality came in its place, vividly, startlingly, sending quick pulses through all his veins as he gazed. The back-door of a house just opposite, but divided from the street by a narrow strip of garden, opened, and a child of four trotted forth into the rain. The slim figure of a girl dashed out after him and caught him by the skirts to drag him in. Floating pink flounces, a white handkerchief thrown over a dark head, little feet in thin slippers showing on the wet step, slender hands stretched out,—that was the spectacle Pelham's eyes fastened upon and recognized in a moment. A small contest followed. The little child struggled hard to escape from the arms that captured him. A sturdy hand directed a blow at the pink cheek, shaded by the handkerchief. Pelham clutched the window-frame with a wild purpose of flinging himself out, across the dividing space on to the scene of action. Then all was over; the figures retreated as suddenly as they had appeared, and no evidence of the incident remained but the deep glow that had burned itself into Pelham's face, and the quick beating of his heart that had been so quiet a minute before.

It was no concern of his, certainly, he said to himself; he was going away to-morrow and should never see any of these people again; but if any excuse for thrashing every one of those cubs of Maynards could be afforded him

before he took his departure, he should leave the place with an easier mind. How could Ellen and Connor witness such a state of things as indifferently as they did? How could they laugh gaily over the incongruities of their friend's surroundings, and see only subjects for amusement in the little indignities which made him, who had no pretence to her friendship, indignant and heart-sore? He recalled warm words and beaming looks bestowed one hour, which did not preclude little jokes at pretty Lesbia's expense the next, and he said to himself that such hypocrisy made him sick. Poor bright-eyed, ill-used, trusting Lesbia! whom he was leaving to-morrow to the mercies of exacting relations and half-hearted friends. *He* leaving! What was he thinking of? As if he had anything to do with her, or she would ever even know that there was one person in the world who resented her wrongs as they deserved to be resented!

"There!" cried Connor, looking up from the desk where he had been writing diligently for the last quarter of an hour, "I have done it, Ellen, and not so badly either, I will say that for myself. I doubt whether there are many fellows, this side the Channel at all events, who could have turned off a 'nate' little copy of verses, as sweet as sugar, by Jove—in the time, exactly twelve minutes and a half by the clock."

The silence, which had actually lasted nearly half an hour, here came to an end, and the clack of tongues that hardly ever ceased in Ellen's and Connor's waking hours when they were together, began again.

"Verses, Connor? I thought you said you were going to read mathematics soberly this rainy morning?"

"What can a poor fellow do, when a young lady with the cunningest eyes in the world comes round him by moonlight, saying how 'mavourneen' is the prettiest word ever spoken, and would not it go well in a song? How can he help himself writing a song about her the first thing in the morning?"

"Oh Connor, Connor, it was you

who began with your 'mavourneens'—I heard you. But let us see what you have written."

"Yes, yes; read it aloud. I flatter myself that there's a touch of the real thing in the verses, and that they'll turn off your tongue like music. Try them."

"Mavourneen is a priceless gem,
Jewelled her robe from throat to hem,
She's crowned with a rare diadem,
Mavourneen.

"Her throne is pure gold, but not fit
For one so strangely fair, to sit
Upon, and yet she honours it—
Mavourneen.

"Slaves every moment throng her feet,
With eager eyes upraised to meet
Each least desire of hers, most sweet
Mavourneen.

"But, oh, she wears the plainest gown,
Her dear head never crowned a crown,
Only my heart makes her renown—
Mavourneen.

"And her gold throne I spoke about,
Is only built of love without
Any possible flaw throughout—
Mavourneen.

"My thoughts are born in chains, they move
All round and round her in one groove,
Living to wait on her I love—
Mavourneen."

"But it's an out-and-out love song," cried Ellen, when she had finished reading.

"And what else would it be? What else is worth putting into music and giving her to read but just love?"

"I don't know what Lesbia will think of it though, this line about the poorest gown—it's very pretty, but will she like it?"

"I can't take it out; it's just that gives the touch of pathos and makes the verses above the common. It's the one grain of real poetry in the whole thing, for it came warm and true out of my heart. I was thinking of her as she looked last night, when that little rascal, Bob Maynard, threw a handful of wet sand over her dress. She stood still, looking at the stains, with her red lip up, and the big tears swelling in her jewels of eyes—the poor little darling of the world, that she is! Mavourneen!"

"Oh Connor, Connor, I do believe

you will talk yourself into being actually in love with her at last, and you know in reality it's all make-believe and talk—words, words, words."

"I know nothing of the kind; how can you judge? Every man meets his fate some time."

"Man! But you are a boy."

"And Babette is a baby; so we are well matched. Come, give me an envelope. I don't say that I have quite the brass to give her these verses into her own hands. I'll send them anonymously by post, and she can make out whom they come from if she pleases."

"You won't, really?"

"Who's to hinder me?"

"I will. I won't allow any such nonsense to go out of the house. I won't have you make such a fool of yourself," cried Pelham, turning from the window with a very red, indignant face, which during all the previous conversation he had been trying to bring into sufficient order to expose to Connor's quizzing eyes.

"Hollo! Don Pomposo Furioso! we had forgotten you were in the room," cried Connor. "You would not have had the luck to hear my verses, I can tell you, if I had remembered your existence five minutes ago; but, since you have heard, what objection does your wisdom find to them?"

"Give the letter to me; it shan't go. As I said before, I won't let you make a confounded fool of yourself, and insult Miss Maynard."

"Insult Miss Maynard! That's a good joke, when she asked me to write the verses herself, and is expecting them this minute—the darling!"

"Ellen, you can let him speak in that way of your friend?"

"My dear Pelham, I don't see anything to be so very angry about. Connor drew her on certainly, but Lesbia did drop a hint about wishing to have some verses written on purpose for herself—I heard it."

"Well, I have often been told that women are envious of each other, and speak ill of their dearest friends behind their backs, and now I believe it."

"Easy, Pelham, easy. Abuse me as

much as you like, and welcome—I'll take it kindly; but don't fall foul of Ellen, if you please. The notion of her needing to be envious and jealous of little Lesbia Maynard beats everything for absurdity."

"You say that, and you write verses about gold thrones and chains. What a confounded humbug you are!"

Connor laughed aloud. "Well, no one will accuse you of being that same. You've as fine a talent for insulting your relations and friends as the biggest hypocrite in the world would need to prove his sincerity by."

"I did not insult you—nothing of the kind; but I'm in earnest that those verses don't go to Miss Maynard."

"Oh, I can be in earnest too, if you like; but just look here, Pelham! We are not schoolboys now to quarrel conveniently, and we found out once before that it did not answer for us two to interfere with each other. We made a mess of it when it was only a question of a dog between us, and a young lady is a much more awkward subject to disagree about."

"And indeed, Pelham, you are taking it a great deal too seriously," put in Ellen, eagerly. "Don't you know that Connor is always writing verses to young ladies, and never sending them? Why he has written poems on every one of the seven Miss O'Roones of Ballyowen; and as to the Dublin young ladies of his acquaintance, you should see what he finds to say and sing about them."

"No, he shall not see," cried Connor, taking up his writing-case, and deliberately placing the sheet from which Ellen had read in an inside pocket already well stuffed with MSS. "It's like shaking a red rag before a mad bull's eyes to show a scrap of poetry to Pelham. Let him subside, poor fellow; we've poked him up enough for one day, and he begins to look dangerous. Hullo! there's the postman coming up the street. I shall run down and intercept my share of his budget. I always hate letters except on a rainy day, and then there's some use in them. If I find a *billet-doux*

from the youngest Miss O'Roone, Pelham shan't read it."

Pelham followed Connor out of the room, and was seen by Ellen a few minutes later setting forth to work off his discontent by a solitary walk in the rain. As soon as he was fairly out of sight, Connor's figure dashed across the road in the direction of the Maynards' house, closely following in the wake of the postman. Ellen, left alone, returned with a sigh to her work of spreading delicate fronds of seaweed on wet paper to send to cousin Anne, as an addition to the Happy-go-Lucky Lodge collection of works of art. As her needle laboriously separated and arranged the minute pink and white fibres, her thoughts made rapid excursions from one subject to another. If only the boys would not quarrel; if only she could once more see cousin Anne, and help her to arrange her heterogeneous possessions; if only she could learn the secret art by which Lesbia kept the boys so pleasantly engrossed that in her presence such jars as had occurred this morning seldom fell out. She laughed over the foolish squabbles with Connor, but they always left a little sting, a pin-prick wound, in her heart, that made her uneasy and remorseful for days after; and though no amount of coaxing would have won such an avowal from Connor, she knew quite well that it was the same with him. It was as necessary for him as for herself to bask in the good-will and approbation of those he lived among, and she knew by many little signs that nothing ever elated Connor more, or made him more comfortable with himself, than when some rare chance brought an unusual mark of confidence, or a word that could be twisted into approval from Pelham, his way. And Pelham, too, why did he wince so under Connor's little sarcasm and her own careless speeches, and brood over them so long, if he did not, at the bottom of his heart, care more for Connor's good opinion and hers than he ever chose to show? Surely she must be a very bad manager, a very inefficient sister, not to have brought about greater harmony

between these two, and made them understand each other better before this. How the rain pattered down, and how still the house was within! Soon Ellen heard her father open the dining-room door, and take in the letters which Connor had left on the hall-table, and shut himself in to read them; five minutes after, the door of the lower room opened hurriedly and her father's voice was heard calling her mother to come downstairs. It was not a usual thing for Mrs. Daly to leave her bedroom in the morning. How feeble her step on the stair was now, how slowly and reluctantly she seemed to move! Ellen half rose to help her, and then sat down again. If her father had any unpleasant business to discuss with her mother, as was only too likely, it was better that they should talk it out first alone, and she must hold herself ready to comfort each separately afterwards. In dilemmas her father was apt to turn to her for counsel instead of to Pelham, and that displeased her mother. There was something in the aspect of this day that reminded Ellen of another day at home, a day that had brought trouble and change. Was it the patter of the rain? Strong, heavy rain, that would not have disgraced the West land, where everything seemed to be done more thoroughly and heartily than here. Ellen shut her eyes and tried to conjure herself back in thought to Castle Daly, and to believe for a moment or two that when she looked up she should find herself surrounded by old familiar things. The touch of a wet cheek put close to hers roused her, and she opened her eyes quickly to the sight of Connor leaning over the back of her chair, with laughter in his eyes, and bright drops trickling from his drenched hair down upon her face.

"What are you thinking of?" he began. "Have you not been cracking your sides with laughing over the fine disclosure we have had this morning?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don Pomposo in love."

"Oh, nonsense. Why did you go out into the rain and get yourself so wet?"

"What a question for a Connemara girl! To post my love-letter, of course."

"Oh, Connor, have you really?"

"And indeed I have. The joke is, that I had to take one of Pelham's envelopes, with his initials on the flap. I dashed into his room, seized from his desk the first that came to hand, directed it to Miss Lesbia, and rushed out after the postman to drop it into the Maynards' box with their other letters. I only noticed the big P.D. above the seal after it had slipped through my fingers. But it's an excellent joke."

"It is not fair: she will think Pelham wrote the verses."

"Will she? Won't her heart tell her better than that, don't you think?"

"Connor, I do believe you are very conceited."

"You'll have to believe her very stupid if she is to give Pelham the credit for writing what she's reading this minute. I wish I could see her eyes, the darling jewels that they are, eating up the words. Won't she know who wrote them! Pelham write such verses as those to her, indeed!"

"Perhaps she would prefer to think they were Pelham's. She has seen almost as much of him as of you; and he is very handsome, you must allow."

"So is that old gold fish in the vase there, but who ever succeeded in getting up a tender interest in the dumb beauty? It looks well in a room, but nobody flings a thought to it. It's the blarney that wins the hearts, all the world over."

"It's a shame that it should when it is such thoroughgoing blarney as yours, Connor dear. I don't think you should have sent those verses to Lesbia. She does not know you as well as I do, and perhaps she'll believe all that farrago you wrote about your love being a gold throne for her to sit upon for ever, and your thoughts her slaves following her in chains. Oh, Connor, Connor, when I know what erratic creatures they are—it makes me laugh, but she might possibly take it seriously."

"And it's heaven's truth she'll be

taking in if she does. I don't know why you won't believe me, Ellen, for I've been saying the same thing to you for the last six weeks without a breath of change. A man may be in love, and keep a little fun and life in him. He need not look black death and thunder at all the world like Pelham, I should hope; and I have loved that little darling in the red house yonder ever since the day when she made me savage by laughing at me."

"Six weeks ago," put in Ellen.

"And why won't I love her for ever? I don't care if all the world knows of it."

"But I advise you not to let Mrs. Joseph Maynard know of it, or there'll be no peace for poor little Lesbia. Pelham too——"

"Hang Pelham! What right has he to put in his oar? He took against her at first. He shan't cut in now, and spoil everything—I won't have it."

"He leaves us to-morrow, Connor dear. Don't say a word to vex him again. Don't let him know that you have really sent that letter, or for any sake breathe a word of its being put in one of his envelopes. We shall both be sorry to-morrow if we vex him again to-day."

"You never vex anyone—you are a regular little saint. It was Pelham's taking it upon himself to find fault with you, that bothered me, more than his interference about Lesbia. I can stand anything from him better than his bullying you."

"He does not intend to bully—it's his English way; and, Connor avourneen, what I want from you, is just a promise to take no notice however sulky he is the rest of this day, but to help me to coax him round. If blarney is good for anything, it is to keep peace at home, among brothers and sisters, don't you think? There is papa's voice calling me. Connor, I'm sure that some important news has come in those letters you took in. I have had a strange unsettled feeling on me all day, as if something was coming. Suppose only it should be news that took us home."

"Put in a word for Lesbia Maynard's going with us then, or I had rather stay where we are."

CHAPTER XIII.

"ONE letter for mamma, and four for papa—and, hollo! two for Babette. I say, Miss Babette shan't have her letters this minute though. I'll pay her out for dragging me in from the garden, by keeping them in my pocket till after dinner." Muttering thus to himself, little Walter Maynard, who had constituted himself supplementary letter-deliverer to the family, slipped two of the letters he had abstracted from the letter-box into his knickerbocker pockets and trotted into the parlour with the rest of his budget. Dr. Maynard was out on his morning round of visits among his patients. Mrs. Maynard inspected the outsides of his letters and read her own, while Lesbia looked up wistfully towards the little letter-carrier, from the copy-book, along which she was guiding Bobby Maynard's red stumpy fingers in their first efforts to make pot-hooks and hangers; and sighed. She had not had a letter for a whole week. It was too bad of Bride, and the ready April tears swelled in her eyes, till one large bright drop overflowed and fell.

"There, Baby, it was you made me make that great blot. Yes, it was," cried Bob, twisting his head round, so as to see her face. "Why, you are crying! Mamma, here's cousin Babette crying again. Isn't she a baby?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Maynard looked up from her letter; her face had rather a startled expression upon it, and the children thought her voice and her words, too, sounded odd.

"You are a very naughty boy, I am sure, Bobby, if you have made your cousin Lesbia cry, when she is so kind as to give you a writing-lesson. You may get down now and let Walter come and write."

"It was not Bobby's fault," said Lesbia, twinkling away her tears, and brightening instantly into smiles and

dimples under the unexpected ray of kindness ; "but, oh, dear Aunt, need Walter write to-day ? My fingers are so hot and tired with holding Bobby's, and I'll give Walter some other kind of lesson by and bye to make up."

She strolled off to the window without waiting for an answer, clasping her tired hands behind her head. Mrs. Maynard's eyes rested on her for a minute or two, considering, and then turned back to re-peruse a sentence in her letter.

"We have all here been much excited by a report that has reached us of the death, at Florence, of Dr. Maynard's uncle—that rich old Mr. Maynard you told me about. They say he has left an immense fortune behind him, two hundred thousand pounds at the least, and that it is all to go to one of his great-nephews or nieces ; we are hoping that the lucky heir is one of your fine boys. Let us know soon."

Mrs. Maynard's fingers strayed to the letters on the chimney-piece ; the news must be in one of them. What a provoking thing it was that Dr. Maynard should have gone out that morning on one of his longest rounds, and that he should so often have declared his determination to keep his letters to himself, that even with such a question as this hanging over her, his wife dare not meddle with them. An immense fortune for one of her boys—for darling Johnny, the old man's godson. Surely Providence could not have allowed anything else to happen. The anxious mother's thoughts flew back to question every incident of the last occasion, when old John Maynard had come down to Whitecliffe expressly to spend an evening at their house. Which of the children had he noticed most ?—Those tiresome ever-ready tears and smiles of Lesbia's ! She was an awkward girl of thirteen then, not so very pretty, and old John had hardly looked at her till, just as he was taking leave, he poked his hand under her chin, and asked her abruptly if she was sorry to be separated from her brother and sister ; then those provoking bright large tears had come into her babyish brown eyes, and the old

man had turned away, and had a violent fit of coughing. Perhaps he hated tears. It was fortunate that he had not seen Lesbia within the last year or two, for certainly she was an alarmingly pretty girl now—an anxious charge for anyone. Good gracious ! suppose for an instant the two hundred thousand pounds should go to her, what could be done then ? Johnny, the eldest of their family, was only fourteen—three years younger than Lesbia—and those two had never been friends. Only last Christmas holidays he had locked her up in the dark closet at the head of the stairs, and she had remained in the cold, forgotten by everyone, till Dr. Maynard asked for her at tea-time, and went to let her out. Yet they had all been extremely kind to her ; she herself, at all events, could answer for having spent, strictly for Lesbia's benefit, very nearly all the money sent by the elder brother and sister, deducting only quite small sums to remunerate herself for all the trouble and care she had been put to. There could not be much to complain of in management under which she had grown up—the fresh, bright-eyed, pink-cheeked creature that stood idling in the window there, so different from the plain elder sister. Again Mrs. Maynard's eyes fixed themselves on Lesbia, and as she took a more curious inventory of her charms than she had ever troubled herself to make before, she came to the conclusion, that if by perverse fate Lesbia did prove to be the heiress of the fortune that ought to come to her son, it would become her all her life to be extremely grateful to the disinterested cousins who had brought her up, and to acknowledge that she owed it somehow to them that her dark hair was so abundant, and of such a rich colour, that her figure was so slim and graceful, and that such a rich peach-bloom glowed under the clear brown of her cheeks. Had not all these endowments come to her under their roof ?

Dr. Maynard did not return home at his usual hour, and in consequence the early dinner was one of the scenes of riot and squabble among the boys, and ineffectual scolding from Mrs. Maynard,

that were a perpetual jar on little Lesbia's natural love of order and refinement. Her thoughts were busy during the meal, planning some legitimate method of securing a quiet afternoon for herself.

"You look very tired, Aunt" (she called Mrs. Maynard aunt, though she was in reality only her cousin by marriage). "You look tired, and I am sure your head is aching," she said, after dinner was over. "Let me do the week's mending for you this afternoon. I will take the stocking-basket into the old conservatory, where I shall have no interruption, and I will get all done by tea-time, and you can lie down and rest."

Mrs. Maynard hesitated a minute. All dinner-time she had been looking at Lesbia in the light of a possible great heiress, and the habit she had fallen into of using her as a household drudge did not look so just and natural as it had seemed any time these last seven years. On the other hand, was it not a true kindness to the girl if this temptation of great wealth were really coming, to let her do one more afternoon's useful work? She should not be the worse for it, if things turned out as they ought to do, and Johnny's advancement lay in one of those thick letters on the chimney-piece. Mrs. Maynard made up her mind to be very generous, in that case, to Lesbia, and make her a present of the cornelian brooch she had seen her look at longingly so often, behind its glass-case on the pier. She would quite deserve that and other little marks of favour as well perhaps, if events proved her not to have been guilty of wiling old John Maynard's fortune from him by those well-remembered crocodile tears.

"You are really a very good girl, Babette, to think of the mending," she said cordially, "and as I think it likely I may have to talk over some important business with Dr. Maynard when he comes in, I shall be much obliged to you if you will get it done."

Lesbia ran upstairs quite elated with the few kind words and the success of her little scheme, and forbore to scold Walter for lifting the heaped-up work-basket from its shelf in the wardrobe

before she came up, and disturbing its contents by thrusting his hands into it.

"You are going to be very good boys all this afternoon, Walter and Bobby," she said, coaxingly, "and when I have finished my work I will tell you over again the whole story of the terrible fight at Ballyowen fair, and how nearly your cousin John Thornley had his arm broken by the red-haired Irishman, who tried to pull him off his horse."

The conservatory was a dilapidated little place entered by a door and some stone steps from the back-room where Dr. Maynard occasionally saw his patients. It was many years since all pretence of keeping it supplied with plants had been abandoned, and it was seldom entered now by anyone but Lesbia, who liked to shut herself in among the cobwebs and broken flower-pots because it was the only place in the house where she could feel herself quite safe from the boys, who did not dare to pursue her across their father's territory. She used to study her lessons there, which the masters, her brother and sister, insisted on giving her. There she diligently carried on the skilful contrivances with her needle and scissors, and stores of ribbon and net, that gave her much-worn gowns and bonnets the dainty air so puzzling to Ellen Daly. There she laughed aloud, and sometimes cried and trembled over her sister's letters from Ireland; and there, seated on the stone steps with her elbows on her knees, and her dimpled chin propped between her hands, she dreamed her girlish dreams of all the good the future was to bring her. If the thronging, brightly-coloured thoughts could only have taken shape as they rose up and photographed themselves on the cracked panes of glass round her, what a curious and pretty series of decorations the old tumble-down outhouse would have had, and how surprised Lesbia would have been, on getting up from her seat and walking round when the hour of castle-building was over, to observe what a very prominent place a certain slim, dark-eyed personage held in all the pictures! She would have been quite certain that she did not really think as highly of herself as

all that, and was not in truth so selfish as to want so many good things and so much praise and prosperity all for herself. The bright thoughts, however, generally came when the fingers were idle. Work, unless it was very pretty work, had rather a depressing effect on Lesbia's spirits, and on that day there were several reasons for her thoughts taking the sombre hue of the dull grey material she was forced to look at. She had got up in the morning expecting something very pleasant to happen that afternoon, and oh, what a dull, trying day it had been! How leaden the sea and sky looked, seen through the dusty, cobwebby glass panes! How melancholy the wind sounded, and the flap, flap of the untrained briar-rose branches against the conservatory roof! When she and the young Dalys parted last night at the garden-gate, she had said to herself that she would enjoy one more merry day with her friends, and not allow herself to think once of what was coming, but the rain had cheated her of her respite. Of course there would be fine days after this. Even at Whitecliff it could not rain for ever, and she and Ellen and Connor would walk and sail again together; but it would not be quite the same as it had been. It never was the same in a party when one member of it had gone away. Mr. Pelham Daly's departure was the beginning of the break-up of all that had made this summer so different from every other. The end would come very soon. Other people left Whitecliff when the dreary autumn and wild winter days set in, but she, Lesbia, had to stay there always. The Dalys would go certainly. The house opposite would be shut up, or some stupid people would take it, and she would walk down the parade or along the sands with Bobby and Watty, when there would be no possibility of those three figures looming upon her in the distance, whose approach changed the dulllest and most monotonous walk into something fresh and pleasant. She might never again hear a word about them through all her life, or perhaps some day Dr. Maynard would read the

marriage of one of them from the newspaper at breakfast, and say to his wife, "That Mr. Pelham Daly, who has made such a grand marriage, must surely be the eldest brother of the young lady who once, a good many years ago, took a sort of fancy to Lesbia." That would be the way they would put it, and that would be the truth. Changes would come to others, but she must go on living just here, through long summers when the parade was hot and crowded with strangers who never came to be friends, and through windy winters when the place was a desert, teaching Bobby and Watty, and darning their socks on rainy days among the broken flower-pots till—till—she was thirty perhaps, or even forty, and had deep hollows under her eyes and grey streaks in her hair, and had grown silent and sour-looking like the Miss Johnstones next door. Lesbia could not bear the picture she had conjured up one moment longer, it was too dreadful; she snatched the sock she was darning from her hand with a childish gesture of despair, and, turning round, threw her arms on the upper step of the flight she was sitting on, and, leaning her forehead against them, groaned aloud. Down fell the work-basket by her side, hopping from step to step in its fall, and scattering its miscellaneous contents all around. Lesbia sprang up to arrest its progress, and there staring her in the face on the top of a pile of stockings, lay the two letters Walter had kept back in the morning. She seized them with a cry of joy, hardly caring to consider how they came to be there, and tore open the uppermost envelope. A sheet in her brother's handwriting caught her eye first. The sight caused a thrill of alarm, for it was not often John wrote to her. Oh! if while she had been groaning over imaginary troubles bad news from him awaited her. If Bride should be ill. Away flew her self-occupation and little vanities, dispelled by a tumult of tender fears.

"My dear little sister," she read, "I flatter myself, as a letter from me is rather a rarity, that you will take my

sheet and read it first. You had better do so, for I have some important news to tell you, and you will understand it in my plain words sooner than if you get it first wrapped up in all the loves and cautious and congratulations that Bride is busy just now putting into her sheet. Of course you have often heard of our old grand-uncle John Maynard. I think you saw him four years ago when he spent a day at Whitecliff, and I hope he left a sufficiently pleasant impression of himself on your mind for you to feel some sorrow when I tell you he is dead. Call back and cherish any kind recollection of him you can, little Babette, for he was very good to you in his last thoughts. He has left all his fortune to you, so that in reading these words in my letter a new sort of life opens out before you. May you be thoroughly happy and act worthily in it, little one! You will hardly understand at first all the change it will make, but one immediate consequence of what has happened is, that there is no longer any need for us three to live apart. We are setting our wits to work to devise a speedy method for transporting you here, so be prepared to take a journey to Ireland soon. Be sure that Bride and I rejoice utterly in your good fortune, and mentally shake hands with you on it from across the sea. If anyone else says anything, satisfy your conscience (you see I am giving you credit for being too scrupulous concerning other people's rights to be over elated with your own luck) by reflecting that old John Maynard had a right to do what he pleased with his own money; he got very little pleasure out of it while he was alive, and that he has chosen you to enjoy the benefit of his savings and his labours because you are the youngest pet child of our mother, who was a daughter to him once, and the most like her. If those two have met up there after their long estrangement, Bride and I think that she will be glad of what he has done for you. I am writing to explain it to all the Maynards. By the way, one clause of the will enacts that you are to take the name of Maynard, and give it to your husband if—or shall

I say when you marry—so you will keep our dear mother's name, Lesbia Maynard, to the end of the chapter.

“Your affectionate brother and faithful guardian, JOHN THORNLEY.”

Lesbia read the letter twice over before the full meaning of the words forced itself on her mind; and then it was not elation, nor joy, nor regret for other people's disappointment, that rushed in with it. The tender little heart swelled first, with a pang of remorseful shame, such as a little child feels who has been angry with its mother for leaving it alone, and been surprised on her return by the present of a fine new toy. She had been discontented with her lot, thinking herself hardly used, and all the while God and that old man had been preparing this wondrous change for her. She bent her head down humbly on her clasped hands, and tried to shape a prayer out of the tumult of thoughts and emotions that welled up. Had the old life really gone from her in that moment? The stocking-darnings, Mrs. Maynard's perpetual fault-finding, Bobby's fits of sulks over his lessons, the shabby clothes, the grumblings she used to hear against Bride and John for not sending more money? Was it all over, and in its place a dazzling vista of prosperity and joy opening out before her? How much easier it would have been to bear patiently all the little pains of the old life, if she had only known they were not to last for ever! She certainly would not have given Bobby that box on the ear last night when he overthrew her work-box, or have refused to cover Johnny's books when he last went back to school, because he had teased her so all the holidays. For five minutes, instead of looking forward, Lesbia was absorbed in wishing vehemently that she could have two or three of the last years over again, that she might so comport herself in them as to make them a worthy background for what was to come. Well, it would be easy to make up for every short-coming now. She would forgive all little wrongs, and make everyone in the house a splendid present the very

first thing. Mrs. Maynard should have a velvet dress, and the Doctor a new carriage, and Bobby and Walter every toy or story-book they had ever mentioned with longing. She would be a benevolent fairy, divining everyone's wishes, and scattering gifts in their path. A great wave of intoxicating joy rushed in now, swallowing up all soberer thoughts. She seized Bride's closely written sheets and began to read, only pausing now and then to press eager kisses on the affectionate words. As she reached the last sentence, a bell in the house rang, and she started up with exactly the same feeling she had had a hundred times before, when that sound had called her back from a brilliant day-dream.

The tea-bell—was it possible that this was a common day, and that people were going to take their meals just as usual? The news John's letter had brought faded and lost all significance for her—just as a castle-in-the-air would have faded. She did not believe a word of her change of fortune. Life was going on just as usual, and there was she, her work undone, and the contents of Mrs. Maynard's work-basket scattered all over the conservatory floor. She began to collect the socks and replace them in the basket with trembling fingers; the last thing she took up was Connor's letter. More news on that wonderful day. Curiosity conquered fear, and she opened and read. The rhymes seemed to ring in her head and make her giddy. Did they belong to the old Lesbia, who sat down on the steps with her work two hours ago? or to the new one that was coming? She felt like a person standing on a bridge, leading from one country to another, who can only hear the swell of the dividing waters rushing below. "Yet, oh! she wears the plainest gown." A little smile came to her lips, as she paused over that line, on her third reading, and before she had made up her mind whether she was glad or sorry that the person who wrote it

would have to change his description of her in the future, the conservatory door half opened, and the parlour-maid, with a very satirical expression of face, poked her head in.

"Mrs. Maynard desires her respectful compliments, and wishes to know how much longer it is Miss Lesbia Thornley's pleasure to keep them all waiting for tea."

Lesbia drew up her head, and mounted the steps slowly. John's letter had grown perfectly real again; but the warm pleasant thoughts about good-will to all, and splendid presents, had received a painful check. She understood quite well that Mrs. Joseph Maynard had sent her a declaration of war, and that she must not expect anyone in that house to be glad with her to-night. It was hard to have to bring her tumult of feeling under the ken of cold unsympathising eyes—hard to have no kind shoulder near to lean her throbbing head against, while she talked out her wonder and excitement. John and Bride were far out of reach, and she felt very lonely. There was that second letter in her hand, perhaps after all it told better news than the first. It was balm to her wounded heart to know that someone had been feeling all those fine things about her, while the Maynards loved her so little. She thought she should always feel very much obliged to Mr. Connor Daly for writing her that letter, even though he had remarked upon the poorness of her gowns. She paused under the gas-burner in the hall, for it was already dark in the house, to study once more the handwriting on the outside of the letter, and as she held the envelope up to the light her eye fell on the monogram outside—P. D. All at once a vivid crimson flushed her face, and after a furtive glance round to see that no one was near, she raised the corner of the paper to her lips, and then thrusting it deep into her pocket, walked boldly into the parlour to confront her angry cousins.

To be continued.

CHURCH REFORM: PATRONAGE.

It may be thought by some that this paper contains nothing more than a mere dream of Church Reform, so visionary and impossible will the suggestions made in it at first sight appear. And yet, if we go on to inquire in what the apparent impossibility consists, we shall quickly discover that it is due to nothing in the suggestions themselves, but to the present tone of public opinion upon Church affairs; a tone which varies from time to time, and may be made to vary in any given direction by resolute efforts founded upon common sense and reasonable argumentation. To use a word which happily lends itself to two shades of meaning, there is nothing impracticable in Church Reform, though much in the popular mind concerning it. To those who may do me the favour of reading this paper I will give an assurance at the outset that the plans suggested shall be such as Parliament is perfectly competent to discuss and decide upon: they shall be constitutional, that is, in strict harmony with the traditions of English political life: they shall be financially possible, and pay due regard to vested interests: they shall draw the connection between Church and State closer than it is at present, and, while preserving the control of the latter, shall bestow upon the former a larger freedom for doing its proper work: they shall attempt to deal with all proved abuses: and, finally, shall require no incredible condition, unless indeed it be deemed incredible that an English statesman should be found willing in part to retain, and in part to revive, the old English instinct of dealing with the Church as with the professions of arms, law, medicine, and the civil service. What this means and what it will lead to I shall now proceed to discuss, not with any thought of being

No. 176.—VOL. XXX.

able to exhaust the subject, but by way of brief and rapid suggestion.

The difficulty, indeed, of dealing with this immense subject within the necessary limits of magazine articles is so great, that I must ask the forbearance of my readers for many omissions and much incompleteness of treatment. In the first place, I shall confine myself entirely to those reforms which may be termed ecclesiastical, rather than doctrinal or ritual, and which aim at improvements in the constitution or government of the Church. In the second place, I shall abstain, as far as possible, from minute details, contenting myself with just so much as shall prove Reform to be possible and indeed easy. It must not be supposed, for instance, that I have not foreseen objections and difficulties merely because I have not been able to notice all of them. And, thirdly, I must content myself at the outset with the very briefest description of the present position of the Church of England as regards the necessity and the possibility of a thorough Reform. It is indeed obvious that some description is necessary to the adequate treatment of our subject.

The present position of the English Church may, I think, be expressed in some such words as these:—The Church is in no danger of being disestablished, because it inflicts no appreciable harm or injustice upon any human being or any single class in all England. And yet the Church is, or at least *ought to be*, in imminent danger of disestablishment, because it is not doing the work which the nation expects at its hands, and for which it holds its endowments in trust.

The first half of this proposition does not require many words of proof. It is a matter of historical fact, so often repeated, indeed, as to become some-

what wearisome, that Englishmen occupy themselves with the removal of admitted wrongs, and care very little for abstract rights or for theories of what an ideal state should be. And so the simple reason why the disestablishment cry, with so much of passing chance and popular prejudice in its favour, has made so little progress, is that no actual grievance can be with any plausibility laid to the existence of the national Church. No one suffers in any of the rights and liberties of a citizen from the fact that a considerable amount of property, privileges, and even authority remains in the hands in whose possession they have been for say 1,000 years; the understanding being, as it has always practically been, that this possession is held in trust for the common good, and a share in it, or rather in the exercise of it, is open to all on easy and liberal terms. Grievances the Dissenters indeed have; to deny this would be to add a crowning grievance to the list. But then they are precisely the grievances that disestablishment would intensify, instead of removing. The removal, for instance, of the Bishop of Lincoln from the House of Lords would not prevent that well-meaning prelate from insulting, with the best and most pacific intentions in the world, the whole body of Wesleyan Christians. Separation of Church and State would not prevent ardent young priests, fresh from their pass degree, from expounding the sin of schism, and the necessity of Apostolical Succession, from the pulpit of the principal place of worship in the parish,—to the great discomfort, let it be added, of the ordinary, quiet church-goer, to whom the Apostolical Succession is by no means necessary to make him love, respect, and defend his Church. Reform might cure this: the Reforms that I advocate would, I think, rapidly tend to cure it; but disestablishment would only make matters tenfold worse by intensifying the sectarian spirit from which these evils flow.

In short, all our national traditions of the art of good government will have to be changed before a revolution so vast

can be accomplished merely because a number of excellent, but, politically speaking, rather narrow persons do not like the Church of England. The men who have got to govern the country, will naturally ask for some good reason before they take a step which may end, and which, upon the face of it, is intended to end, in the virtual establishment of a Church in the midst of England, flushed with sectarian zeal and priestly arrogance, united by the memory of political defeat, rich, powerful, and obstructive, lording it in the churches and cathedrals, to which it would have, either in whole or in part, succeeded. And the real state of the case is simply this—that hardly any ordinary Englishman, except some ardent partizans among the Dissenters, desires in his secret mind to see the Church overthrown; while statesmen who have not the heart to initiate Reforms do very heartily protest that theirs shall not be the hand to do the deed of destruction. And a further curious result follows. The Dissenters are stopped from taking what would be their natural and legitimate course, namely, to insist upon the manifold defects in the actual working of the Establishment, because the immediate result would be to increase the desire for Church Reform. Their line now is rather to give credit to the Church for its voluntary action and effectiveness, and to insist that the sight of so many good works being accomplished afflicts them with sincere regrets that the Church is not set free to accomplish her mission more effectually still. But most assuredly they will have to change this line before long, if they mean to prevail, and, dropping all unmeaning formulas about religious equality and state control, to set themselves to work to prove that the Church is not doing the work for which she is established, and is not in harmony with the national feeling. And this contention, whether we believe it ought to be met by disestablishment, or by reform, is, unhappily, only too capable of proof, and too powerful an *argumentum ad invidiam*.

And here we come to the chief cause of much of the present uneasiness as to the destiny of the English Church. With all its merits, the Church is not doing the religious work of the country, just as, with all its merits, the army was not believed to be doing the defensive, or the Law Courts the legal work, before recent reforms. That section of the Church who have its work most at heart at this present moment, confess this quite frankly, and propose, as we know, to remedy the evil by a resort to "Catholic" principles of action and devotion. No amount of success in the building of churches, or the multiplication of agencies should, however, prevent us from perceiving that the Church is leaving undone the work which it ought to do, besides doing a good deal that had better be left undone. The Church is not converting the people to a life of practical Christian morality, inspired and fashioned by the life of Him whose name she bears. The symptoms of something wrong are so startlingly clear, so ominous of doom, that one wonders how the rattle and confusion of party theological conflicts can blind the eyes and dull the ears of the combatants against the tokens of the approaching storm. Here are a few of them: An established Church has for its special object the religious care of the poorer classes; yet the masses in large towns are almost untouched by religious ministrations, while there is clearly but an imperfect sympathy between the clergy and the agricultural labourers. A large part of the theology of the national Church is growing ever wider apart from what may fairly be called the established scientific thought of the nation. Its moral standard and ideas have few points of contact with the wants and the feelings of the professional and trading classes who are its most trustworthy supporters. There are many occasions on which it has failed to lift up its voice against crying national evils, and to see that peace, justice, and honesty are more important than attendance at any rite, however sacred, or belief in any doctrine, however orthodox. The number of High

Churchmen among the clergy is out of all proportion to that of the laity, and they who do not like those opinions are left without a remedy, no matter how decisive their majority may be. Again, it must be candidly confessed that far more work ought to be got out of the clergy, taken as a body, than is at present; some have not the power, others not the will, an immense number have not the opportunity, for doing what their will and their capacity would enable them to do. There is again a very general feeling that the laity have far too few rights which clergymen are compelled to respect, and no means of exercising a legitimate influence upon religious affairs. Lastly, the State, as such, has a reasonable ground of complaint that the whole tone of many of the clergy is becoming more self-willed, overbearing, and presumptuous to itself, and more embittered and haughty towards other Christian communities. The statesman who pays the price of an establishment to secure something like peace and unity, must own with a sigh that he gets at the present moment less than he ought of these invaluable commodities in return for his expenditure.

These are some of the symptoms of the disease which I have described in general terms as the inadequate performance by the Church of the religious work for which it is established. But there is not one of them that may not be removed by careful and far-reaching reforms, and we should be doing the clergy a great injustice if we did not admit that there exists amongst them a deep consciousness of the evils and an earnest desire to find a remedy. There is by common admission abundance of zeal, energy, men, and money. What is wanted is organization and arrangement. No one ever so much as dreamt of casting a slur upon the character of the English *soldier*, yet there was a very general and strongly-expressed opinion that the *army* was not in a position to defend the country. Nor again are the reforms that would be requisite at all outside the usual routine of political affairs in England. The same hand that

extinguished purchase of commissions in the army might, if it pleased, extinguish purchase of preferment in the Church. The same power that has created Local Boards in every direction is equally able to devise a scheme of local self-government in the religious, as in the secular, affairs of parishes. All that is wanted, I must repeat it again and again, is that some one who possesses the ear of the people should set himself to find a remedy for admitted evils. If, instead of denouncing these evils on platforms and in Charges, our ecclesiastical rulers would bring them before the public mind from their place in Parliament, there would very soon be created a reforming spirit, before which, unless I greatly mistake the temper of the country, the ugly spectre of disestablishment, with disruption in the rear, would vanish into outer darkness. In short, the best method of securing the national Church is to set people hard at work upon reforming it. No man pulls down the house he has just taken great trouble to put in good order.

The task, then, that lies before us is plain enough. We must lay our finger definitely upon the practical abuses which cause the failure and shortcomings of the Church, and we must be prepared with remedies at once practicable and decisive. And thus we shall create that reforming spirit which never becomes general or popular in England until it has something tangible to deal with. And if I venture to essay the task, it is only because no one can, I think, seriously believe that any really useful scheme has been so much as faintly suggested. No attempt has yet been made, within my knowledge, to adjust proposed alterations to the actualities of the case and to the possibilities of action. I propose, therefore, in the first instance, to show as briefly as is at all consistent with clearness, what reforms are at once needed and possible in the Administration of the Patronage of the National Church. We begin with Patronage first.

To select right men for the right places is the admitted difficulty of public affairs,

and yet to accomplish it is almost as much the ultimate end of the Constitution as the one laid down in the expression that "the Constitution exists in order to get a dozen honest men into a jury-box." The only question we have got to ask of any given system is whether it does, or does not, work practically well. Many people, for instance, think that the people themselves have an inherent right to elect their own ministers. If indeed it could be shown that this plan has practical advantages above any other, then the case would be different, but the verdict of reason and experience seems to be on the other side. For in this matter we have an example to guide us. The Wesleyans are the youngest and most successful of English Protestant denominations. In times comparatively recent they had to form an ecclesiastical constitution that should be suitable to the tastes and requirements of English people. And, as we know, they reserved the right of placing the ministers in their various charges to the Church itself as represented by the Conference, allowing some small power in the matter to the separate localities. How well this plan has worked in keeping up the idea and power of the Church we know, and, unless, we want to reduce the national Church into a congeries of congregations, we must avoid any approach to the snare which they avoided. Most people, I feel certain, trained in the habits and ways of thought common to Englishmen, would say that to have a clergyman chosen for them by some competent and responsible authority (with a certain power of resistance which would follow naturally upon the foundation of local government) is far preferable to local elections, with their inevitable display of self-seeking and party spirit. Besides, this paper is a scheme of reform, not a proposal to revolutionize existing institutions.

Now the patronage of the Church of England may be roughly divided into five parts, three of which work well and two ill. These are (1) Bishops and other ecclesiastics, such as Rectors of large, old parishes; (2) the Crown, and

other public functionaries ; (3) private patrons who *bond fide* give away their preferment ; (4) private patrons who sell their livings ; (5) public bodies, such as Deans and Chapters, and other corporations. The first three need not be interfered with except so far as the progress of reform might alter the relations of the Bishop to his clergy by sharing his power and responsibility with a council, as we may see hereafter. But, with this possible exception, the union of these three perfectly natural, reasonable, and historical modes of patronage hits off the problem to be solved very fairly well, and affords a balance, a variety, and a comprehensiveness to which much that is good in the Church is unquestionably due. To destroy it would be folly ; what is required is to supplement it by a fourth, formed upon the removal of the last two. The fifth, indeed, need not trouble us, because it forms a part of the reform—total and sweeping—of Chapters. If Chapters were changed, by a process that I hope to discuss hereafter, into diocesan councils, then to them would pass the patronage now held by Corporations, together with that which would be rescued from the advowson market. And so to the three sources of patronage which we have admitted as useful and suitable, would be added a fourth, which would supplement and complete the whole.

We now come to one of the most serious abuses that deforms and degrades the Establishment. The sale of livings is simply a grossly immoral transaction, and is so regarded by many of the best thinking persons, as well as by the popular sentiment, which is, in these matters, most often quite in the right. Even as a sentimental objection, an abuse that creates so much indignation ought to be judged worthy of instant removal. But the fact is that the sale of livings lies deep at the root of the inefficiency of the Church, and we are not to be put off by the remark that it works practically well. It does nothing of the sort. The most that can be said is that a number of average clergymen find

themselves in places for which they are not more or less fitted than their neighbours, and that we contrive to mitigate in practice evils which in theory are simply atrocious. Or perhaps we might put it thus, that the actual obvious harm of the system is not so great as the good which it retards, and the demoralizing influence which it causes. First there is the moral deformity of the fact that the patron in discharging a trust seriously affecting the interests of a body of men, large or small, is obliged to feel the minimum of responsibility to them, the Church, and his conscience, when he is disposing of that which he has bought and paid for. Secondly, the history of army reform has made us acquainted with an analogous injury and injustice. Men feel that they may be, and are, condemned to pass their lives in scantily paid and unsuitable benefices, while their college contemporaries, whose friends happen to be rich, have secured for themselves enviable and well endowed posts. How such a feeling can take the whole heart out of men, and can poison their lives with a perpetual sense of injustice, those only know who have to endure it. Thirdly, instead of the Church being held up as a pattern of moral carefulness and unselfishness in her financial arrangements, she is to be seen distinctly below other religious communities in this point at least, and some justification is even to be found for Mr. Miall's otherwise grotesque description of the loathsome and corrupting things that creep about within her. Fourthly, methods of proceeding are encouraged in direct defiance of the spirit of the law, and only made conformable to its letter by gross, palpable, and disingenuous evasions. Fifthly, the relations of a clergyman to his people are liable to be tainted at the very source. The men who profit by the purchase of livings can surely feel no call, no trust, hardly, one would think, any enthusiasm : while the people themselves, whose religious interests are made matter of bargain at the auction mart, must feel that their parson, be he ever so good a man,

has undertaken the spiritual oversight of the parish from considerations of a financial, not to say a speculative character. How wonderful that there should be Dissenters there! Lastly, to crown the picture, most people's experience will have made them acquainted with one or more parishes which for spiritual desolation are a bye-word and a scandal to the English Church. These are too often valuable livings, constantly in the market, "with prospect of immediate vacancy,"—and often held by persons who have mortgaged, borrowed, strained the law in every way, to obtain a position which no merits of their own would have obtained for them.

How, then, is this scandal to be removed? Merely to declaim against it without suggesting a remedy is not only useless, but worse than useless, because it creates a not unreasonable suspicion that the rights of lay patrons and of vested interests are thereby threatened. This is the first difficulty; a second is the fact that some consideration is due to the many clergymen who have taken orders with the idea of having a living purchased for them; a third is the crowning difficulty of raising the necessary funds. It is quite impossible to estimate how many livings would have to be dealt with, because without searching inquiry we have no means of ascertaining how many of the 6,000 or 7,000 livings in private patronage have at any time of their history been made subject to purchase. And even if this were known, there would still be these two questions to be answered: First, would livings for which no money had ever been paid be entitled to be considered as having a pecuniary value? Second, how many would be actually disposed of by their present possessors, and within what time? Experience can alone decide these questions, but I should be both pleased and surprised if it were found that less than the immense sum of 10,000,000*l.* were invested in this unholy traffic. This estimate, or rather guess, is formed upon the supposition of there being 2,500

saleable advowsons of the average value of 4,000*l.* But whether a good guess or not, it is sufficient to show the difficulty of the task before us. And its accomplishment must be, anyhow, gradual, as indeed by the nature of the case it would be, since the livings would only by degrees come into the market as the incumbents grew old. It is indeed the fact that the raising of the funds would be spread over a considerable number of years that makes the financial problem at all soluble.

The first step would be the creation of Boards of Trustees, not for each living (the very worst of all methods of patronage, if adopted on a large scale) but for each diocese. The constitution of these we shall have to deal with hereafter;¹ it is enough to say here that one or two representatives from the vacant parish should be joined with them, so that the wishes of the people might be expressed. Any patron wishing to dispose of an advowson should do so by transferring it to the Trustees or Commissioners at a price to be settled by arbitration according to fixed rules, the sale of next presentations being absolutely forbidden. If it were ascertained that money had passed between two private persons upon the gift of a benefice, the nomination should be void, and the advowson forfeited to the Trustees. Moreover, it might be well to bear in mind that persons taking the oaths against simony are liable to prosecution for perjury. It is clear, of course, that by this plan there would be no interference with the right of private patrons to confer their livings as they pleased without receipt of money. But one may be pardoned for expressing the hope that with the abolition of purchase a somewhat higher standard of responsibility to the Church would begin to be felt, and that patrons would exact greater efficiency in their nominees than is sometimes the case at present.

¹ As it would be important to get the machinery into working order long before diocesan councils could supersede the present Chapters, it is clear that Special Commissioners would have to be appointed for each diocese as the very first step in reform.

We have now to face the question of raising the money. Four plans suggest themselves to my mind. These are private liberality, taxation of ecclesiastical property, redemption by a charge on the livings, and a fourth which must be described more at length, inasmuch as the whole scheme may ultimately be found to turn upon it. Let us next see how each of these would work.

(1.) Private liberality. In the first place, as Church Reform presupposes a willing and even enthusiastic assent in the minds of Church people, it might very fairly be laid down that no Commissioners would be appointed for any diocese until a certain guarantee fund had been raised by voluntary subscriptions. That this could be done to a very large extent I very little doubt: at any rate, if the reform failed for want of it, it would be a strong argument in favour of disestablishment. In the second place a number of wealthy parishes would probably be willing to purchase the advowson for the purpose of vesting the patronage in Trustees of their own appointment. And though I dislike this mode of selection, yet it would be perfectly impossible to prevent its being carried out, and it must be further remembered that it would apply to comparatively few parishes, and that many evils might be avoided by careful arrangements as to the election of the local Trustees: for instance, the Bishop might always be one *ex-officio*. Lastly, this case would also arise and have to be dealt with. Livings would sometimes pass from one owner to another, as part of a large estate. And the Commissioners might have power to sanction such transfers wherever they were convinced that the benefice ought to go with the estate, and that this was the intention of the two parties to the sale. In some cases, too, men who were interested in certain parishes might be willing to pay the price for the advowsons, and then lodge them in the hands of Trustees for the future. In this way men might obtain a legitimate control in the selection of clergymen, while the conditions of the trust effectually de-

barred them from acquiring a money interest in the patronage. No doubt much ingenuity and watchfulness would be required in dealing with very different cases, but then it is to be hoped that the creation of Commissioners expressly to take the matter in hand would insure that ingenuity and watchfulness would be forthcoming. Nor can any reasonable man doubt but that so it would be.

(2.) The taxation of Church property for a term of years is, I think, inevitable, not so much for the value of the money that would come in, as to make it clear that the clergy were willing to take their share of the burden for the sake of accomplishing a work of infinite moral importance to the national Church. Supposing that each living *as it fell vacant* (together with bishoprics, canonries, and the rest) were taxed for thirty years at an average of 10*l.* each per annum (the smaller livings being taxed at a proportionately lower rate than the larger), the total sum raised would be 4,000,000*l.*, or more. It is true that a great number of years would elapse before all the money would be paid in, but then, on the other hand, the clergy might be encouraged to compound by a payment made at once. The immense advantage of such a tax would be that the Commissioners would always have something certain to rely on, and could borrow money upon the security of the tax. It might indeed very possibly turn out that there was no occasion to collect the whole or indeed any part of the tax so levied, but it is very difficult to foresee how things would turn out. It belongs to this part of our subject to add that the State should lend money at 3 per cent upon the simple ground that abolition of purchase was a great public benefit.

(3.) By redemption I mean that the livings themselves might be taxed to raise part of the money required by the Commissioners to purchase the advowson. For instance, large livings might almost, if not entirely, be made to redeem themselves by taxing them heavily for thirty years, especially if money were lent by the State at 3 per cent. Thus in the case

of a living of 600*l.* per annum bought for 5,000*l.*, and given to an incumbent under engagement to pay 300*l.* to the Commissioners for thirty or forty years, it is clear that the said incumbent would be very little worse off on his remaining 300*l.* than if, as he would have to, do under the present system, he received 600*l.* per annum, but paid 5,000*l.* for it. Then, too, the larger the living was the more easy it would be to redeem by alienating part of its property for ever: thus large sums might be obtained for glebe now let at a small rental. Lastly, small livings might be dealt with, with great advantage to themselves, by being joined together, either permanently or until the redemption money was paid. Thus a clergyman with a living small both in population and value might be exceedingly glad to take charge of another living, also small, for half its income, leaving the other half to pay the redemption: or, still better, there are numerous cases where it would be a simple act of charity to extinguish small livings by adding the work, and as much of the pay as could be saved after redemption, to an adjacent living. In the case of tiny parishes near towns, and in the case of small parishes within towns, this would be easy enough. The waste of power in placing clergymen to look after a few score of people for a few score of pounds is really terrible; the men are starved both in body and soul for want of means and for want of work. This belongs indeed more properly to our second point, but it has been incidentally raised here. No one can estimate how large a readjustment of small livings might be made by a Commission appointed for the purpose. There are some 2,500 livings under 300 population, 1,500, or thereabouts, being also under 200*l.* in value. Comparatively few are perhaps in private gift, but there would still remain a fair proportion of benefices, both of small and great value, that could thus be made to pay towards their own redemption.

(4.) But supposing all these means of raising money so far fail, that the Commissioners find themselves obliged to

take over a benefice, to pay for which they have no funds in hand, what is to be done then? The hasty answer might be given, that in such a case there would be no choice but to allow the living to be sold as usual to a private tutor, and to hope that so extreme a case might not frequently occur. But experience shows that extreme cases always do occur by a kind of natural law, where no provision has been made to meet them. Moreover, unless the public mind was definitely assured that purchase would cease within a given period, the zeal and resoluteness upon which the whole scheme ultimately depends would soon begin to flag, and another comparatively useless Act of Parliament would adorn the Statute Book. How then shall this final difficulty be surmounted?

Let us remember that there are a large number of clergymen who would, in the ordinary course of things, have livings bought for them. They are men, for the most part, of perfectly unexceptionable character, and as they entered into Holy Orders with the belief that purchase would be continued, they have a claim to some reasonable consideration. My proposal then is this: In the cases above mentioned, the Commissioners might be allowed to sell the next presentation of livings which they could not redeem in other ways to these men. The rules under which this took place would be of the most stringent character. Thus it would be allowed only once in the case of each living, so that purchase would cease once for all after the induction of the new presentee. Clergymen wishing to purchase would have to signify their intention to the Bishop a certain time beforehand, and then the livings would be offered to them according to their seniority in the list. Thus the haggling for a particular living would be avoided. Moreover, strict testimonials from the Bishop as to character and qualifications would be required, and thus the evils of the purchase system would be, as far as possible, minimized during the short time it was still permitted to exist.

The financial effect of this plan is

obvious. Instead of being obliged to raise the full value of the advowson, the Commissioners would only be called upon to find the amount that represents the difference between an advowson and a next presentation with immediate vacancy. I do not know what this would be in the very altered state of things that would then prevail, but I should imagine that the temporary rush for next presentations would be so great, owing to the approaching termination of the purchase system, that the amount paid by the new presentees would be two-thirds, or three-fourths, of the amount paid to the owners of the old advowson. It is, however, impossible to adjust details till the whole matter has been made the subject of thorough inquiry by a Royal Commission; but enough has, I hope, been said to show that we have in this, and other methods that would be suggested, a solution of the whole financial question. Only once get renewed diocesan life and organization, and the duty of extinguishing purchase

within the limits of the diocese would be recognized as imperative. But this is a distinct question: for the present I am content to have shown, as I think I have done, that there are no financial difficulties which a statesman, desirous to do his best for the Church of England, would find insuperable. Would that a certain financial genius could be got to take the matter in hand!

NOTE.—Since this paper was written the Bishop of Peterborough has made a movement in the direction of Reform Patronage. He proposes to abolish the sale of next Presentations, but not to interfere with the sale of advowsons. A curious spectacle, and eminently suggestive of the difficulties through which in England reforms struggle into existence. But one remark seems necessary. Reform of Patronage can only be carried by arousing popular feeling to deal with plain moral abuses. Fancy public opinion in England applying itself seriously to distinguish between the enormous sin of buying a next Presentation and the venial transaction of buying an advowson with a prospect of immediate possession, and the right to sell over again as soon as possession was secured. It is not thus that the Church will be reformed or saved.

TO "THE UNRETURNING BRAVE"

Ashantee War, March, 1874.

Yours not the laurel from a grateful land,
 Yours not the passing triumph of the hour,
 Yours not the welcome from a loving hand,
 Yours not the glad return in pride and power.
 A tenderer thought is yours ; a deeper glow,
 Shed o'er the silent mysteries of doom,
 Shall gather to itself the tears of woe,
 And melt within its rays the chill of gloom.
 Spirits ! that linger on a distant shore,
 Hear ye the rolling message of the foam ?
 Where, 'mid the ocean murmurs of "No more !"
 Mingles your tribute—of a sigh from home.
 One sigh soft stealing from the loud acclaim,
 That hails your fellows in proud honour's toil,
 Shall keep the fond memorial of each name
 Left in lone glory on an alien soil,
 A land of darkness and of crime,—yet now
 The gleam that rests upon a soldier's grave
 Hallows the spot, and circles o'er the brow
 Of England's dead—her unreturning brave.

L. G. H.

THE HOMES OF THE LONDON POOR.

As some of the readers of this paper will know, it is now many years since I first began to interest myself in the condition of the houses in which the London poor are lodged, and the best means of making them cleaner and more wholesome than at present.

For a long time I hoped for success in this matter, chiefly from the gradual spread of individual interest and effort in the work, and the extension from street to street and from court to court of something like the system which I and my fellow-workers had inaugurated in the houses committed to our charge. But in the course of last year I for the first time began thoroughly to realize the enormous magnitude of the problem which must be dealt with, and the small progress which up to that time had been made in solving it. Moreover it had become clear to me that there were obstacles to the successful prosecution of the work in certain courts and districts which neither Societies nor individuals could, as things at present stand, hope to overcome. Perhaps a few examples of where the present machinery fails will illustrate my meaning better than general statements of principles.

I have lately been asked to take charge of some people and houses in a court in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. For some years this court has been in the possession of a company which has done its utmost in the way of expenditure to make the houses healthy and comfortable; but the directors thought the tenants would gain something if I and my fellow-workers undertook the collection of rents, and thereby brought personal influence and care to bear upon the tenants. I went to the court to see what we could do further for the people and place. It is entered by a low archway under a house in a principal

street, and has of course no roadway for carriages; nor is there any exit at the end of it, a house which faces you as you enter the court blocking up the way. The court itself is 10 feet wide. It contains houses of four, six, and eight rooms. These have each a little back yard, in which are placed the dust-bin and water-closet, and the cistern to supply drinking water. Exclusive of the ground covered by these, the yard is only three feet in length by four in breadth.

Immediately behind these small yards rise the back walls of houses which are in some cases much taller than the houses in the court, and make the back yards like wells into which the sun's light can rarely if ever penetrate. From these wells of yards the back rooms and staircases draw their only light, dim even at mid-day when the sun shines brightly. I looked eagerly out for ways of increasing air and light, at least on staircases, which ought to be shafts of pure air to refresh the rooms so often kept shut up, so full of unclean stuffy furniture, bedding, and clothes, so full of people exhausting the air. But all that was possible had been done: there was a window on every landing, and though I at once saw that we could get the tenants to keep these clean instead of leaving black strings of dirt on every pane, and heaped accumulations of dirt on every ledge, yet most of the windows were wide open, so no cleanliness would increase the feeble gleam of light which was all that could descend between the high houses and surrounding walls; nor could any draught of fresh air ever find entrance there. The houses all round belonged to owners who had no interest in awarding a larger share of light and air to the dwellers in the court. Nor was there any means of compelling them to do so, since no Building Act lays down the amount of distance which must be

allowed between the walls of buildings which have stood where they do now for many years. All that private effort unaided by statutory power could do to minimise the evil had been or might be done. The intelligent and liberal owners of the court have done all they could to improve it. I, for my part, was ready to enlist the sympathy and educational influence of ladies who would train the people to cleanliness and order; but who among us could ever move back that great wall which overshadowed the little houses, and made twilight at mid-day? Who could give space to move the water further from the dust-bins, and the drains further from the ground-floor windows? Who could remove the house at the entrance under which the archway passed, or that at the end, and let a free current of air sweep through the closed court? None of us. I was not surprised to hear that low fever was often there. I said to a woman, "You've a good deal of low fever down here." "Oh, no," she replied, "not now; it *was* bad, but two died opposite last Tuesday, and two at the end on Saturday: we've not much now." "Not much!" I thought to myself as I walked sadly away.

Again, there was a court in Marylebone full of wild, quarrelsome, dirty Irish, a sort of sink into which the lowest people drifted when misfortune or wrongdoing were worst, and from which they rarely rose again. It belonged to a man who would not sell, and did not care to improve the condition of his people. At last, one day I happened to go down the court and saw, to my inexpressible joy, a great bill on one house, "To be sold by Auction." There was but one clear day to learn value, see lawyers, and surveyors; but it was all done, and the lease of the house was bought by a gentleman who put it under our control.

A friend undertook the management of the house. Business takes her down there continually; she gets to know the people; she spends the money received for the rents, after all expenses and interest on capital have been paid,

in improving the house. Water has been laid on, a new cistern placed instead of the defective and unhealthy water-butt. Those leading immoral lives are made either to reform or go. The elder girls are gathering round my friend and beginning to feel her influence; she takes them flowers; she is training one or two for service. But she came to me one day with a grave face and told me about the old woman who lives in the back parlour. She is very old, and has very bad rheumatism. No wonder, for the wall against which her bed stands,—the only wall against which it can stand—is so damp that the water oozes out in large drops, not only at the bottom, but for three or four feet above the floor. I went down at once to examine and inquire. "All the houses are alike all down the court," said an old man. "It can't be helped. In my parlour I've put up match-boarding; it's ground-damp, and nothing can't be done." It was but too true. All the houses were alike, and it was ground-damp. But unwilling to adopt the match-board plan, which hides, but does not cure the damp, I asked an architect to go and see whether by under-pinning the wall and putting in some non-porous substance, the damp might be prevented from rising. This he agreed was the only radical cure, but the under-pinning would cost very nearly as much as the lease had. Moreover, what was worse, the house was old and probably would not stand it. The only means of meeting the difficulty was to rebuild; and whatever we ourselves may resolve to do in this particular instance, in most such cases nothing effectual would be done. The cost of rebuilding would have to be borne by individual leaseholders, whose term is often short, and who are frequently poor men; and sanitary inspectors naturally shrink from enforcing the law except in the most extreme instances. A house may be condemned and pulled down under Mr. Torrens's Act; but that Act gives no power of compensating the owner, nor does it empower any public body compulsorily to acquire the different

interests in defective houses, though, in the absence of some such power, it is often practically impossible to satisfy all persons interested so as to get hold of the house and effect the desired reform.

Again, there are many houses which it would be most desirable in the interests of the class which inhabits them to buy and renovate: but which, on account of defects, or even absence of title, no person or company intending to lay out money in improvements would ever venture to purchase. A man is found in possession who is willing to sell, but has no title-deeds. Such a person of course cares only to collect the rents, and carefully abstains from spending anything on the property for fear of losing the value of his improvements, should any one with a better title appear. I have met with many properties which I should have been glad to get under my care, but which difficulties of this nature have kept me from buying.

I was led more particularly to consider how these and similar obstacles could be overcome, and also to realize more clearly how little had hitherto been done by existing agencies, when acting as member of a committee called together last year by the Council of the Charity Organization Society to consider the best means of improving the dwellings of the poor in London. Two facts which specially impressed me came out before that committee. All the Societies, and all private persons whom the committee could hear of as having done any considerable work in building or adapting houses for the London poor, were asked to send in returns of the number housed by them. Information was received from numerous sources, including the Peabody Trust, Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts. It was startling to find that since the Metropolitan Association, which was the first to begin the work, commenced its operations some thirty years ago, it and its successors had provided accommodation for only 26,000 people—not a great deal more than half the number which is yearly added to the population of London!

And further, it came out that the difficulty in obtaining satisfactory sites was such that Sir Sydney Waterlow's Company had a large amount of capital in hand which they could not employ for want of suitable ground. And this while capitalists who care nothing and know nothing of their property are making money out of houses which are a curse to the neighbourhood.

But while we saw how much there was to do, and how little comparatively had yet been done, and how hard it was to devise adequate remedies, we were cheered by hearing that one great city had already faced and overcome difficulties like our own. We heard of an Act passed in the year 1866 for the improvement of the city of Glasgow, and the Lord Provost was kind enough to come and give us information as to the nature and the working of that Act.¹

He said that in Glasgow the population had long been living huddled together in masses—50,000 people being crowded into eighty acres. Many of the houses had been without sufficient air or light, and many had been mere dens of thieves and paupers. The promoters of the Act had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to root out the evil, and had applied to Parliament for power to borrow a million and a quarter; had marked the bad parts on a plan, and had obtained powers to pull down and rebuild or sell, as might be thought best; in fact, entirely to change the place. They had got liberty to impose a rate of sixpence in the pound, but had only found this necessary the first year; it had then been reduced to fourpence for two years, then to threepence, and they were now, he hoped, about to reduce it to twopence. They had employed a surveyor quietly to buy up a large amount of property before they did anything, as the prices would have risen if they had begun to improve before completing their purchases. They had succeeded with scarcely any dis-

¹ What follows is condensed from a report of the Lord Provost's speech, which appeared in the *Charity Organization Reporter* of the 14th May, 1873.

putes in buying property to the amount of one million, and had resold, at a profit, upwards of 300,000*l.*-worth, selling the sites under restrictions for building. Fever houses had been removed, streets widened, and new thoroughfares run through the mass of buildings. Those to whom the working of the Act had been entrusted had not gone on the principle of building themselves; it had been sufficient to let the public know that houses were wanted—builders had rushed in and had built whole streets. Under their general Acts there was power to demolish only when a house was unsafe, not when it was in a bad sanitary condition; consequently nothing could have been done without the powers of compulsory purchase and compensation given them by the Act of 1866. The trustees were restricted by the Act from removing more than 500 of the population at once, without a certificate from the sheriff that accommodation was obtainable; but, in fact, houses had been built to accommodate nearly double the number removed. The loss before commencing had been estimated at 200,000*l.*, but he did not now put it at more than 50,000*l.*, and even hoped to lose nothing by the work, though the expenses had been heavy—the cost of the Bill and Parliamentary notices to occupiers having been 17,000*l.* The effect on the town generally was very beneficial. The houses of bad fame were reduced fifteen per cent., the haunts of thieves and of disease were broken up, the whisky-shops had been reduced in number, and there was moral as well as physical improvement.

The importance of the precedent thus furnished was obvious and immense. The committee at once felt that here was the desired solution. If powers of compulsory purchase, such as had been given to Glasgow, such as are given every day to Railway Companies, such as are conferred on the Metropolitan Board of Works, when streets are to be widened, or new thoroughfares made, could be vested in a body representing the ratepayers of all London, there would be some chance of effectually

grappling with the evil in its entirety. Such a body might destroy houses, re-let sites to builders or building companies, who would undertake to provide suitable dwellings; or should none such be forthcoming, might, in the last resort, itself undertake the task of rebuilding. It was suggested at the committee, that the absence of any municipal government for London, analogous to that of Glasgow and other large towns, would be a difficulty; but they were unwilling to postpone action until the very difficult task of organizing a municipal government for London should be achieved; and they thought that the necessary powers might be entrusted to the Corporation in the City, and to the Metropolitan Board of Works in the remainder of London, for the present. Should the whole of London ever come to be governed by one central authority, the work and powers of the separate bodies might be handed over to the new governing power.

The Committee drew up and published a Report embodying this view, and have since presented to the Home Secretary a memorial, expressive of their hope that the Government will take some action in the matter, and introduce a bill into Parliament containing provisions calculated to remedy the existing evils. But while I feel sure that the matter is in the hands of men who will not willingly let it drop, I feel also that at the present time it is important that every means should be taken to interest the public on the subject, and generate that force of opinion which makes realities of great projects. Feeling this, I hoped that a visit to Glasgow, and a report of what I found there, might do something to bring home to that large body of people, who find blue-books and reports unreadable, some notion of what has been done in Scotland, and might be done in our own London.

I went, therefore, to Glasgow, and at once put myself into communication with the leaders of the movement there; and the first thing they showed me was the plan of the city as it was

when the Act was passed, and photographs of some of the buildings which they had pulled down under its provisions. The unhealthiness and overcrowding must, I think, have been even worse there than in London. The "wynds," as they call them there, were at least as narrow as the London courts. Like them, they were often blocked up at one end, so as completely to stop the free passage of air. But I saw there—what I have seldom or never seen in London—a perfect honeycomb or maze of buildings, where, to reach the "wynd" furthest from the street, one had to pass under archway after archway built under the houses, and leading from one squalid court into another. Some of these narrow tunnel-like passages appeared from the plans to have been many yards in length. The houses too were higher than is usual in London alleys, and the darkness and obscurity consequently greater. There was another feature completely new to me, and which certainly does not exist in London. Here and there, running up between house and house, were narrow crevices, from six to twelve inches wide, and from these the back rooms in some houses drew their only light. The existence of these crevices was explained to me in different ways. Some people said they represented spaces once occupied by garden walls, on which neither of the adjacent owners had a right to build; others, that the space was left that the eaves of each owner's house might drip on his own ground, and not on his neighbour's; and this latter explanation seems to be borne out by the common name of "dreepings," or "wastings" applied to these crannies. At any rate, there they are on the official plans, and I saw the remains of them on the spot—narrow spaces, making houses better no doubt at first than if they had been built back to back, with no through draught. But when the habits of the people were dirty, and they threw things out of the windows, these dreepings being far too narrow to be cleansed in any way, became receptacles where every kind of fever-breeding

substance must gradually have decayed, carrying disease in every breath of air. As I looked over the official photographs of these "wynds," dark and dirty, and in every way degraded, and the Chairman and Secretary of the Trust which has had the working of the Act kept saying, "This is still standing—but *that* is gone," and "That is taken away, and that and that comes down next month," I could not help feeling how proud and glad these men must be to have achieved such reforms; and the longing rose strong in me that some one some day in London might be able thus to point to the sites of the old fever-dens, and say, "They are gone."

The next morning I went to see what remains of the old "wynds" and closes. I found that here and there a house, here and there whole sides of a close or alley, had been taken down, to let in the brightening influence of sun and air. The haggard, wretched population which usually huddles into dark out-of-the-way places, was swarming over the vacant ground for years unvisited by sun and wind. Children were playing in open spaces who had never, I should think, had space to play in before. I felt as if some bright and purifying angel had laid a mighty finger on the squalid and neglected spot. Those open spaces, those gleams of sunlight, those playing children, seemed earnest of better things to come—of better days in store. Of how bad things had been, of how bad they still were, I had curious proof. In some of the courts immense iron gates were standing, chained open when I saw them, but evidently capable when closed of entirely barring the thoroughfare. As they seemed to have been recently put up, I naturally asked why they were there. I was told that when houses were removed which had previously blocked up one end of a "wynd," the thieves who haunt these places took advantage of the passage thus opened to elude pursuit. To remedy this the gates were put up: they are closed and locked at dusk, but the police have a master-key, so that they can pass through to pursue, while the

fugitives are hampered in their efforts to escape. Merely to break in upon these nests of thieves cannot but be a great good. Some kind of wrong is not decreased by scattering it, but dishonesty thrives most, when fostered in such dens. The near presence of honest, respectable neighbours makes habitual thieving impossible; just as dirty people are shamed into cleanliness when scattered among orderly, decent folk, and brought into the presence of the light.

I found that the new dwellings for the poor, which the demolition of their old quarters had rendered necessary, had for the most part been built, not on the old sites, but in the suburbs, upon land bought for that purpose by the trustees of the Act, and by them leased to builders, who were bound to erect workmen's tenements. These new dwellings were of a type superior to those previously inhabited by artisans in the city, and they have accordingly largely resorted there, leaving their old abodes to be occupied by those displaced from the demolished "wynds" and courts. It is of course far better that the new houses should be thus erected by people who take up the work as a commercial enterprise than by any municipal body or benevolent society; and the framers of the Act had hoped that this would be done. But to secure the Act from failing of its object powers were conferred on the trustees which enabled them to undertake the work of reconstruction should they find it necessary. But it was not necessary: speculators readily came forward, and building of new dwellings by private enterprise more than kept pace with the removal of the old houses. This prompt supply of substituted houses must have tended to prevent the rise in prices which might otherwise have occurred had the displaced population been left—as they have too often been left in London when large blocks of houses have been removed—to compete for lodgings in neighbourhoods already overcrowded.

Moreover, in Glasgow special care has been taken to enforce laws against over-

crowding; and, as already mentioned, the special Act most wisely provides that not more than 500 people shall be removed in six months, unless the sheriff issue a certificate that he has been satisfied that enough houses are standing empty to lodge the displaced population. This provision, I was assured, had been rigidly complied with.

Glasgow, then, has not only got an Improvement Act, but has carried it into effect in such a way as to bring about the entire sanitary reform of the city. Now, are there any difficulties which should hinder London from achieving a like success? There is but one point of difference likely, as it appears to me, vitally to affect the question, and that is the great distance of our suburbs from some of the most crowded districts. In Glasgow, as I have said, cheap land could be had in the outskirts, and within a mile of the "wynds" which had to be destroyed. The workmen who went to live there are not too far from their work, and are easily and cheaply transported to and fro by the numerous tramway cars which run into the very heart of the city. But our suburbs are too far away, for us to hope that the majority of our poor, or even of our skilled workmen, can live there. Many might go—perhaps we hardly realize how many. For these, of course, workmen's trains and tramways should be encouraged, and will no doubt be provided as the suburban population increases. Extension of the number of compulsory workmen's trains and enforcement of an earlier hour for their arrival at the terminus might be advisable. We may also hope something from the decentralization of industry, and the likelihood of factories following workmen to the suburbs if it become easier to get hands there. But when all this is granted to the full, there would remain, at least for many years, a certain number—I believe a very large number—who must live near their work, and whose work must be in London. How are the wants of these to be met? The difficulty is the greater because they are

likely to be the poorest. Those who earn high wages can afford to pay for trains and trams; they have shorter and more fixed hours for work, and do not need to ingulf all their families in the vortex of labour, but can leave their wives and children in suburban houses. But the widowed charwoman, obliged to run home and get the children's dinner, the dock-labourer, the costermonger, how shall their needs be met? For these and many others cheap dwellings would have to be provided in the neighbourhood of their present homes.

The problem is, how to do this without either raising the rents to a prohibitory height, or committing the fatal mistake of attempting to house a large population by charity. Now, numerous experiences have convinced me that houses may be bought, pulled down, and rebuilt, and the rooms in the new buildings let at less than the rent which was paid in the original houses, and yet a return of 5% per cent net profit be made to the landlord on all moneys laid out, whether in purchase, demolition, or building operations.¹ This result has been repeatedly achieved under conditions in many respects less favourable than those which would often be present when people were working on a large scale, and with greater areas to deal with. For instance, where the houses were of two storeys only the height could be raised, and the accommodation, and consequently the rental, increased: whilst in covering large spaces with buildings constructed on a regular and systematic plan, much space would be gained which is at present wasted, owing to the fact that streets have been built and houses run up in a haphazard way, and at different times.

¹ I give my latest experience of this kind here. Some houses lately purchased in a crowded court, the rooms of which were let at an average rental of 3s. 0½d., have just been rebuilt, and are let at an average rent of 2s. 7½d. a room, though many conveniences have been provided which were lacking in the old habitations, and there are no longer any rooms underground. The rents in many of the improved buildings seem higher in proportion than they are, because people compare a *set* of new rooms with a single old room.

How strikingly the case this sometimes is will appear from a statement of the Metropolitan Dwellings Association, that, "while the population of Westminster (the most densely populated part of the metropolis) is only 235 persons to an acre, they can house 1,000 persons to the acre, including in the area the large courtyards and gardens attached to their blocks."¹

But supposing that to pull down and rebuild houses on an improved plan is not so expensive and wasteful as might at first sight be supposed, would it not be unwise to put half London into the hands of public authorities, and make them responsible for the building, management, supervision, and leasing of hundreds and thousands of houses? The answer is easy! Though it might be prudent to put into the Improvement Act clauses which would empower the municipal authorities to rebuild should no other agency come forward, yet the experience of Glasgow, as well as the probabilities of the matter, suggest that other agencies would come forward, and that private enterprise would be sure to do all that was wanted. As soon as the ground was cleared—perhaps even before it was cleared,—companies and private builders would see their way to a profitable undertaking, and, as at Glasgow (where by the way there are no philanthropic building societies), would soon come in and replace the condemned dwellings by buildings of the kind required.

And now I have little more to say, except to make one or two suggestions which may perhaps throw some light on the problem of reconstruction, and the way in which it must be worked out.

One great element of cost in building a London house is the expense of the site. In some parts of the town each square inch has its price. To use the space acquired to the best advantage, and with the strictest economy compatible with due regard to sanitary re-

¹ Quoted, with confirmatory evidence in the Report of the Dwellings Committee of the Charity Organization Society, p. 11. Longmans.

quirements, must be the first object of the builder ; and in considering how to secure this end, we must remember that frontage to a thoroughfare is a great element in determining price. The sites, therefore, which abut upon the busier streets must not be used for the dwellings of the poor, if their rents are to be kept sufficiently low ; and yet the poor often require to be lodged in the immediate neighbourhood of these streets. We have also to remember that in most cases the houses in the main thoroughfares would not have to be disturbed, and that consequently the lines of London, as it stands at present, would be to a great extent left unchanged.

But we perpetually find in crowded parts of London blocks of houses built something after this fashion : we have first of all a square of larger houses facing four streets. These once had gardens, yards, or spaces at the back ; but as land became more valuable these have been built over, usually with much lower houses, to which access is gained by a narrow passage from one or more of the thoroughfares, sometimes open to the sky, sometimes a mere tunnel under the house. It is these inner and lower houses which usually form the alleys and courts, and would be the proper subjects of demolition ; but the space gained by their destruction could not be effectively used unless power were given to break through the inclosing lines of overshadowing houses, and make a way for the free passage of air. For this purpose power would have to be taken not only over the houses whose state and position rendered their removal imperative or advisable, but also over so many of the more substantial houses as would need to be pulled down for the benefit of their humbler neighbours. Then, supposing our square space cleared and its approaches unroofed and widened, we shall use it to the best advantage by substituting for several courts of low houses without well-planned relations to one another or

to the houses in main thoroughfares, a single line or block of central dwellings. These must be much higher than the buildings they replace, so as to accommodate the same number of people, while leaving ample space between the inner block and the encircling shops and dwellings which face the streets.

But it is still probable, when all is done, that the poor may have to pay a little more for the substituted houses than they pay for their present dwellings, if sanitary reformers and philanthropic enthusiasts insist on elaborate appliances, costly to erect and costly also to keep in order. To these latter I say : Do not aim too high. Be thankful to make any reasonable progress. It is far better to prove that you can provide a tolerable tenement which will pay, than a perfect one which will not. The one plan will be adopted, and will lead to great results, the other will remain an isolated and unfruitful experiment, a warning to all who cannot or will not lose money. If you mean to provide for the family that has lived hitherto in one foul dark room, with rotten boards saturated with dirt, with vermin in the walls, damp plaster, smoky chimney, approached by a dark and dangerous staircase, in a house with no thorough ventilation or back-yard, with old brick drains and broken-down water-butts without a lid ; be thankful if you can secure for the same rent even one room in a new, clean, pure house. Do not insist on a supply of water on every floor, or a separate wash-house for each family, with its greatly-increased expense of water-pipes and drainage. Build a large laundry common to the house, and in other ways moderate your desires somewhat to suit the income of your tenant. Give him by all means as much as you can for his money, but do not house him by charity, or you will house few but him, and discourage instead of stimulating others to build for the poor.

OCTAVIA HILL.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE,¹

MR. FORSYTH'S bill for removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, the second reading of which is at hand, has received less attention than the subject deserves. The Residuum was enfranchised for the sake of its vote by the leaders of a party which for a series of years had been denouncing any extension of the suffrage, even to the most intelligent artisans, on the ground that it would place political power in unfit hands. An analogous stroke of strategy, it seems, is now meditated by the same tacticians in the case of Female Suffrage, the motion in favour of which is brought forward by one of their supporters, and has already received the adhesion of their chief. The very foundations of Society are touched when Party tampers with the relations of the sexes.

In England the proposal at present is to give the suffrage only to unmarried women being householders. But the drawing of this hard-and-fast line is at the outset contested by the champions of Women's Rights; and it seems impossible that the distinction should be maintained. The lodger-franchise is evidently the vanishing point of the feudal connection between political privilege and the possession of houses or land. The suffrage will become personal in England, as it has elsewhere. If a property qualification remains, it will be one embracing all kinds of property: money settled on a married woman for her separate use, as well as the house or lodgings occupied by a widow or a spinster. In the counties already, married women have qualifications in the form of land settled to their separate use; and the notion that a spinster in lodgings is specially entitled to the suffrage as the head of a household, is one of those pieces of metaphysics in which the

politicians who affect to scorn anything metaphysical are apt themselves unwarily to indulge. If the present motion is carried, the votes of the female householders, with that system of election pledges which is now enabling minorities, and even small minorities, to control national legislation, will form the crowbar by which the next barrier will be speedily forced.

Marriage itself, as it raises the position of a woman in the eyes of all but the very radical section of the Woman's Right party, could hardly be treated as politically penal. And yet an Act conferring the suffrage on married women would probably be the most momentous step that could be taken by any legislature, since it would declare the family not to be a political unit, and for the first time authorize a wife, and make it in certain cases her duty as a citizen, to act publicly in opposition to her husband. Those at least who hold the family to be worth as much as the state will think twice before they concur in such a change.

With the right of electing must ultimately go the right of being elected. The contempt with which the candidature of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for the Presidency was received by some of the advocates of Female Suffrage in America only showed that they had not considered the consequences of their own principles. Surely she who gives the mandate is competent herself to carry it. Under the parliamentary system, whatever the forms and phrases may be, the constituencies are the supreme arbiters of the national policy, and decide not only who shall be the legislators, but what shall be the course of legislation. They have long virtually appointed the Ministers, and now they appoint them actually. Twice the Government has been changed by a plebiscite, and on the second occa-

¹ A few paragraphs in this paper have already appeared in a Transatlantic periodical.

sion the Budget was submitted to the constituencies as directly as ever it was to the House of Commons. There may be some repugnance, natural or traditional, to be overcome in admitting women to seats in Parliament ; but there is also some repugnance to be overcome in throwing them into the turmoil of contested elections, in which, as soon as Female Suffrage is carried, some ladies will unquestionably claim their part.

There are members of Parliament who shrink from the step which they are now urged to take, but who fancy that they have no choice left them because the municipal franchise has already been conceded. The municipal franchise was no doubt intended to be the thin end of the wedge. Nevertheless there is a wide step between this and the national franchise ; between allowing female influence to prevail in the disposition of school rates, or other local rates, and allowing it to prevail in the supreme government of the country. To see that it is so, we have only to imagine the foreign policy of England determined by the women, while that of other countries is determined by the men ; and this in the age of Bismarck.

The writer of this paper himself once signed a petition for Female Household Suffrage got up by Mr. Mill. He has always been for enlarging the number of active citizens as much as possible, and widening the basis of government, in accordance with the maxim, which seems to him the sum of political philosophy, "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all parts and members of the commonwealth to the common good." He had not, when he signed the petition, seen the public life of women in the United States. But he was led to reconsider what he had done, and prevented from going further, by finding that the movement was received with mistrust by some of the best and most sensible women of his acquaintance, who feared that their most valuable privileges, and the deepest sources of their happiness, were being jeopardized to gratify the political aspirations of a few of their

sex. For the authority of Mr. Mill, in all cases where his judgment was unclouded, the writer felt and still feels great respect. But since that time, Mr. Mill's autobiography has appeared, and has revealed the history of his extraordinary and almost portentous education, the singular circumstances of his marriage, his hallucination (for it surely can be called nothing less) as to the unparalleled genius of his wife, and peculiarities of character and temperament such as could not fail to prevent him from fully appreciating the power of influences which, whatever our philosophy may say, reign and will continue to reign supreme over questions of this kind. To him marriage was a union of two philosophers in the pursuit of truth ; and in his work on the position and destiny of women, not only does he scarcely think of children, but sex and its influences seem hardly to be present to his mind. Of the distinctive excellence and beauty of the female character it does not appear that he had formed any idea, though he dilates on the special qualities of the female mind.

Mr. Mill has allowed us to see that his opinions as to the political position of women were formed early in his life, probably before he had studied history rationally, perhaps before the rational study of history had even come into existence. The consequence, with all deference to his great name be it said, is that his historical presentment of the case is fundamentally unsound. He and his disciples represent the lot of the woman as having always been determined by the will of the man, who, according to them, has willed that she should be the slave, and that he should be her master and her tyrant. "Society, both in this (the case of marriage) and other cases, has preferred to attain its object by foul rather than by fair means ; but this is the only case in which it has substantially persisted in them even to the present day." This is Mr. Mill's fundamental assumption ; and from it, as every rational student of history is now aware, conclusions utterly erroneous as well as injurious to humanity must

flow. The lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree. The lot both of the man and the woman has been determined from age to age by circumstances over which the will of neither of them had much control, and which neither could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Mr. Mill, and those who with him assume that the man has always willed that he should himself enjoy political rights, and that the woman should be his slave, forget that it is only in a few countries that man does enjoy political rights; and that, even in those few countries, freedom is the birth almost of yesterday. It may probably be said that the number of men who have really and freely exercised the suffrage up to the present time is not much greater than the number of those who have in different ages, and in various ways, laid down their lives or made personal sacrifices of other kinds in bringing the suffrage into existence.

In the early stages of civilization the family was socially and legally as well as politically a unit. Its head represented the whole household before the tribe, the state, and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members, male as well as female, over his sons as well as over his wife and daughters. On the death of the head of a family his eldest son stepped into his place, and became the representative and protector of the whole household, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system, long retained in conservative Rome, was there the source of the national respect for authority, and, by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community, of the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that authorized a Tudor queen to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it,

the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was devised by the male sex for the gratification of their own tyrannical propensities would be most absurd. It was at least as much a necessity to the primitive woman as it was to the primitive man. It is still a necessity to woman in the countries where the primitive type of society remains. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin, if she were suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband?

That the present relation of women to their husbands literally has its origin in slavery, and is a hideous relic of that system, is a theory which Mr. Mill sets forth in language such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, would turn all affection to bitterness, and divide every household against itself. Yet this theory is without historical foundation. It seems, indeed, like a figure of invective heedlessly converted into history. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the women was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the slave. The lot of Sarah is different from that of Hagar; the authority of Hector over Andromache is absolute, yet no one can confound her position with that of her handmaidens. The Roman matron who sent her slave to be crucified, the Southern matron who was the fierce supporter of slavery, were not themselves slaves. Whatever may now be obsolete in the relations of husband and wife is not a relic of slavery, but of primitive marriage, and may be regarded as at worst an arrangement once indispensable which has survived its hour. Where real slavery has existed, it has extended to both sexes, and it has ceased for both at the same time. Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the worst condition in which the sex has ever been, has its root, not in the slave-owning propensity so much as in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an

element of affection. The most beautiful building in the East is that in which Shah Jehan rests by the side of Nourmahal.

If the calm and philosophic nature of Mr. Mill is ever betrayed into violence, it is in his denunciations of the present institution of marriage. He depicts it as a despotism full of mutual degradation, and fruitful of no virtues or affections except the debased virtues and the miserable affections of the master and the slave. The grossest and most degrading terms of Oriental slavery are used to designate the relations of husband and wife throughout the whole book. A husband who desires his wife's love is merely seeking "to have, in the woman most nearly connected with him, not a forced slave, but a willing one—not a slave merely, but a favourite." Husbands have therefore "put everything in practice to enslave the minds of their wives." If a wife is intensely attached to her husband, "exactly as much may be said of domestic slavery." "It is part of the irony of life that the strongest feelings of devoted gratitude of which human nature seems to be susceptible are called forth in human beings towards those who, having the power entirely to crush their earthly existence, voluntarily refrain from using their power." Even children are only links in the chain of bondage. By the affections of women "are meant the only ones they are allowed to have—those to the men with whom they are connected, or to the children who constitute an additional and indefeasible tie between them and a man." The Jesuit is an object of sympathy because he is the enemy of the domestic tyrant, and it is assumed that the husband can have no motive but the love of undivided tyranny for objecting to being superseded by an intriguing interloper in his wife's affections. As though a wife would regard with complacency, say a female spiritualist, installed beside her hearth. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Mill's views, in writing such passages, were coloured by the incidents of his life. But it is by cir-

culating his book and propagating his notions that the petitions in favour of Female Suffrage have been obtained.

The anomalies in the property law affecting married women, to which remedial legislation has recently been directed, are like whatever is obsolete in the relations between the sexes generally, not deliberate iniquities, but survivals. They are relics of feudalism, or of still more primitive institutions incorporated by feudalism; and while the system to which they belonged existed, they were indispensable parts of it, and must have been so regarded by both sexes alike. Any one who is tolerably well informed ought to be ashamed to represent them as the contrivances of male injustice. It is not on one sex only that the relics of feudalism have borne hard.

The exclusion of women from professions is cited as another proof of constant and immemorial injustice. But what woman asked or wished to be admitted to a profession fifty or even five and twenty years ago? What woman till quite recently would have been ready to renounce marriage and maternity in order that she might devote herself to law, medicine, or commercial pursuits? The fact is, the demand is connected with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things. The expensiveness of living, in a country where the fashion is set by millionaires, combined with the overcrowded condition of the very callings to which women are demanding admission, has put extraordinary difficulties in the way of marriage. Many women are thus left without an object in life, and they naturally try to open for themselves some new career. The utmost sympathy is due to them, and every facility ought in justice to be afforded them; though unhappily the addition of fresh competitors for subsistence to a crowd in which literally famine has already been at work, will be as far as possible from removing the real root of the evil; to say nothing of the risk which a woman must run in committing herself irrevocably to a

precarious calling and closing against herself the gate of domestic life. But the demand, as has been already said, is of yesterday, and probably in its serious form is as yet confined to the countries in which the special impediments to early marriages exist. In the United States it is not easy to distinguish the serious demand from a passion for emulating the male sex which has undoubtedly taken possession of some of the women there, as it took possession of women under the Roman empire, who began to play the gladiator when other excitements were exhausted. With regard to the profession of law, indeed, so far as it is concerned with the administration of justice, there is, and, while human emotions retain their force, always will be, a reason, independent of the question of demand, for excluding women, at least for excluding one of the two sexes. The influence of a pretty advocate appealing to a jury, perhaps in behalf of a client of her own sex, would not have seemed to Mr. Mill at all dangerous to the integrity of public justice; but most people, and especially those who have seen anything of sentimental causes in the United States, will probably be of a different opinion.

What has been said as to the professions is equally true of the universities, which, in fact, were schools of the professions. A few years ago, what English girl would have consented to leave her home and mingle with male students? What English girl would have thought it possible that she could go through the whole of the medical course with male companions of her studies? Even now, what is the amount of settled belief in the right, as it is termed, of "co-education?" What would be said to a young man if he presented himself in the name of that right at the door of Vassar, or any female college? Without arraigning the past, those whose duty it is may consider, with the deliberation which they deserve, the two distinct questions, whether it is desirable that the education of both sexes shall be the

same, and whether it is desirable that the young men and the young women of the wealthier classes shall be educated together in the same universities. Beneath the first probably lies the still deeper question whether it is good for humanity that woman, who has hitherto been the helpmate and the complement, should become, as the leaders in the Woman's Right movement in the United States evidently desire, the rival and competitor of man. Both she cannot be; and it is by no means clear that, in deciding which she shall be, the aspirations of the leaders of this movement coincide with the interests of the sex.¹

If the education of women has hitherto been defective, so has that of men. We are now going to do our best to improve both. Surely no accomplishment in the acquisition of which woman has been condemned to spend her time could well be less useful than that of writing Greek and Latin verses. That the comparative absence of works of creative genius among women is due entirely to the social tyranny which has excluded, or is supposed to have excluded, them from literary and scientific careers, cannot be said to be self-evident. The case of music, often cited, seems to suggest that there is another cause, and that the career of intellectual ambition is in most cases not likely to be happier than that of domestic affection, though this is no reason why the experiment should not be fairly tried. Perhaps the intellectual disabilities under which women have laboured, even in the past, have been somewhat exaggerated. If Shelley was a child to Mrs. Mill, as Mr. Mill says, no "social disabilities" hindered Mrs. Mill from publishing poems which would have eclipsed Shelley. The writer once heard an American lecturer of great eminence confidently ascribe the licen-

¹ The question of Female Education is not here discussed. But the arbiters of that question will do well to bear in mind that the happiness of most women materially depends on their having healthy children; and that children are not likely to be healthy if the brains of both parents are severely tasked.

tiousness of English fiction in the early part of the last century to the exclusion of women from literary life. The lecturer forgot that the most popular novelist of that period, and certainly not the least licentious, was Mrs. Aphra Behn. And this lady's name suggests the remark that as the relations of the sexes have been the most intimate conceivable, the action of character has been reciprocal, and the level of moral ideas and sentiments for both pretty much the same.

Mr. Mill, seeing that the man is the stronger, seems to assume that the relations between man and woman must always have been regulated simply by the law of the strongest. But strength is not tyranny. The protector must always be stronger than the person under his protection. A mother is overwhelmingly superior in strength to her infant child, and the child is completely at her mercy. The very highest conception that humanity has ever formed, whether it be founded in reality or not, is that of power losing itself in affection. This may be said without lapsing into what has been called the religion of inhumanity. St. Paul (who on any hypothesis is an authoritative expositor of the morality which became that of Christendom) preaches Fraternity plainly, and even passionately enough. He affirms with the utmost breadth the essential equality of the sexes, and their necessary relations to each other as the two halves of humanity. Yet he no less distinctly ratifies the unity of the family, the authority of its head, and the female need of personal government; a need which, when it is natural, has nothing in it more degrading than the need of protection.

The "Revolt of Woman" is the name given to the movement by a female writer in America, who, by the way, claims, in virtue of "superior complexity of organization," not only political equality, but absolute supremacy over man. But, in this revolt, to what do the insurgents appeal? To their own strength, or to the justice and affection of man?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have hitherto been, and probably still are, natural affection—the man's need of a helpmate, the woman's need of a protector and provider, especially when she becomes a mother, and the common interest of parents in their children. One of these factors must be withdrawn, or greatly reduced in importance, to warrant us in concluding that a fundamental change in the relation is about to take place. Mr. Mill hardly notices any one of the four, and he treats the natural relation which arises from them as a purely artificial structure, like a paper constitution or an Act of Parliament, which legislatures can modify or abolish at their pleasure.

It has no doubt been far from a satisfactory world to either sex; but unless we attach a factitious value to public life and to the exercise of public professions, it will be very difficult to prove that it has been more unsatisfactory for one sex than the other. If the woman has had her sorrows at home, the man has had his wars and his rough struggles with nature abroad, and with the sweat of his brow he has reclaimed the earth, and made it a habitation for his partner as well as for himself. If the woman has had her disabilities, she has also had her privileges. War has spared her; for if in primitive times she was made a slave, this was better, in the days before sentiment at least, than being massacred. And her privileges have been connected with her disabilities. If she had made war by her vote, she could not have claimed special respect as a neutral, nor will she be able to claim special respect as a neutral if she makes war by her vote hereafter.

In the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to impunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder. A poisoner, whose guilt has been proved by overwhelming evidence, is let off because she is a woman; there is a sentimental scene between her and her advocate in court, and afterwards she appears as a public lecturer. The whisky crusade shows that women are practically above the

law. Rioting, and injury to the property of tradesmen, when committed by the privileged sex, are hailed as a new and beneficent agency in public life; and because the German population, being less sentimental, asserts the principles of legality and decency, the women are said to have suffered martyrdom. So far from the American family being the despotism which Mr. Mill describes, the want of domestic authority lies at the root of all that is worst in the politics of the United States. If the women ask for the suffrage, say some American publicists, they must have it; and in the same way everything that a child cries for is apt to be given it, without reflection as to the consequences of the indulgence.

There is therefore no reason for setting the sexes by the ears, or giving to any change which it may be just and expedient to make the aspect of a revolt. We may discuss on its own merits the question whether female suffrage would be a good thing for the whole community. The interest of the whole community must be the test. As to natural rights, they must be sought by those who desire them, not in communities, but in the primeval woods, where the available rights of women will be small.

The question whether female suffrage on an extended scale is good for the whole community is probably identical, practically speaking, with the question whether it is good for us to have free institutions or not. Absolute monarchy is founded on personal loyalty. Free institutions are founded on the love of liberty, or, to speak more properly, on the preference of legal to personal government. But the love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law alone appear to be characteristically male. The female need of protection, of which, so long as women remain physically weak, and so long as they are mothers, it will be impossible to get rid, is apparently accompanied by a preference for personal government, which finds its proper satisfaction in the family, but which gives an almost uniform bias to the political sentiments of women. The account

commonly accepted of the reactionary tendency which all admit to be generally characteristic of the sex, is that they are priest-ridden. No doubt many of them are priest-ridden, and female suffrage would give a vast increase of power to the clergy. But the cause is probably deeper and more permanent, being, in fact, the sentiment inherent in the female temperament, which again is formed by the normal functions and circumstances of the sex. And if this is the case, to give women the franchise is simply to give them the power of putting an end, actually and virtually, to all franchises together. It may not be easy to say beforehand exactly what course the demolition of free institutions by female suffrage would take. In the United States probably some woman's favourite would be elected President, and re-elected till his power became personal, and perhaps dynastic. But there can be little doubt that in all cases, if power were put into the hands of the women, free government, and with it liberty of opinion, would fall.

In France, it is morally certain that at the present moment, if votes were given to the women, the first result would be the restoration to power of the Bourbons, with their reactionary priesthood, and the destruction of all that has been gained by the national agonies of the last century. The next result would be a religious crusade against German Protestantism and Italian freedom.

But would the men submit? Would they, in compliance with the edict of the women, and in obedience to a woman's government, haul down the tricolor, hoist the white flag, bow their necks to the yoke of Reaction, and march against the victors of Sedan in a cause which they detest? This question points to another serious consideration. It is true that law is much stronger now than it was in primitive or feudal times, and a woman is more under its protection and less under the private protection of her husband and her kinsmen. But law, after all, though the fact may be rough and unwelcome, rests at bottom on the force of the community, and the

force of the community is male. No woman can imagine that her sex can execute, or in case of rebellion re-assert, the law; for that they must look entirely to the men. The men would be conscious of this, and if any law were made exclusively in the interest of the women, and in contradiction to the male sense of justice, they would refuse to carry it into effect. In the United States there have been intimations, on the part of the women, of a desire to make a very lavish use of capital punishment, untrammelled by the technical rules of evidence, for offences or supposed offences against the sex. The men would, of course, refuse execution; law would be set at defiance, and government would be overturned. But the bad effects of the public consciousness that executive force—the rude but indispensable basis of law—had been partly removed, and that the law was being made by those who had not the power to carry it into effect, would not be limited to manifest instances of the influence of sex in legislation. In cases where, as in Jamaica, an elective government has rested on two races, equal, legally speaking, in political power, but of which one was evidently inferior in real force to the other, reverence for law has been weak, and the result has been disastrous. There can be little doubt that, as soon as the Federal bayonets are removed, there will be another case of the same kind in the Southern States; laws made by negro majorities will be set at defiance by the stronger race. To personal despotism or class domination civilization can put an end, but it cannot eliminate force.

It is very likely that in England, the women, to reform drunken husbands, would vote for extreme prohibitory measures against liquor; but the difficulty of carrying such legislation into effect, great as it is already, could hardly fail to be much increased by the feeling that it was the act of the women, and the consequence would probably be contempt, and perhaps open defiance, of the law. Female legislation with regard to education in the interest of clerical ascendancy, would be apt to be attended by the same effects.

Elective government, with the liberty of opinion and the power of progress which are its concomitants, has been brought into existence by the most terrible throes of humanity. When perfected and firmly established, it will, as we hope, and have good grounds for believing, give to reason and justice an ascendancy which they have never had before in human affairs, and increase the happiness of all by making private interest subordinate to the public good. But its condition, if we look at the world as a whole, is still exceedingly precarious. All the powers of class interest, of sybaritism, of superstition, are arrayed against it, and have vast forces at their command, including the great standing armies of Europe, while they find accomplices in the lassitude, the alarm, the discouragement caused by the revolutionary storms which, unhappily, are almost inevitable attendants upon the birth of a new order of things. Its existence having been so far a struggle, and an assertion at the sword's point, of principles, just in themselves, but needing qualification to make them available as the foundations of a polity, it is full of defects, to remedy which, so as to make it the deliberate expression of public reason, clear of sectional interest and passion, is now the great aim of political thought and effort. Those to whose hands it is committed at this crisis are trustees for posterity of a heritage bought by ages of effort and torrents of blood; and they are bound to allow neither their own ambition nor that of any one else, if they can help it, to imperil the safety of their trust. That women would be likely to vote for one set of aspirants to political office rather than for the opposite set, would be a very bad reason for withholding from them the suffrage even for a day; but that they would probably overturn the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest, is as good a reason as there can be for withholding anything from anybody. When free institutions are firmly established in Europe, the question of Female Suffrage may perhaps be raised with less peril, so far as political interests are concerned; but to

take a female vote on their fate at present, would be as suicidal as it would have been to take a female vote on the issues between Charles the First and the Parliament in the middle of the Civil War.

So far as elective government has succeeded, women in general have fully reaped the benefit of the improvements, moral and material, which it has produced. They are mistaken if they imagine that they fared better under the form of government which, in France and elsewhere, if they had the power, their sentiment would lead them to restore. They were not exempt from the misery and starvation brought into every home by the ambitious wars and the general misrule of the monarchies or even from the cruelty of their criminal laws. Down to the last days of the monarchy in France women as well as men were broken alive upon the wheel for theft.

It is needless to say that any discussion of the relative excellence, intellectual or moral, of the two moieties of humanity would be equally barren and irrelevant. The only question is as to the proper spheres of the man and woman; and assuredly, by unsexing women, we should do no homage to their sex.

It is alleged that female influence would mitigate the violence of party politics. But what ground have we, in reason or experience, for believing that women, if introduced into the political arena, would be less violent than men? Hitherto they have been free from political vices, because they have generally taken no part in politics, just as home has been an asylum from political rancour, because political division has not been introduced between man and wife. But the chances are, that, being more excitable, and having, with more warmth and generosity of temperament, less power of self-control, women would, when once engaged in party struggles, be not less but more violent than men. All our experience, in fact, points this way. In the Reign of Terror, and in the revolt of the Commune, the women, notoriously rivalled the men in fury and atrocity. The same was the case in the

late American Civil War. What has been the effect of public life on the character of the women who have thrown themselves into it in the United States can be doubted by no human being; and our experience of female agitations in this country seems to tell pretty much the same tale. That party politics require mitigation, and perhaps something more, may be readily admitted; but we are not likely to make the caldron boil less fiercely by flinging into it female character and Home.

That Home would escape disturbance it is surely difficult to believe. We are told that a difference of religion between man and wife does not produce unhappiness. The fact may be doubted when the difference is strong. But religion is an affair of the other world; and it does not, at all events it need not, bring people into direct, much less into public collision in this world. A man and his wife taking opposite sides in politics would be brought into direct and public collision, especially if they happened to be active politicians, about a subject of the most exciting kind. Would the harmony of most households bear the strain? Would not a husband who cared for his own happiness be apt to say that if his wife wanted it she might have the vote, but that there should be only one vote between them?

Men are not good housekeepers, and there need not be anything disparaging in saying that women, as a rule, are not likely to be good politicians. Most of them, after all, will be married, and their sphere will be one in which they do not directly feel the effects of good or bad government, which are directly felt by the man who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the great mass of mankind. Nor would there be anything, generally speaking, to balance the judgment, as it is balanced in men by the variety of practical needs and considerations. Even with male constituencies, particular questions are apt to become too predominant, and to lead to the exaction of tyrannical pledges and to narrow ostracism of

conscientious public men. But with Female Suffrage there would probably be always a woman's question, of a kind appealing to sentiment, such as the question of the Contagious Diseases Act, which demagogues would take care to provide, and which would swallow up every other question, and make a clean sweep of all public men who might refuse to take the woman's pledge. With Female Suffrage, the question of the Contagious Diseases Act would probably have made a clean sweep at the last general election of all the best servants of the State.

Mr. Mill had persuaded himself that great capacity for government had been displayed by women, and that there was urgent necessity for bringing them into the management of the State. But he can hardly be serious when he cites as an instance of female rule a constitutional queen whose excellence consists in never doing any act of government except under the guidance of her Ministers. The queens regnant or consort, before our monarchy became constitutional, who may be said to have wielded power, are the Empress-Queen Matilda, Eleanor the wife of Henry II., Isabella the wife of Edward II., Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, and Henrietta Maria. Not much can be made of this list, when it is considered that both Margaret of Anjou and Henrietta Maria were, by their temper, principal causes of civil wars, and that the statesmanship of Elizabeth has totally collapsed between Mr. Froude's first volume and his last, while her feminine relations with Leicester and other favourites have contracted a much more ominous complexion in a political as well as in a moral point of view. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor the wife of Edward I., and certain that Caroline the wife of George II., rendered, in a womanly way, high services to the State. Mr. Mill says, from his experience at the India Office, that the queens in India are better than the kings. But the reason is obvious. British protection has suspended the operation of the rude checks on the vices of Indian despots, and a woman

brought up in the zenana, though she cannot possibly be a good ruler, may well be better than a hog or a tiger.

Neither the cases of queens, however, nor those of female regents of the Netherlands, to which Mr. Mill gives so strange a turn (as though Charles V. and Philip II. had preferred females on account of their ability to male members of the house), are in point. They all belong to the hereditary system, under which these ladies were called to power by birth or appointment, and surrounded by counsellors from whose policy it is scarcely possible to distinguish that of the sovereign. Under the elective system, women would have to make their own way to seats in Parliament and to office by the same means as male politicians, by canvassing, stumping, wrestling with competitors in debate; and the female character would be exposed to influences entirely different from those which operated on Isabella of Castile.

Without pressing the argument against "Premiers in the family way" too far, it may safely be said that the women who would best represent their sex, and whose opinions would be worth most, would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Success with popular constituencies would probably fall to the lot, not of the grave matrons and spinsters whom Mr. Mill evidently has in view, but of dashing adventuresses, whose methods of captivating their constituents would often be by no means identical with legislative wisdom, or calculated to increase our veneration for their sex.

Mr. Mill is the real father of the whole movement; the arguments of its other champions are mere reproductions of his. Whatever biased his mind, therefore, ought to be carefully noted; and again it must be said that he was possessed by an illusion—an illusion beautiful and touching, but still an illusion—as to the political genius of his wife. He has given us the means of judging of her speculative powers, and even they, it is evident, were not extraordinarily high.

That there are women eminently capable of understanding and discussing political questions nobody will deny. These will find a sphere in the press, through which many men exercise a power which makes it a matter of indifference whether they have a vote or not. But it by no means follows that it is expedient to put political power into the hands of the whole sex; much less that it is expedient to do so at a moment when it is morally certain that they would use their power to cancel a good deal of what has been done in their interest, as well as in that of their partners, by the efforts of the last two hundred years.

Some supporters of the movement flatter themselves that women would always vote for peace, and that Female Suffrage would consequently be a short method of ridding the world of war and standing armies. Such experience as we have hardly warrants this anticipation. Female Sovereigns, as a rule, have not been eminently pacific. It would be difficult to find four contemporary male rulers who made more wars than Catherine the Second of Russia, Maria Theresa, Madame de Pompadour (who ruled France in the name of her lover), and the Termagant, as Carlyle calls her, of Spain. It is widely believed that the late Empress of the French, inspired by her Jesuits, was a principal mover in the attack on Germany. Those who know the Southern States say that the women there are far more ready to renew the Civil War than the men. The most effective check on war is, to use the American phrase, that every one should do his own fighting. But this check cannot be applied to women, who will be comparatively irresponsible in voting for war. A woman, in fact, can never be a full citizen in countries where, as in Germany, it is part of a citizen's duty to bear arms.

Finally, it is said that there are certain specific grievances under which women labour, and which call for immediate redress, but of which redress cannot be had unless women are empowered to extort

it from their husbands and brothers at the polls. Of course if there is wrong, and wrong to half humanity, which cannot be righted in any other way, we must at once accept Female Suffrage, whatever perils it may entail.

In the United States the grievance of which most is heard is the tyrannical stringency of the marriage tie, which, it is alleged, gives a man property in a woman, and unduly interferes with the freedom and genuineness of affection. Some of the language used is more startling than this, and if reproduced might unfairly prejudice the case. But male legislatures in the United States have already carried the liberty of divorce so far, that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family. The women themselves have now, it is said, begun to draw back. They have probably become aware that liberty of divorce must be reciprocal, that marriage is pre-eminently a restraint placed on the passions of the man in the interest of the woman, that a woman loses her charms more easily than she loses her need of a protector, and that to the children divorce is moral and social ruin. Mr. Mill demands for the "slave" the privilege of changing her master; he forgets that he would at the same time give the master the privilege of changing his slave.

The question, of which more is heard here, as to the right of women to the control of their own property, was one the importance of which was not likely to be fully perceived while comparatively few women earned their own bread. However, now that it is perceived, the British legislature has at least gone so far in removing anomalies that it need not despair of seeing itself do complete justice. In the United States, male legislatures, so far from being unwilling, display almost an exaggerated propensity to sever the interest of the wife from that of the husband. An eminent American jurist told the writer that he knew a case in which a woman was compelling her husband to work for her as a hired labourer, and another in which a

woman had accomplished a divorce by simply shutting the door of the house, which was her own property, in her husband's face. After all, it must be remembered that the man remains responsible for the maintenance of the woman and her children, and that the analogy of a commercial partnership, which is in vogue with the champions of Woman's Right in the United States, is very far from holding good : commercial justice between themselves and their husbands is not what the women really want. It must be remembered, too, that the male has by nature certain advantages over the female which no legislature on earth can annul ; and that it is necessary in the interest of both sexes, but especially in the interest of women, to render the restraint of marriage acceptable, not only to persons of cultivated sensibility, but to ordinary men. If the ideal of marriage which floats in the pages of Mr. Mill were actually embodied in legislation, and the husband were stripped of all conjugal rights, and left with nothing but the responsibility of maintaining the family, it is at least possible that the result among the coarser masses of mankind might be the increase of license and the consequent degradation of women.

It is commonly said in the United States by the Woman's Right party, that women are under-paid for their labour, and a vague hope is held out that this might be set right by female legislation. In most fields of industry women are new-comers, and on all new-comers old custom is apt at first to bear hard. Female singers, pianoforte players, novelists, painters, milliners, are not underpaid. If female clerks and school-mistresses are paid less than male clerks and school-masters, this may be partly because continuance in the calling is an element of value, and women are taken off by marriage. That a New-Yorker will persist, out of regard for the aristocracy

of sex, in paying a man a high price for his labour when he can get the work done as well for less money by a woman is not much to be apprehended. But that legislatures, male or female, could equalize wages, few will be credulous enough to believe, though it is possible that the attempt might be made.

As to domestic cruelty, if it can be stopped by any extension of the criminal law, there is surely not the slightest reason for believing that male legislatures are unwilling to perform that duty ; though of course criminal legislation in this case, as in all others, to be effective, must keep terms with reason and justice. In fact, in this matter, women are probably better in the present hands than they would be in their own. The source of these infamies and horrors in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is drink ; and if the member for Marylebone, instead of tampering with the relations between the sexes, will turn his mind to the improvement and extension of the legislation commenced under the late Government against intemperance, he will deserve in the highest degree the gratitude of women in general, and especially of those who have the greatest claim to our sympathy.

The case of women is not that of an unenfranchised class, the interest of which is distinct from that of the enfranchised. The great mass of them are completely identified in interest with their husbands, while even those who are not married can hardly be said to form a class, or to have any common interest, other than mere sex, which is liable to be unfairly affected by class legislation. There is, therefore, no reason why Parliament should not do justice in any practical question relative to the rights of women which may be brought before it, as it has already done justice in several such questions, without invoking upon itself the coercion of Female Suffrage.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

MASTERS OF ETCHING.

I.

REMBRANDT, Ostade, Vandyke, and Claude—these are the four masters of the art of etching; and it is in virtue of their mastery of that art that they receive from many a more enthusiastic admiration than that which their painted pictures call forth from all the world. But what is the nature of that less popular art which they practised? To draw upon the varnished surface of a copper plate, with a steel point, the lines that are to give the form and light and shadow of your picture; to bite those lines by the application of a bath of acid, and finally to transfer your work to paper with ink and a printing-press—that, as far as one rough sentence can explain it, is the process of etching. It is, in many ways, the complement of the art of mezzotinting. The mezzotinter works by spaces, the etcher by lines. And Turner, in the most interesting and most important of his serial works, the *Liber Studiorum*, effected that marriage of the two arts which, strange to say, has never been repeated. He etched the leading lines of his studies, and mezzotint, executed sometimes under his own supervision and sometimes by his own hand, accomplished the rest. Yet one does not class him among the great etchers, because he only used etching to perform that which by the other process could not have been performed at all. He etched with immense precision and power all that he meant to etch; but he reserved his effects—the things for which he cared—for the other art. That alone clothed the skeleton, and visibly embodied the spirit of each picture. But when one speaks of the great etchers, one speaks of those who gave to their art a wider field, and claimed from it a greater result. They too, like Turner, worked by

lines, but their lines were a thousand to his one; for they were the end as well as the beginning—they made the picture, and did not only prepare for it.

The work of the great etchers was usually speedy. Their minds had other qualities than those of the line engravers. On the one side there was quiet intelligence, patience, and leisurely attention to detail; on the other, rapid sympathy, instinctive recognition, and either a vehement passion for the thing beheld and to be drawn, or else, at the least, a keen delight in it. The patience and leisure were for Marc Antonio, the passion was for Rembrandt, the delight for Claude.

It is perhaps because Vandyke was by a very few years the earliest of the etchers—save Albert Dürer, whose greatest achievements are all in a different art—that one finds in many of his prints a poverty of means, never indeed to be confused with weakness or with failure, but tending now and then to lessen the effect and meaning of his work. He was a genuine etcher: there was never a more genuine. But if you think of him with Rembrandt and with Claude—the two great masters who in point of time were ever so little behind him—there comes perhaps to your mind some thought of the diligent schoolboy whose round-hand and whose large-hand are better than his teacher's, but who can write only between those rigid lines which for himself the teacher would discard. Or, if that simile appear offensive, think of the difference between certain musicians: think of the precision of Arabella Goddard—that faultless, measured, restrained interpretation—and then of Joachim's artistic individuality: firmness at will, a resolute self-control, minute exactness, and then, suddenly, and but for an in-

stant, the divine indecision which is the last expression of supreme mastery, because it is the sign that creator and interpreter are fused into one. But there may be other causes than the one I have suggested for that which, define it how we will, seems lacking to Vandyke. Perhaps not in etching only—that process without precedents—is he something less than he might have been. As a painter, the highest examples were before him. But did he fully profit by them?

He is born in 1599—the son of traders who are wealthy—and early showing signs of his particular ability, he has no difficulty in entering the studio of Rubens. That master much appreciates him. The youth gives still increasing promise; and he is well advised in early manhood to set out for Italy, so that he may study the treasures of Venice, Florence, and Rome. But he has not passed out of his native Flanders before he is enamoured of a young country girl. He wavers. The love of her detains him many months. He is quite happy, painting the portraits of her kinsmen. He has forgotten Italy. Remonstrance on remonstrance comes from Rubens, and it is thanks to this persistence that he finally sets forth. There is then a five years' absence. No absence so long was ever less fruitful in direct influence; and now he is busy at Antwerp. In 1632 he travels to England, hoping for greater gain than work in his native city affords; and he is early patronized by the king, by the Lords Strafford and Pembroke, and by Sir Kenelm Digby, whose wife's portrait (she was the Lady Venetia Stanley) he paints four times. He does not neglect his work, but he does not feed and enrich his faculty. He is amiable, no doubt; he is dashing and brilliant too. But it does not occur to any one to say that he is wise. He dresses lavishly. In the matter of display he attempts an unreasonable rivalry with the wealthiest of the nobles—runs that race which an artist rarely wins, and then wins only at the price of a fatal injury. Vandyke keeps an open

house for his friends—an open purse for his mistresses.¹ And in due time he finds he is impoverished—not destitute, indeed, nor living meanly, but shorn of many of his delights. He is advised to marry, and there is found for him the daughter of an eminent physician—Maria Ruthven is her name. With her, in 1640, he goes to Flanders and to France, hoping that Louis Treize will employ him in the decoration of the Louvre, and stirred probably by the ambition to do higher work than portrait painting. But Nicolas Poussin is engaged before Vandyke puts in his claim, and Vandyke must return to England, though English air, in the world of politics and fashion, is thick with a coming trouble. Sir Anthony is ill—ill and unhopeful—and though the king is so far interested in the court-painter as to offer naively, a gratuity of three hundred pounds to the physician who can save his life, neither royal interest nor medical skill is of any long avail, and Sir Anthony dies on the 9th day of December, 1641—the day of the baptism of his newly-born child. That child—Maria Ruthven's—is not his only child; for in the will made but a few days before his death there is pathetic mention of “my daughter beyond sea:” and one can fancy that with that wife beside him whom friends had persuaded him to marry, so that his life might be quieter, he, “weake of body, yet enjoying his senses, memorie, and understanding,” thinks somewhat of the long past pleasure days—the bright beginning, in contrast with this end.

Mr. W. H. Carpenter, who has catalogued his etchings, assigns to him but twenty-four. No less than twenty of these are portraits of men. But Mr. Carpenter “does not feel justified in omitting thirteen other etchings, chiefly of sacred and allegorical subjects.” With

¹ One of these—Margaret Lemon—appears, says an authority, “to have been a woman of much notoriety.” There are prints after one of the portraits which Vandyke painted of her, by Hollar, Gaywood, Lommelin, and Morin.

these, in this paper, we have nothing to do.

The practical etcher will praise Vandyke for the frankness and simplicity of his work ; for an economy of labour which up to a given point shows only as artistic excellence, and is the proof of knowledge and power. Yet again, it is carried sometimes too near to meagreness, and the praise needs must stop. Does the artist, on the other hand, seek to avail himself to the full of the resources of his art ?—then some fault of conception or execution which slighter work would have left to be unnoticed, or would not even have carried with it at all, is very plainly apparent. A sky is hard and wooden ; a background is artificial. Where is the tonality which would have been given by the more complete master ? On the whole, then, it is possible that Vandyke is best when he sketches. The lines of the figure, the lines of the face, this and that trait of character, generally true, yet generally not far below the surface—all this Vandyke can render rapidly and readily—a clear thought, not a profound one, expressed with an accurate hand. Here is a cloak set as gracefully as Mr. Irving's in the play. Here is a bearing as manly—but it is more the manner than the man. Here, too, is a suggestion of a collar of lace. How well that lies on the broad shoulders ! Sometimes the mind is seized as well as the raiment. The portrait of Snellinx has infinite rough vigour. This man was a painter of battles—there is battle in his eye and in his firm right hand. Will you see a contented countenance ; a mind at rest, with no thought of a pose ; a graceful head, with long and black disordered hair ; a calm intelligence in eyes and mouth ? Look, then, at Paul Pontius, the Antwerp engraver. He is a worthy gallant, standing there, with visible firm throat, stout arm, and dexterous hand. The collar's lace-work makes the firm throat yet more massive by its contrast : the many-fold garment hides nothing of the plain line of that rounded, stalwart arm. There is no date engraved upon the plate, and

none is positively known for the man's birth or death ; but on an early impression in the Museum Print-Room I see written by a German hand, "Paulus Pontius, geboren 1603," and one takes the portrait to be that of a man close upon seven-and-twenty. It was etched, therefore, in the prime of Vandyke, in 1630, or thereabouts—a year or two before he settled in England.

For pure etching, nothing is finer or more spirited than the print of Antonius Cornelissen, the burly, middle-aged, and rich "collector." And yet one turns away from all with no other impression than that which was formed almost at the beginning. Surely, one says, in the company of artists Vandyke is motioned to too great a place. Technical qualities apart, the value of his work as an etcher is precisely that of his work as a painter. There is the same mind in it—that, and no more—a mind courtier-like, refined, chivalrous, observant, thoughtful at intervals ; yet not of the highest at any point ; neither the noblest nor the keenest, nor even near to these. Deducting here and there a great exception—such as that grave and gracious Sir Kenelm Digby, in the billiard-room at Knole—his subjects, as he has represented them, are not free from the suspicion of "posing." There is little intensity in his artistic temperament ; little real appreciation of beauty, or of the truest force. A touch of affectation has no repugnance for him. His works in the main seem wanting in the unerring directness, the unerring strength, of a great man's message sent forth from mind to mind.

II.

Roughly speaking, all our great etchers were contemporaries ; and while Vandyke was a child, there was born, at Lübeck, Adrian van Ostade. Particulars of his life are not abundant, and if we may judge both from that little which has descended to us of his story and from the cold and cynical observant face which makes the frontispiece to his collection of etchings, they would

not bear with them any dramatic interest. His life is in his work, and his work is great in quantity and in such qualities as are technical. He came, when very young, to Haerlem, to study under Franz Hals—was the fellow pupil and intimate friend of Brauwer—and in the city of his adoption he soon found ample and remunerative labour. As years passed on, his success and reputation became more general and distinguished, and it is not likely that he would ever have quitted Haerlem, had not difficult times loomed in sight.

Alarmed at the approach of French troops, in 1662, he prepares to leave Holland and return to his own land. He sells his pictures and effects with this intention, and gets as far as Amsterdam, whence he will embark for Lübeck. But in Amsterdam he is well received—his fame has gone before him—and an amateur called Constantine Sennepoort prevails on him to be his guest. The new friend explains to Ostade the advantages of remaining in a town so great and rich; and Ostade, with whom love of country held, we may be sure, a very secondary place when love of money had any need to clash with it, is soon persuaded to stay. In Amsterdam, therefore, his easel is set up; his works are purchased with avidity—they are ordered even more promptly than with all his perseverance they can be executed—and with increasing celebrity Ostade pursues his labour until old age is well upon him. He dies in Amsterdam in 1685, aged seventy-five, leaving, in addition to some three hundred highly-finished pictures, many drawings which were done, it is believed, as much for pleasure as for studies of his more arduous works, and fifty etchings in which most of the characteristics of his paintings are reproduced with a dexterity, a mastery of manner, which, whatever be the change of fashion and of culture, will insure for him high rank, as one among the few great etchers.

An accomplished and often sympathetic critic, who has made of etching his particular study, has been unusually severe upon the work of Ostade: not,

of course, upon its technical merits—respecting which severity itself must give way to admiration—but upon the sentiment that it expresses by touches so direct, keen, unmistakable. Composition and chiaroscuro, perfect as the subjects selected can possibly give scope for—these two great qualities Mr. Hamerton allows in Ostade's work. But the sentiment he finds wholly repulsive: repulsive from end to end. The condemnation, though true enough in the main, is certainly a little too sweeping. It is true—need I repeat?—of much of his work: of much even of that which is technically the best. In the "Tavern Dance" and in "Rustic Courtship," "the males pursue the females;" while in "The Family," "the female gives suck to her young." It is all animal. And yet a sentiment quite other than this is now and again conveyed; and in enumerating these pieces, one should not forget those others—how, for instance, in "The Painter" the calm pursuit of labour for labour's sake is well expressed; how in "The Spectacle Seller" a rustic or suburban incident is depicted with point and simplicity. There is nothing animal in "The Knife-Grinder;" it is a little bourgeois scene of no elevation, but of easily-recognized truth. In the "Peasant Family saying Grace" there is even a little spirituality,¹ a homely but genuine piety; though the types are poor, with no natural dignity—the father as unintelligent and sheep-like a parent as ever fostered his young, and accepted without struggle or questioning a life of the dullest monotony. Again, in the "Peasant paying his Reckoning"—the finest and most fascinating, I should say, of Ostade's smaller plates—it is not the dull bliss of boozing that is primarily thought of, dwelt upon, or presented, but rather the whole scene of this interior—paying peasant who fumbles for the coin, and watchful hostess, and still abiding guests. How good is the space: how good the accessories!

¹ How this spiritually struck the refine mind of Goethe may be seen in "Goethe and Mendelssohn," 2nd Edition, p. 70.

—the leisure, how delightful! It is a tavern indeed, but somehow glorified by art. For accurate delicacy of perception, for dexterous delicacy of execution, what is there that surpasses this?

But do you, on the other hand, wish to see work which shall abundantly confirm Mr. Hamerton's opinion of Ostade—already partly justified, as I have indicated, by "The Family," "Rustic Courtship," and the "Tavern Dance,"—then you will turn to the pieces numbered 13 and 50 in the catalogue of Bartsch. The first of these is called "The Smokers:" it represents three men, one of whom sits upon a turned-up cask. Chiaroscuro is good, and grouping is good; and that is all. There is as little subject for the mind as beauty for the eye; there is nothing of the *character* with which Meissonier endows such a scene. The second represents an interior with many peasants, of whom some are children and the rest of mature years. They are all delighting in and commending to each other this drink and that—this and that savoury mouthful that fitly crowns with sensual jollity the labour of the day.

"Securæ reddamus tempora mensæ
Venit post multos una serena dies."

Take Adrian van Ostade out of doors, and he is a little better. In open air, somehow, he is less grossly animal. Not that in presence of a wide landscape and far-reaching vista there is any hopefulness in him. His own vista is bounded as before. It is not the landscape that he sees with his mind, but the near pursuit of the peasant by the roadside, the peasant by the bridge. In "The Fishers," two boys, with old men's faces, bend over the bridge's railings, and over them hangs a grey Dutch sky, monotonous and dreary as their lives. A wide landscape says nothing to Ostade. It is too great for him—he is never concerned with the infinite in any way. But just outside the cottage door—on the bench, within easy reach of ale-house tap—he and his work are happiest and best. Here is evoked such sense of beauty as he is dowered with by Nature,

which is never profuse to him—such sense of beauty as the conditions of his Netherlands life have enabled him to keep and cultivate. Thus, in "La Fête sous la Treille" we have some charm of open-air life, much movement, some vivacity, and here and there a gleam of grace. In the group of "The Charlatan" there is some dramatic interest, and there are characters more varied than he is wont to present. But as we have seen him in his interiors alive to the picturesqueness of litter—sprawling brush and pot and saucer, and strewn cards upon the floor—so let us take leave of him in recognizing that he was alive also to the picturesqueness of Nature, when that was shown in little things of quite familiar appearance, and alive too, now and again, to such picturesqueness as men can make. The last he proves by the care and thought and delicacy he bestows on the often prominent quaint lines of diamond-patterned casements; and the first, by the lightness and sensitiveness of his touch when he draws the leaf and tendril of the vine by the house-wall, as it throws its slight cool shadow on the rustic bench, or curls waywardly into the now open window, through which there glances for a moment (brief indeed in Ostade's life!) a little of the happy sunshine of De Hooghe.

III.

Well, we have come now to the chiefest among our Masters of Etching—the last Dutchman with whom we have to deal—he in whose work is resumed the excellence and power of the whole Netherlands school: he whose art, like that of our own more limited Hogarth, is an art of "remonstrance," and not of "rapture."

Rembrandt has had biographers enough; but their disagreements have involved his life in mystery. Latest research appears, however, to show that he was born in 1606—on the 15th of July—and that he died at Amsterdam with proper bourgeois comfort, and not at Stockholm, miserably, in the first

days of October, 1669. The son of a miller, whose mill was in the city of Leyden, he went to college in that city as boy and youth; and in days before it was the fashion, in the backward North, to be a painter of culture, he neglected his studies to grapple early with art. Owing little even of technical excellence to any master at all—owing most to perseverance and set purpose, and ready hand and observant eye—he settled in Amsterdam in 1630, when twenty-four years old: sure already to find profitable service in fixing upon canvas no fleeting beauty of maiden or child, but those stern burgher faces, laden with thought and with past toil, which even then charmed and impressed him more strongly than any other thing he saw in the bounded city streets or under the far-reaching skies—skies, you remember, that stretched, like a grey canopy, over those flats of field, canal, and foot-bridge which formed the landscape of his youth, and touched by a magic hand, passed long afterwards into the landscape of his art.

His success was early: perhaps not very brilliant at the beginning, but from the first substantial. He has taken to etching two years before his settlement in Amsterdam, and has pursued that art diligently during the first years of his residence. His mother's face—wise, worthy, and even handsome; his own face, rough and keen, and beautiful, like his work, by its expression; incidents, light or low, of the city streets or long-stretching highways—these are his subjects in the earlier years. Then he turns to religious work, and then to portrait-painting. It is probable that he painted many an obscure portrait before we have record of his labours in this kind; but however that may be, he gradually takes his place in good burgher society—rich, pious, or intellectual—executing, in 1635, his portrait of Uytenbogaert, the minister of the sect known as the Remonstrants; in 1636, the portrait of Janus Sylvius. This second divine was probably made known to him through his young wife—for Rembrandt, prospering early, had somewhat early married:

had married, too, a woman of fair fortune and good position in the town. Saskia Uylenburg was her name. She died eight years after her marriage; leaving one child, a boy, Titus, who in due time became a painter, never much known or greatly esteemed, and who died in 1668: a year or two before his father.

Rembrandt, a widower, is busy with his work and with society; living in a house in the Breestraat, in the Jewish quarter, near St. Anthony's Bridge, and collecting in that house a whole museum of works of art: mediæval armour, and antique bronzes, prints by Lukas van Leyden, and prints as precious by Mantegna, and oil-paintings by contemporary hands. Mediæval and Renaissance work are alike interesting to him; but it is from the mediæval spirit rather than from that of the Renaissance that he learns. In his "Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" he takes the whole figure of Christ from a woodcut of Albert Dürer's. Italian art of the sixteenth century he admires, but he borrows nothing from it. "*Ce fut précisément le plus grand trait de son génie, d'avoir admiré tout sans rien imiter; d'avoir connu les beautés d'un autre art, et d'être resté toujours dans le sien.*"

In the Breestraat he opened his studio. There Gerard Dow, Ferdinand Bol, Van Vliet, Philippe de Koning, and Gerbrandt van den Eekhout were his pupils. He did not make mere imitators. An individual capacity, brought within the influence of his power and fame, was strengthened and developed, but remained individual still. It was for the preservation of individuality that he decreed that each pupil should work unobserved of the rest; each in his place apart.

I have said that Rembrandt was occupied with society, but not indeed with society as the word is very often understood. He sought the company of grave and thoughtful men to feed his intellect—sought also, I suppose, some company less elevated, in hours when his object was either frank diver-

sion or the observation of things outside his common circle. His nature was developed on many sides; his friendships and associations were of many kinds. Even the habits of his home—the time and quality of his meals—varied from day to-day. Now he has a banquet with a citizen who is famous; now he eats a herring and some cheese by himself. And so one is told that his nature was mean and stingy and low—that the god of his idolatry was money, and that his best-loved friends were friends of the pot-house in the Breestraat. Yet this is the man who waits all day in an auction-room to buy a print by the great engraver of Leyden—the man who waits there and will pay any price rather than fail to acquire it. This is the man to whom the great public banker—Receiver-General to the States of Holland—gives, year after year, his friendship and support; the man who year after year is hand-in-glove with Jan Six, a youthful burgomaster, collector, and all-accomplished poet, who must almost realize the ideal of Matthew Arnold. Rembrandt was not “low” in his tastes: his friends were the wisest men in a sober city. He was not sordid in his ways, adding coin to coin. Instead of that, he added picture to picture, till he became insolvent through love of an art, or of a school, not his.

Not indeed that his insolvency was of the usual sort. For household expenses there was money enough, no doubt. But his son Titus, being of age, was to inherit his mother's property, and the painter had expended some of this. To complete the sum, there was a sale in the house, and as the times were hard times for Holland, the sale was not as fruitful as it should have been. The value of all works of art had suffered a depreciation; the proceeds of the sale left Rembrandt in poverty, and his friends were all unable to help him. Their concerns were out of joint, like his own.

And yet, in some sense, this scattering of his precious things was a voluntary act with Rembrandt. Had he remained

a widower, Titus could only have inherited at his father's death; but Rembrandt—careless in some moods, as he was careful and sagacious in others—had fallen in love with the fine figure of a peasant girl, of the village of Rarep, in Waterland. He had married the girl in 1654; and two years afterwards, failing otherwise to discharge his obligations towards his son, there came the sale by auction, and the apparent, nay, for a little while, the genuine, poverty. But with a healthy man of genius, whose genius is recognized, things have a tendency to right themselves. Soon enough Rembrandt is paid for his work again; his etchings too are sought after as of yore. He takes to academical subjects: we know not why, unless it be that M. Blanc's conjecture is a correct one, and that the model is constantly his wife. And then he ceases altogether to etch—confines himself to work with the palette and the brush, and then perhaps illness comes upon him, for work of any kind is rare, and it can hardly be that he is rich and idle. And then there is that break in the story of his life which has enabled some to say that he went to England for a while: some, that he went to Stockholm, and died there, miserably. The rest is mystery, and almost silence. There is but one more record, and it is of recent finding, and it attests that on the 8th day of October, 1669, in the church called Westerkirk, in the city of Amsterdam, there was laid down, with all the common pomp of pall and taper, “bell and burial,” the body which during three-and-sixty years had held the restless soul of Rembrandt.

“The restless soul!” Is that word the key to all his variety of aims and arts?—for he is various, not alone in subjects, but in methods of expression. Now the brush serves him; now the tool of the engraver; and now the needle of the pure etcher is the instrument with which he works. With one or with the other, he essays the representation of all things within his ken: his own face, plain and shrewd, his mother's face, his wife's, the preacher's,

burgomaster's, printseller's; then the gait of the beggar on the doorstep, the aspect of the fields and dykes beyond the town. And then he takes the Bible for his theme, and portrays what is told there, from Adam's temptation to the death of Christ. Perhaps nowhere else have you such a range of effort: I do not say such excellence of achievement.

Yet sometimes, even in his endeavours, and obviously in his achievements, he was quickly limited by the conditions of his life and time. Take, for an instance, his treatment of the figure. Perhaps that shows better than anything else how very far he was removed from the great masters of the Renaissance, and how—though it is strange to say it—he had some fellowship with the earlier practitioners of a ruder art. An Italian, bred to work at an epoch when there were apparent in glowing freshness, not only "the materials of art," which are "at Florence," but "the results," which are "at Rome," devoted himself to perfection of line and modelling. He represented the body only that he might extol it; and while Fra Angelico's labour was prayer to the Spirit, his own was praise to the Flesh. But certain plain conditions were required to produce this result; and these conditions were wanting to Rembrandt and his period in the Netherlands. The revival of learning, and its diffusion, had flooded Italy with the waters of Greek thought; had stirred in men's minds the sleeping worship of beauty; and had done this too at a moment when the enthusiasm of the old religion was waning and the world seemed ripe for a change, and in a land where there was beauty abundant, to feed the newer faith. But things were different in the Netherlands. How could physical qualities be one's ideal in the Netherlands, when the best that was to show were those that Rembrandt has drawn in "Diana at the Bath" and "Danaë and Jupiter?" Clearly the worship of such beauty as that was an impossible thing.

But there were other reasons not a

whit less strong. In Holland, Protestantism had been a safety-valve of faith. Men had saved in sound health the half of their creed by resolutely lopping off the rest of it. What remained to them—to Dutchmen of the time of Rembrandt—was strongly alive and active; and in the midst of a half-hideous world, that creed summoned them to think of a world that was better, though they lacked imagination to conceive what the better might be. The influence of common Protestantism upon beauty in art—that may have been wholly bad; but this is not the place in which to speak of it. The influence of Protestantism such as Rembrandt's, upon the intellectual and spiritual sides of art, as art was practised at Amsterdam—that was probably a more mixed thing, and we do well to glance at it ere passing on. The stunted yet sturdy, realistic, unpoetical faith of the Netherlands induced in art some recognition of possible dignity in present poverty and suffering, and did, though very roughly, still unmistakably proclaim that mind and spirit were masters, and flesh but the servant of these. This Christianity did not recoil from what was physically hideous. Pity, remonstrance: these were her belongings; and they needed but too often to be used. Patiently one must accept the ugly facts of life, though passionately indeed one may sorrow and declaim, if passion of remonstrance can remove but one of them. And thus it is that Rembrandt etches seven-and-twenty plates representing in diverse phases and stages the lives and sufferings of beggar and hunchback and cripple and leper, as these crouch wretchedly in the corners of hovels, or uselessly solicit some succour from the rich, or hide in solitude their foulness and degradation. Is it not an unparalleled thing?—this array of the miserable. They are not drawn, like the beggars of Murillo, that you may behold the picturesqueness of their rags; nor like the beggars of Callot, that you may laugh at them and notice well the adroitness which will serve their ends. There is no comedy

nor farce in them, nor any beauty in their garments' shreds and patches. They are a serious fact in life: theirs is a common condition of humanity. So Rembrandt drew them, like a philosopher who accepted all things; but touched in this case by that pity for their Present, that hope for their Future, which his religion had taught him.

And here his religion is distinctly a spiritual gain to his Art. Where then, and why, is it a loss? It is a loss because somehow or other, with all this useful faith in a better future—faith which the true Renaissance held but slackly, and showed but little in its Art—the Art of Rembrandt has no scope for wide imagination: no sweet and secret thing is revealed through it: there flows through it to the minds of men no such divine message as even we of these latter days can read in the art of the earlier Florentines. True and real, very likely—it is rarely high and interpretive. The early Art of Italy, fed on a fuller faith, could do more with infinitely smaller means. Turn from the soberest of Rembrandt's sacred pictures—the picture most filled with piteous human emotion—I mean the "Death of the Virgin," which is real as the death of his mother—turn from this to the still glowing canvas on which Botticelli has imaged his conception of a Paradise with countless companies of little children, children only, round the throne of God, and in circles ever more distant, the great ones of the world—the *last*, who were *first*—and you feel at once, more strongly than can be told by any words, what Netherlands Protestantism has cost to Rembrandt; for, instead of this parable and this revelation, he can give you but a human sorrow.

Look at him for a moment, such as he is, as a religious artist; and considerable as are the merits forced upon your view, you will find that other allowances will have to be made for him than those which you have made already on account of his epoch's limited though genuine faith. Take his "Adam and Eve"—he calls it "The Temptation"

—and note the absolute vulgarity in the conception of that scene. What is our first father in this print, if not a low-bred, low-minded, but still prudent bourgeois, tempted, as such a one conceivably might be, by the leers of this squat woman and the good big mouthful of rare fruit which she holds in her outstretched hand? No doubt a part of the failure of this work is to be attributed to the heavy northern ugliness of the women of the land—an ugliness which, more than anything else, tells against Rembrandt in his treatment of the nude—but part of it is due to a cause within himself: he lacked the imagination to conceive poetically: there is nothing of seductiveness in his work; there is nothing of sweetness; there is very little of pleasure.

He lacked, I say, imagination to conceive poetically; but the subject once well found for him, he could contrive embellishments which were effective enough, and neither thought nor work was spared to give it these. His imagination did not play happily about the spirit and idea of the scene: it plied its task only to add to the strangeness or the picturesqueness of the setting. And yet the print which all the world knows as the "Hundred Guilder Piece" shows that in exceptional moods Rembrandt could conceive as worthily as he could execute. True dignity, nay, majesty, of attitude is shown in the "Raising of Lazarus;" and in the "Death of the Virgin" the artist himself has been profoundly moved—else how portray that piteous gaze and that gesture of sorrow and resignation which lift this work out of the usual level of his sacred Art! But commonly his pictures from the Testaments suffer not only under the necessary conditions of Dutch Protestant creeds, but from the absence of elevation in the types selected, the absence of spiritual imagination, and the temptation to which the artist sometimes yielded to forget his subject and its meaning, and to see in the Scriptural groups little else than a happy opportunity for the distribution of strong lights and stronger shadows.

Many, then, of his professedly religious pictures had no reason to exist. They were in truth less religious than his troop of beggar-pictures—they were less spontaneous results of his own thought. *Raison d'être* is still more lacking to some of his Academical pieces, unless indeed one is content to allow the presence of these without the justifying beauty. Action, they have; and little else. Anatomically, the drawing is not bad, for Rembrandt understood anatomy; but the figures are constantly ill-proportioned. Yet certain of these pieces, if at the same time *less*, are also *more* than Academical. Rembrandt did not much believe in Diana, and troubled himself little about Antiope. But present facts of all kinds interested him; and having etched everything under the grey Dutch sky but the bare bodies of men and women in Amsterdam, he set himself, in his later days, to etch these. These baboon or gorilla-like gaunt monsters of men—"The Bathers"—it is not possible that Rembrandt admired them, as he drew. There was more of satire than admiration. And in the whole short Academical series, what strikes you most is the cruel brutal truthfulness. There is no glimpse of *any* one's ideal: not even the poor and fleshy ideal of Rubens could be satisfied here. These round and palpitating figures—they begin well, perhaps, but is there one that is completely good? We single out the "Woman with the Arrow" as an exception to the common rule of ugliness—though even here we find that among critics there is no general consent of praise—and now contentedly pass on from ground where Rembrandt seems well-nigh lowest among the low, to meet him again where among the great he is almost the greatest.

There is no doubt that Rembrandt painted many portraits of persons who were never near to fame. You meet with some in public exhibitions and in private houses. Very often, like the etched portrait of Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," they are not only portraits, but elaborated compositions. Of these an example called "The Ship-

builder"—seen at Burlington House, in January 1873—will occur to many readers. But the etched portraits were often of distinguished men. Failing these persons of distinction—as when, in his youth, sitters of the desired rank were unattainable—he etched the faces that he knew most thoroughly: chiefly, indeed, his mother's. It is also to his delight in reproducing that with which he was most familiar that we must attribute the abundance of portraits of himself: now leaning at his ease upon the window-sill; and now with drawn sabre; and now with hand on hilt of sword—magnificent in meditation—and now with plainest raiment, a keen plain face looks up at you from the drawing-board. But the etched portraits, as I have said, when they were not of himself, nor of his mother, nor of the so-called "Jewish Bride," whom M. Blanc believes to be his first wife, Saskia Uylenburg, were generally of men of thought or action: of men indeed, whose thought or action had "told" upon the life of Amsterdam. "The Burgomaster Six" is a city magnate, as well as a poet and art-connoisseur. "John Asselyn" is a painter of repute. "Ephraim Bonus" is a famous physician. And Uytenbogaert, the "gold-weigher," is Receiver-General to the States of Holland.

Among a thousand excellences in these portraits, let us note a few. See how the "Uytenbogaert" is more than a portrait—for it is a composition—and see how the keen perception, the analytical yet synthetic mind, the assured knowledge, and the hand that moves in accurate obedience to the will, have in their all but unparalleled combination enabled the artist to say clearly a dozen things instead of one, in this picture. It is a gold-weigher's room: a place for quiet business and weighty affairs. There are places enough for laziness and laughter: *this* is for serious, anxious, yet methodical and ordered toil. See, on the table, the scales and the ranged money bags: on the floor an iron-bound coffer whose strength, quite apart from size and proportion, the etcher has

shown by lines of indefinable cleverness. To the right, the trusty servant kneels to take from his master a bag of coin, which instantly he will pack in this cask upon the floor; and then he will be off upon his errand. We know him, thanks to Rembrandt's never-tiring study of his minor characters, even the Salanios and Salarinos of the drama—a prompt man, he, we say, and ever at his master's call. And Uytenbogaert? What is he, if these be his surroundings? There is a double expression in his face and gestures, conveyed with I know not what subtlety of Art, reached sometimes in the finest moments of a great player—one has seen it in Fargueil and Kate Terry. The gesture says to the servant—nay, says to all of us—how infinitely precious is that gold-weighted bag; how great must be the care of it! And the face says this too. But such a thought is only momentary. The mind, reflected in the face, is seen to be pre-occupied by many an affair. "Here, how much gold remaining to be dealt with! What accounts to finish! What business to discharge!"

Now place by the side of Uytenbogaert the portrait of Janus Lutma. The two have the same dignity: the dignity of labour. It is the Netherlands spirit. With his back to the window, from which a placid light falls on his age-whitened head, sits Janus Lutma, goldsmith, meditating on his work. By him are the implements of his art. They were used a little, but a minute ago, and soon will be resumed. Meanwhile, the nervous, active hand—an old hand, but subtle still—is relaxed, and there is no anxiety, not even the anxiety of a pleasant busy-ness, in the goldsmith's face. It is a happy, tranquil face: still keenly observant, yet greatly at rest. For in the main the work of life is done, and it has prospered—a goodly gift has been well used. There is rest in the thought of past achievements: a kindly smile on the aged mouth—mouth happily garrulous of far-away work-days. And Lutma sits there, waiting, only less plainly and immediately than the tired bell-ringer

of Rethel's one great picture—waiting for Death, who will come to him "as a friend," and find him smiling still, but with a finished task and a fulfilled career.

But in our admiration of the sentiment and character of this almost unequalled work, let us not forget the wholly marvellous technical skill which the observer may easily find in it. The play of sunshine, bright and clear, without intensity, throughout the upper half of the picture; the cold, clear stone of the slanting window-sill, *washed*, as it were, with light; the strain of the leather fabric, stretched from post to post of the chair, on either side of the old man's head, which rests, you see, against it, and presses it back; the modelling of the bushy eyebrows and short grey beard—these are but some points out of many. They may serve to lead us to the rest.

To be closely imitative is not the especial glory of etching; and Rembrandt himself is fuller of suggestion than of imitation. He does suggest texture very marvellously: sometimes in the accessories of his portraits, as in the flowered cloth of the gold-weigher's table; and sometimes in the portraits themselves, as in the long hair of the "Jewish Bride":—

"Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss;
Freshness and fragrance; floods of it, too!"

The quality of this woman's hair is best observed in the early state of the print. There too the light is natural, the inspiration direct. Thus far the thing has been done at a sitting. In the finished picture the light is a studio light, and the work, while very vigorous and scientific, lacks the particular delightfulness of a sudden transcript from nature and the life.

"A transcript from the life"—it is that, more than any qualities of *technique* and elaboration, that gives an interest so intense to Rembrandt's portraits. It is hardly too much to say of him that his labour is faithful in proportion as it is speedy. He must have observed with

the utmost keenness and rapidity, and it is with a like rapidity that he must have executed all that is intellectually greatest in his work. Absorbed in his own labours,—singularly free, we may be sure, from petty personal vanities, and the desire to please unworthily—Rembrandt has given to his sitters the same air of absorption. They are not occupied at all with the artist who is drawing them: no, nor with those who will notice his work. The Burgomaster Six, leaning against the window-sill, is deep, I take it, in his own manuscript play. Bonus, the physician, halts upon the stair, not quite resolved whether he shall turn back to ask one other question or give one other counsel. Coppenol is absolutely occupied in giving the boy his writing lesson. Rembrandt himself, looking up from the drawing-board, looks up only for observation. And it is thanks to the absence of detachment from habitual life and work—it is thanks to the every-day reality of the faces and their surroundings—that these portraits of Rembrandt, when considered together, give us the means of transport across two hundred years. We are in Amsterdam, in the 17th century; mingling with the city's movement; knowing familiarly its works and ways. Absolute individuality of character,—truth, not only to external appearance, but to the very mind and soul of the men who are portrayed—andt ruth, be it noted, arrived at very swiftly, and expressed with an unfaltering hand, cramped by no nervous and fidgeting anxiety—this, I suppose, the world may recognize in the etched portraits of Rembrandt.

How true the hands are to the faces and the lives! Care, and not over-care, has been bestowed upon them. There is in every hand Rembrandt has drawn prominently, a master's rapid facility and a master's power. Mark the fat hands of Renier Anslloo,—that stolid Anabaptist minister,—and the fine, discerning, discriminating hand of Clement de Jonghe, the printseller: a man accustomed to the deft fingering of delicate papers. Mark too the nervous hand of

that brooding student, Haaring the younger, whom one knows to have been something finer than a common auctioneer. And for physical feebleness, seen in an old man's hand, note the wavering hand of Haaring the elder. For physical strength in an old man's hand—a tenacious hand for sure yet subtle uses—see the sinewy craftsman's hand of Lutma.

It has long been the fashion to admire, indiscriminately, the *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, which does indeed very often deserve a wholly unlimited admiration, but which is open now and then to Mr. Ruskin's charge, that it is both forced and untrue. What people perceive the soonest and praise the most are the more "sensational" of his effects of light and shade. Seeing these, they think that they see all. But it takes long to understand how much of consummate art there is in that real power of Rembrandt's: how it is something much more than the mere brutal force of contrast. The violence of contrast is usually presented in interiors,—especially in fancy subjects,—and when one passes to the landscapes, one ceases to remark it frequently. The *disposition* of light and shade is not less masterly in these—but sometimes rather more—but its *effect* is less immediate. There are two exceptions: for we get the old familiar juxtaposition of strongest light and deepest dark in the "Grotto with a Brook"—here chiefly in the first state—and we get it to some extent in the "Three Trees," which, though the lines of the sky are hard and wiry, is yet justly esteemed among the best of Rembrandt's landscapes, because of its extraordinary vigour and passion of storm, and because of that clear sense of space and open country which you have as you look at it. But for an example of the most subtle qualities of *chiaroscuro* in Rembrandt, one must go back for an instant to the portraits, and look at the picture of Abraham Franz. He was a devoted amateur—an example to all amateurs; for he denied himself many necessities of life, so that he might possess a collection of great prints.

Look at his portrait, in the first state only. He sits in a room just light enough for him to be able to examine his print, critically, lovingly, at his chosen station in the window. Behind him is a curtain, and across the curtain fall certain streaks of gentle sunlight, which are among the really greatest, most ordered, most restrained achievements of a master's art.

As a landscape-painter, Rembrandt was in advance of his age; or rather, he had the courage to interpret the spirit of his own time and country. While Poussin still peopled his glades with gods and goddesses, and Claude set the shepherd and shepherdess of Arcadian days reclining in the cool shadows of his meadows, Rembrandt drew just such things as were before him whenever he went forth from Amsterdam to any neighbouring village, trudging slowly along the high road, edged with stunted trees, or wandering by the side of the weary canal. Thus it is that at one point at least he touched the moderns, but at other points he was very far removed from them. If he sketched the woman going to market and the farmer on his horse, he did so because these objects happened to be before him and could give some animation to his landscapes. But he did not seek in any other way to connect the scenery with the figures. The poetry of country life and country pursuits did not exist for him, any more than there existed for him Turner's sense, now of the terrible accord, but oftener of the yet more terrible discord, between the face of Nature and the weary work and wearier life of Man. To show the "pollard labourers" of England as they are—human life at its poorest, and the country at its dreariest—the immortal artist of *Liber Studiorum* devotes a plate to Hedging and Ditching. He means you to see clearly that these battered peasants are as stunted and as withered as the willow trunk they hew. To show the undertone of sympathy between the fleeting day and the brief sweetness of human joy, the great Venetian places the music party in the garden, by the

fountain, and paints the figures when the viol has stopped:—

"And the brown faces cease to sing,
Sad with the whole of pleasure."

But the one thing and the other are alike far from Rembrandt. He cannot take into his landscape the passion of humanity.

Sometimes,—not often,—Rembrandt etched landscapes because he found them fascinating: one can hardly say, beautiful. More often he etched them because they were before him; and whatever was before him roused his intellectual interest. They are not indeed without their own peculiar beauty, nor was the artist quite insensible to this. Sometimes he even seeks for beauty; not at all in individual form, but in the combinations of a composition, in blendings of shadow and sunshine, and in effects of storm and space. Once—it is in the view of Omval—the figures in the landscape take their pleasure. It is a Dutch picnic, for Omval is the Lido or the Richmond of Amsterdam. There is quiet water, pleasant air, and a day's leisure; and it gives a zest to joy to keep in view the city towers, under which at the day's end we shall return.

But generally it is the common facts of life that Rembrandt chronicles in landscape. Men and women, when they are there at all, pursue their common tasks. Thus, in the "Village with the Canal" there is a woman trudging with her dog; there is a distant horseman who presently will cross the bridge; and a boat with set sail is gliding down the stream. In a "Large Landscape, with Cottage and Dutch Barn," there is more than the ordinary beauty of composition. It is a fine picture for space, for sunniness, for peace, and is a master's work in its grouping of rustic foreground, and country house half hidden by the trees, and tranquil water, and distant town. In the "Gold-weigher's Field" the composition is less admirable. The picture sprawls. There is too much subject for one plate, or too little subject that is prominently first, or too much that is dangerously near to the first,—so that the eye is diverted, and at the same time

fatigued. Here Rembrandt falls into the fault of some of our earlier water-colour painters. His picture is a map: a bird's-eye view. Accuracy is sought after till sentiment is lost: details are insisted on till we forget the *ensemble*. Too anxious is Rembrandt to include the greatest and the least of Uytenbogaert's possessions: the villa, the farm, the copse, the meadows—we must know the capacities of the estate. But commonly, indeed, this is not the fault. Commonly there is a master's abstraction, a master's eye to unity. It is so in the few lines, of which each one is a guiding line, of "Six's Bridge"—a piece which shows us the plain wooden foot-bridge placed athwart the small canal, and the stunted trees that break, however so little, the flatness of the earth-line and the weary stretch of level land, under an unmoved grey sheet of sky. It is so, still more notably, in the "View of Amsterdam," where miles away, behind the meadows of the foreground, there rise above the long monotony of field and field-path, slow canal and dyke and lock, the towers of the busy town.

Great in composition, abstraction,

unity, Rembrandt is also great in verisimilitude. What restful haunts in shadow under the meeting boughs of the orchard trees!—how good is the thatch that covers the high barns and the peaked house-roofs of the village-street! And a last excellence—perfect tonality—is to be found in "Rembrandt's Mill;" a plate upon which a great amount of quite unfounded sentiment has been expended, since it is now proved that this mill was not the painter's birthplace, nor for any cause cherished by him with exceptional affection,—a plate, which, nevertheless, has to be singled out as perhaps the most wholly satisfactory of his landscapes: certainly for tonality and unity of expression it is the most faultless. Etching has never done more than it has done in this picture, for it seems *painted* as well as drawn,—this warm grey mill, lifting its stone and wood and tile-work, mellow with evening, against the dim large spaces of the quiet sky.

The work of Claude must be left to a future opportunity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

NOT LOST.

I.

Being rooted like trees in one place,
 Our brain-foliage toss'd
 Like the leaves of the trees that are caught
 By the four winds of heaven, some thought
 Blows out of the world into space,
 And seems lost.

II.

We fret, the mind labours, heart bleeds;
 We believe and we fear,
 We believe and we hope, in a Lie,
 Or a Truth; or we doubt till we die,
 Purlblindly examining creeds
 With a sneer.

III.

To Life we apply an inch rule,
 And to its Bestower;
 Each to self an infallible priest,
 Each struts to the top of the feast,
 And says to his brother, "Thou fool!
 Go down lower."

IV.

But fall'n like trees from our place,
 Hid, imbedded, emmoss'd;
 Our dead leaves are raked up for mould,
 And some that were sun-ripe and gold,
 Blown out of the world into space,
 Are not lost.

MARY BROTHERTON.

MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

THE condition of Ireland at the time to which Mr. Froude's second volume introduces us (1761) was very deplorable. The Catholics, who constituted about four-fifths of the population, were still ground to the dust by the penal laws. Excluded from every vestige of political power, shut out from the learned professions, forbidden to purchase land or acquire any lasting interest in the soil, arrested by restrictive laws in almost every avenue to wealth, their education proscribed, their bishops living in the country only by connivance, their families distracted by laws that were specially intended to induce the wife to rebel against her husband and the child against his father,—they had sunk into that condition of absolute impotence to which, in Mr. Froude's judgment, it should at all times be the object of English legislation to reduce them. The Presbyterians were still subject to the Sacramental test. The industry of the country was paralysed by law. Irishmen were forbidden to carry on a direct trade with the British colonies, to export their raw wool to any foreign country, or their manufactured wool to any country whatever; and even the flax and hemp manufacture, which alone was left them, was injured by disabling duties imposed on Irish sailcloth, and by the exclusion of the Irish from bounties given to English mill-owners. The classes engaged in manufactures emigrated by thousands to America, and the destruction or restriction of industrial life threw almost the whole remaining population for subsistence upon the soil. Rack rents, paid in many instances to absent landlords, tithes wrung from a wretched peasantry in support of the Church of the rich minority, the inclosure of commons, the numerous evictions caused by the conversion of arable into pasture land, to meet the great

demand for cattle resulting from the war, abject poverty and the absence of all legal provision for the poor, had together produced the outrages of the White Boys among the Catholics of the South, and the outrages of the Oak Boys and the Hearts of Steel among the Protestants of the North. The Parliament had scarcely any independent legislative power, for the authorities in England could alter or reject any measure it passed. The judges held office during pleasure. All the highest posts in Church and State were monopolized by Englishmen. The scanty revenues of the country were burdened by a heavy pension list paid in a great degree to persons who were wholly unconnected with Ireland.

Such was the condition of the country after a long period during which it had been completely passive and powerless in the hands of the English Government. No body in Ireland had the capacity, or indeed any great disposition, to resist; and the nation, whatever may have been its disadvantages in other respects, had at least the benefit of being governed exclusively by English ideas. About the middle of the eighteenth century, however, a strong desire arose among many Irishmen to make their own Parliament as independent as that of England, and also a faithful reflex of the opinions of the nation, and at the same time, by the abolition of the penal code, to fill up gradually the menacing chasm between the Catholics and the Protestants. The folly and mischievous character of these tendencies it is Mr. Froude's main object in these volumes to demonstrate.

The views which Mr. Froude adopts about representative governments are not confined to Ireland. It is impossible to read his book without perceiving that he is entirely out of harmony

with the general principles of constitutional government as they are understood equally by both of the great parties in the state. The value of representative government as sustaining and expressing the public opinion of a country, the belief that a government can only be permanently useful which is in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the governed, the conception of liberty, according to which a people have a right to determine by their representatives the laws they obey and the disposition of the taxes they pay, the conviction that the best way of forming a healthy political opinion in a nation is to call up in turn class after class to the exercise of public functions, that the best guarantee of the purity of an administration is to subject it to strict popular control, that the best way of meeting dangerous political discontent is to provide a constitutional arena in which the peccant humours of the state may find free vent, and in which any grievance may be fully discussed—may be said to lie at the very root of English public life. They have made England what she is, have secured her in the opinions of most persons as large an amount of happiness and greatness as has fallen to the share of any other nation, and have enabled her to surmount many dangers that have wrecked the constitutions and eclipsed the prosperity of her neighbours. In the eyes of Mr. Froude all these maxims of policy are delusions. In this, as in other matters, he is a complete disciple of Mr. Carlyle, whose influence, inspiration and peculiar antipathies may be traced in every page of this book, and who, as is well known, is of opinion that despotism is the ideal government; that England, since the time of Cromwell, has been steadily declining, and that her free Parliament is her greatest curse. Mr. Froude's views on the subject are shadowed out with all the obscure majesty of prophetic diction. "Who is free?" asked the ancient sage, and he answered his own question: 'The man who is master of himself.' 'Who is free?' asks the modern liberal poli-

tician, and he answers: 'A man who has a voice in making the laws which he is expected to obey.' Does the freedom of a painter consist in his having himself consented to the laws of perspective and light and shade? That nation is the most free where the laws, by whomsoever framed, correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience."¹ The doctrine that "freedom consists in the consent of the governed to the laws which they were required to obey," we are informed, very scornfully, but not very perspicuously, is equivalent to the assertion that "their consent was required to the laws which would break their necks if they fell over a precipice."² A constitutional opposition is described as essentially absurd, and the system in which it exists is contrasted greatly to its disadvantage with the secret committees under the Plantagenets and Tudors. In some quiet times, it is admitted, though with evident hesitation, "the advantage of the modern system may for a time outweigh its evils;" but in all times of danger and excitement it is an unmixed calamity.³ "Under constitutional governments spontaneous loyalty is the last virtue which obtains recognition . . . their business is not to encourage the good, but to conciliate the bad."⁴ Popular governments "can destroy class privileges and overthrow institutions, but their function ends in destruction." We in England "have committed ourselves to the enthusiastic beliefs of which the Dungannon resolutions were no more than the crude expression. We have a new philosophy to gild a phenomenon which would look less pretty were its character confessed. We have made an idol of spurious freedom, and are worshipping it with unflinching devotion . . . false though it be in its principles, the philosophy of progress pushes its way towards its goal with unflinching confidence. . . . At length the wheel will have come round, and finding ourselves

¹ Vol. ii. 368.² Vol. iii. 1.³ Vol. iii. 220, 221.⁴ Vol. iii. 170.

not in Paradise at all, but sitting in arid desolation amidst the wrecks of our institutions, we shall painfully wake from our dream, and begin again the long toil of reconstruction."¹

Of the immense evils of popular institutions, Ireland, in Mr. Froude's judgment, forms a striking example. He certainly shows himself no admirer of the British Government in Ireland. He dwells with indignation on "the iniquitous trade-laws of England, her scandalous misappropriation of Irish affairs, her long contemptuous neglect of every duty which a ruling country owed to an annexed dependency." He tells us that the wrongs "of which America had to complain were but mosquito-bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on the trade and manufactures of Ireland," that "never in the history of the world had any subjects more just cause for complaint" than the English settlers in Ireland; but he maintains that no evil was so great as "the delusion that Ireland could be honourably governed by a Parliament of her own," "the mischief of conferring free institutions on a people who were confessedly liable to corrupt influences." There was a "proved impossibility of so much as commencing the reformation of Ireland so long as a separate legislature existed there." "The fatal privilege of constitutional self-government which she wanted honesty to use plunged her into a deeper abyss" than that she had before escaped, and if the upper classes of the community were very corrupt, "political liberty was the cause of the corruption."²

And now let us examine for a moment what was the constitution of that representative body the corruption of which furnishes a decisive proof of the eternal incapacity of the Irish for self-government, and a strong presumption against constitutional freedom in general. It was a Parliament in which the Catholics, who formed four-fifths of the people of Ireland, were absolutely unrepresented. They could not sit in it,

or, until 1793, vote for its members. It was a Parliament in which the Non-conformists, who formed about half of the remainder of the population, were almost equally unrepresented. They had little or no county influence, and most of the borough members were elected by the corporations from which by the Test Act they were excluded. It was a Parliament which it would be an absurd mockery to describe as a faithful representative even of the half million of Protestants who adhered to the Establishment. Its constitution had been specially moulded by royal prerogative in order to render it amenable to corrupt influence. No less than 40 boroughs were created by James I., and 36 by the other sovereigns of the House of Stuart. Out of the 300 members who composed it, 216 were returned by boroughs or manors, and of these borough members 176, according to the estimate of Mr. Froude, were nominated by individuals;¹ according to another authority, 200 were elected by 100 individuals, and nearly 50 by ten.² Until 1768, when the Octennial Bill was carried, the Parliament was secure from popular control for a whole reign. That of George II. lasted for thirty-three years. The Castle, directly or through the instrumentality of the Bishops, who were large borough-owners, habitually controlled a large proportion of the boroughs, and the vast patronage at its disposal was systematically employed in corruption. "From the peerage downwards through all the branches of the State, promotion had been the recompense of dishonesty. Employment under the crown had been either bought and sold in the open market, bartered away for political support, flung as bribes to political agitators, or bestowed on some member of a powerful family who could not decently be provided for in England."³ It was the confession or the boast of Fitzgibbon, the great hero of this book, that one important division

¹ Vol. iii. 1—4.

² Vol. ii. 64, 83, 144, 183; vol. iii. 472, 490.

¹ Vol. ii. 366.

² Grattan's Life, vol. iv. 116, 117.

³ Vol. iii. 471.

under Lord Townshend had cost the Government half a million of money ; and it is said that out of the majority of 158 who rejected Flood's Reform Bill in 1784, no less than 138 held places or pensions from the Government.

It certainly requires some courage to represent the corruption of such a body as this as a consequence of political liberty or a proof of the incapacity of a nation for self-government. Men are in the main what their circumstances have made them, and in no country and in no age could a Parliament so constituted have been other than corrupt. The real wonder is that it should have proved itself, as it unquestionably did, a vigilant guardian of the material interests of the country, that it should have contained a certain number of very honest and very able statesmen, and should have made itself a centre of strong national enthusiasm.

"Accident," says Mr. Froude, "or the circumstances of the country, had created in Ireland a knot of gentlemen whose abilities and whose character would anywhere have marked them for distinction." The great object which they placed before them was to make Parliament an independent body, to kindle around it a strong national spirit which might correct its evils, and above all so to reform its constitution as to make it subject to popular control. They believed that by these means they could gradually purify it. "They were possessed," Mr. Froude says, "with the flattering illusion which was pervading the air of Europe, that public virtue is not the parent of liberty, but its child ; that to emancipate a people from control and place the power of the state in their hands was to raise their character to a level with their new duties." It is a delusion, we are told, still found among those "sanguine people who believe in the regenerative virtues of the ballot-box and polling-booths." "If reform was to be effectual, each one of them must begin with the reform of his own heart."¹

Undoubtedly the power of political

reform in effecting national reformation has often been exaggerated, but as undoubtedly it is very real. What man of common sense can deny that the existence of a strong patriotic feeling in a representative body diminishes its corruption, and how can such a feeling exist in an assembly which is in no real sense a representative of the nation and which has no efficient power of legislation? When men are placed under the strongest temptations to do wrong, and when almost every inducement to do right has been removed, they will necessarily become demoralized. Change the circumstances, diminish their temptations, strengthen the safeguards of virtue, and you will not at once regenerate them, but you will at least so alter the conditions of political life that a progressive improvement is inevitable. The English Parliament never was surrounded by influences of corruption as powerful as those in Ireland, yet there was a time when, in the words of Macaulay, "a large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any administration except their own interest," and when "the country could therefore be only governed by corruption." All this has been changed, and the change is chiefly due to laws which have brought the legislature into closer harmony with the people, and to laws which have increased the dangers and the difficulties of corruption.

Mr. Froude's remedy, however, is very simple. It is "the suspension of the power of self-government." This alone could have benefited Ireland. The Parliament should have been dismissed, all attempts at representative government should have been abandoned, and the direction of affairs should have been entrusted to a council responsible only to the English Government.¹

Let us then examine the probable effects of this measure. In the opinion of Mr. Froude, Ireland in the middle of the eighteenth century was suffering from five great evils. These were the commercial disabilities, the

¹ Vol. ii. 366, 406—7.

¹ Vol. ii. 64, 80, 88, 406.

Test Act, absenteeism, corruption, and disaffection. The first would certainly not have been remedied by the plan which he proposes, for they were imposed on the country wholly by English authority, were constantly resisted by the Irish Parliament, and were at last abolished through the combined action of that Parliament and of the Volunteers. The Test Act was also sent over from England. Its abolition was one of the first fruits of the appearance of a strong national and patriotic spirit in the Parliament, and it was effected in 1779 in spite of the strenuous opposition of the English Cabinet.¹ Absenteeism was in a great degree the consequence of those confiscations which Mr. Froude in his former volume so warmly defended, and which threw a great part of Ireland into the hands of English noblemen. Mr. Froude dilates upon its evil effects with extraordinary power, and maintains that an absentee tax was one of the first necessities for Ireland. Unfortunately for his theory, he has himself described at great length how ready the Irish Parliament was in 1773 and in 1797 to pass such a tax, how much influence and what tortuous manœuvres were resorted to by the Government for the purpose of defeating it, and how entirely the opposition to it came from the influence of the great nobles upon the Cabinet of England.² Was such a tax more likely to be favoured by a Parliament of resident Irish gentlemen, or by an English council responsible only to the Government of the country in which those absentees resided; or would the inducements to live in Ireland be increased by the abolition of the Parliament and the consequent extinction of the brilliant metropolitan society that had grown up around it? The corruption of Parliament would no doubt have terminated with its existence, but there was another form which would have been proportionately increased. The English Parliament took practically no cognisance of Irish pa-

tronage, and the detestable system of placing in Irish offices, or on the Irish pension list, men whose appointment would produce too great a scandal in England, was absolutely unchecked except by the feeble protests of the Irish Parliament. There remains then the disaffection of the people. Was it likely that this would have been abated by the destruction of the political freedom of the whole proprietary? Was it probable that a council representing only the British Cabinet would carry the moral weight even of the most defective Parliament? When the Volunteers rose to arms to protect their country, and at the same time to extort from England political and commercial independence, when their representatives had formed themselves into a Convention for the purpose of obtaining Parliamentary Reform from the Government, when the country seemed brought to the verge of revolution, and more than 100,000 drilled men were enrolled, the Parliament, fearing the danger to liberty and to the connection, of the dictation of an armed body, passed a solemn resolution condemning the Volunteer organization. Corrupt and narrow as that Parliament was, the resolution had its effect. The Volunteer Convention, with a loyalty and a moderation for which it deserves a very different recognition from any it obtains from Mr. Froude, consented to disband, and by the authority of the Irish Parliament a rebellion, which would have been the most formidable England ever encountered, was averted. Is it likely that a council in no degree representing the nation would have had an equal weight?

It may appear, I think, from these considerations, that Mr. Froude's constructive policy does not contrast as favourably as he imagines with that of the "orators" of the Irish Parliament. The term "orator" in Mr. Froude's vocabulary necessarily implies complete political fatuity, and he imitates very closely the language of Mr. Carlyle, who has made the evil of speech and the advantages of silence the basis of

¹ Vol. ii. 249.

² Vol. ii. 150—157; vol. iii. 231—233.

a philosophy which is now comprised in rather more than thirty considerable volumes. Oratory, or the gift of vivid, powerful or persuasive speech, like literary talent, may or may not be associated with sound judgment or wide knowledge, but that it is in itself a proof or even a presumption that the person who possesses it is deficient in the qualities of a statesman is not likely to appear credible to the countrymen of the two Pitts, of Fox, of Canning, and of Gladstone. "The brilliancy of oratory," Mr. Froude assures us, "is at all times, and from the very nature of the art, in the inverse ratio of the truth contained in it;" from which it would appear that in his opinion an idea or a judgment becomes false in exact proportion to the beauty of the language in which it is expressed.

The movement, however, such as it was, was an inevitable and in a great degree a spontaneous one. The indignation produced by the commercial laws, the abuses of the pension list, the quarrels of a few great families with the Viceroy about the disposition of patronage, the speeches and writings of a few very able men, and the gradual subsidence of the animosity that had long divided the Catholics from the Protestants, were the chief causes. The Octennial Bill of 1768 was the first considerable step of reform. The brilliant eloquence and the pure and noble character of Grattan gave an extraordinary impulse to the movement, and the American Revolution kindled the enthusiasm of the nation into a flame. The questions of commercial disabilities and of national independence lay at the root of the American Revolution. Irish Presbyterians, who had emigrated from Ulster but had left many memories behind them, were among the most prominent of the soldiers of Washington. At a time when a French fleet was menacing Ireland the country was left almost destitute of English troops. The Irish Protestants formed themselves into a disciplined army under the guidance of the gentry for the protection of the country, and

they then very naturally proceeded to demand the redress of their political and economical grievances. They accordingly formed themselves into a Convention which probably represented the opinion of the country much more faithfully than the Parliament, and succeeded in conjunction with the Parliament in extorting many very considerable concessions. Free trade to the plantations was restored. The disabilities imposed upon Irish wool were removed. The constitutional independence of Parliament was recognized, and nearly at the same time the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords was restored; the Judges were secured in their posts, the Habeas Corpus Act was for the first time granted to Ireland, and a biennial Mutiny Act made the Irish military establishments subject to the constitutional control of the Parliament.

"Now at last," writes Mr. Froude, "all obstacles to the Irish millennium were gone. Every measure had been granted which the people had demanded as necessary to their happiness." As if a Parliament in which two-thirds of the seats were nomination boroughs could possibly be regarded as in any rational sense a fair representative body, or a state of society in which four-fifths of the nation were serfs as a millennium! If the independence of Parliament was not to be perfectly illusory, it was necessary that its absurd constitution and its scandalous corruption should be remedied by a Reform Bill, and it was no less necessary to the security of the whole nation that the gulf between the Catholics and the Protestants should be filled: Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation became the two great ends to which the party represented by Grattan aspired. They failed in obtaining them, and their failure was the real cause of the Rebellion of 1798.

On the first point the Irish Liberals were substantially agreed, and the nature of their demands will be best shown by quoting the principal articles of Flood's Reform Bill of 1784. It provided that

the close boroughs should be opened by giving votes to all Protestant forty-shilling freeholders, and to householders of thirty-one years of which fifteen were unexpired; that the franchise of decayed boroughs should be extended to the adjoining parishes; that pensioners during pleasure should be excluded from Parliament, and pensioners for life, as well as placeholders, should be compelled to vacate their seats; that an oath against bribery should be administered to the members, and that the Parliament should be made triennial. This bill—which surely to an English mind will not appear very extravagant—was supported by several borough-owners, who with eminent patriotism volunteered to sacrifice to the country, without compensation, what was then regarded as private property. Emanating in the first instance from the Volunteer Convention, it was afterwards brought forward when the Convention had been dissolved, and was supported by numerous petitions from every part of the country. It applied only to the Protestants. It would probably have cured—it would certainly have greatly palliated—the evils of corruption, and it would have made the Parliament a fair representative of at least the Protestant portion of the community. Nor is there any real reason to hold with Mr. Froude that it would have produced a convulsion. There was no doubt much republicanism among the Presbyterians of the North, but with a free Parliament every real grievance would have disappeared. The Parliament itself was intensely loyal. Its very first act on acquiring its independence was to vote large supplies for the support of the British Navy, nor was there at any time a really disaffected party within its walls. Grattan especially was passionately loyal. Among the Volunteers there was, no doubt, a party who desired revolution, but, strangely enough, their leader was an Englishman and a Bishop; and the vote which conferred the presidency on Lord Charlemont instead of on the Bishop of Derry, and the dissolution of the Convention upon the vote of censure which was passed by the Par-

liament, show beyond all reasonable doubt the essential loyalty of the body. The arrangement of 1782 would probably not have been final, but the experiment ought at least to have been honestly tried. If it failed, Ireland would gain more by a union than England, and a union that represented her real wishes would have been an unmixed benefit to the empire. Everything, however, depended on the policy of the Castle. With the overwhelming power the nomination boroughs had given the Government, a reform could never be carried in the face of its opposition; and the manner in which it treated this question, and the system on which it disposed of its patronage, would determine whether the Constitution of 1782 was accepted as a reality.

The greatest danger, however, of the situation lay in the laws against the Catholics. A legislation which was deliberately intended to paralyse the energies of the great majority of the people, which was in open hostility to their religion, and which made it impossible for Catholic talent and ambition to make a career except at the price of religious apostasy, could not fail to generate rebellious instincts and lawless habits. Authority was deprived of all reverence, and every department of national life was vitiated in turn. A Parliament was necessarily corrupt which disposed of the national revenues without any real control from the body of the people. Landlords planted in the midst of serfs inevitably contracted the vices of slaveholders. The professions were filled with men assuming for emolument a religion they did not believe. The poor were taught to look on law as the natural enemy of religion, while the tithes that were wrung from their misery made the most wretched cottier perpetually sensible of the injustice of his lot. Considered as a proselytizing agency, the code had utterly and ignominiously failed. The Charter Schools, which were intended to give a good industrial education to the people, had sunk into complete decay because (to Mr. Froude's great admiration) they

made instruction in the Protestant creed the condition of obtaining it. The effects of the code were purely temporal and purely evil. Mr. Froude, who speaks with much truth of the pre-eminent necessity in Ireland of just laws firmly enforced, is the apologist for this, the master injustice of Irish legislation; and appealing to the Continental laws against the Protestants, he is very angry with Burke for having spoken of its unexampled inhumanity. The answer is evident. The Continental laws, atrocious as they were, were directed against a small fraction, the Irish laws against the great majority of the nation. In Mr. Froude's judgment the penal code, in its essential parts, ought to have been preserved to the present hour. He tells us, in language not very consistent with his denunciations either of Irish ingratitude or of Irish rebels, but which will doubtless be repeated in every Fenian newspaper, that "it is only when ceasing to be Catholics that it was possible for the Irish to become loyal subjects to the British Crown . . . The Irishman who was at once a Celt and a Catholic received a legacy of bitterness from the past which he was forbidden to forget. The invaders were in possession of the land of his fathers. He had been stripped of his inheritance for his fidelity to his creed. He saw himself trodden down into serfdom on the soil which had been his own, and England—England alone—he knew to be the cause of his sorrows." "Centuries of injustice and neglect had divided the Irish nation into a proletariat to whom law was synonymous with tyranny, and into an aristocracy and gentry who, deprived of the natural inducements to honourable energy, lived only for idle amusements, and used political power as a means of recruiting their exchequer."¹ Mr. Froude accordingly assures us that Duigenan only spoke "the bitter truth" when he said that "no Irish Catholic either is, was, or *ever will be*, a loyal subject of a British Protestant king or a Protestant Government;" that "however English statesmen may please to quarrel with it,

¹ Vol. ii. 195, 406.

it was, is, and *ever will be*, the exact truth" which Fitzgibbon spoke when he declared that "as long as the claims of Rome to universal spiritual dominion over the Christian world shall be maintained, it is impossible that any man who admits them can exercise the legislative powers of a Protestant state with temper and justice;" that Camden knew "that Catholic loyalty when most loudly professed was from the lips outwards;" that "no sincere Irish Catholic could ever, as Lord Clare said, be voluntarily loyal to a Protestant Sovereign."¹ It was necessary that the Catholics should be "bridled and bitted;" that the "claws" of the Catholic clergy should be "pared," and "their teeth drawn;" and Mr. Froude accordingly regards with evident disgust the bill of 1778 enabling Catholics to hold leases of 999 years as "the final surrender of the policy which was designed to throw the whole soil of Ireland into Protestant hands"—the first serious departure from that happy state in which (four-fifths of the nation being Catholics) "intellect, education, property, political power—everything that could make itself felt as a constituent of national life—was still Protestant."

A writer who seriously regrets the penal code and implies that the whole Catholic population of Ireland ought as far as possible to be deprived of every description of political representation, is not deserving as a politician of a serious answer. However much it may please literary gentlemen in search of sensational paradox to coquet with such views, any responsible statesman who acted on them would be very properly regarded as more fit for a place in Bedlam than for a place in Downing Street. Their principal importance arises from the fact, that in exact proportion as it is believed in Ireland that these opinions are held by

¹ Vol. iii. 88, 97, 102, 326, 183. An admirer of Mr. Froude in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (May 8) has the astonishing hardihood to assure us that "Mr. Froude has nowhere said or implied that Catholic Emancipation was a bad thing in itself."

large sections of Englishmen will the Irish Catholics inevitably pass into the ranks of Home Rule. It is, indeed, hardly possible that any Irish Catholic can read this book without being more or less alienated from Great Britain. The passages that have been cited amount to nothing less than a distinct charge of treachery and hypocrisy against every sincere member of his creed who has ever filled an office under the State, fought under its banner, or professed his loyalty to its sovereign. The reader must form his own estimate of a writer who, with the obvious effect of sowing dissension among his fellow-subjects, deals in such charges as these.

Mr. Froude's authority, however, is greater in dealing with the past than with the present, and it is worth while to examine whether in the eighteenth century the Irish Catholics displayed such inveterate disloyalty as to render it hopeless by reasonable government to conciliate them. Grattan and the liberal party, who knew them well, strenuously denied it, and the facts to which they could appeal were sufficiently emphatic.

During the great rebellion of 1715, the Irish Catholics had remained perfectly passive. In 1725, Swift, in his "Drapier's Letters," declared that the party of the Pretender was almost extinct among them, and that they were completely inoffensive. In 1745, when the Scotch rebellion and the invasion of England convulsed Great Britain, and at one time seriously menaced the metropolis, there was not a ripple of agitation in Ireland, and when the rebellion was over, Stone, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, declared in Parliament that, having carefully examined the whole correspondence of the Jacobites which had been seized on the person of the Secretary of the Pretender, he had not discovered "the least trace, hint, or intimation" of any communication between the rebels and the Irish Catholics. In the war which ended in 1763, when England was opposed to two Catholic powers, the Catholics, under the guidance of Lord Trimleston, made warm overtures for permission to support

her in the field, and Halifax, the Lord-Lieutenant, has left the most emphatic testimony to their loyalty. In the American war, while the Presbyterians who had emigrated to America, irritated by far lighter wrongs than those of the Catholics, were in the fore-front of the rebellion, the Catholics not only abstained from the slightest demonstration that could embarrass the Government, but were conspicuous and even servile in their manifestations of loyalty. The Catholic landlords, the higher Catholic clergy, and the Catholic merchants, showed a constant disposition to ally themselves with the Government. The deep resentment caused by the conduct of James after the battle of the Boyne, and by the penal laws of Anne, had destroyed almost all sympathy with the Stuarts. The genius of the Church during the eighteenth century was everywhere to strengthen authority, and the Irish brigade carried away the most turbulent spirits. That much very natural disaffection smouldered among the lower clergy, the ejected proprietors, and the peasantry is no doubt true, but the evil, if it could not be wholly cured, could at least be greatly mitigated. The bad effects of the confiscations had been incalculably aggravated by the penal laws, which deepened the dangerous division of classes by forbidding Catholics to intermarry with Protestants, to purchase land, to hold long leases, and to invest their money in mortgages on land, and provided that on the death of a Catholic his land should be divided equally among his sons, unless the eldest consented to apostatize, and that his children, if minors, should pass under the guardianship of a Protestant. The disaffection of the Catholic peasantry arose chiefly from extreme and abject misery, from the burden of the tithes they were compelled to pay to an alien Church, from the system of absenteeism which, but for the resistance of the Government, the Irish Parliament would have corrected by an absentee tax. "Had the new owners resided on their estates, had they . . . treated their tenants as human beings and helped

them to live in decency, the Irish were not formed so differently from the common posterity of Adam, but that in time their prejudices would have given way. But to four-fifths of the Irish peasantry the change of masters meant only a grinding tyranny. . . . The peasant of Tipperary was in the grasp of a dead hand. The will of a master whom he never saw was enforced against him by a law inexorable as destiny. The absentee landlords of Ireland had neither community of interest with their people nor sympathy of race. . . . They had no fear of their resentment and no desire for their welfare, and cared no more for them than a slave-owner for his slaves."¹ "Left to his own impulses the Irishman allows himself to be guided by his natural chief, the owner of the soil on which he lives. Let the law and the landlord become his friends indeed, and the instinct will then turn into active loyalty, and the field of Irish agitation will cease to yield a harvest."²

The abolition of the penal laws, an alteration in the manner of paying the Protestant clergy, an absentee tax, a real reform of Parliament, and perhaps a small payment to the Catholic clergy, would not have put an end to all disloyalty in Ireland, but they would certainly have reduced it to insignificant proportions. The dispositions of the Protestants were eminently favourable. In 1782 the Protestant Volunteers passed a resolution expressing their warm satisfaction at the relaxations of the penal code; and in the same year, Hely Hutchinson, the Provost of Trinity College, advocated the admission of Catholic students to that University, the establishment of sizarships for their benefit, and the foundation of a Catholic Divinity Professorship within its walls.³ Two years later, the Corporations, both of Dublin and Belfast, petitioned for the complete abolition of the penal code.⁴ In Ireland, as in most countries, religious bigotry had greatly declined. Commercial interests, and especially the feeling of a common nationality, were replacing

it, and the short period in which the Irish Parliament really represented the people was that in which all the disabilities of the Protestant Nonconformists were removed, and the first important steps were taken in abolishing the penal laws. A few years later, when Lord Fitzwilliam believed himself authorized to support Catholic Emancipation, he was able to state that the measure was one "ardently desired by the Roman Catholics, asked for by very many Protestants, and cheerfully acquiesced in by nearly all." Numerous addresses poured in, in its favour. There was absolutely no counter-demonstration, and the warm vote of confidence in Lord Fitzwilliam passed by the House on the announcement of his recall, proves beyond all reasonable doubt how readily it would have consented to emancipation had the Government abstained from opposing it.

Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation were the two great objects of the liberal party in Ireland, and on our opinion of those measures must depend our estimate of their conduct. On some matters they exhibited much want of judgment. On commercial questions they had the same faith in the efficacy of bounties and protection as the Parliament of England. On the question of the Regency they very ill-advisedly separated from the English Parliament, though it must be observed that they adopted the more modest view of Parliamentary power, for they simply denied their right to impose restrictions upon the Regent. The opposition to the Police Bill was perhaps a mistake, but it is not surprising that Parliament should have looked with suspicion on a measure that placed a considerable army and a large department of new patronage under the undivided control of an Executive which had but just granted with extreme reluctance a short Mutiny Bill, which habitually employed its patronage in corruption, and which was suspected with too good reason of an inveterate hostility to parliamentary independence. The rejection of Orde's commercial propositions was more clearly

¹ Vol. ii. 21 (abridged).² Vol. iii. 219.³ Vol. ii. 313.⁴ Vol. ii. 410.

defensible, for some of their clauses involved a complete surrender of the right of regulating Irish commerce, which was one of the most valued parts of the Constitution of 1782. That Constitution the Ministers were resolved never fairly to try. Their steady and uniform object was to resist every description of Parliamentary reform, to multiply the agencies of corruption, and thus to make the Constitution wholly illusory. Bill after bill was brought in to reform the absurd constitution of Parliament, to diminish the scandalous pension list, to extend to Ireland the English law restraining revenue officers from voting at elections; but the Government opposed and rejected them. Not content with this, it steadily increased the evil. In a single year sixteen peers were created or promoted, and the pension list increased by 13,000*l.* a year. During Lord Buckingham's administration it considerably exceeded the pension list of England. Numerous new places held by members of Parliament were created. It was stated in the House of Commons in 1789 that there were 110 placemen in that House, and that one-eighth of the revenue of the country was divided among members of Parliament. With an impudent cynicism that has probably never been equalled in a representative body, Fitzgibbon boasted that half a million had been spent in obtaining an address before, and hinted that an equal or greater sum would be spent again. "The strength of the Government," says Mr. Froude, "was concentrated in resisting reform, because reform, among its other consequences, would have been fatal to the Union." "Every step," wrote the Lord-Lieutenant in the beginning of 1793, "of conciliating the two descriptions of people that inhabit Ireland diminishes the probability of that object to be wished—a union with England."¹

The peasantry of Munster, in a period of extreme distress, revolted fiercely against the tithes, and many outrages were perpetrated upon tithe-proctors

and Protestant clergymen. The grievance was flagrant and undeniable. How completely the department of crime it produced could be remedied was decisively proved by the Commutation Act in the present century, which almost instantaneously rendered the position of Protestant clergymen in Ireland perfectly secure. Grattan implored the House to legislate on the subject, but the Government, under the guidance of Fitzgibbon, defeated him. Coercion Bills, which Mr. Froude enthusiastically admires, but which Arthur Young described as fit "for the meridian of Barbary," were preferred, and they served still further to exasperate the people. In one of his speeches on this occasion, Fitzgibbon acknowledged in eloquent terms the misery of the peasants, but ascribed it wholly to the landlords, and especially to the absentees. For this speech Mr. Froude describes him as the truest of Irish patriots; but when, a few years later, one bill was brought in to impose a tax on absentees, and another to put a stop to the system of bestowing on them great Irish posts, the Government of which this immaculate patriot was a leading member resisted and defeated them.

Such was the position of the country, and such the policy of the Government, when the French Revolution burst upon the world, bringing with it a wild delirium of democratic enthusiasm that evoked every element of anarchy in Europe. In England, notwithstanding its settled constitution and its ancient freedom, the shock was severely felt. It would be strange indeed if in a country situated like Ireland it had been otherwise. At first, and indeed for several years, the revolutionary party was exclusively among the Presbyterians and free-thinkers of the North, and especially of Belfast; but they soon felt that without the co-operation of the Catholics nothing could be done. Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were the two great objects the United Irishmen placed before them. With most of them they were the real and the only objects, and it was not

¹ Vol. iii. 73, 103. See, too, Grattan's Life, by his son.

until it became evident that the Government was resolved to resist them to the uttermost that the movement became seditious. There was, however, a party represented by Wolfe Tone, who aimed from the beginning at separation. Mr. Froude triumphs in this fact as a justification of his theory that no reform of Parliament and no relaxation of the Catholic disabilities should have been conceded. It is a fact which has hardly been disputed. What Irish historians, what Irish Liberals and English Whigs have always contended, and what nothing in this book in the slightest degree invalidates, is that the concession of two measures, in themselves eminently righteous and politic, would have reduced this revolutionary party to insignificance, and would have either prevented the rebellion, or at least made it no more formidable than that of 1848. The Catholics would far sooner have obtained the boon from the Parliament than from the Revolution. Passionately attached to their faith, they looked with horror on what was passing in France as on the special manifestation of Antichrist. Their sympathies were not with Paris, but with La Vendée, and the Catholic nobles and prelates were violently opposed to the United Irishmen. At the same time, the contagion of a great revolution and the presence of an active party offering the Catholics emancipation as the price of adhesion, could not be without its effect. The atmosphere was charged with dangerous elements, and it was quite necessary that something should be done to avert the storm.

I have no space to follow in detail the very tortuous proceedings of the Government on the Catholic question. In 1792 it was hostile to concession. In 1793, as the dangers of the situation increased, it pursued a different course, and a very important bill, comprising among other concessions the grant of the suffrage to Catholics, was carried. Dundas at this time truly described the situation in a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, in which he said, "Had the

franchise been granted a year ago, it would have been enough. Now it will probably not be enough." It was plain that nothing short of Emancipation would be sufficient, and one of the most obvious effects of such a measure would be to increase the influence of the Catholic gentry, who, as a class, were eminently loyal. At last, at the end of 1794, the Cabinet resolved upon a course of conciliation. Lord Fitzwilliam, who was a known supporter of Emancipation, was sent over as Lord-Lieutenant, and Pitt himself allowed Grattan to understand that although Government would not bring forward Emancipation, they would yield to it if proposed. Fitzwilliam understood that he had full discretion to deal with the question. He found the country driven by the corrupt and intolerant policy, and by the insulting language of Fitzgibbon and his party, to the verge of rebellion. In the opinion of Grattan and most of the ablest living Irishmen, Emancipation, followed by Reform, was the only means of averting it. The Parliament, keenly sensible of the dangers of the situation, was perfectly prepared with the support of the Government to pass these bills. Fitzwilliam openly announced his approval, and, with his full assent, Grattan brought in a bill for Emancipation. Fitzgibbon and his clique were furious, but a burst of sudden loyalty and gratitude burst over the land. As far as Ireland was concerned success was assured, and the expectations of the Catholics had deepened into certainty, when the news suddenly arrived that the Lord-Lieutenant was recalled, that his policy was disavowed, and that the Government was resolved to resist Emancipation.

The recall has been variously attributed to the resolution of the King, to the intrigues of Fitzgibbon, and to the vacillation of Pitt. Mr. Froude cordially approves of it, but no fact in Irish history is more certain than that it was the direct cause of the bloody rebellion that ensued. The nation had been excited to the highest point,

and a tremendous revulsion took place. Fitzwilliam had solemnly warned the Ministers that to disappoint the hopes of the Catholics "would be to raise a flame in the country that nothing but the force of arms could keep down." "You are thinking," he wrote, "of a union between the two kingdoms as a good to be expected from deferring the concession. . . . You calculate on confusion arising, from which Union will be welcomed as an escape." Up to this time the priests had kept the Catholics from organized conspiracy, but they now rapidly joined the movement. In the very remarkable memorial which the three United Irish leaders—O'Connor, McNevin, and Emmett—drew up in 1798, describing its history, they said: "Whatever progress this United system had made among the Presbyterians of the North, it had, as we apprehend, made but little way among the Catholics throughout the kingdom until after the recall of Earl Fitzwilliam."¹

The rebellion could now hardly be averted, and many causes contributed to make it an atrocious one. A war of outrages which gradually assumed a theological character had long raged in Ulster. After some extensive evictions that had taken place, many Catholics accepted tenancies in that province, and bands of ejected Protestant tenants, under the name of Peep of Day Boys, attempted by outrages to drive them from their holdings. The Catholics in their turn associated under the name of Defenders, and they soon rivalled the violence of their adversaries. The most formidable, however, of all were the Orangemen who arose in 1795, and who aimed at nothing less than the complete expulsion of all Catholics from Ulster. "To hell or Connaught" was their favourite command, and it was stated on the best authority that early in 1796 not less than 1,400 families, or at least 5,000 individuals, were driven out. Hundreds of cabins were burnt, and their inmates compelled to fly helpless, homeless, and ruined. According

to the evidence given at a later period before a Parliamentary Committee, from twelve to fourteen Catholic houses were sometimes wrecked in a single night. Lord Gosford, as governor of Armagh, described the state of the country in emphatic terms: "A persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty is now raging in this county. . . . The only crime which the wretched objects of this merciless persecution are charged with is a crime of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible. It is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and immediate banishment."¹ The Catholics, not only in the North, but all over Ireland, were full of terror, and a wild rumour that the Orangemen had sworn an oath to exterminate them was generally believed. It is stated by Irish historians, and I can find no evidence to contradict it, that not a single prosecution was directed against the perpetrators of these outrages. Law, indeed, was thoroughly dislocated, powerless, or partial. The execution of Orr for high treason excited, Mr. Froude tells us with much scorn, "a scream" among liberal newspapers. Mr. Froude does not think it necessary or perhaps advisable to inform his readers that in this case three of the jurors made an affidavit that drink had been introduced into the jury-box, and that under the influence of intoxication and of the intimidation of their brother jurors they had given a verdict which they believed to be false. In Leinster and part of Munster the Catholic peasantry were everywhere arming. Thousands of pikes were manufactured; numerous murders were committed; the press was outrageously incendiary; the air was filled with rumours of invasion or massacre. A sullen, savage spirit was rapidly spreading. The Government

¹ Mr. Froude has not given this very remarkable statement. It will be found at length in Madden's "United Irishmen."

¹ Castlereagh Correspondence, i. 356.

desired to disarm the people, and also, as Lord Castlereagh stated, "to produce a premature explosion of the rebellion." Troops, and especially half-disciplined yeomen, who were often Orangemen and usually actuated by fierce political and religious animosities, were sent to live in free quarters among the peasants, and were guilty of every form of brutal, licentious, and drunken tyranny. Great multitudes suspected of possessing arms were flogged till they almost fainted, in order to compel them to confess. Some were half hanged; many others were tortured with caps lined with burning pitch that were fixed upon their heads. An irresponsible and maddening tyranny penetrated into every humble cottage. The women, while their husbands were at work in the fields, were at the mercy of the yeomen. Numerous houses, and some chapels, where arms were found or suspected, were burnt. Before a shot had been fired in rebellion, Lord Moira, who was a man of unimpeachable character, and who had been an eye-witness of what he describes, declared in Parliament that "thirty houses were sometimes burnt down in a single night;" that this was constantly done on the vaguest suspicion; that he had seen in Ireland "the most disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under," and that, if persevered in, it would inevitably produce universal hatred of the English name. The Duke of Leinster, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and Sir John Moore, fully corroborated his testimony. It is not true, as has been often said, that the free quarters, the floggings, the picketings, and the pitch-caps, were the cause of the Rebellion; but it is undoubtedly true that they drove into it multitudes of poor peasants who were perfectly indifferent to politics, and contributed greatly to give it the character of ferocity it speedily assumed.

Mr. Froude apologizes at length for these atrocities, and is very indignant with Lord Moira, the Duke of Leinster, Grattan, and the English Whigs who predicted that they would drive the people into rebellion; with Sir Ralph

Abercromby, who resigned his command rather than countenance them, and left an emphatic testimony to the licentious conduct of the troops;¹ with Lord Cornwallis, who refused the command of the Irish forces unless some measures were taken to conciliate the Catholics; with Lord Fitzwilliam, who declared that if his policy had been pursued the Rebellion might have been averted; and even with Lord Camden, who complained that the Orangemen were committing "acts of the greatest outrage and barbarity against their Catholic neighbours," and that their combinations justly irritated the Catholics, and were "more dangerous than direct conspiracy."

In the same spirit he writes the history of the Rebellion, studiously aggravating every atrocity that was committed on one side, studiously attenuating or apologizing for every atrocity upon the other. The power of a dramatic historian in this manner to falsify history without any distinct misstatement of facts can hardly be overrated. In a struggle in which both sides committed great atrocities it is only necessary for him to appeal to the passions of his readers by detailed, vivid, and picturesque accounts of the massacres upon one side, while he either suppresses those on the other or dismisses them in a few general, colourless, and apologetical sentences. Lord Macaulay had a still greater power of dramatic writing than Mr. Froude, and he wrote his history with a strong bias in favour of William, but, having a very different sense of the responsibility of an historian, he took care that his picture of the Massacre of Glencoe should be quite as vivid and as powerful as his pictures of the cruelties of Claverhouse. Had Mr. Froude been the historian, it would doubtless have been dismissed in three or four lines with a passing sneer at those "foolish historians" who blamed the Master of Stair for his energy in extirpating thieves. Even from this slight sketch it will appear very evi-

¹ Sir John Moore fully approved of the conduct and subscribed to the judgment of Abercromby. See *Edinburgh Review*, lix.

dent what were the causes of the Rebellion. The scandalous condition of the Parliamentary representation and the resolution of Government to resist every attempt to amend it; the disabilities of four-fifths of the population; the Fitzwilliam episode, when, at a period of extreme national excitement, the cup of deliverance had been raised to the very lips of the Catholics, and then by the act of the English Government dashed suddenly to the ground; the gross injustice of the tithes, the contagion of the French Revolution, the outrages of the Orangemen, the rumours of their intended massacres; the atrocious cruelties of the troops and yeomen which exasperated the peasantry to madness, sufficiently explain it. Mr. Froude prefers to speak of "a treacherous race whom it was no longer possible to bear with," and to describe the Rebellion as the result of constitutional government—"the crimson blossoming of the tree of liberty which had been planted by Grattan in '82." Of the atrocities committed by the rebels during the bloody month when the Rebellion was at its height it is difficult to speak too strongly. The massacre of the North Cork Militia at Prosperous, the most hideous massacre of prisoners at Scullabogue, as well as those at Wexford Bridge and at Vinegar Hill, will always remain indelible stains on the history of Ireland; but an impartial historian would not have forgotten that they were perpetrated by undisciplined men driven to madness by a long course of savage cruelties, and in most cases without the knowledge or approval of their leaders; that from the beginning of the struggle the yeomen rarely gave quarter to the rebels; that with the one horrible exception of Scullabogue the rebels in their treatment of women contrasted most favourably and most remarkably with the troops, and that one of the earliest episodes of the struggle was the butchery near Kildare of 350 insurgents who had surrendered on the express promise that their lives should be spared. No one who has read the sickening catalogue of atrocities perpe-

trated on the loyalist side that are collected in the histories of Gordon and Hay, and in the more recent histories of Mitchell and Madden, will doubt that there is ample room for sensational writing on the other side, and that charges of this description may be very fairly divided. It would have been better to have allowed these scenes to fade away from the popular recollection. If an historian thought it right to reproduce them—to stir up recollections which he knows must arouse the most vindictive and pernicious passions in Ireland—it was his duty to relate them with rigid impartiality, to abstain from all language that would create needless irritation, and to describe with proportionate emphasis the crimes and the extenuations of each party. Mr. Froude has not done so. No candid person who reads his book with a competent knowledge of the subject will fail to perceive that it has no more claim to impartiality than an election squib, that the furious party spirit of its author does much more than colour his narrative of facts, and that he has written with an apparently deliberate intention of reviving animosities between classes and creeds. One of the worst of the many bad effects of this book will certainly be the production in Ireland of a whole literature relating to those massacres of a kind that every well-wisher of the empire would deprecate. The number of the insurgents who perished in a rebellion that in its intensity only lasted a single month has been estimated by Plowden and other historians at 50,000. If, making full allowance for exaggeration, we reduce the number by half or by two-thirds, it will still appear sufficiently frightful, especially when we remember that Gordon, a Protestant clergyman, who has written the fairest and most moderate account of the Rebellion, and who was an eyewitness of much that he related, has left his deliberate opinion that more than half of these were slain in cold blood. A Quaker lady, whose homely and touching journal furnishes one of the truest pictures of those sad times,

tells us with a ghastly simplicity that "for several months there was no sale for bacon cured in Ireland, from the well-founded dread of the hogs having been fed upon the flesh of men."¹ Few rebellions indeed have either been more scandalously provoked, or more savagely suppressed.

A main object of the book is to throw upon the Catholics the chief guilt of the Rebellion. That it became in a great degree a religious war in Wexford is true, but the causes are not difficult to discover. The atrocities of the Orangemen in the North; the rumours, universally spread and very generally believed, that they had sworn to exterminate the Catholics; the presence of numerous Orangemen in the yeoman regiments in Wexford, and the burning of many Catholic chapels, contributed to make it so: and besides this, men in a deadly struggle will readily enlist in their cause any passion of which they can avail themselves. At the same time, it is certain that the movement was begun and organized entirely by Protestants; that until the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam it continued to be mainly Protestant; that even in Wexford, Bagenal Harvey, a Protestant gentleman, was at first the leader of the insurgents; that of the thirteen Leinster delegates who were arrested in Dublin in the beginning of 1798, two only were Catholics; and that, according to the estimate of Madden, among the leaders of the United Irishmen through the whole Rebellion, the Catholics were only as one to four. Connaught never threw itself really into the movement. In Munster the Catholic peasantry showed perfect loyalty during the French expedition to Bantry Bay, and gave every assistance to the loyalists. The militia-men who fell at Prosperous in the service of the Government were mainly Catholics, and no Catholic prelate, scarcely any considerable Catholic gentleman, was mixed up in the Rebellion. The ablest and one of the most ferocious of the rebel leaders was no doubt Father John Murphy. "After forty-five years of hitherto inoffensive

¹ Leadbeater Papers.

life," writes Mr. Froude, "he had become possessed with the 'Irish idea.'" Perhaps it would have elucidated the nature of this "Irish idea" had Mr. Froude thought fit to inform his readers that this priest had no connection with the United Irishmen, and even used his influence against them, till he had seen his chapel, his house, and the houses of many of his parishioners burnt by the yeomen. Then, and not till then, he threw himself into the struggle.¹ Sir John Moore, who took a leading part in suppressing the Rebellion, was accustomed to speak with burning indignation of the cruelties perpetrated on the people, both before it began and while it was in progress. "Moderate treatment," he said, "by the generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity; and the latter would certainly be quiet if the gentlemen and yeomen would only behave with tolerable decency. . . their harshness and violence had originally driven the farmers and peasants to revolt."²

The steady humanity of the English Whigs during this period of sanguinary fury forms one of the noblest pages in their history. They uniformly opposed the cruelties that were committed in the name of the law, and by their influence Lord Cornwallis was sent over as Viceroy on a mission of conciliation. His despatches vividly display the mingled horror and pity with which a humane man would naturally look upon the situation. He complained that "numberless murders are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever;" that the yeomen, though they "have saved the country, now take the lead in rapine and murder," and that the system of martial law was atrociously abused. He declared with perfect truth that the rebellion was originally Jacobin; that a large part of its ferocity was distinctly traceable to the

¹ So it is stated in the *Memoirs of Miles Byrne*, one of the Wexford rebels.

² See Sir W. Napier's very remarkable account of Sir John Moore, *Edinburgh Review*, lix.

floggings and pitch-caps of the troops; and that the essential evil of Ireland was the detestable system of ascendancy which saturated the Protestant minority with all the vices of slaveholders, and the Catholic majority with all the vices of slaves. Very different are the judgments of Mr. Froude. Towards the English liberal party he shows his usual intensity of hatred. For Cornwallis and his delicate sensibilities he is blandly contemptuous. He is indignant at the suspension of martial law, and he hints very intelligibly his characteristic regret that the whole rebel army which yielded at Vinegar Hill was not put to the sword.

With the Rebellion of 1798 Mr. Froude draws his book somewhat abruptly to a close, and he throws little or no light on the transactions of the Union. If that measure did not produce all the effects that were expected from it, this was mainly due to two causes—that it was passed in complete disregard of the real wishes of the Irish people, and that it was unaccompanied by Catholic Emancipation. In Mr. Froude's judgment it is a superstition to suppose that the wishes of the governed should be consulted by the governors, and Catholic Emancipation, though it might be a necessity, would always be an evil.

A few miscellaneous illustrations may be given, in conclusion, of the temper, accuracy, and consistency of this book. Burke, as we all know, spent the best part of his life in England; his friends and connections were mainly English; the enthusiastic and often exaggerated warmth of his admiration was one of the most notorious of his characteristics, and his works are richer than probably any others of the eighteenth century in glowing portraits of the great English statesmen and orators of his time: but because Burke formed a low estimate of the naval talents of Rodney, we are assured that he was actuated by "an instinctive Irish dislike of distinguished Englishmen." The imputation, as everyone who has the smallest knowledge of the matter must be aware, is utterly desti-

tute not only of truth but of plausibility, and it can have been made with no other object than that of gratuitous and deliberate insult. In an age of great and general venality the character of Grattan, according to Mr. Froude's own confession, was wholly free from any taint of corruption, and it must be added that few statesmen have sacrificed more to their loyalty. His position after the triumph of 1782 was one of the most enviable that can be conceived, but he at once wrecked his popularity rather than support measures which he believed to be dangerous to the connection or humiliating to England. On these grounds, he refused to support the popular demand for an express renunciation by England of her authority over the Irish Parliament. On these grounds he opposed the reduction of the army in 1783, maintaining that Ireland should contribute her full share to the support of the empire. In 1807 he encountered violent unpopularity by supporting a stringent Coercion Bill on the ground that by such a measure alone could the anarchical elements of the country be repressed. He was unwearied in urging his countrymen not to cultivate "an alien or suspicious habit with regard to Great Britain," and in dissuading them from that friendship with France which he described with some exaggeration as the curse of Ireland. Though a sincere and devoted Whig, he broke away from his party at three different periods of his life, because they opposed a French war, or because he maintained that they suffered party motives to interfere with the undivided support that in a great foreign struggle should be given to the Government. Yet Grattan is described in one place as "a political adventurer;" in another as actuated by "the instinctive and indelible longing of an Irish patriot for the humiliation of Great Britain;" in a third, as so enamoured with "a state of anarchy," that he "regarded measures for the promotion of order as an assault upon national independence." Making every allowance for the antipathy Mr. Froude must naturally feel for a statesman who de-

voted a long life and a great genius to the cause of civil and religious liberty, to assuaging the animosity of sects, and to infusing a spirit of humanity into legislation, surely so grotesque a travesty of history exceeds (to adopt his own phrase) "the permitted license of a partisan." One of the consequences actually produced, we are told, by liberal measures has been "the obliteration of the Protestants in Ireland as a political power in the country. The Protestants are less than one-fourth of the Irish people." At the very time when Mr. Froude sent this assertion into the world, 53 of the 103 members, and considerably more than three-fourths of the magistrates of Ireland, were Protestants. In one place we have long denunciations of the ingratitude of the Irish Catholics and of the folly of those who imagine "that the Irish temperament can be conquered by generosity:" in another we are told of "the passionate attachment with which the Celt never fails to reward the master who treats him with kindness and justice." In one place we are met with the unqualified and insulting assertion that "all Irish patriots would have accepted greedily any tolerable appointment from the Government:" in another we are told of Grattan that "had he consented to a compromise he could not have named a reward too high for Rockingham and Portland to have thrust upon him." In one place we are assured that "no Irish Catholic either is, was, or ever will be a loyal subject of a British Protestant king:" in another we are told that the members of the police force (which is crowded with Catholics) "are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race." In writing of his friends Mr. Froude is so admirably charitable, that when Fitzgibbon, in his duel with Curran (to whom he always showed an implacable hatred), was observed to aim with peculiar deliberation, it is ingeniously suggested that this may have been "to make sure of doing him no serious harm." Of the candour and the charity with which he treats his oppo-

nents it is sufficient to say that he scarcely ever mentions the efforts of a Catholic nobleman or bishop in suppressing crime or supporting the Government without an insinuation that they were half-hearted, hypocritical, or interested; that when he has occasion to describe an Irish politician as emphatically honest, he is careful to add that his Irish birth was "a freak of nature," and that he habitually labels the most atrocious crimes he recounts as "Irish ideas."

A writer of English history who took the Newgate Calendar as the most faithful expression of English ideas, and English murderers as the typical representatives of their nation, would not be regarded with unqualified respect. There is one consideration, however, which can hardly fail to strike the readers of Mr. Froude. He describes Ireland in the palmy days of the penal laws and of Protestant ascendancy as an absolute Pandemonium. If we accept his judgment, we must believe that murder and riot, the ravishing of women, the houghing of cattle, the mutilation of Protestant clergymen, the "carding" of titheproctors, were the habitual employments of the people. He at the same time intimates very clearly that he considers the whole course of liberal legislation for Ireland steadily wrong. The effect of so long a regimen of poisons operating on a body so profoundly diseased must be admitted to be remarkable. The abductions and mutilations of cattle, which are represented as the most prominent of "Irish ideas," have passed even out of the memory of the people. Outrages against Protestant clergymen have for more than a generation been almost absolutely unknown. Agrarian crime has sunk to very small proportions, and although in a country which is purely agricultural, and in which most business transactions relate to land, it can hardly be expected altogether to cease, it is rapidly losing its organized character. In three provinces, and the greater part of the fourth, Protestants and Catholics are living in perfect peace and tolerable friendship, and it is only in Belfast and a few

neighbouring towns that the religious animosities which in this book Mr. Froude has laboured so earnestly to revive, disturb the tranquillity of the community. A general election produces in Ireland hardly more riot than in England. The social and economical conditions of the country are steadily improving, and life and property are perfectly secure. The indisputable evidence of statistics proves that the average of crime is considerably lower than in England, and the judges in the most populous towns are usually able to congratulate the grand juries on the almost complete absence of serious offences. If the attitude of the Catholic priests on educational questions is more arrogant and domineering than of old, this is not due to purely Irish causes, but is part of a change in the spirit of the Church which is equally felt in Switzerland, in

Austria, and in Brazil. If the Home Rule theory brings with it much embarrassment to English statesmen, it is at least a theory which is within the limits of the Constitution, which is supported by means that are perfectly loyal and legitimate, and which, like every other theory, must be discussed and judged upon its merits. If there is unhappily a considerable though diminishing amount of disloyalty still smouldering in certain classes of the people, this is the very natural result of many generations of agitation and misgovernment. It would have almost subsided but for the too successful efforts of writers, on both sides of the Channel, to counteract by incessant irritants the healing measures of the last few years—to envenom old wounds and rekindle the embers of old hatreds.

W. E. H. LECKY.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1874.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.¹

I PROPOSE to trace the origin of slavery, and to show that the existence of this great evil depends upon the low scale of civilization of the dominant power. I assume that a high scale of civilization renders a state of slavery impossible, as a highly educated and exalted society must necessarily uphold the liberty of every subject. If this view is accepted, we can only arrive at the conclusion that the emancipation of slaves and the general suppression of the slave trade throughout the world will be a slow and gradual process, as the freedom of the weak will depend upon the advancement and general mental development of those countries which are now semi-civilized, and are accordingly slave-holding powers.

The earliest history of the world commences with a rude want of sympathy. The word "mercy" was not understood until taught by our divine teacher, Jesus Christ. The wars of the Jews as described in the books of Moses are terrible pictures of the hard and bloody instincts of the times. No mercy!—but a ruthless slaughter of the helpless.

"And we utterly destroyed them, as we did unto Sihon king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children, of every city."²

The prophet Samuel hews to pieces with his own hands his kingly prisoner Agag. The Old Testament is full of the most revolting accounts of wholesale

massacres without respect for age or sex. Many of the Jewish wars were those of extermination, in which by a bloody command even the "infant and suckling" perished.

Turning from such disgusting scenes of bloodshed, it is almost a relief to regard the institution of slavery, and to study the laws by which the position of slaves was regulated. We see that among the Israelites there were distinctions between classes of slaves. Their own people, *i.e.* Hebrews, might be slaves; but these appeared to enjoy a superior protection to those who were of foreign origin.

"Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, *shall be* of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever; but over your brethren the children of Israel ye shall not rule one over another with rigour."³

This is incontestable evidence that slavery was not only permitted, but regulated by laws, which enjoined the purchase of slaves both from the

¹ The Rede Lecture for 1874.

² Deut. iii. 6.

³ Leviticus xxv. 44-46.

nations without, and from those of foreign extraction, who had been born among the Israelites. These slaves, or, as the translation renders them, "bond-men," were real property, which descended together with the flocks and herds from father to son.

The privileged class of slaves were the Israelites, who were to receive their freedom on the seventh year. "And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or an Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee."¹

The permission thus given to the custom of buying and selling individuals of their own nation, had evidently led to abuse in the kidnapping of slaves. This is proved by the severity of the law, as expressed in Deuteronomy xxiv. 7: "If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh merchandise of him, or selleth him; then that thief shall die; and thou shalt put evil away from among you." Thus the children of Israel were watched over by the law, while the foreigners were condemned to hopeless slavery. Although the children of Israel could be sold, they were only leasehold property for a term of seven years, while the foreigner was freehold property—a slave for ever.

Where the lives of prisoners of war were spared, they became slaves to their conquerors. In the song to magnify the glory of that frightful treachery committed by Jael, in the murder of her sleeping guest, Sisera, we find the words: "Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?" Thus from remote ages a great portion of the spoil of victory consisted in slaves. In the wars with the Midianites, the female prisoners of maturity were massacred, while the young virgins were apportioned to the soldiers. Slavery naturally increased the horrors of warfare. The males were ruthlessly slain, that the young girls, being fatherless and friendless, might in despair resign themselves to their hopeless lot as captives, without attempts at escape. By the evidence of

the Bible, we know that slavery was an institution recognized by the law of Moses. To those who cling to the laws of Moses as the foundation of their religious creed, it will be hard to argue against slavery. The great slave-trading nations are Mohammedans, who believe that by Holy Writ they are not only justified, but encouraged to capture or purchase slaves, who, from the position of heathens, may become converts to the true faith, and thus serve God, at the same time that they minister to the comfort of their proprietors. So long as the Mohammedan religion shall endure, this principle of slavery will be admitted. The attempts of Christian powers to suppress that trade will simply be regarded as attacks by Christianity directed against the Moslem creed. The grand law of force will to a certain extent always rule the physical world.

Optimists cling to the hope that national disputes will be eventually settled by arbitration, and that the affairs of nations will be legally settled by an international European court, which will supersede gunpowder and the bayonet. Unfortunately for moralists and philanthropists, the law of force is one that cannot be denied; and the nation that is physically the most powerful will carry the greatest weight in the counsels of the world. Thus the civilization of the present age has not lessened the occurrence of wars, which are still the ultimate courts of trial in national disputes; but the horrors of warfare are mitigated by the sympathetic charity of Christian countries. The wounded of the enemy are tended by the surgeons of the victor, instead of being bayoneted on the field. Prisoners are carefully housed and fed, instead of being carried into slavery. This is the effect of Christianity, which, although it cannot repress warfare, has so far softened the savage instincts of mankind that wars are conducted according to international rules founded upon humanity. On the other hand, when we regard semi-barbarous countries, we see the same savagery in warfare as committed by the ancients. Witness

¹ Deut. xv. 12.

the war between the Turks and Greeks which happened in our own time. The ruthless massacre of the Greeks was followed by a wholesale system of slavery. Young boys and lovely girls were torn from their blood-stained homes to become the slaves and to gratify the lust of their brutal conquerors. That dreadful example of our friends the Turks represented the barbarity of remote ages. How many of our ancestors among the noble Britons perished as gladiators in the Roman arena? The Roman conquest of Britain furnished slaves celebrated above all others for their stature, personal beauty, and courage. From time immemorial the adverse fortune of war resulted in the slavery of the captives. This was a universal rule. It appeared that to enslave a fellow-man was a natural human instinct.

At the present day we regard the distant past with horror, and we are inclined to be almost incredulous to the historical accounts of wholesale slavery and massacre. We must at the same time remember that so recently as the reign of James II. political prisoners of our own kith and kin were sold as slaves to toil and die in the tropics of the West Indies. The maids of honour of the Court of James II. (not 200 years ago) received presents of Englishmen condemned for treasonable offences. These victims of the law were sold by the Queen's honourable maids to work upon the sugar plantations of Jamaica; and the proceeds of the flesh and blood of their own countrymen assisted to deck the fair persons of these courtly angels. When we regard such deplorable facts face to face, we must perceive the immense improvement of society, which in 150 years from that date resulted in the emancipation of all slaves in British possessions. This magnificent example of humanity, at a cost of 20,000,000*l.* to this country, was the most noble act in the history of England. Less than a century and a half before that time *Englishmen* had been sold as slaves. *Englishmen* now determined that freedom was the natural inheritance of every

human being; that the dark-coloured skin, in the eye of Him who had created it, was entitled to the same justice as the white.

From that hour England proved her right to represent true Christianity. Steadily has our country worked in the cause of liberty, not only for the black savage, but for our own people. This great example, heroically made at an immense sacrifice, stirred up the hearts of other nations, which joined in the good cause; until at length the question of slavery was raised in the New World. The interests of the South were supported by slave labour. Civil war commenced on a gigantic scale. The great political convulsion in America terminated in the emancipation of the slaves.

By this grand act, the result of England's first example, the whole civilized world had declared against slavery. The only slave-holding powers with whom we are in communication are Turkey and Egypt, combined as the Ottoman empire. All Christian countries had agreed upon the freedom of the blacks. The Moslem alone represented oppression, and resisted the great movement of liberty. We have already seen that the actual question of slavery rests upon religious creeds. The Mohammedan believes in the laws of Moses and in those of the Koran, which encourage, or at the least sanction, the slave trade. It is therefore impossible to convince so fanatical a people of the crime of slave-trading. They have the answer ready—"You are Christians, and your laws prohibit slavery. We are Mohammedans, and our laws permit it. We believe that *we are right*, and you, being infidels, *must be wrong*." If the Mohammedans were more powerful than Christian countries, they would scorn and defy our interference. Slavery is, in fact, a necessary institution to Mohammedanism. According to the laws of the Koran, a believer may have four wives at the same time. Thus, should each male take advantage of the law, a female population would be required four times as numerous as the male. Polygamy is the root of domestic evil, and must ruin

the morality of any country. The destruction of domestic morality will entail a species of barbarism throughout the country where polygamy is permitted. The women remain ignorant. If educated, they would never permit so great an insult to their sex. It is therefore in the interest of the men that the females should remain without education. Nothing can be so detrimental to the prosperity of a country as the ignorance of women. The Mohammedan girls are married to men whom they have never seen until the bridal day. Very few can either read or write. They are kept prisoners in the harems, jealously guarded by black eunuchs; and they know absolutely nothing of the outer world, few having an idea of any country beyond their own, of which they know but little. Whether the world is round or square they could not tell. Ignorance begets idleness. The life of the harem is passed in frivolous, and not always modest, conversation. The time is killed with difficulty by such amusements as the dancing girls, the almah, and the tittle-tattle of female friends, assisted by as much sleep as can be coaxed from the day by languidly lounging upon the divans in a state of dishabille.

It is not to be supposed that harem life is a terrestrial paradise, where love revels in undisturbed harmony. Every house is full of discord in proportion to the number of wives and concubines. Jealousies innumerable, together with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," form the domestic bill of fare for the polygamist. It follows as a matter of course that uneducated mothers are incapable of instructing their children. The little ones born in the harem are witnesses of the jealousies and bickerings of the various mothers from earliest infancy. They grow up with the feelings of hatred for their half-brothers that such an example would insure. The boys are launched into school-life without those sterling rudiments of education and that mother's fond advice that is with us the sheet-anchor throughout our lives. They leave the harem not

only ignorant, but wicked; full of low cunning, and without the slightest regard for truth. As the boy's early life has been passed in jealousies and hatreds among the women and their offspring in the harems, so he carries these feelings into life. He grows up without affection—cold, selfish, hypocritical, cunning, and fanatical. He possesses no love of home, for his home was one of divided affections combined with hatreds. Without a love of home there can be no love of country; thus in Mohammedan countries there is no patriotism, but only fanaticism. This miserable position is mainly due to polygamy; thus the result of the system is the moral ruin of a country.

It is natural that a great demand for women should, to a certain extent, render them indolent. The young girl grows up with the certainty that, without any exertion on her part, she will eventually be provided for by marriage. She has therefore no inducement either to cultivate accomplishments or in any way to improve her present condition. She thus passes her early years in the idleness and ignorance of the harem until her turn shall arrive for marriage; after which, she will expect a staff of slaves to be in constant attendance. Female slaves, according to the present domestic arrangements of Turkey and Egypt, are absolutely necessary in the harems. It is impossible to hire Arab women as domestic servants. Women are too scarce, owing to polygamy; therefore, being made independent by marriage, they will not engage as servants. Slaves are the only resource; but even these are frequent additions to domestic difficulties.

The female slaves of Turkey and Egypt may be divided into three classes—Circassian, Abyssinian, and negroes. The Circassians rank the highest; and although they commence their harem life in the position of slaves, they are usually advanced to the dignity of wives. Thus a married lady has frequent cause to be jealous of her own slaves, who, having gained the affections or won the admiration of her husband

(their master), may become his wives, and, if young, may enjoy greater favour than herself, the mistress.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about 15*l.*, but the same girl at Cairo would fetch 40*l.* or 50*l.* The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labour like negresses, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbesheea*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl—these would be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, often becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become per-

fectly civilized: proving that the race is capable of great advancement.

We now arrive at the lowest class—the negress—the *slave* “par excellence,” as accepted in England. The negro slaves are captured from every tribe between Khartoum and the equator. There is no slave TRADE, but every slave has been *kidnapped* by the slave-hunters of Khartoum. Before I suppressed the slave trade of the White Nile, about 50,000 slaves were brought down from the countries bordering that river every year. The young girls are preferred when about seven or eight years old, as they are more readily taught the work required. The best looking girls are taken north, and are distributed to the various markets by diverse routes; some to the Mediterranean, *via* the desert from Kordofan to Tripoli; others to the Red Sea, and many to Egypt. The negresses purchased for the harems occupy the position of either simple slaves or concubines, according to the desire of their proprietor, but they very rarely, if ever, attain to the dignity of wives, as they are properly regarded as the most inferior race. They are accordingly in the common position of servants.

This short description of the domestic position of female slaves will be sufficient to explain the want of cohesion throughout Mohammedan society. There are few fathers, but many mothers. There is so constant an admixture or foreign blood that it is difficult to decide a true ethnological position. In one family there may be by the various mothers a half Circassian, half negress—half Abyssinian, half Arab, half Turk; and this motley group of half-bred children will in their turn procreate a second generation of half-breeds, by intermarrying with women of strange races. Such a progeny must be incapable of the feeling of patriotism. They belong to no special race, and consequently they take but small interest in the prosperity of the country. Each prosecutes his selfish interests: There is no nationality; not even a patriotic ejaculation common to other countries. No shout, no heart-stirring

cry when a regiment is pressing on to victory. "God and the Prophet!"—but no other exclamation is heard from the mouth of either Turk or Egyptian. The result of such a domestic system must ruin the most prosperous country; each house is "divided against itself." The enervating life of the harem destroys the energy of man, while it demoralizes woman; thus the men become lazy and effeminate, and the country, as a matter of course, languishes.

Although the main points of the Mohammedan religion are theologically not far distant from our own, there is a direct element of confusion in all their domestic laws, which, unless reformed, will continue to deteriorate their races. If we look back to the great fanatical movement which was the first impulse of the early Mohammedans, we behold the terrible effect of a mighty religious shock upon all the flourishing countries of Northern Africa. The flood of armies, led on by an irresistible enthusiasm, rushed like an earthquake wave from east to west, burying beneath it all civilization, extinguishing the light of science, crashing down monuments of antiquity, and threatening even Europe with the desolation that it had left from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The path of the Moslem was marked by destruction. Egypt, that had been the oldest seat of learning and of wisdom, sank under the Mohammedan assault. The grand library of Alexandria, with untold historical treasures, was wantonly committed to the flames. For weeks all the hot-baths of Alexandria were heated with manuscripts containing information that has now perished for ever. The miserable fanatics declared that "all that man required to know was contained in one book, *'the Koran,'* therefore all other books were hurtful, and should be destroyed." It would be impossible to speculate upon what the result of the Mohammedan movement might have been had Europe succumbed to the attack; but from the present position of Turkey since the conquest by the Turks, we may judge by analogy that other portions of Europe would

have exhibited the same retrogression. The countries of Northern Africa have sunk into complete insignificance. The Delta of Egypt must always continue fruitful, owing to its extraordinary fertility caused by the annual inundation of the Nile; but beyond the Delta, within the range of Upper Egypt, we find nothing but the imperishable relics of former greatness. When we regard the present existing population, we look back with wonder and regret to that which has passed away.

If we accept the present miserable state of Northern Africa as the result of Mohammedan conquest and occupation, and believe, as I have suggested, that the domestic laws—and especially polygamy—are the curse of the country, the first step towards a wholesome reform must be the suppression of the slave trade, which will reduce the number and supply of women. If the sexes are nearly balanced, polygamy will by degrees cease to exist. When education shall have improved the intellectual condition of women, and the suppression of the slave trade shall have proscribed the imports of foreign women, the natural instincts of their sex will determine their domestic position. Women will refuse to remain like herds of females belonging to one male, and they will be enabled to assert the natural right of one woman to be the sole conjugal companion of one man. This will be one of the great moral results of the suppression of the slave trade: that women shall no longer be subjected to such competition, by reason of extraordinary numbers, that they must submit to the degrading position in which they are now placed by polygamy. If women are in moderate numbers, they will be enhanced in value, and they will be able to assert "*women's rights*;" but they, like all other articles, will be reduced in value when the supply exceeds the demand. At present the free trade in foreign women in Egypt and Northern Africa reduces the value of the home production; thus they have no escape from the degradation of polygamy.

From whatever point of view we regard slavery, it is an unmitigated evil. In a short outline we have traced its origin to barbarous ages, and we have admitted that such an institution is incompatible with civilization. At the same time we must admit that the question is surrounded by many difficulties. In England we at once cut the Gordian knot, and by an Act of Parliament we suddenly emancipated our slaves and rewarded the proprietors with an indemnity of twenty millions. There can be no question that the act was chivalrous, but at the same time foolish. There was a lack, not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, in the *sudden* emancipation of a vast body of inferior human beings, who, thus released from a long bondage, were unfitted for a sudden liberty. The negroes thus freed by the British Government naturally regarded their former proprietors as their late oppressors, from whom they had been delivered by an Act of Parliament. This feeling was neither conducive to harmony nor industry. The man who is suddenly freed requires no logic to assure him that he has been wrongly held in slavery; his first impulse is therefore to hate his former master. A slave who has throughout his life been compelled to labour, will naturally avoid that labour when freedom shall afford him the opportunity. Therefore the sudden enfranchisement of a vast body of slaves created a ruinous famine of labour, and colonies that had been most prosperous fell into decay; the result of ill-advised although philanthropic legislation. If a value had been fixed upon every negro slave as the price of liberty, and he had been compelled to work with his original master at a certain rate per day until he had thus earned his freedom, the slave would have appreciated the benefit of his industry; he would have become industrious by habit, as he would have gained his reward. At the same time he would have parted, or perhaps have remained with his master, without an imaginary wrong. The emancipation of slaves must be gradual, especially in

such countries as Turkey and Egypt. England may play the philanthropic fool, and throw away twenty millions for an idea, but how can we expect a poor country to follow so wild an example?

This is one difficulty. We press Egypt to emancipate her slaves and to suppress the slave trade; but the emancipation would be most unjust and injudicious unless compensation were given to the proprietors who had purchased those slaves when slavery was an institution admitted by the Government. A Government has no more right to take away a man's slave than his horse or his cow, unless some wrong has been committed in the acquisition. Where a Government cannot afford to pay a general indemnity for a general enfranchisement, it is absurd for England to press for a general emancipation. We will even suppose that the slaves were suddenly emancipated throughout the Egyptian dominions, what would be the result? One half would quit the country and return to their old haunts of savagedom. Others would become vagrants; the women would set up drinking and dancing houses, and a general demoralization would be the result.

The present physical condition of slaves throughout Egypt is good. They are well fed, and generally are well treated by their masters. In many cases a slave rises to a high rank. I know an instance where a slave rose to the high position of Pasha and Major-General. One of the lieutenant-colonels under my command had originally been a slave; and most of the officers in the Soudan regiments had risen through good conduct from the same low origin. Among the upper classes, the domestic slaves are frequently in a better position than other household servants. A servant may give notice to his master, and change his situation at will; thus he loses the confidence that would be reposed in the slave who actually belongs to his master. Slaves are generally proud of belonging to a master; and I have frequently heard them speak with

contempt of those who have no proprietor, as though they were so inferior that they were generally disowned. It is a mistake to suppose that the slaves throughout the East are anxious for delivery. Negroes do not care for change. If they are well fed and clothed, and not overworked, they are generally faithful and contented. Among the lower classes, the slave always eats from the same dish as his master; and there is a feeling of pride in his position, that he forms a portion of the family. The eunuchs are especial favourites, and are always accepted as members of the household entitled to peculiar consideration. They are accustomed to every luxury, and take the highest positions in the houses of the wealthy. It has been remarked that the Viceroy of Egypt, if in earnest, should set the example of liberty by emancipating all the slaves of his harems. Such remarks can only proceed from those who are utterly ignorant of the position of eunuchs in a royal household. These effeminate personages never work; they are perfectly incapable of earning a livelihood by any other occupation except that in which they are engaged. To set these people at what is called "liberty" would be to turn them on to the streets to starve.

This being the general position of slaves in Egypt, the question of enfranchisement is extremely difficult. Liberty would certainly not improve the temporal condition of the slaves. At the same time, slavery should be suppressed. We must remember that the population of Egypt is unequal to the amount of labour required for the cultivation of the land. The principal fellahs, or farmers, of Upper Egypt are large proprietors of slaves. These negroes work the water-lifts for irrigation, and perform the chief labour on the fields. They are contented and well-conducted people, who would certainly not be improved by a sudden emancipation, which would as certainly bring ruin upon the farmer, whose land would be thrown out of cultivation. The more intimate we become with the

subject, the greater is the difficulty in dealing with slavery so as to be just to all parties. We have no right suddenly to snatch up the cause of the negro, and bring a verdict of guilty against his master. If we determine to offer justice to the black man, we must also preserve some show of equity towards the white. No one has a greater horror of the slave trade than myself, and perhaps no one has made greater personal efforts to suppress it; but I must acknowledge that custom and ancient laws have granted a right to certain races, according to their religious belief, not only to hold, but actually to trade in human beings. To carry out our views of philanthropy we exert moral force on land, and physical force at sea; but we must admit that the physical force has achieved more than the moral in the suppression of the African slave trade. Notwithstanding our efforts during many years, it is notorious that the slave trade still flourishes to a large extent, which proves that this old institution is so deeply engraved upon the hearts of certain nations that they will run the most dangerous risks in such an enterprise. If we are determined to suppress this abomination, we must sternly *insist* upon its suppression, but this must not be in vague terms. The nuisance is admitted, and the evil must be vigorously attacked. At the same time, a certain respect is due to Turkey and Egypt.

The Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, has taken the initiative at the request of European powers, especially England. The great difficulty is a decided plan of action. The assumed case is as follows:—

The negro is sure to retrograde if left to his own unassisted endeavours.

Under certain conditions he is a valuable member of society.

These conditions necessitate a certain amount of coercion.

Without coercion he is useless: with coercion he is valuable.

The negro has therefore been made a slave from time immemorial.

We are now determined to enfranchise him, therefore we must decide upon his future position. In my opinion, we must make a distinction between those negroes who have been slaves, and those who are the free inhabitants of their own country, when we consider this important question.

I have endeavoured to exhibit the evil of slavery, while describing the difficulties attending a too sudden emancipation. The wisest course would be a gradual enfranchisement, commencing from a certain date; and I would suggest that in this instance we should pay some respect to Mohammedan powers by so far adhering to the Mosaic law as to adopt the principle of the Hebrew term of bondage—"then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee." By adopting this course the slaves would be gradually educated for liberty, while the interval of seven years would enable their proprietors to make certain domestic arrangements that would prevent confusion on the day of jubilee. I believe that a reform thus quietly carried out would simply change the slave into a free servant, and that few would leave their old masters. At the same time that the blessing of freedom would be conferred upon the slave, no actual wrong would have been inflicted on his master. The seven years' gratuitous service would be the price of liberty, and would cancel the first cost of purchase.

I will now turn to the more interesting condition of the negro savage in his native land. It has been the custom to argue upon the *negro* as though only one species could be represented by this designation: the negro has been brought forward as a special type. Our researches in Africa during the last half-century have shown us a great variety of negroes differing in appearance and in intelligence according to the conditions of the countries they inhabit. We find only one pervading peculiarity among all African negro tribes—the woolly hair growing in separate tufts. There is no exception to this rule; but

beyond this the negroes of various portions of Africa differ as much or more than Europeans. The negroes of the West Coast have broad flat noses, prognathous jaws, large mouths, with excessively thick lips. As we alter the meridian, and proceed from west to east, we find that this peculiarity is gradually reduced, until we arrive in countries where the facial angle is in good proportion. The thick lips and deformed mouths disappear, the hideous nose is replaced by an excellent feature, and nothing remains of the negro *par excellence* but the peculiarity of the hair. The character of tribes differs as much as their personal appearance. Those pastoral people who possess large flocks and herds are the most warlike. This is the result of a life of vigilance as shepherds, who are constantly exposed to the attacks of their neighbours. In all pastoral countries the natives are constantly at war, as cattle-lifting is a sport generally indulged in. The agricultural tribes are more amenable to law than the pastoral. The shepherd, in the event of war, can drive off his flocks to a secure retreat; therefore he has less fear of disturbance; but the farmer cannot move his crops, which would be at the mercy of the enemy: thus he is peacefully inclined.

The first step towards the improvement of the negro is to induce him with a taste for agriculture; to show him that the earth will repay his labour, and that industry and peace will profit him more than war. Practice combined with preaching will be understood by the negro. If he can be assured of protection, and if he feels confident of obtaining justice, he will be in a fair condition for improvement. The first step necessary for the improvement of savage races is the establishment of a strong but paternal government. Negroes seldom think of the future. They cultivate the ground at various seasons, but they limit their crops to their actual wants; therefore an unexpected bad season reduces them to famine. They grow a variety of cereals, which, with a minimum of labour, yield upon their

fertile soil a large return. Nothing would be easier than to double the production, but this would entail the necessity of extra store-room, which means extra labour; thus with happy indifference the native thinks but lightly of to-morrow. He eats and drinks while his food lasts; and when famine arrives, he endeavours to steal from his neighbours. There is an extreme love of independence in most savages, but especially among negroes. When they work at their fields they appear to be industrious, but this hard labour lasts for a short term, to be relieved by a period of idleness. Hunting and fishing are amusements eagerly pursued, but even in such sports, a fortunate day is followed by several days of relaxation. Nothing is so distasteful to the negro as regular daily labour: thus nothing that he possesses is durable. His dwelling is of straw or wattles; his crops suffice for a support from hand to mouth; and as his forefathers worked only for themselves and not for posterity, so also does the negro of the present day. Thus, without foreign assistance, the negro a thousand years hence will be no better than the negro of to-day—as the negro of to-day is in no superior position to that of his ancestors some thousand years ago.

There is no portion of the globe more blessed by nature than a great part of Africa, especially the equatorial regions that I have lately annexed to Egypt. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful country, combining unbounded capabilities. We frequently meet with magnificent scenery in Europe, such as we enjoy to view in Scotland or in other mountainous countries: but unfortunately such bold landscapes generally denote a sterile soil. In Central Africa we have every beauty of mountainous scenery, combined with the most fertile soil and healthy climate. There is an unlimited area with an average altitude above the sea of 4,000 feet, which embraces all that man could desire. In the hands of Europeans this would become a mine of wealth. Never was a country so specially designed by nature

for the production of coffee. In the country of Usui the coffee-shrub is indigenous. The sugar-cane is met with; but the natives only chew raw coffee and suck the juice of the cane, being as ignorant as their own rats of their proper uses. This ignorance extends to the want of appreciation of their country. They know nothing of its capabilities, neither do they care.

At the same time there is a large population divided into numerous tribes, who are constantly at war with each other. Taking advantage of the anarchy of Central Africa, the slave-hunters had an unbounded field for their operations. Thus a country which should be a paradise, was converted into an infernal region. Thousands of slave-hunters from the Soudan, organized as a military force, burnt, pillaged, massacred, and violated at discretion. Horrors hitherto unknown in savage countries were introduced. A country that I had seen in former years teeming with villages, and rich in native wealth, was rendered desolate. The young girls and boys were carried off into hopeless slavery. The old were massacred. The natives on all sides detested the sight of a stranger. Even a traveller was considered as the harbinger of some calamity.

This desolation was the result of the slave trade, and every abomination was committed in the name of "God and the Prophet."

My task was to bring this chaos into order. The first step necessary was to establish a government to give protection to the oppressed. This necessitated the annexation of the country. The next step was to abolish the slave trade, and to drive the slave-hunters from the country. It was necessary to establish a line of military stations from Ismalia to Unyoro, a distance of 330 miles. Protection would insure confidence among the natives. This once established, would be followed by general improvement. European seeds of vegetables, &c., were distributed among the tribes. These thrived luxuriantly. Agriculture was generally encouraged. The

natives were forbidden to make war with other tribes without the sanction of the Government. Thus peace was established throughout a large extent of country. Legitimate trade was organized, instead of the pillage to which the natives had been accustomed. The slave-hunters were driven from the country at the point of the bayonet. A slight tax on corn was cheerfully paid for the support of the troops. The Government was established. For the first time in history, the Ottoman flag represented English ideas of liberty and justice, and was regarded by the natives as the symbol of protection.

In that distant portion of the Nile, in N. lat 4° 54', I left an excellent Missionary for the improvement of African savages. This is a power that will in a few years create an effect that could hardly be achieved by any other agent, a purely English Missionary—*STEAM*—which even during our own lifetime has been the great civilizing instrument of the world. As England first launched a steamer to cross the Atlantic, so have Englishmen built the first steamer at the last navigable limit of the Nile. This fine vessel of 108 tons, constructed of steel, by Messrs. Samuda Brothers, was carried in sections with incredible labour across the Nubian deserts for upwards of 400 miles on the backs of camels. She now, at a distance of nearly 3,000 miles from the mouth of the Nile, represents the industry of the shipwrights who constructed her, and

the enterprize of the Khedive of Egypt, whose name she bears. Another steamer is lying in sections at Gondokoro, ready for transport to the Albert N'yanza. When a steamer shall appear upon that vast lake, Africa will awaken from her sleep. The difficulties that have hitherto kept her in savagedom are those of transport. Those difficulties will vanish. The Khedive is about to connect Khartoum with Cairo by railway. The White Nile will bring the produce of Central Africa to the terminus, and the great lake will form the nucleus for a trade, the dimensions of which will depend upon the integrity and honour of the Egyptian Government. By these means will Africa draw nearer to civilization.

In the late expedition that I had the honour to command, I feel that I have been the humble tiller of the ground; the seeds I have sown will, I trust, be nursed by others until they shall bear fruit. This fruit I may not live to enjoy: but as England's colonial prosperity is the grand result of those first explorers who laid the sound foundations, I trust that in the work I have accomplished, the cause for which England has always striven will be advanced; and that when my name shall long have been forgotten, the prosperity of Central Africa, and the liberty of her people, may date from the Khedive of Egypt's expedition—which first crushed the abomination of the slave trade of the White Nile.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

CASTLE DALY :

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIV.

"COME, Ellen. All stratagems are fair in love ; and if you don't drop such a hint of Cousin Anne's alarms as will frighten Lesbia Maynard into joining us in our sudden flight to Castle Daly, I'll be forced to forge a letter from her precious brother to summon her to Ireland in a hurry. He'll have to get his head broken in a scrimmage ;—or stay, he shall fight a duel with Darby O'Roone and be shot through the heart, dead ; and the sister, hurrying to meet the corpse as it is brought in at the front door, shall fall down and break her back. I'll write a neat letter from old Dr. O'Moore conveying the pleasing intelligence, if you persist in your obstinacy : for, to leave the darling at twenty-four hours' notice, just after telling her she's the jewel of my heart, and without knowing how she takes the news, is what Connor Daly is not the boy to do—let Pelham Daly say what he will."

"And you would frighten her to death to prove your affection ?"

"Once get her safely wiled away with us, and leave it to me to comfort her, and let her know, all in good time, that the letter was just a *slight* misunderstanding."

"She would hate you for ever afterwards for giving her such a fright."

"Not she, when she understood it was all the way I had of keeping near her. If I thought she had such a poor heart as not to put up with a bit of a fright about a brother or a sister, that her lover planned to save them from parting, by Jove ! Pelham would be welcome to have her, for she'd not be the girl for me."

"I should think it the poor heart that would put the lover above the

brother. What will you say, Con, when I do that same ?"

"Find a lover to love you half as well as your brother Connor, and you are welcome to put him where you will."

"Oh, the King of Blarney that he is ; but I shall not look out for one that will match you that way : and, Connor, dear, I think you have carried the blarney a taste too far with Lesbia, and that she is annoyed by your sending her those verses. I wrote a little note late last night to let her know that we were leaving Whitecliffe in a day or two, and there has been no sign in answer from her yet. She has not appeared at window or door, and just now I saw Mrs. Maynard leave the house, driving the whole troop of boys before her, and no Lesbia. Can she be ill ?"

"I vow I'll not leave the place if she is, till I have seen her again. She has the tenderest little heart in the world ; and you may depend my verses——"

"Have half killed her with the laugh over them she has had. Oh, Connor, how glad I am I'm not in love with any one, and that no one's in love with me. I would not have the pleasure of going home spoilt by having to give a thought or a look back to the noblest lover in the world. I am glad there is not the least beginning of a slender thread to hold my heart from home."

Ellen danced to the window, threw it up as she spoke, and leaned out. "You won't get a sorrowful good-bye from me," she cried ; "you poor little bits of white stones that call yourselves rocks, and you dull, leaden sea down there creeping up to them, and you great lonely corn-fields and meadows, and straight roads, where one never meets a friendly face, or hears a 'God save you kindly.' Won't I shake the dust of you from my feet when I go with a laughing heart !"

"Without a thought of the friend you leave behind you? That's what a woman's friendship's worth."

"Little Lesbia? Of course, I shall be sorry to say good-bye to her; but, Con, I can't seriously put her beside Cousin Anne and home. Oh, the smell of the peat, and the sparkle of our own lake, and the thunder of real waves on the shore, and the friendly warm words, and faces that brighten when one comes near! I did not know how sick my heart was for them all till now. It will be always that way with me. You may make much of falling in love, if you like. With me nothing will ever come near home and my own people. Those blessed, stupid fears of Cousin Anne's, how I thank them for dragging us back!"

"If thanks and blessings are flying about I shall put in my claim for a share. Trace back far enough, and I'm the moving spring that set all the little wheels in motion that pull the rope that is drawing you."

"Connor, I hope not! How can you have had anything to do with our people's discontent against Mr. Thornley, and the troubles that have worked papa up to such a state of indignation that he cannot rest here a week longer?"

"Not intentionally, perhaps; but if I had not stood by Dennis Malachy at the time you know of, and cleverly kept my father and other people from finding him out for the sworn rebel and Ribbonman I knew him to be, would he ever have had that little place by the edge of the bog given back to him? And if my father had not put him there, could Mr. Thornley have turned him out? And if he had not had his roof lifted off his head, would there have been the black blood there is between his faction and Mr. Thornley? Cousin Anne would never have heard that gun fired, and we should have stayed here till the end of the chapter."

"You don't think it a fancy of Anne's. You think the danger real, and that Dennis Malachy is in it?"

"I think Thornley is a dunderheaded pedant, who will set the country on fire if he's left to work his own will;

and that it is high time my father was home again. I agree with Anne that he ought never to have left his post," said Connor, grandly.

"It's easy talking; but with mamma so ill, and always so sad-hearted, I don't know what he could have done but travel about to please her. There are moments when I hate myself for being glad to go home, for, Connor, I saw a look on her face when we were all talking and laughing last night that just broke my heart. She looked as if she thought it was to her death she was going, and you and I laughing over it. I hope the day won't come, Con, when you'll hate to think it was your doing."

"If you don't manage it so that Lesbia Maynard goes with us, I'll hate to think of it now. Ellen, is not the door of the Red House opening this minute? Is not that she herself coming down the garden to the street? You look; I dare not."

"Gracious! what a sudden fit of modesty. Yes, there she is, with her head up, stepping daintily. What pretty, gay-plumaged little bird is she like? There must be company at the Maynards'. She is wearing the lilac-chequered silk dress that becomes her so well, and generally only comes out on Sunday, and her freshest bonnet. Perhaps it is a protest to show you that she does not always wear the 'poorest gown,' and scorns to fall back upon the airy clothing you propose to invest her with."

"Ellen, don't. You have not a spark of poetry in your composition, I declare, or you would let those lines alone. Why, positively there's Pelham rushing out to open the door; he must have been on the look-out for her from the dining-room window. Hang him! he'll get the first word, and fancy that it is for his sake she looks so down-hearted about our leaving Whitecliffe."

"But I don't think she does look down-hearted. As well as I can judge from the window, she is a little more smiling and important than usual in her lilac dress—like a little bantam hen furbelowed down to her feet."

"I shall rush off, and come back in time to escort her home, and have her for a few minutes all to myself; I can't stand Pelham's watching."

Connor condescended to the undignified measure of peeping over the balusters when he had reached the landing of the topmost story of the house. He had the satisfaction of seeing Lesbia Maynard mount the lowest flight of stairs alone; but he had previously surprised a look on her face, as she and Pelham stood on the door-mat together shaking hands, that disposed him to dash into his own room and relieve his mind for the next quarter of an hour by throwing his boots and hair-brushes about.

Lesbia paused at the drawing-room door to put up her hands and try to smooth the inconvenient rush of colour out of her burning cheeks. She herself was not at all surprised at the great bound her heart had given when the door had opened and she had found herself face to face with Pelham Daly on the door-mat. It was only natural she should start and look confused; for just at that very moment she had been saying to herself that he must have left Whitecliffe hours ago, and that she should certainly never see him again. The surprise was quite enough to account for and excuse her blushes, but she did not care to bring them under Ellen's eyes. She thought it behoved her to be very calm and dignified on the occasion of this visit. Important events had occurred since she was last in that room, and it would require all the judiciousness she could muster to speak of them worthily to the friend whose character, frank and gay as her manners were, somehow or other puzzled her a little.

Ellen saw the effort and constraint in Lesbia's manner at a glance, and before they were seated exclaimed, "What is the matter? What has happened since the day before yesterday, Babette?"

"Oh, so many things; you can have no idea," said Lesbia; and then she possessed herself of the blind-tassel that had been Pelham's plaything the day

before, and began to plait and unplait its threads, while Ellen, looking down into her face, wondered what the expression exactly was that had come into it within the last forty-eight hours, and changed it so greatly.

"I got your letter last night," Lesbia began, waking up at last.

"And you are so sorry to lose us," Ellen cried, feeling penitently that she had not rated the warmth of Lesbia's affectionateness rightly before.

"What makes you say so sorry?"

Ellen passed her finger lightly along a red line that incircled Lesbia's eyes. "Don't I know how this comes?" she said; "and will I ever forget that you cared enough for us to shed tears at our going, you dear little friend? Nay, don't colour so furiously; you don't suppose I would let the conceited boys know? there would be no bearing with their vanity for ever afterwards if I did."

"It was not that," said Lesbia, glowing brighter and brighter, till she was obliged to put up her hands again to hide her cheeks. "Ellen, I can't tell you stuck up on a chair; let me come and sit on that stool by your feet, and then I shall be able to speak. Some news came to our house yesterday."

"And we had news too—excellent news—for it has determined papa, as I told you, to go back to Ireland at once. You will not be able to match that, I am afraid."

"I don't know; but, Ellen, I must tell you first that I did not cry because you were to leave Whitecliffe, but because I have had a great quarrel with my cousins. Mrs. Maynard has been very unkind to me."

"My poor, dear Babette! but that is nothing new; does it not happen every day?"

"Yes, indeed; but this quarrel was serious, and the unkindness what I cannot forget. She called me a serpent and a hypocrite, and said that John and Bride had deceived her—and—I answered. I don't know how it happened, for I had been feeling so kindly towards her a few minutes before; but all the angry

thoughts that I have had in my heart against her for seven years seemed under the provocation of her grudging words to rise up and fly out of my mouth. I was not frightened at the moment, but I have been shaking and trembling almost ever since. This morning she is sorry, and would like to be friends with me again, but I cannot. She showed me her heart last night, and it was so full of envy and grudging I can never bear with her again. Ellen, do you think your mother would let me travel with you to Ireland when you go, to join John and Bride?"

"Think? I am sure she will. It is just what Connor and I were planning. Of course, you shall go home with us at once, and break free from Mrs. Maynard—bad luck to her for ever! I do congratulate you now, Babette, though you don't know what it is you are going to. Why, your news is as good as ours."

"But you have not heard it yet; the quarrel came afterwards. I had my news in a letter from Ireland."

"So ours came."

"But they cannot be the same; for mine concerns myself—me more than any one else in the world," said Lesbia, raising her head, that had been half resting against Ellen's knee. "Do you remember what I told you once about my rich grand-uncle, John Maynard?"

"I guess, I guess! he is dead, and has left all his money to you; and you cannot rest till you have seen your brother, and given up the inheritance to him, that he only lost through his faithfulness to your father. I remember the story quite well; and, dear Lesbia, I have always been expecting this to happen, and that you would act as you are going to do. If your mean-spirited cousins oppose your wish to do justice to your brother, we will stand up for you and help you through. I suppose that was what the quarrel began upon?"

"Why, no. I had not thought of all that. I am not so quick as you. I don't suppose I could give my fortune away, or that anything would induce John or Bride to take it. You don't

know them. Here is John's letter; read what he says."

"I like it," Ellen pronounced, when she came to the end. "Well, I suppose it will be all the same, for you cannot be rich without your brother and sister sharing. They who provided for you ever since your mother died, they'll never be so unkind as not to take part of what you have now."

"Of course we shall live together; that is the great happiness my fortune brings to me. But still it is I who shall have to take my uncle's name, and be Lesbia Maynard, and an heiress. John calls himself my faithful guardian, you see."

"He has always been that, has he not?"

"Yes, indeed. I have not seen them for seven years—not since I was a little child; but I know they are the best people in the world. I don't suppose I shall ever laugh and joke with them as you do with your brothers. Bride is so old, and John so dreadfully clever. I am going home, but I don't know what home will be like. Last night, after the quarrel with my cousins, I think I felt more frightened at the news of my fortune than glad. The one cheerful thought I had to turn to was the prospect of travelling with you, whom I know, to Castle Daly, and having you near me at first to help me."

"That we will. We will have glorious times all together there."

"But—but you will not all be there?"

"All but Pelham; he remains with us till we leave Whitecliffe, and then goes to Oxford to take his degree. I suppose we shall have him living at home always after that, unless papa consents to his going into the army, as he wishes. Castle Daly is not to him what it is to Connor and me; he longs to get away to India—anywhere from the poor old place, that is not just trim and grand enough for him; but there are difficulties in the way. Mamma does not like parting with him so far, and papa talks of expense. I don't know how it will be settled."

"I must say good-bye now, or I shall keep the Maynards' dinner waiting, and be scolded again. You will let me know what your mother says about taking charge of me on the journey before post time, will you not? And, Ellen, perhaps you will not mind not saying anything about my fortune to your brothers or any one, just yet. I had rather not speak of it again till after I have seen John and Bride."

"I understand. You think you may possibly be able to give the fortune up to your brother, or divide it with him; and in that case you had rather not have it spoken of as yours now. I will be careful. I won't even be provoked to give a hint, if a person we know takes liberties, in verse, with your gowns again. Oh, Babette, how I shall laugh at him for that by and by."

"At him? But I thought you said you never did laugh at him—that you were afraid."

"Afraid of laughing at Connor! I do nothing else but laugh at him all day long. Is not he the boy one must laugh at and love? There, I hear him opening his door softly up stairs, that he may be ready to meet you accidentally on the stairs as you go out and escort you home."

"Oh no, no; don't let him," cried Lesbia, whose changeful face had suddenly clouded over with a blank look of mortification. "Please, please stop him; I could not bear to talk nonsense to him to-day, I have so much to think of. I want to get home quietly without any more talk, I do indeed."

"You shall, then, if I have to hold Connor down in his chair; only don't tire your poor eyes with any more tears. Babette, you really must not be so rainy when you get to Ireland. The sky does all the weeping there, and our faces have to make sunshine. I shall not let you do anything but laugh at Castle Daly."

With a hasty farewell Lesbia ran down stairs and fled across the road, and up the little garden path, not suffering herself to pause and take breath till she was safe shut into the attic bedroom

she shared with Bobbie and Wattie. There was no real occasion for so much haste, and she rather wondered at herself for the energy of her flight, not knowing that it was, in truth, from an unwelcome thought she was fleeing. The thought overtook her, of course, as soon as she stood still and began to take off and fold away her walking dress. It came in the shape of another of the revulsions of feeling from elation to depression, that had been uneasily racking her poor little heart and brain for the last twenty-four hours. There had been a certain glow upon her—a bright haze of exultation and new consequence investing all her surroundings, when she had stood before the glass, an hour before, dressing herself for her visit to the Dalys; and now she felt as if she had had a fall, and was bruised and shaken by it. Those verses that had been chiming in her head all the morning did not mean so very much, after all. They were no secret between herself and one other person; Ellen Daly had laughed over them, and Connor had written them.

She would be grateful to Connor, she resolved; he had been her first friend and champion, and certainly he wrote beautiful verses; only he need not have said the *poorest* gown, poor was such an ugly word, and was not applicable to her when she was dressed her worst, really; and somehow the remark seemed a greater liberty in him than if it had come from some one else whom she could better forgive for knowing always what she had on, and for perhaps thinking nothing good enough for her.

Then this fortune. Ellen Daly had not seemed to think of it as really hers at all; it had struck her only as a thing to be given away at once, just as if its having been left to her did not invest her with a lasting right in it. Lesbia stood still for nearly a quarter of an hour mechanically smoothing a crease out of her bonnet string, and turning this reflection over and over in her mind.

With all her heart and soul she wished and intended to be generous to

John and Bride. She meant to give them everything she had ; but then she had thought of always going on *giving*, not of doing it once for all, and having no power or part in the matter afterwards ; becoming John's little sister again, instead of being, as she had begun to think herself, Lesbia Maynard his ward, to whom he was faithful guardian. That hasty, utter giving up of all at once to John Thornley looked rather a flat and uninteresting conclusion to the bright dreams and hopes that, even in the last twelve hours, she had begun to weave round herself.

Another sort of giving away had in truth been in her mind, but, as she finally rolled up her bonnet string, she decided with a sigh that the opportunity for it would now never come. The glorious chance of being wooed poor and giving herself rich which had seemed so close to her this morning. Before she had done fancying how it possibly might have been, the bell rang, and she had to leave her bonnet on the table and run down breathless to dinner.

Ellen did not find a good opportunity for bringing forward Lesbia's request till the evening, when the family were sitting together after dinner ; and she was so conscious that Pelham's and Connor's eyes were turned upon her the instant she introduced her friend's name into the conversation, that she could not bring out her plan quite in the simple, unconcerned manner she had intended. Her eagerness was enough to raise a host of little nervous scruples and doubts as to the propriety of the arrangement in Mrs. Daly's mind.

In the first place, who was Lesbia Maynard, and how did they know that she was any relation to the Mr. and Miss Thornley who were now living at Castle Daly ? And again, what proof had they that her brother and sister approved of her leaving her cousin, Dr. Maynard's house ? Might they not be abetting an act of rebellion against rightful authority if they aided her sudden flight ? When Connor and Ellen had exhausted themselves in vehement explanations and assurances on

these points, came another difficulty, which Mrs. Daly, by way of giving a turn to the conversation, and possibly saving herself from a second avalanche of indignant words, referred to her husband.

"If this Miss Maynard, or Thornley, is sister to your agent, and is likely to live with him for the future, would it be well to encourage such intimacy between her and Ellen, as a long journey together would certainly lead to ?"

"What does it matter ?" answered Mr. Daly, carelessly. "What harm could Mr. Thornley do Ellen ? And besides, I don't suppose he or his sisters will continue to live in the neighbourhood of Castle Daly after I return there."

"And nothing can make me more intimate with Lesbia than I am already," cried Ellen.

Pelham had risen from the table and retired to a dark corner of the room with a newspaper while Ellen and Connor had been dinning their mother's ears with assurances of Lesbia's respectability and identity : just now he came forward again and leaned over her chair.

"You forget, mother," he said, quietly, "that these Thornleys are relations of Uncle Charles and of your own."

"Are they, indeed ? Yes, I suppose it is so ; but we lost sight of them so long ago that, though I can recollect some Thornleys visiting at Pelham Court, I don't know what degree of relationship there may be between ourselves and these young people."

"They are cousins. Their grandfather, Sir Francis Thornley, married your aunt. John Thornley's father was the youngest son of that Sir Francis."

"Pelham, how came you to know all that ?" said Ellen.

"I looked it out in the pedigree," said Pelham, firmly ; "it is right that we should know the fact, and treat our own relations with proper consideration, whatever position of life they may be in now."

"To be sure," cried Connor, laughing ; "such nobs as we are. If people do

happen to be so lucky as to have a drop of good old obstinate Pelham blood in them let us treat them with reverence by all means. Up with the purple token on a flag—a drop of unmistakable English blood—and let the Irish half of us own our masters. It beats keeping a gig for a warrant of respectability, to be related in the fourth degree to a Pelham. Why have not the savages round Castle Daly been readier to do homage?”

“Hush, Connor, hush,” said Mr. Daly, putting a hand on his son’s arm.

Mrs. Daly was, meanwhile, looking up into her eldest son’s face, and reading an expression in the dark eyes that met hers which caused her a certain *serrement de cœur*.

“I did not know that you had much acquaintance with these friends of Ellen’s, Pelham,” she said, apologetically; “I thought you objected to the intimacy once.”

“I made a mistake then,” he answered bluntly.

“Well, if you really think it right, and your father approves; but” (turning again to Mr. Daly with an eager air, as if grasping at a last straw) “have there not been complaints against these Thornleys in your Irish letters? Does not Anne O’Flaherty think ill of them for some cause or other?”

“An excellent reason for your thinking well of them, is it not, Eleanor?” Mr. Daly answered, smiling. “I should say that settled the matter. Anne O’Flaherty dislikes both the Thornleys cordially, so you have nothing to do but write at once to their sister, and invite her, in your warmest manner, to join us on the journey. It is only a mark of disagreement due from you to Anne.”

It was not often that he addressed sarcastic remarks to her now, and they had not quite the same effect they had formerly. A faint flush on the faded cheek, a bewildered, appealing expression of pain in the eyes answered them now, instead of the old panoply of cold reserve.

Mr. Daly saw at once that his words had given pain, and tried to atone for them by an eager—

“Do just as you like about it, however, Eleanor; you are the best judge.”

She leaned back in her chair wearily.

“I wish you would all go out and leave me alone,” she said, “for I am very tired of hearing you all talk at once. Ellen will carry out her plan, of course; I give her free leave: but I wish she was not so ingenious in inventing schemes to bring new cares on me, as if I had not always more than I have strength for.”

The party dispersed. Ellen settled her mother for her after-dinner rest on the sofa in the drawing-room and then hurried off with Connor to make a late call at the house opposite and talk over the arrangements for the journey with Lesbia. Mr. Daly, after finishing his newspaper and his bottle of claret, turned out for his evening stroll up and down the parade with his cigar. He was seldom out long before one or another of his numerous chance acquaintances joined him; but it was somewhat of a surprise to him when Pelham slipped his hand under his arm and volunteered to accompany him in his walk. The attention pleased Mr. Daly a good deal, and even flattered him. Pelham was habitually so reserved, that any advance towards intimacy from him was apt to be received as a mark of favour, especially by his father, who often wearied himself in vain attempts to win the same open-hearted confidence from his eldest son that the younger children gave him spontaneously. Mr. Daly took as much pains to be an agreeable companion that evening as ever courtier did while seeking to worm himself into the favour of a great man. He gave up his favourite lounge on the parade, where he was sure of plenty of admiring companionship, and humoured his son’s love of quiet by choosing the most solitary part of the beach for their walk. He talked confidentially of future plans; he told his very best stories of the stirring times of his youth; he chose subject after subject, sending anxious glances into his com-

panion's face to discover what most roused and interested him; but these affectionate wives were quite thrown away upon Pelham. It was not the custom at Pelham Court for members of one family to spend themselves greatly in conversation with each other. It was thought a mere waste of energy there to be amusing and agreeable to people whom you were in the habit of seeing every day. To find his father so witty and entertaining only puzzled Pelham, and caused him to shrink further and further into his shell, feeling himself aggrieved as one unjustly accused of being "company."

"Can the lad have any folly on his conscience that he wants to confide in me?" Mr. Daly thought when, in spite of all his efforts, the conversation came to a standstill. "Connor makes his confessions within the first half hour of his coming home, but it may be the way of this one to keep it all in till the last evening. What can I say to help him? but stay, it is coming."

"Father," Pelham began, hesitatingly, "I have been thinking——"

"That's right, my boy; tell me everything that troubles you—don't let there be any secrets between us. That's all I ask of either Connor or you. You will always find me your best friend if you are only open with me."

"Open with you! Secrets!" cried Pelham, startled and affronted. "I don't know what you mean. I have no secrets."

"Ah well, finish what you were going to say, however."

"I was only going to say that as I am not absolutely obliged to get back to Oxford for another month, I thought it might be as well for me to travel back to Ireland with you, and spend a fortnight or so at Castle Daly."

Mr. Daly's face brightened, and he gave the hand that rested on his arm an affectionate squeeze against his side.

"Thank you, Pelham. I understand your motive well. It's for your mother's sake you think of this; and you are right—it will make the trial of going back there easier to her if she has you

with her, for she clings to you beyond us all. I know it's a sacrifice on your part, and I thank you for making it. Even if the loss of time should make a difference in your degree, you'll not regret what you did for her sake."

Why could not he look a little pleasant in response to these cordial thanks, Mr. Daly wondered? What could his absolute silence and the deep flush that overspread his face signify? It was a little hard to have all his efforts at cordiality so persistently thrust aside.

Pelham was longing to speak. He had never felt so ashamed of himself, so like an impostor in his life, as he did while his father thanked him and pressed his arm. He who indulged habitually in such scorn of Connor's and Ellen's little flatteries and polite insincerities, he to be afraid of explaining the true motive of his conduct, and silently accept undeserved praise! It was that appeal to his confidence that had kept him silent. With a person who could not receive a simple remark without imagining it the beginning of a confession, how could he attempt to explain the very peculiar circumstances that caused him to feel the duty of protecting Lesbia Maynard from Connor's impertinences more important than any other consideration? Pelham put this question to himself, and pondered silently during the rest of the walk home on the annoyance of being made to feel like a hypocrite: and through all the years of his after life he was never able to hear the swish of waves falling on a stony shore without being brought back by memory to those silent minutes, and wondering what there was in the world he would not now give to regain the power, neglected then, of breaking the monotonous sound by a word spoken cordially to an ear that waited for it.

CHAPTER XV.

"If one must worry, it is at least an advantage to have a change of anxieties; and the uncertainties of the post here

do me the service of keeping me in a state of expectation about something else than your return home," Bride Thornley remarked to her brother as she met him at the garden gate one soft October day about a week after Anne O'Flaherty's visit. "Here's another day gone, and still no letters from Lesbia or the Maynards. What can it mean?"

"It means that Mikey Casey has overturned the post-car as he was racing down the hill into Ballyowen, and has broken two of his own ribs and the car's back, all of which will take some mending to restore them even to their original crazy condition."

"I hope it was not till after he had posted our letters to Lesbia."

"That's all you think of, you strong-minded woman. It was three days ago."

"Well, I really can't feel very compassionate over Mikey Casey and the car—the catastrophe has been due so long. By the way he drives he ought to break his ribs every day; and I have always been wondering why he did not. But, having heard this, had you the sense to drive round by Ballyowen and inquire for letters?"

"I had the sense."

"Well?"

"Well, Father Peter is holding a station at Saint Patrick's well; the man at the shop where the post-office is has gone to his duty; and the woman and boy can neither speak English nor read writing. Popular people go in and turn the letters over for themselves, and take what they like; but I am not to be trusted. I think I could have come over the old woman with half-a-crown to let me have my turn at the rummage, if Peter Lynch, who was sitting inside the office calmly picking his mistress' letters from a heap, had not said something in Irish that strengthened her virtue to resist temptation."

"You had to go away empty-handed?"

"Yes, and with a conviction amounting to certainty that a packet of letters, which I espied on a shelf, stuck between a treacle jar and a bundle of candles, had our names upon them. I could

not collar Peter Lynch, jump over the counter and seize them, could I?"

"I don't mind waiting, if the letters are there. I was beginning to fear the child might be ill, or something wrong with her. John, I don't think I shall be easy now till we have her with us."

"If you were not Bride I should ask why the company of a sister who is a great heiress is more desirable than that of one who has nothing?"

"And if you were not John I should hate you for having such a detestable thought. You ought to have admired my perfect reasonableness in having kept down my longing for the child when I could not have her company. Let us take another turn on the terrace while we discuss plans for bringing her here. I can allow that this place is beautiful now I see a fair prospect of getting away from it."

"I shall not go till I have brought affairs here into proper training, and can resign with credit to myself. Please to attach some importance to my career; don't efface me all at once into Miss Lesbia Maynard's guardian."

"Trust me for standing up for your dignity and your career when I once have you safe out of this nest of enemies. I wish I could cure myself of always feeling here as if every word we said to each other was overheard and liable to be twisted to your injury. I wonder where that red-cloaked old woman whose head I see bobbing up behind the wall sprang from? I did not see her when we turned last."

"I saw her hobbling down the road half-an-hour ago. I suspect she is one of your beggars—whom, contrary to all principle, you weakly allow to haunt the house still."

"As far as that one is concerned I can't help myself, for I can't get rid of her. I see who it is now—old Molly Malachy, the plague of my life. One day when I was gardening by this gate, and she had just left the house with a basketful of broken meat, Miss O'Flaherty passed, and I overheard a conversation between the two. Miss O'Flaherty reproached her with her meanness

in begging from *us*, and she excused herself on the plea of fleecing the Egyptians."

"I think that was rather good. Go and see what she wants and send her off."

"Send her off yourself, if you think it's so easy. I wonder what is the least sum she will consent to take from you before she stirs from the gate."

"You imagine that I shall be weak enough to give her anything?"

"We shall see."

John walked down to the garden gate, and Bride strolled on towards Mrs. Daly's flower-borders, the only part of the pleasure-grounds still kept in tolerable order, and chiefly by her hands. The light of the clear September day was dying in the west. The sharp outlines of the grey Marm Turk hills began to melt into the purpling sky, the trees in the plantation behind the house to group themselves into masses of shadow; the opal colours of sunset had faded from the lake, leaving it a pale sheet of shimmering silver, with fantastic mist-wreaths brooding and gathering on its further shore. A scent of falling leaves and strong-smelling autumn flowers filled the still heavy air. Bride snuffed it up with a sense of satisfaction. Autumnal scenes and evening hours had a special attraction for her. She never found them sad, as other people professed to do; they soothed and even exhilarated her spirits, speaking to her heart in tones she understood with the voices of friends. She had walked through shadows and frosts too long not to be on hand-shaking terms with them; and it was easier to her to find pleasure in the promise of the future, the hidden hope, the little hints of the new day and the distant summer that evening and autumn whisper of, than in the full beauty of sunshine and flowers that seemed to mock the pale tints in which her own life's history was painted. She paused to gather a handful of autumn violets, and to listen to the deep stillness of the evening. Now and then a strong tone of John's voice

reached her, or a shrill whining exclamation from Molly Malachy. She looked back, and smiled to see that they were talking still, John actually leaning over the gate in an attitude of listening—and—yes—there was a withered, skinny, brown hand on his arm. Well Bride knew he was not the man to shake it off. What a triumph over him she would have! Yet she wished the colloquy over, for she was losing the opportunity of talking to him on the subject next her heart. She turned her face again towards the white road, that winding up and down hill into the far distance looked so promising, as if it must some day or other bring something new even into her life. Mechanically her eyes rested on a black spot, appearing just on the verge of sight—Peter Lynch, no doubt, in the three-wheeled car, returning to Ballyowen with his mistress' letters. She traced it into a distinct shape, till a vague feeling of interest and expectation crept over her. A click of the gate and John's footsteps close behind roused her, and she turned quickly.

"Come, now, confess. How much? five shillings? Not less than half-a-crown, I'm very certain."

"Not a halfpenny."

"John, you're putting me off with some disgraceful subterfuge. Why, I saw her hand on your arm, and she is turning even now for another curtsy and 'God save you!' I'm afraid it is something serious. Have you promised her the reversion of my entire wardrobe? or is she to have one of the new slated cottages on the Ballyowen road? What have you given away?"

"Nothing, I protest again: or, to be very exact, about three hours of my own time. I should not like it to get talked about; but I did not see my way to refuse."

"Explain, please."

"It seems that a certain ruffian, commonly called 'Hill Dennis,' is that old crone's son."

"I know that well enough; you turned him out of his holding."

"For very good reasons. He was a

thoroughly lawless fellow, a hatcher of mischief. I felt I should never make any way till he was got rid of."

"And for an old woman's tears you have consented to take him back; now I should have got rid of her with sixpence, and you would have sneered at me."

"I tell you I have not consented to anything but to see the man. He has come back to his mother's cabin in an abject state, half-starved and very miserable by her account; and he is willing to give me some information respecting outrages he was concerned in before he went away, that may be very important and useful."

"To turn informer, as they say here. John, I would not have anything to do with him."

"I don't half like it, but living as I do in a network of plots, I must not neglect any chance that offers of learning to distinguish friend from foe, and knowing what to be at. This struggling in the dark with skulking enemies grows too discouraging."

"And is this Dennis to come here?"

"What an innocent question! How much do you suppose the fellow's life would be worth, if it were known he was in communication with me? I have promised to meet him in his old cabin, on the edge of the bog below Lac-y-Core. The place is quite deserted, and gone to ruin. The cabin had to be unroofed a year ago, and no one has ever ventured to live in it since he was turned out."

"I shall go with you."

"To protect your brother against a skulking, half-starved vagabond; a fine opinion you have of his pluck, madam."

"How do you know that he may not bring half-a-dozen others with him?"

"To tell you the truth, it will not be the first interview. I have seen the fellow before, and he has committed himself too far already to dare to put himself into communication with any of his former comrades. If you had seen him when he stopped me on the road one night last week, and tried to make me listen to him, shaking at every

breath of wind, and terrified at his own shadow, you would have——"

"Pitied the wretch from the bottom of my heart."

"Ay, and the country that produces the breed; secret conspirators of dark crimes who can't even be true to each other."

The ring of scorn in the voice touched Bride a little painfully; she drew a deep breath.

"Thank God, we need not stay much longer in it. I doubt whether it is doing either of us good to be here. It hardens one's heart to live among people one does not like."

They had walked to the end of the terrace furthest from the road, and now turned again.

The moving speck Bride had been watching was full in sight by this time, and had resolved itself into an outside car, piled high with luggage, and containing three persons.

"Visitors to Miss O'Flaherty, no doubt," observed Bride; "two ladies and a gentleman; country-people of her own, I should say, and young, to judge by the wild way in which they are letting themselves be raced down the hill. See, they are actually standing up on the seat to get a view of the house. They'll be over into the lake in a minute. What an Irish turn-out, to be sure."

The car was now passing the little irregular street of cabins that skirted the lake side, close to the Castle. A man leaning against his doorpost caught sight of its occupants, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry, seized the back of the carriage and allowed himself to be dragged on with it, shouting and screaming as he went. In an instant the village street was thronged, and the progress of the car effectually arrested by a little crowd of men, women, and children, who threw themselves in the way. A dozen hands seized the horses' heads, while gaunt forms pressed round, clutching wildly at the wheels and body of the vehicle, and thrusting excited faces into close proximity with those of the travellers on the car.

The sound of voices raised high—whether in joy or sorrow it was impossible to say—made a sudden break in the stillness of the evening.

"I must inquire what is going on down there," John exclaimed, when they had looked on for a minute and saw no abatement in the excitement. Bride followed at a little distance, thankful that the sound of tumult had not reached them after they had entered the house, when she would certainly have been ordered to sit still and wait in suspense till all was over.

She had reached the outskirts of the crowd before she could learn anything. Then she perceived that the centre of attraction towards which all the gesticulating hands were outstretched, all the eager faces turned, was the tall, slim figure of a girl standing up in the car, and holding down her hands, which at least a dozen old crones had seized to cover them with kisses. Her back was turned towards Bride, who could only fairly see the sloping shoulders towering above the crowd, and a bonnetless head incircled with masses of yellow hair, which made it show as if a faint light played round it.

A vague recollection rose in Bride's mind of an allegorical picture she had once seen, where an aureoled figure of Peace, or Plenty, or Love—she could not remember which—stood on a triumphal car, and showered down blessings on a world that had been perishing in her absence.

Was it a bit of grammerie that had come over with those mist-wreaths from the lake? or what had brought such an old-world scene from a Queen Elizabeth's progress into dirty, tumble-down Daly's Corner, as the village called itself?

There was a movement in the crowd, evidently following some request made by the goddess on the car; the people pressed together, leaving a clear path for some one who was being carefully lifted down; then a figure emerged from the throng—a girlish figure—at the sight of which Bride's heart gave one great bound. A second more and soft arms were round her neck, and a voice that

was like an echo from a far-off time was murmuring in her ear—

"Bride, Bride! I am Lesbia. I am your own little sister Babette come home to you. Do say you know me. I knew you and John the instant I saw you coming from the house, and I could not wait to get at you an instant longer."

The confusion was over for Bride after that moment of intense joy: it all resolved itself into Lesbia's happy homecoming, and she had little attention to give to anything else that went on round her. John made his way up to the car, and a few minutes later walked back to the Castle, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, who introduced themselves to Bride—for Lesbia turned shy after her first impulsive greeting—as Ellen and Connor Daly.

A few words of explanation made all clear. Mr. and Mrs. Daly had hoped to find a carriage from the Castle waiting at Ballyowen to convey them home, but finding that they were not expected they had determined to stay the night at the hotel in the town, while Connor, Ellen, and Lesbia proceeded in the only conveyance that could be procured to carry the news of their return to the house, and order preparations to be made for their arrival the next morning.

All was confusion and bustle in and about the place for the rest of the evening; but Bride was not in a mood to find fault. Holding Lesbia's hand in hers, and refreshing herself every now and then with a look into her face, she could enjoy the odd little traits of character that the excitement brought out with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day.

She listened with less contempt than might have been expected to an eloquent harangue delivered by Connor from the doorstep to the crowd that followed him to the house; and hardly noticed the impatient shrugs of the shoulders with which John heard his wild promises of help and protection to every one in the better times which, in spite of the scarcity, he asserted were sure to come

back now his father was returned to live among them.

The shouts of welcome, the fervent "God save you's," the sight of all those haggard, hungry faces transfigured with joy and hope, touched her heart, in which a new joy and hope for her own life had sprung up. She did not like to believe just then that the millennium of good will and good fortune which the young orator's lips pictured so glibly had no reality to rest upon, and was nothing but words. She did not even permit herself to feel provoked by Ellen's surprise when she was told that the resources of the Castle Daly larder were at present insufficient to supplement Connor's airy promises by affording a substantial meal to all the vociferous applauders of his oratory; and she hardly showed any incredulity or annoyance at the assertions reiterated by all the bystanders that "there always used to be plenty—the bit and the sup were never wanting in the old times on similar occasions, and were never missed by those who had the heart to give them."

Her temper had a further trial when the increasing darkness drove them all into the house. Bride was by habit and instinct an exact, careful house-manager, and during the three years she had lived at Castle Daly she had grown to have a certain sense of proprietorship in the place. To find herself suddenly deposed was a little trying, and there was, for a careful house-mistress, considerable mortification in witnessing the joyful alacrity with which the servants she had trained flew in the face of all her instructions at the very first opportunity, in favour of old habits.

"Shure and won't I lay the table for supper this evening as Mr. Connor likes to see it—wid plenty in all the dishes haped up, and the praties in their jackets, and the big punch-bowl in the middle, wid lashings of whisky, and things handy, as they should be."

"Hurry and do it, thin, Katey avoorneen; there's no one to hinder you now. Meself's flying up stairs to snatch off the dabs of white dimity covers and the bits of chintz hangings and curtains that she put up for nateness and clean-

liness, she said, and that hide away the ould crimson and yellow and blue furniture that may be a trifle frayed and dirty, but that'll have the rale kindly home look to Miss Eileen's eyes."

Ellen herself was too full of the pleasure of being at home again, and too eager to revisit favourite haunts and hunt out old treasures, to perceive that her raptures might give offence. She and Connor hurried from room to room lamenting over changes and recognizing old ink-stains on carpets and deplorable bumps and dints in walls and furniture with inexplicable outcries of delight and laughter; while Lesbia vacillated between clinging to Bride and listening in absorbed interest to Connor's stories of the childish exploits to which these dilapidations were due.

The most comfortable part of the evening for Bride was after the travellers had retired to their rooms, when she went back into the library and found her brother pacing up and down between the windows with an excited expression on his face that told of not being ready for rest for a long time yet. She slipped her hand under his arm and paced with him. It was a habit of theirs which, since the two had shared responsibilities together, almost invariably ended every anxious or unusually pleasurable day.

"She is a great deal prettier than we expected, is she not, John?" Bride began, after a meditative turn or two.

"I don't know that I expected anything. I had not thought of it; but she is certainly very beautiful: 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair.'"

"My dear John! *tall!* fair! Why she is shorter than I am, and has one of those clear brown skins with rich glows underneath that I think so much more beautiful than mere pink and white."

"Ah, yes, Lesbia has; but when you began to talk of some one being very pretty, I naturally thought you meant the other young lady."

"You think Miss Daly prettier than our Lesbia."

"I can't help having eyes."

"But, John, she is a lady certainly—one recognises that through all the over-eagerness and want of calm of manner : but how she did talk and laugh and race about this evening, and how untidily her hair kept falling over her shoulders. I must say I prefer more dignity and reticence in a young lady, don't you?"

"That depends. There's nothing in her to be reticent about. Pure, transparent unconsciousness is hedged round with something quite beyond dignity."

"You are getting quite beyond me. I don't understand you in the least. I must say I thought little Lesbia's sweet, shy manner and gentle little ways a thousand times more bewitching."

"Bewitching ; yes. That's the right word for Lesbia. I am ready to allow that she is the most dangerous little lady of the two, if that is what you want me to say. I suppose it is the *little* ways that bewitch. That other manner has too much clear sunshine about it for the working of spells. It makes one feel small, somehow. One's own ridiculous, self-conscious dignity looks a wretched pedestal to be perched upon in the face of such gracious frankness ; and yet one is too awkward to get down."

"You seem to have seen a great deal more than I did ; I was quite taken up with Babette."

"And you are disgusted with me for not being equally absorbed?"

"Babette's coming home is the great event of the day to us, you must allow. The Dalys are nothing to us, or will be nothing soon."

"Nothing whatever, so we can afford to form candid opinions about them."

"And your opinion really is that Miss Daly is handsomer than Lesbia?"

"Incomparably handsomer. I won't be bullied out of my sober judgment a jot ; but what then ? Lac-y-Core is a great deal better to look at than the sloping field before our old house at Abbot's Thornley : but I had far rather live in sight of the field than of the mountain for the rest of my life."

"Allow at least before I leave you that Miss Daly's hair was very untidy,

and that you would not like to see Lesbia's in the same condition."

"No ; I won't yield to feminine pertinacity so far as to allow that. All I saw was that something which I fancied at first was a Will-o'-the-wisp light playing round her head had melted suddenly to streaks of sunbeams."

"If you have taken to metaphors I give you up for the night. You are a lost man."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the afternoon of the second day after the arrival, and there was at last a little lull in and about the house. Anne O'Flaherty, with Peter Lynch and Murdoch Malachy in her train, had come and gone. The crowd of men with ragged frieze coats tied by the sleeves round their shoulders, and thorn sticks in their hands, that had besieged the door since early morning, had thinned now to two or three still patiently waiting for their turn for a private word "wid his honour." The women who had hung about the gate or squatted by the roadside all day for a chance of a glimpse of Miss Eileen, were dispersing to their mountain cabins, to blow up the peat fire, and put on the big potato pot, with its this year's scanty portion of bad potatoes, against their husbands came in to supper. John Thornley was sitting at his desk in his own room looking at a pile of finished letters, and listening till the cessation of voices in the library below should show him that the opportunity he was expecting had arrived for finding Mr. Daly alone and making a communication to him that he too had in store. As he leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed absently on the opposite wall, his lips moved as if framing words ; and gleams of expression, earnest, satisfied, amused, crossed his face from time to time. An observer would have divined that he was going over the expected interview in imagination, and laying out sentences and arguments that would not be spoken without satisfaction to himself. If Mr. Daly, taking the management of his affairs back into his own

hands, chose to resume the old, ruinous, haphazard courses, it should at least not be for want of plain showing of their folly and iniquity from John Thornley. From the room next his, Bride was issuing, bonneted and shawled, with a purpose of taking a turn up and down the flower-borders with Mrs. Daly. She, too, had some words of interest to insinuate between the remarks about the autumn flowers that would begin the conversation, but there was no need for her to think her sentences out beforehand. It would be difficult enough without that to keep them from tripping off her tongue before the seasonable moment arrived. Good fortune, like ill, seldom comes in single file, but in whole battalions; and that morning had brought a letter to John that had given Bride far deeper pleasure than the news of Lesbia's fortune. It was from a noted literary man for whom John had for years occasionally worked, offering him the editorship of an important literary journal, on such terms as would fully justify him in abandoning other occupations to follow the line to which his inclination pointed, and in which his sister's ambition saw a bright career opening before him.

"It is safe to give a shove up to a man who is no longer needy," John had said, as he handed the letter to his sister, carefully guarding face and voice from any touch of triumph. But the sneer did not deceive Bride; she could divine easily enough the thrill of mingled pride and gratitude it was meant to cover.

As she emerged by Mrs. Daly's side into the clear October sunshine, it crossed her mind that she should not have believed, if any one had prophesied it to her, that anything so triumphant as this task of conveying to Mrs. Daly, in an unconcerned tone, the necessity that had arisen for John's resignation of the agency, coupled with a passing allusion to Lesbia's heiress-ship, would ever have occurred in her life.

Meantime Lesbia, who had spent the greater part of the day shut up with her brother and sister, and who was, to tell the truth, a little wearied and over-awed by the amount of good

sense and the reasonable plans she had had to listen to, ran lightly up stairs to seek for gayer companions in the old schoolroom, of which Connor and Ellen had made her free on the first evening of her arrival. Her face fell a little when she opened the door and found it almost empty, no one appearing but Ellen, who was seated on the floor in the window recess, with her hands clasped round her knees, looking dreamily out towards the mountains. She turned her head as the door opened, and burst out laughing at Lesbia's little start of dismay.

"Yes, they have gone out; you are late," she said. "They hung about disgusted at your non-appearance till they had worked themselves up to such a pitch of crossness that I was obliged to hunt them away."

"They?"

"The boys, of course. Men are always 'they,' you know, and we women only 'you and I.'"

"How comfortable," cried Lesbia, recovering herself. "I have so much to say to you; it will be quite a treat for you and me to have an hour's talk alone."

"Do you think so?" said Ellen, absently turning her face to the window again.

"Oh, if you don't want me I can go away."

Ellen answered by taking Lesbia's hands and drawing her down to a seat on a dilapidated child's straw chair that occupied a corner of the window recess.

"There, you are enthroned," she cried. "I don't know why, but when we were children, Connor and I used to consider that crazy straw chair the most desirable seat in the whole house. We had a fiction that it imparted magical powers of some sort, and how we used to quarrel for the possession of it! Connor calls it the tripod—it has only three legs left, you see—and grows dangerously inspired when he sits on it still. Try what it will do for you."

"But if you had rather be alone—if you don't want me——"

"I want you; but I am not in a talking mood. Connor and I are bo-

constrictors about talk ; we take great meals of talking, and then we are silent for a long while. I was in the talking stage of joy last night ; now I have come to the feeling time. I just want to sit here and watch that lilac shadow eat up the patch of sunshine on the hill beyond the lake, and feel how happy I am. If I talk I shall lose some of the sights out there."

"Well, I can be silent too. I am sure I have plenty to think about, and much more important things than how a shadow is moving."

Lesbia did not find the tripod a seat favourable to serious meditation, as it required nice skill in balancing to keep it upright. Her eyes soon left the landscape outside to stray round the room, and take an astonished inventory of the furniture. She had been used to look up to the Dalys as rather grand people, and to listen to Connor's descriptions of Castle Daly with profound respect ; but really the old little garret-room at Whitecliffe that she had shared with Bobbie and Wattie, and despised so, was in many respects a better place than this favourite room of Ellen Daly's. There were here and there a few signs of past grandeur, to be sure. That old arm-chair on which her eyes rested, with torn strips of faded blue velvet hanging from the seat, and remnants of gilding on its dented framework, might have figured in some stately drawing-room a hundred years or so ago. Lesbia thrust her hands down into her pocket to feel for her thimble and housewife with a notable instinct to set about sewing up the rents ; the velvet need not hang in strips, however faded it was. Then a thought struck her, and she drew her hand out again. It would be as easy, nay, easier to her now, to buy new furniture as to mend the old. John had been talking to her that morning, explaining her new position, and the subtle sense of possession had stolen into her mind. It was very pleasant, this new idea of power and consequence that had dawned on her. She fairly turned her back on the landscape now, and shaded her eyes with her hand, intent on pictures of another kind that

rose up. What a change a little of her money—say one thousand out of her hundred thousands—would make in this house ! She began to see the place under a new aspect, not exactly settling in her thoughts who were to be the inhabitants of the renovated, stately rooms, but always seeing herself moving about with dignity among a throng of guests, and Ellen Daly looking on from a certain distance, and feeling a kind of astonishment at the change. Other figures glided in and out among the throng, but she would not quite look at them or decide why they were there. She was just conscious of some other presence besides the gay furniture that lent a halo to the scene, but it was something undefined, a long way off from any possibility of being put into words. The minutes slipped on unheeded by the two dreamers in such separate worlds. Ellen was the first to break silence.

"There, it has gone. I have seen the sun set behind Lac-y-Core again. I saw him climb up out of the lake this morning, so I ought to be satisfied ; but have I made the most of the day ?"

"Bride says that you have been racing about like a mad creature ever since it was light," said Lesbia, a little maliciously.

"With all that I have not seen all the shapes that Lac-y-Core has taken since sunrise against the sky ; and there have been dozens of changes of colour on the side of the ravine that I have not caught, and that may never come again, for no two days are alike here."

"I don't understand caring so very much for things outside the house," said Lesbia. "I am not sure that it is quite right ; at least, I know Aunt Maynard thinks it silly."

"My dear Lesbia !"

"Yes, you are surprised to hear me quoting her. I am surprised myself, for I don't forget how tiresome I used to think her sayings a week ago. However, things and people look different when one has left them behind, and when one's own circumstances are changed. Ellen, just look down into the flower-garden. Your mother and Bride are still pacing up and down the

broad walk, and Bride is telling your mother about me."

"About you?"

"Why, Ellen, you surely have not forgotten already what I told you at Whitecliffe about my fortune!"

"I am afraid I have been very unsympathizing, but you told me not to speak of it again, and I waited to hear how it was to be—what your brother and sister agreed to do about it."

"About dividing it, do you mean? Ellen, if you knew more of John and Bride you would feel how difficult it would be for me to propose such a plan to them. They don't care for money, but they don't look upon a great fortune as if it were something one could settle what to do with all in a minute. If I had spoken of giving it up to John he would have called me impractical, and I should have felt I was annoying him."

"Your own brother?"

"But I have not lived with my brother since I was a child; and he is so much older than I am."

"You may well say so much older. He strikes me as wonderfully old, that brother of yours, Babette."

"Indeed, no; I beg your pardon: he is under thirty."

"What does it matter what people call themselves? That's a stupid way of reckoning age, when some people can crowd years and years of living into a day or two. That is what has happened to your brother and sister."

"How do you know?"

"By looking."

"I am afraid you don't like them, then; and yet I thought you seemed very much pleased when John mentioned his having stood at the top of a hill looking down into Miss O'Flaherty's valley so long one day that he quite forgot the business that had brought him there."

"I was very much surprised, just as one is when one picks up a bit of a dead branch, and finds that there are buds upon it; and that it is not so dead as it looks."

"John is not a bit graver or older-looking than a man of his age ought to be."

"Well, he is an Englishman, and why should not he be old and grave if he likes? I'll not hinder him of his pleasure in it, you may be sure. There! he and papa have come out of the house together, their business talk over at last, I hope. Oh, what a mighty stretch and yawn! Papa has thrown off every grain of trouble and care with that, and means to enjoy the evening; but look, your brother puts his hand on his arm and begins talking again; he is urging papa to do something or other he does not wish to do, and if there were twenty silver moons beginning to show in the sky instead of that one, he would go on at it all the same without even seeing them. I shall run down to the rescue. I won't have papa defrauded of his evening walk for any Englishman's pertinacity."

Ellen found it an easier task than she had expected to carry her point. She had many a time done battle with Mr. O'Roone for her father's company, and looked for a sufficiently long opposition to give her a pleasant sense of victory.

Mr. Thornley was a different sort of antagonist, however, from those she had been used to engage, and apparently did not think it worth while to waste words on her. He moved aside to let her take her father's arm when she came out on the terrace; but answered her merry appeal to him to give up this particular hour of her father's time with a silent bow only. Ellen, glancing up into his face in wonder at such a remarkable talent for silence, saw an expression of vexation and worry there that surprised her. How odd it was that this stranger should be so much more interested in her father's affairs than he was himself. She knew it must be some concerns of her father's that brought the look of care on his face, for she had learned from Lesbia what cause he had that day to be happy about his own good fortune. Well, if people could be miserable among mountains and lakes on a clear autumn evening, with the hunter's moon at full beginning to show in the sky, let them; only they must not be allowed to spoil the

happiness of those for whom such things were joy enough. The most vexatious affairs will keep till daylight.

"Mr. Thornley," she said, gaily, "you shall not grudge my father and me this one hour together on our first day at home."

No direct answer. Mr. Thornley's eyes were fixed on Mr. Daly's face. "You must excuse me one moment longer," he said. "I am very much in earnest in this matter. I particularly wish to keep my appointment with this Dennis Malachy myself, and alone. It may be all a trick, as you say; but my own impression is different. I think something of importance will come out, and I should prefer to keep the appointment myself."

"Be easy, be easy; I have taken it on myself, and I should prefer that just for this once you should trust to my understanding of the people I have known since they were boys being sounder than your own." Then, as Mr. Thornley hesitated and seemed about to speak again, Mr. Daly added, with one of the keen looks of authority that came now and then into his gay blue eyes, "The omission to keep your appointment with Dennis Malachy need scarcely trouble you, since you are leaving us all so soon."

It was almost equivalent to reminding him that his authority and interest in the affairs of the place were over, and that further persistence would be an interference. A slight colour rose in Mr. Thornley's cheeks, and Ellen was sorry for him. He was quicker to feel things, this wonderfully old young man, than one would have supposed.

"You must let papa have his own way this once, Mr. Thornley, please," she said, kindly. "He is in my charge now. I shall make him tell me what he is going to do, and if it is anything wrong I'll scold him. I can do it a great deal better than you, now can I not, papa?"

It was impossible for gravity itself not to relax under the influence of Ellen's bright cordiality. John Thornley walked down to the gate with them, chatting pleasantly, and then turned

back towards the house. Ellen gave a bound of joy when he was gone, and clasped her hands tight round her father's arm.

"Now I have you all to myself, here at last. Oh what joy! Does not everything look natural, as if we had never been away. Look, papa! there's Billy Tully's boat with the hole in the bottom in its old place under the hollow rock, where it was put to be mended years ago; and the coping stones that fell from the garden wall in the great storm are in their old places on the ground, only a little more moss-covered; and though that tree has grown higher, I can still catch a glimpse through it of the red gable of Matthew Burke's farmhouse's roof, that he began to cover with tiles and never finished. I feel as if I should like to run about to all the things and kiss them for having stood still in their places and not altered a shade since we left them. Is there any one in the world I wonder happier than I am this minute?"

"You love it all, then, you true Irish woman—ruin and all. 'Let alone' is good enough for you, Eileen Bawn, eh?"

"Yes, if it makes people happy; and how happy they are to see you among them again!"

"They don't go in for improvements."

"Mr. Thornley has been making improvements—the wretch!"

"He has been trying hard, and flatters himself that by dint of hard pushing and pulling and dragging he has put a little motion into the old machine—given it a start along the road of progress; but now you see King Log has come back again, the frogs will have a little peace, and escape crushing at all events."

"We did very well as we were, I think. I suppose we might be richer, and the cabins and farms, and the Castle too for that matter, might be in better order, and the people cleaner and more industrious and better off; but then, if we were, how discontented and miserable we should all be."

"I wish John Thornley were here to hear you, and sneer at your Irish logic

—discontented and miserable because we were better off!”

“Papa, I meant it—it was not a bull ; it is what I have observed. Once begin to worry about things going well and being in good order, and there is no end.”

“True as the O’Flaherty witch herself could put it, my yellow-haired queen. Whereas, you see, to old boats, and half-roofed farmhouses, and copeless walls, and King Logs in the water, there *is* an end. Bit by bit we rot and crumble away, till there is nothing left of us. Are you prepared to face that position of things, you hater of improvements?”

“I don’t truly mean that I hate anything but being kept away from you. Papa, I’ll tell you a secret. It *is* great joy to get back to this place. You know what every stone of it is to one’s heart, but it’s the seeing you back here that I really care for. I never felt I had *you* all the time we were in England. I don’t think it was *you* that lived in the doleful little houses with us there; but now, by our own lake-side, I have you fast, and you won’t shut your heart against me any more, or let there be any little corner full of troubles in your mind that I may not creep into to smooth them and fold them away, so that you will hardly know they are there. You always promised that when I grew up we would enter into partnership, and now that you are well rid of Mr. Thornley I mean to take his place.”

“So you shall, my darling, and we’ll make the best of it, as things stand; but if I were well out of the way, remember there’s no one would be such a good friend or adviser for Pelham as this young Thornley. I am glad he has been here and learned so much; his help and advice might be useful again to Pelham when the time comes that he has to manage for himself and I am well out of the way.”

“Papa, do you hear me? You are not to talk of being well out of the way

when I am telling you that the only thing I care for on earth is to see you in it. Don’t you think you and I together will be worth more than Pelham and Mr. Thornley? If we asked all the people around to choose, would not they shout out for us?”

“For King and Queen Log!—not a doubt of it. But then you see there is the rotting process to come afterwards.”

“We are not going to rot. We will have our little improvements, and our plans too. My first is that we shall go on living precisely as we did before, only that in every way we shall be a little happier and a little better, and that never, never again shall you say sad words, or talk of being out of the way, when you and I are walking together in the moonlight, and I have your dear arm fast between my two hands.”

“At least I promise never again to say anything to vex you, Eileen aroon. Now we have come to the steep bit of the hill, and it is time for you to run back to the house. Connor is bringing my horse after me. I had better mount here, for I have a longish ride before me.”

“You have not told me yet where you are going.”

“I shall not come back to dinner. When I have finished my business I shall ride on to the Hollow, and stay the night with Anne O’Flaherty.”

“How I wish you would take me with you! Good-bye. We must have a walk by the lake every night while this moon is full.”

Ellen turned at the gate to wave her hand towards the tall figure on horseback standing sentinel on the white road till she should have entered the house. “How handsome he looks on his own horse!” she said to herself. “Every one will know who it is, even in the moonlight, and there will be glad hearts in the cabins as he passes, and welcoming faces peeping out. I wish I could follow with my eyes, and see him all the way to the Hollow.”

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

IT was in honour of the first movements of grace and power in the Christian art of painting that Florence one day sent out a concourse of "all her men and all her ladies," in Vasari's phrase, "with the utmost rejoicing and all the pushing in the world," to see Cimabue at work upon his picture of Our Lady in a certain garden by St. Peter's Gate. A few generations more, and Christian art had gone from strength to strength, to droop suddenly at its strongest, and thenceforward to linger on through many weary phases of decline; but never yet to perish altogether. The death-trance has lain heavy upon it, but once and again it has shaken itself into some mode or another of vitality. Between Cimabue's Florence and our busy environments of to-day there is little likeness; but one way of realising that the times have not wholly lost their identity, is to see how some of the old arts, the pride of those generations, survive in some of their old uses. We still have painters who spend their powers upon the old subjects, repeating what is consecrated or devising what shall be original within the Christian cycle; and we still have crowds who flock to gaze at their work. The fashion of the thing, indeed, is changed; the concourse of modern London, vaster than that of mediæval Florence, and month after month renewing itself, is made up of disenchanted people in sober silks or sombre broadcloth, too discreet for pushing and too indifferent for rejoicing. They throng in no festive troops to church or garden; they only turn quietly out of Bond Street; they wipe their feet and pay their shillings in the passage, and presently find their way into a room where some stand about and whisper, and others sit in rows or tiers as at the play, the better to surrender

themselves to the befitting impressions. The space where they sit and await their impressions is darkened; the light, gaslight or daylight according to the weather, is concentrated upon what they have come to see. It is M. Gustave Doré's colossal picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium*, filling one whole wall of the gallery where hang also his other religious pictures of the *Dream of Pilate's Wife*, the *Night of the Crucifixion*, the *Triumph of Christianity*; his pictures from the ancients and from Dante—the *Andromeda*, the *Paolo and Francesca*—and his scenic representations of Alpine landscape. Or else it is Mr. Holman Hunt's marvellous picture of the *Shadow of Death*, which hangs alone in the gallery prepared for it lower down the street on the other side.

In thus coupling the exhibitions of M. Gustave Doré and Mr. Holman Hunt, I desire not to be misunderstood. The purpose of these observations is to try and fix the place of Mr. Hunt's picture in modern art; and manifestly, whatever else we here find missing, it will not be the qualities of conscientiousness, of sincere and high-minded application. But of these qualities, the work of M. Doré exhibits the very opposite. Probably a more nefarious gallery of paintings never existed than that which has for its masterpiece the picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium*. M. Doré was once an ingenious designer of book illustrations; he had invention, a great sense of the grotesque, and of the picturesque not a little; until an exaggerated celebrity overtook him; he exhausted his talent, even in the field which was his own, with excessive production; and presently English capital attracted him into alien fields like those of Milton and the Bible; he made pretensions to

the sublime and beautiful, paraded them upon canvases acres square, and became a Michelangelo in the sight of the morning papers. Among his own countrymen, who may be called vain, but whose vanity does not blind them in these matters, he has lost credit. But the English sight-seer, with the most honest intentions in the world, is in such things so easily led astray! At this moment, poor lamb, if he would not positively support M. Doré as the equal of Michelangelo, he at least goes from M. Doré's gallery to Mr. Hunt's gallery, and is unaware of any essential opposition between the two. There is this excuse for him—that in each instance he has been attracted by similar inflammatory advertisements in the modern taste (and surely the "*marvellous!*" of the placards is to be regretted in the case of a self-respecting artist like Mr. Hunt)—that in each he encounters similar preparations, and is similarly favoured with an opportunity to subscribe for a proof print, and with a pamphlet collating the opinions of the press. In each, too, he finds himself before the representation of a subject connected with reverent associations in his mind. There the analogy ends; but the ordinary spectator is not sensible that it ends there. From each exhibition, as his language will commonly testify, he comes away with the same sincere, if indefinite, sense of edification. The reason is, that his sense of art is undeveloped. He does not possess, or has not cultivated, the organs to appreciate the qualities of a picture for himself, and with precision. His emotions in a gallery, if any really come to him, do not come from a discriminate and feeling perception of what is actually before him. They are the effect partly of anticipation—that is, in the modern world, of advertisement—and partly of the associations which a dim perception of what is before him arouses in his mind. This is true often of persons the least obtuse, and the most open to impressions in other kinds. We all like to look at works of art, just as we like to read in books; but there are a hundred

who can discriminate their literary for one who can discriminate his artistic impressions. With the artistic sense thus rare, no wonder if judgments are blind, if advertisements and our anticipations and the clamours of fashion confuse us. Were this not so, performances like those of M. Doré would have no success; and there would be no need to say a word about them. As it is, they have a great success; thousands of clergy and laity go and stand before them with bated breath. Then it becomes a duty to ask, what artifice or what effrontery is this, which can make acceptable to the most rudimentary senses, in connection with these impressive subjects, so lamentable a compound of degraded and artificial feeling, design false, pretentious, and theatrical, and colour abominable, with an unspeakably coarse and bad method of painting? I say that to denounce these and spare not, so long as they impose upon any, is a duty; which done, let us turn to work better worthy of attention.

Here no less we are followed by the sense of dubious and unsure judgments. The collated opinions of the press in regard of Mr. Hunt's *Shadow of Death* are not only respectful, they are complimentary; but they have an uncertain sound. "This very admirable work" (I quote the *Daily Telegraph*) "may widely divide opinion, and excite much comment and hot dispute." Now opinions and disputes are not the proper concomitants of art. The privilege of art in a ripe and natural state is to be attended with one mode or another of harmonious pleasure. That it should divide opinion, and excite hot dispute, is a sign of something the matter either with the art itself or with the medium in which it produces this effect. The matter might be no more than this, that the time was one of revolution, or of expansion, when a work which to one school was a source of harmonious pleasure was the aversion of a different school. But I cannot recognise in Mr. Hunt's work the challenge of any one school or group to any other. I see in

it the source of respectful interest to many—to some of honest enthusiasm, to others of no less honest distress, but hardly to any, I think, who take account of their sensations, the source of a harmonious pleasure. Thus it is nothing so much as a sign of the confusion of the times. To say this is no injustice to an individuality so powerful as Mr. Hunt, for that is just the most powerful individuality which represents its times with most energy and concentration. And this work does seem to me the very mark in the history of art, of an age, not of overt revolution or intelligent expansion, but of uncertain instincts and confused tendencies.

To explain and justify what I mean, I must go some way round. I must even ask the reader to take account of some of those conditions imposed upon painting by the stuff it works in, which are truisms in the telling, but which practically, in epochs of confusion, painting is prone to forget or evade. It behoves painting to remember the nature of its means, and to seek effects which they, and not any other art or method, are most proper for conveying to the mind. Now, there are many classes of effects which these means can convey to the mind but partially, or even quite improperly. One whole class of disabilities under which painting lies was discerned and defined by Lessing in the last century; and his definitions, new amid the inexact criticism of that age, have for posterity assumed the nature of truisms. The arts which hold up to the sight imitations of natural objects, said Lessing, the arts of sculpture and painting, have for their task to give a mock perpetuity—sculpture by imitation in the solid, painting by imitation on a plane—to a single combination of natural objects, a momentary position of things in space. Then let them choose well their moment; having only a single combination to speak their meaning by, let them represent or devise such a combination as shall speak it fully, plainly, and pleasurably. Since the grouping, the station of persons or objects at any

given moment, cannot but result from past causes, and point to coming issues, the moment for art to make its own will be one of which the significance as to what has passed and what is coming shall be at once condensed and intelligible. Painting or sculpture must hold up to sight such spectacle as the mind can both account for and repose upon; in other words, such a grouping and station of persons and objects as shall indicate pregnantly what has been last and what will be next, while it constitutes a natural halt between the two. If an art like painting or sculpture, forgetting this, selects a combination which does not explain itself, but is in the nature of a puzzle, the art then drives us in search of keys and explanations which its own resources cannot afford. If, again, the attitudes of the spectacle the art puts before us are essentially transitory and instantaneous, the mind frets to resolve them into their antecedents and consequences. In either case our faculties are thrown from their repose, and set asking questions which this particular kind of art is disabled from answering. To develop and unriddle puzzling combinations belongs to literature; to exhibit the antecedents and consequences of a transitory action also belongs either to literature, or else to arts which, like the drama, work naturally through consecutive and not through stationary impressions. Neither a spectacle which fails to explain itself, nor a moment of mere transition between before and after, is fit to take on the perpetuity of marble or colour; nay, says the critic, the artist in marble or colour who attempts to force perpetuity upon such things, attempts it at his peril; he confuses the arts and violates their boundaries; he moves you to repugnance and distress.

Now what is the combination devised by Mr. Hunt? What is the kind of moment he has selected to carry to our minds through sight that appeal which with so much earnestness he seeks to urge? Mr. Hunt, thinking earnestly about Christ and the probable circum-

stances of Christ's life before the baptism in Jordan, has thrown himself into a mood like that of the apocryphal gospels, a pseudo-Matthew or a pseudo-James, and lighted upon an incident which might, he thinks, have happened in the actual life of Christ, and which, supposing it to have happened, would have been charged with prophetic significance. The day's work, Mr. Hunt has said to himself, shall be over; the carpenter's son shall be in the act of standing up and stretching his limbs to rest himself, conscious of divinity the while, and uplifted in spirit. As he takes this attitude, the shadow of his trunk and arms, cast on the wall behind him by the sun which sets in front, shall form with his tool-rack the likeness of a figure on the cross. His mother, at the same moment, it is further imagined, sick at heart, and fain to re-assure herself with the tokens of a hope that seems too slow of fulfilment, shall kneel to look at the crown, the censer, and the scarf, gifts laid long ago by the Kings of the East before the cradle in Bethlehem. As she lifts the lid of the treasure-casket, her eye in search of consolation shall be caught by that shadow of ill augury upon the wall. Here, then, will be a combination of infinite meaning. In it can be exhibited the naked humanity of Christ, the personification of manhood in its bronzed and sinewy prime. In it can be commemorated the partnership of Christ, the workman weary from his work, with the sons of toil and those that labour and are heavy laden. In it can be asserted the divinity of Christ, whose weariness is thus comforted with visitings of a mystic rapture. In it, last of all, can be foreshadowed the dispensation of sacrifice; the gilded tokens are mocked before the mother's eyes with this presage of a felon's death; to her it is a bitter seeming irony; but we, who can see beneath, know the meaning of this mystery and the glory of this coming humiliation.

Yes, this is an invention of no little meaning; the notion strikes you by its ingenuity when you hear it put in

words. But presently it occurs to you—is the meaning one within the proper compass of painting to express? is the conceit one fit for the stable vehicle of forms and colours, and not rather for the shifting vehicle of literary recital? If it is not only to be passed before the mind as an ingenious notion, but perpetuated to the senses as a picture, must not the significance of the work depend on the way in which the shadow of the principal figure forms, together with the substance of one of the fittings on the wall, the likeness of a man crucified? And will not this look like a kind of game or puzzle, perplexing to the uninformed spectator? Again, must not that principal figure be in the attitude of a man risen to stretch and unstiffen himself after labour—an attitude nothing if not transitory? And must it not be difficult to reconcile what there is of common in this gesture with what there should be of elevated and mysterious in the expression of a conscious God? Are we not thus likely to get all the elements, which, according to our canons, are proper in painting to fret rather than to satisfy the spectator? Well, it is always bad to give way to *à priori* judgments, even if they are framed according to the safest canons, in respect of the works of fine art. It is always well to keep the appreciative powers as open as possible, and to be prepared to find a virtue in every new development of the arts, in every effort, however strange, of the modern spirit, to express itself sincerely through these channels. So Mr. Holman Hunt's work must not be condemned beforehand, because by its subject it threatens to violate canons, which, in truth, it is easy to lay down too rigidly. Lessing himself did not allow enough for the resources in which painting is so rich, the resources of light, shade, and colour, of emphasis and suppression, whereby she can often give adequate expression to appearances thoroughly fugitive and mysterious. Think, for example, of Rembrandt, and what channels he opened out for the expression of the modern spirit in art. For one thing,

of all those who have wished to exhibit the partnership of Christ with the poor and needy, of all those who in any manner have sought to bring within the kingdom of art the sons and daughters of toil, and to extend to lowliness and commonness the sensibilities of the eye and the sympathies of the imagination, Rembrandt is the father and the master. Rembrandt, for another thing, drove most of all at those effects of his art which are proper for enforcing mysterious suggestions upon the mind. He cultivated more than others the art of imaginative emphasis and imaginative suppression by the means of light and shade. When you remember many a scene of haunted gloom, with its sparse but speaking points of brightness—the great shaft of light alive with the herald angels, how it bursts in upon the darkness where the shepherds watch the stars, and how it strikes hither and thither upon their frightened forms, and the horns and backs of the scampering herds—or the thick midnight within the littered stable at Bethlehem, where they presently come peering in, and their lanthorn rays scarce find a way to the corner where crouch pitifully the mother and her suckling—or the pale illumination which plays about the sheeted half-awakened Lazarus, as the Restorer stands high in the gesture of command, and those about Him fall back amazed—when you remember scenes like these, and many another, you easily conceive how a Rembrandt might work upon an idea such as this which has occurred to the English painter; how from amidst enshrouding gloom he might reveal to us the figure of the workman using this gesture, and by a grim prophetic hazard the shadow of it turning, for his mother, into an omen of despair, for us, into a symbol of redemption. But then a Rembrandt would work upon it with such an immediate and vivid way of throwing up the special point, with an intensity and singleness of aim so enforced with reticence here and emphasis there, with such a sacrifice of the circumstantial to

the essential, as would reconcile the motive with the conditions of the art, and speak directly and impressively to the imagination.

Follow the crowd now, and stand before Mr. Hunt's picture, and you will see that his manner of speaking is not Rembrandt's. He shows himself a child of his age by attending first of all to geography and ethnology and archaeology and local atmosphere and local colour. The subject implies the time of sunset; here, then, shall be the very blaze of an Oriental day near its decline flooding the canvas. Keen golden and rosy light strikes hard upon the face of every object, throwing pale purple shadows where it is interrupted. Steeped in it lie the hills of Galilee, Gilboa, and Carmel, seen through the window; the carpenter's workshop overflows with it, there is no rest from it, and from the figures, tools, and litter that catch and break it up, except in one corner where two pomegranates and a shutter sleep in a breadth of comfortable shadow. No repose elsewhere, any more than there would be in the living fact, among the shavings and carpenter's gear, the reeds in the corner, the green drinking-jar, the rich scarf between rose-colour and lilac which trails out of the treasure-box of carved ivory, the gilt and jewelled surfaces which we see within it. High in the foreground of all this stands the spare bronzed figure of Christ, boldly relieved in its upper portions against the field of glowing sky which is framed by the arched window. The human and natural part of this conception finds its place in the attitude—that simply of a man stretching himself; the mystic and supernatural part in the head, where the painter has sought to embody, in a carefully studied ethnic type, the aspect of ineffable communings. Further back the kneeling Mary has her hand upon the lid of the casket, and her head turned away as her eye is caught by the ominous shadow. It did not need the assurance of the painter's printed remarks to make us feel that all this has been got as lite-

rally like the probable fact as untiring labour and unflinching zeal, bent upon exhausting every appliance of local inquiry and research, could make it. Iron toil and sworn conscientiousness proclaim themselves in every corner of the canvas. And what, for us, is the result? Senses distracted with an aggregation of insubordinate splendours; a mind fatigued with the asseverations of an importunate circumstantiality. I, at least, can bear no other witness. I see, and honour, much that I wish I could delight in; but delight I cannot. As the eye wanders over the parts, and takes account of their qualities, it has to register many excellences. The figure of Mary, for instance, is a figure of noble conception and design. I do not think that of Christ nearly so good, nor the disposition of its weight upon one leg appropriate to the gesture; again, the natural attitude of stretching has had to be forced in order that the figure may cast the requisite symbolic shadow. But in it, too, there is design of extraordinary power and care; and both figures derive from an extraordinarily forcible painting, and a singular realization of values, the quality of stereoscopic relief and solidity in a degree which has hardly ever been attained before. To some, indeed, this deceptive solidity and reality, which belong also to all the appurtenances of the scene, may weigh rather as a defect than as an excellence in the artistic scale. For so it is—even as you try to register excellences in the work before you, you find them excellent only as they attest prodigious powers and industry; defective in so far as they address your artistic sense. I was going to praise the consummate study and imitative force of the draperies; and of the Virgin's gorgeous draperies between green and blue the praise may stand; but how ugly is the form of the white cloth round the loins of Christ, how distressing, despite of gorgeousness, the colour of the trailing scarf, and still more of the lining of the casket and lid! I was going to say, see the astonishing justice and fidelity of rendering

in the saw, the plane, the shavings, the plastered wall and its surfaces in light and shadow. But of all this imitative mastery, so striking and dazzling at first sight, some looks a little suspicious after a while. (The shavings, for instance, upon which such astonishing pains have been spent, are they not after all suspiciously buttery and curly and fat?) And the rest, if it continues to confound you by its power, all the more importunes you with an impression of the effort, the pain and toil, with which the power has been put forth. Now the impression of painful effort is what the artistic sense longs to escape from; the mastery which delights that sense is the mastery which leaves no such impression behind. Of the two English painters of our time who most strike and dazzle by a lively imitation of natural objects, one—Mr. Millais—possesses a magic which leaves behind no impression of distressing effort. The conceptions of Mr. Millais' art may be quite prosaic, quite common and worldly; but in expressing them he does perform miracles of the brush. His touch has magic as well as strength. Not, I think, in the flesh of women and children, but in any less fair and delicate substances—and certainly in things such as this year's birch stems and fagots, or as the old sailor's glass of rum, which is done like a glass of wine in Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*—this potent magic of the brush goes far to make up for the quality of Mr. Millais' conceptions. Mr. Hunt, who started from the same point as Mr. Millais, has taught his hand no such touch. His conceptions, you may say, are prosaic too, not indeed by worldliness; but by that quality of circumstantiality to which we have alluded; and if this is true, the quality is emphasised, rather than redeemed, under his laborious, his deceptive but quite unmagical manner in realizing surfaces and stuffs and lustres. Concentrate your attention upon the head of Christ, the point of principal interest in the picture, and see if in that you can escape from these qualities. Less than anywhere else can

you escape from them here, in this wrestle of expression with the inexpressible, in the emphasis of aspiring sentiment which seems stamped so hard and crudely upon these illuminated blue eyes, these smiling red lips and white teeth.

What, then, does it mean, that your artistic sense should find itself thus harassed at all points, where your sense of industry, of zeal, and high intentions, finds so much that is more than admirable? It means no less than this—that the artist has made himself the representative of a principle which denies the purpose for which his art exists. Have you felt, at the sound of his undertaking, that it has a perilously literary turn? You feel, at the sight of it, that it has been directed by another habit of the modern mind, the scientific habit. By the scientific habit I mean that which insists on examining and verifying, point by point, the groups and sequences of things as they really are in nature and the past. In its proper domain, which is no less than to discredit false explanations of the universe, and to supply true ones so far as be supplied they can, this habit justly is the glory of the present and will be the guidance of the coming generations. But here we have an example of the scientific spirit, the spirit of exact inquisition into the groups and sequences of realities, asserting sovereignty in the domain of art. Mr. Hunt's conviction is, says he, that "Art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." Of course; but to realize them how? to realize them to which of our faculties? to our curiosity and our scientific sense in their circumstances? or to our imagination and our æsthetic sense in their essentials? The law is, that art is something which must speak to our imagination, and should not contradict knowledge; but that whatever is silent to the imagination, though it speaks to knowledge, is not art. Art does not exist, like science, in order to explain the universe; it exists in order to strike certain notes in

the human spirit. The universe, I say again, assuredly needs to be explained; its phenomena, in their groups and sequences, need to be investigated in the spirit of rational research and systematic record; science, in other words, needs to be advanced. But art is an invention for something quite different. Science treats the phenomena of the universe in one way, and satisfies the disciplined curiosity of the mind. Art treats the phenomena of the universe in another way, and satisfies the sensibilities of imagination which are also contained in the mind. There are all sorts of notes in the human spirit, innumerable fine affections of the imagination, which respond to the various phenomena of the universe. What art is an invention for, is for counterfeiting these phenomena and giving them perpetuity, in forms so disengaged, combined, and brought into relief that the imagination in its several affections shall vibrate beneath them in the counterfeit yet more distinctly and pleasurably than in the original. Now analysis, research, and the circumstantial, which are indispensable to the satisfaction of a disciplined curiosity, are beside the point when it is the imagination which has to be touched. What touches the imagination is the significant in phenomena, and for it the circumstantial is precisely the insignificant—is even capable of becoming the impertinent. That Palestine Exploration Funds and Societies of Biblical Archaeology should labour to explain their fragment of the universe, is well; that a painter should not grossly ignore the results of their labours is also well; but that he should make it his business to do their work for them is not well. Their business is to bring the past and its events nearer to us in one way: his business is to bring them nearer in another way. In their method, the exact configuration of a site, the details of a style of building, the fashion of a head-dress, the pattern on a relic, the shape of a tool and precise way of handling it, have very great importance and significance; in his method they

have next to none. Let these be right enough in a work of art not to shock with the sense of wilful ignorance ; so much concession from art to science the modern spirit may fairly demand : but for a painter to make these his great point is for him to choose knowledge instead of feeling as the field of his operations. And whether painting represents a scene of nature, or a scene of human passions and destinies, it does so, in a ripe and natural state, not that we may know more about the scene with our heads, but that we may feel it more deeply in our hearts. The avenue by which painting has to reach the heart being sight, its method must be, first to charm or impress this sense, and next to arouse and gratify the imagination with ideas to which these first impressions of sense lead harmoniously on—combinations that grow upon you and speak their meaning while you look, suggestions inseparable from the scheme of forms and tints before you, associations which come home to you with a power "felt in the blood and felt along the heart," and which you realize with an emotion all the deeper that you can never fully resolve them by analysis, or exhaust them by definition.

To this method nothing can be more antagonistic than that painting should insist above all things on satiating the curiosity with particulars scientifically consistent and rationally probable. That Mr. Hunt has worked in this mistaken spirit cannot, I think, be denied. He has endeavoured not to express the essence of the event, but to reconstitute the event itself in all its items. He has given way to no desire of an inner harmony between the motive, symbolical and momentary as that is, and his manner of representing it, but has treated the scene as one which he was bound to petrify without compromise and without mystery for ever in the full flood of day. I do not say that he has wilfully foresworn the pleasurable outward parts of his art. On the contrary, you can see that here, more than in his earlier work, he has studied the visible effects proper to please in

painting. In the scheme both of forms and colours he has thought of composition and arrangement ; he has not meant to defy art, but rather to comply with art's conditions, in the framing of Christ against the window-opening, in the placing of the trestle and saw, in the conduct of the colour even—the blues and greens which have their strongest accent in the crown and censer and the Virgin's robes, and recur as a reflected light in nearly all the shadows, as well as in the sky and even in the eyes of Christ—the rose-reds finding their highest pitch in the lining of the casket and the dropped headgear of Christ, and kindling more faintly on many a lighted surface in the sunset. But this study of artistic harmony and conduct as something which an artist ought not to leave wholly out of view, has not had a happy effect. It has not come by instinct, but by afterthought, and therefore to little purpose. The really governing principle in the picture is the scientific one. Notwithstanding the artist's concessions to his art, his work does not arouse, but paralyses, the imagination. I do not say, again, that Mr. Hunt theoretically or deliberately gives the first place to what is circumstantial and not what is essential. On the contrary, he seems to admit the superior claims of the essence of a subject over its circumstances. He says that in minding modern knowledge "the primary object of art—to teach the lesson of the incident portrayed—need not be lost." But consider a little closely the terms of this admission. Here is a definition of the primary object of art which would be ours also, if by "teaching the lesson" were understood what we have called "striking the note" of the incident portrayed. In primitive stages of civilization, indeed, to teach the lesson of a subject is the same thing, whether you mean by it to bring the subject home to the intelligence, or to the moral sense, or to the imagination. For in primitive or childish men the faculties are confused, and consist chiefly of an undisciplined and unfas-

tidious imagination. Primitive or childish art exists usually in order to exhibit to such men a likeness, or a symbol, of something which they worship. The most uncouth likeness, the rudest symbol, serves at once to inform their curiosity, to command their awe, and to content their fancy; it is an object of science, of religion, and of art all together. But a riper civilization differentiates men's faculties, and develops the means proper for severally exercising them. The intelligence disciplines itself and grows into a separate province of the mind, with science as a separate instrument for its cultivation: the moral sense develops itself, and finds in religion its appropriate stimulation; the imagination and its sensibilities ripen, and to cultivate and exercise these is the business of the fine arts as they acquire perfection. In the course of this development the curiosity or scientific sense, the moral sense, and the imaginative or artistic sense, severally become more exacting. At first it was easy to satisfy them all three at once; later they can only be fully satisfied separately, and each by its appropriate means. The exactions of a highly disciplined curiosity, the exactions of a moral sense highly exalted and spiritualized, art can never directly satisfy; nay, its business, in a ripe and natural state, is not to speak directly to these faculties at all; to speak directly to the imagination, and satisfy the exactions of that faculty, is its business. Enough if, for the indirect satisfaction of the other faculties, art takes up as it finds them the current facts of science and the current conceptions of religion and morality. These are phenomena of the universe like any other; by realizing these in their most striking or most delightful essentials to the imagination, just as by realizing to it aspects of nature, this or that out of a myriad notes in the human spirit can be struck; this or that out of a myriad virtues of things can be expressed; this or that out of a myriad modes of harmonious pleasure can be given. And to "teach the lesson" of a phenomenon

in this sense is indeed art's mission. But in the case before us an artist, faithful above others to art's mission as he interprets it, has had the misfortune to interpret it wrong. He has thought first of the instructed religious feelings and the inquisitive reason of his time, and has desired to teach a lesson to these. For this end he has worked with the determination of a temperament that nothing daunts, with the thoroughness of a conscience that is the sternest task-master, with an ability which would have achieved success in almost any endeavour. But this endeavour is contrary to the laws of things. The best success in it is failure. It is the sacrifice of art, by an artist, to that which after all is not science. For in this domain the inquisition and asseveration of mere facts is not really science, it is only the contrary of art; it is not a lesson in knowledge, it is only an infliction to feeling; it is not modern love of truth, it is only—the word has already gone out—it is only modern prose. The incidents of the reed, the hammer, auger, and nails, the image of a cross, the light framing the head of Christ like an aureola—all these symbols of Christ's divinity and passion have significance for the imagination, and, like symbols in general, for the imagination as a faculty distinct from reason. Old art, by devotionally collecting these symbols about the person of Christ without regard to time, place, and circumstances, used to make its appeal frankly to this faculty. This modern art, by contriving to collect the symbols with an ingenious deference to time, place, probability, and the laws of nature, gives the imagination no play, and stifles in it the power of acknowledging any significance at all in such symbols. And so with the work in all its parts. That the modern spirit should confess this confusion of its faculties, should thus zealously put forth activities of one order in a field properly given over to activities of another order—is not this in some sort a return of childhood, and of a childhood not due and in season as was the first?

And now we have turned over the matter in all ways, not without repetitions, but they were for the sake of making our meaning clear. If I should seem to have spoken disrespectfully of labours for which I feel all respect, let that too be set down to the wish of bringing out the point of the discussion so as to admit no ambiguity. If to those most conversant with art, and most alive to its emotions, work so devoted, so sincere, and in many points so masterly as that of Mr. Hunt can be a source not of delight but of distress, it is best to try and understand the reason why. That the fact is so, I am

very sure ; and now I think we see the justification of the fact. The happiest, the only happy, exercise of the critical faculty is in doing and helping others to do reverential homage to the creative faculty ; but when the creative faculty is ill inspired, when that master force wastes and neutralises itself in the service of confused inspirations, and for the appeal to indiscriminate perceptions, it is the part of criticism not to shrink from saying so. Where our instincts are once wrong, by instinct alone we cannot right ourselves : then to try and right ourselves by criticism is our only chance.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

MICHELET.

IN the month of February, 1874, there died, within a few hours of each other, two men, who, though widely different in character, talent, and ideas, had both exercised considerable influence, not merely in their own countries, but throughout the whole of Europe.

Dr. Strauss, the author of "The Life of Jesus," died at Stuttgart on the 8th of February, having proclaimed, but a few months before, the overthrow of all Christian beliefs, and the new Gospel of Science, which limits the desires and hopes of men to the short term of an earthly life.¹

He was true to his own teaching, and showed by the stoicism of his death that he had learnt resignation if he had not found happiness.

Jules Michelet, the author of "*L'Histoire de France*," "*L'Histoire de la Révolution française*," and "*L'Oiseau*," "*L'Insecte*," and "*La Mer*," died at Hyères, on the 9th of February. The misfortunes of his country broke his heart; but they could not destroy his joyful hope in the future, or shake his firm belief that in the other world the sorrows and injustices of this life will all be forgotten, and our liberated souls draw nearer to that perfection which is the object of their highest aspirations. It was strange that while Germany, the home of sentiment, of metaphysical speculation and lofty religious yearnings, lost in Strauss—a man of a stern, proud nature—a logician who stifled his emotions as signs of weakness unbecoming modern times, and acknowledged no God but science and reason; France, whose great intellectual qualities, precision, finesse, moderation, and logical clearness, are often accompanied by a certain dryness of heart and poverty of imagination, lost in Michelet the most tender and

religious character that ever breathed, refusing to find satisfaction in mere science, and for ever letting himself be carried away by his feelings and imagination. The influence of Strauss was greater and wider than that of Michelet, but it was almost wholly negative and destructive. To minds harassed by doubt and anxiously seeking for truth, he offered the repose of universal negation; whilst Michelet revived the sad and aching heart, and when weary with doubt, supplied it with fresh reasons for loving and believing. Both were great and noble-minded men; and at their death many a German and many a Frenchman must have asked, "Who is to succeed them?" It is a question which may well be put to the rising generation each time that one of the men who have been the glory of the century passes away. The poets, artists, scholars, and writers who made its spring-time beautiful are now nearly all dead, but its autumn is still enriched by the works they have left behind them. A few, like Guizot, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson, remain, but they are ghosts rather than representatives of an age that is past. Where are the men, in Italy, to replace Léopardi, Bellini, and Manzoni?—in France, Lamartine, Delacroix, and Aug. Thierry?—in Germany, Goethe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Grimm, or Ranke?—in England, Shelley, Thackeray, Turner, or Macaulay? If our times are too barren to produce men worthy to be named with these, let us do what we can to keep alive the worship of their memory, and fix their image in our minds before time has effaced it!

My purpose is to sketch in broad outline the life and character of Jules Michelet, the great writer whom France has just lost. His own talent and style are needed to describe so

¹ "Der alte und der neue Glauben."

gifted and powerful a nature; my only claim to be heard is that I had the privilege of knowing him personally for more than ten years, and have made his works my careful study. I shall endeavour to describe him as I knew him and loved him; and I trust to be forgiven if the vivid memory of what he was, and my grief for his loss, should lead me to overlook any blemishes in his talent, and to dwell chiefly on the great qualities of his mind and heart.

Michelet gives an admirable account of his own early education, in the preface to "*Le Peuple*," and describes in a graphic manner the vivid impressions of his childish days. His mother was a native of the Ardennes, the stern and rugged home of a race which he designates as "*distinguée, sobre, économe, sérieuse, où l'esprit critique domine.*" His father was from "*l'ardente et colérique Picardie*," which has produced enthusiasts and orators like Peter the Hermit, Calvin, and Camille Desmoulins. After the Reign of Terror, the Michelet family came to Paris and set up a printing-office, and here he was born on the 21st of August, 1798, in the choir of an old church, used as a workshop by his father, "*occupée*," he says, "*non profanée; qu'est ce que la Presse au temps moderne, sinon l'Arche Sainte?*"¹ In this fact there was an omen of the future. His first years were hard and joyless; he grew "*comme une herbe sans soleil, entre deux pavés de Paris.*" The suppression of the newspapers by Napoléon in 1800 and the restrictions of every kind which he placed upon the book-trade reduced the Michelets to poverty. They had to send away their workmen and do the work themselves as best they could, Jules taking his share, with his parents and grandfather. For the child it was labour far beyond his years, and certain, one would think, to have nipped his awakening faculties in the bud. Quite the contrary. Whilst his small fingers were mechanically engaged in putting dull books into type, his imagination was trying its wings. That wonderful gift which in later life

enabled him to make the ashes of the past glow with new life, and to awaken a soul and heart in all things, was the ruling faculty of his mind, and the first to awaken there. "*Jamais je n'ai tant voyagé d'imagination que pendant que j'étais immobile à cette case. . . . Très solitaire et très libre, j'étais tout imaginaire.*" He was not able to follow any regular course of instruction: before the morning work began he used to have lessons with an old bookseller who had formerly been a school-master, "*homme de mœurs antiques, ardent révolutionnaire*;" from him he imbibed his worship for the Revolution, which he looked on as France's greatest achievement in history, and a revelation of justice. His reading was confined to two or three books. One of these produced a singularly deep impression upon him, and awoke the religious sentiment and the belief in God and immortality which never afterwards forsook him, and, in spite of all the variations of his mind, are discernible in everything he wrote. This book was the "*Imitation of Christ*." "*Je n'avais encore aucune idée religieuse. . . . Et voilà que dans ces pages j'aperçois tout à coup, au bout de ce triste monde, la délivrance de la mort, l'autre vie, et l'espérance. . . . Comment dire l'état de rêve où me jetèrent ces premières paroles de l'Imitation? Je ne lisais pas, j'entendais. . . . comme si cette voix douce et paternelle se fut adressée à moi-même. Je vois encore la grande chambre froide et démeublée; elle me parut vraiment éclairée d'une lueur mystérieuse. Je ne pus aller bien loin dans ce livre, ne comprenant pas le Christ, mais je sentis Dieu.*"

At this time his love of history also began to show itself and indicated his future calling. "*Ma plus forte impression*," continue-t-il, "*après celle-là, c'est le Musée des Monuments Français. . . . C'est là, nulle autre part, que j'ai reçu d'abord la vive impression de l'histoire. Je remplissais ces tombeaux de mon imagination; je sentais ces morts à travers les marbres; et ce n'était pas sans quelque terreur que j'entrais sous les*

¹ "*Le Peuple*," p. 22.

voûtes basses où dormaient Dagobert, Chilpéric, et Frédégonde.”¹

The child's remarkable abilities did not escape the notice of his parents. His father was all but destitute and his mother an invalid, but their last resources were employed in sending him to college. There, in MM. Villemain and Leclerc, he found distinguished teachers who supported him by their liberality, and also companions who taunted him with his poverty. He grew shy and timid—“effarouché comme un hibou en plein jour”²—shunned society, and lived with his books. But such trials served only to temper his spirit; he felt that he was worth something, and began to have faith in himself. “Dans ce malheur accompli, privations du présent, craintes de l'avenir, l'ennemi était à deux pas (1814), et mes ennemis à moi, se moquant de moi tous les jours. Un jour, un jeudi matin, je me ramassai sur moi-même, sans feu (la neige couvrait tout), ne sachant pas si le pain viendrait le soir, tout semblant finir pour moi; j'eus en moi un pur sentiment stoïcien; je frappai de ma main, crevé par le froid, sur ma table de chêne (que j'ai toujours conservée), et je sentis une joie virile de jeunesse et d'avenir.” The moral energy that triumphs over external evils upheld Michelet during his whole life. Physically very feeble, and always in bad health, his mind sustained his body. His life was one continued struggle, which would seem to have inspired the general view he takes of history: in both he saw liberty and fatality constantly at strife. The bitter experiences of his early years remained indelibly imprinted on his memory. Later on he attained glory and fortune, but he never forgot that he had risen from the people, and that to his humble origin he owed some of his finest qualities. “J'ai gardé l'impression du travail—d'une vie âpre et laborieuse. Je suis resté du peuple. . . . Si les classes supérieures ont la culture, nous avons bien plus de chaleur vitale. . . . Ceux qui arrivent ainsi,

avec la sève du peuple, apportent dans l'art un degré nouveau de vie et de rajeunissement, tout au moins un grand effort. Ils posent ordinairement le but plus haut, plus loin que les autres, consultant peu leurs forces, mais plutôt leur cœur.” In fact, he attributed the warmth and tenderness of heart, which were the inspiration of his life, to his plebeian extraction; and though poverty and the sneers of his college companions made him for a time shy and miserable, they never aroused in him the smallest feeling of envy. No sooner did he re-enter the college as Professor, and find himself in a position to do something for others, than his whole being expanded. “Ces jeunes générations qui croyaient en moi, me réconcilièrent à l'humanité.” He was made professor at the college of St. Barbe in 1821. In 1827 he published an analysis of Vico's History and Philosophy, and an Epitome of Modern History, which is a masterpiece, and in which, even after the lapse of forty-six years, not one page is out of date.

He was appointed Professor of History and Philosophy at the Ecole Normale, and remained there till 1837. These were perhaps his happiest years. He married at twenty-five, and led a studious and retired life, communicating with the outer world solely through his pupils. In after days he was fond of dwelling on the enjoyment he had found in teaching, and would relate how in the sharpest winter weather he was in the habit of walking up the Rue St. Jacques in his tail-coat and thin shoes, without an overcoat, quite insensible to the north wind and cold, “tant était ardente la flamme intérieure.” Those who had the privilege of hearing him then have preserved a lasting remembrance of his eloquent and suggestive lectures, in which he succeeded so well in imparting to others the passion which animated himself. He, on his side, acquired from the act of teaching and from the affection and sympathy of his pupils, a strength which supported and inspired him in all his work. “Si j'avais comme historien,” said he after-

¹ “Le Peuple,” p. 26.

² Ibid. p. 30.

wards, "un mérite spécial qui me soutint à côté de mes illustres prédécesseurs, je le devrais à l'enseignement, qui pour moi fut l'amitié. Ces grands historiens ont été brillants, judicieux, profonds. Moi, j'ai aimé davantage."

His Roman History, begun in 1828 and published in 1831, was the first fruit of this happy period of youth and enthusiasm. An extraordinary impetus had been given to the study of the Middle Ages by the works of Guizot and Augustin Thierry, and a similar interest bid fair to be awakened in the study of classic antiquity by Michelet's History. His great imaginative power and the magic charm of his style invested the annals of ancient Rome with all the reality of contemporary history. Up to that time, Niebuhr's daring hypotheses, wrapped up in obscure and ponderous learning, had remained inaccessible to the mass of the educated public; they were now made to glow with life and colour. What Niebuhr took so much pains to prove, Michelet saw and made others see, and his narrative was for the time more convincing than the soundest demonstration. Nevertheless the book produced little effect. Education went on in the old routine. He gained many admirers, but few disciples; and was himself soon drawn into the general current, until he relinquished the study of classical antiquity for that of the Middle Ages. With his impressionable nature, it would have been impossible for Michelet to escape the contagion of the romantic movement which, in the early part of the century, took possession of all minds. The literature, manners, customs, and monuments of the Middle Ages fascinated every one. Poetry and fiction, painting and the drama, dealt exclusively with feudal lords, old-world castles, and the loves of high-born dames and their pages. The sublime grandeur of the Gothic cathedrals cast the perfect beauty of the Greek temples into the shade. In all this there was much infatuation, and the movement partook in no small degree of the nature

of a passing fashion; much bad taste was displayed, and bygone ages were often painted in the falsest colours. The style of ornamentation and the choice of subjects, represented on the clocks and the frontispieces of the books of the Empire and the Restoration, show how conventional and pretentious was their idea of the Middle Ages. Not that this love of national antiquities was altogether artificial. The Revolution had rent everything violently asunder; it was a gigantic effort to annihilate a hated past and create an entirely new France, and it ended in despotism, and in a complete exhaustion of the strength of the country. That men should begin to mourn over the ruins they had made, and try to rescue from the wreck all that they could find worthy of love and admiration, was not unnatural. In politics the attempt to reconnect the new and the old France had failed. All that the Restoration succeeded in borrowing from the ancient *régime* was its old-world prejudices, not knowing how to turn to good account the reaction against the Revolution and the Empire; but the Revolution of 1830, while it put an end to the Restoration, did not destroy the universal attraction of the Middle Ages. On the contrary, their history began to be better known; it was studied in a more serious and scientific spirit; old texts were edited, and students turned their attention to the old laws, to the language in its earlier stages, and to the examination and classification of the public archives. With the liberal youth of the day, Michelet had joyfully hailed the advent of the Revolution of 1830, and in his "Introduction à l'Histoire universelle" (1831) had even celebrated its praises as the natural culmination of the history of France. He shared the passionate interest of his contemporaries in the Middle Ages. In 1831 he was elected head of the historical section of the Public Records (Archives Nationales); and in the escape of that immense collection of documents from the destroying hand of Time and Revolution he saw the realization of the vague dreams of his

childhood as he used to wander through the Museum of Historical Monuments. His imagination called forth the dead who were sleeping in that vast historical necropolis; the ancient and discoloured parchments appeared to him as still living witnesses of former centuries; and he heard their voices relating the authentic history of their day.

That history he determined to write for his country. The first volume of his History of France appeared in 1833; the sixth, ending with the death of Louis XI., was published in 1846. These six volumes, I think, constitute Michelet's surest title to renown, and will prove his most useful and enduring work. The picture of France with which the second volume opens, the life of Jeanne d'Arc, and the reign of Louis XI., may rank with the finest pieces of historical writing of that time. They bear evidence of conscientious learning and profound research; while, so great is the author's creative genius, that the personages he describes appear to live and move before us. Michelet's historical judgment is more profound and impartial than that of his illustrious predecessors, Guizot and Thierry; they singled out for admiration such institutions, ideas, and tendencies of the past as they advocated for their own day, and made their writings a vehicle for the theories and political opinions they themselves held relative to contemporary events, whereas Michelet draws out and admires all that was original and characteristic in the past, and lays his own feelings and opinions aside, that he may be able thoroughly to understand and sympathize with those of the men he describes. To Michelet history was neither a narrative of facts nor a philosophical analysis, but literally a resurrection. I find in him the same combination of learning and prophetic genius that we admire in Niebuhr and Mommsen and the best leaders of the German scientific school; and, above all, in Jacob Grimm, whom indeed he knew personally, and for whom he

expressed the tenderest and deepest admiration.¹

Whilst engaged on his history, Michelet published, in 1835, a series of extracts from Luther, under the name of "*Mémoires de Luther*," forming an interesting and trustworthy biography of the great reformer. In 1837 he published "*Les Origines du Droit*," an endeavour to show that the old French law was not a collection of abstract formulas and deductions, but the living expression of the historical development of the nation; and he also edited, in the "*Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France*" (1841—1851), "*Les Pièces de Procès des Templiers*," in two volumes quarto.

Though thus absorbed in the study of the Middle Ages, Michelet had too ardent and impressionable a nature not to be deeply affected by the passions of his own day. In 1837 he left the *Ecole Normale*, then under the energetic though narrow direction of M. Cousin, and in 1838 was appointed Professor of History and Moral Philosophy at the *Collège de France*. Instead of a small number of pupils to whom he had to teach positive facts, and a rigorous method in a simple form, he saw before him an ardent, impressionable, enthusiastic crowd, who demanded no serious scientific instruction, but the momentary excitement awakened by noble and eloquent words. The duties of his professorship were of a vague, hybrid nature, and seemed to justify a teaching that dealt more with general ideas than with facts, and gave greater prominence to daring syntheses than to the patient processes of criticism. His two contemporaries in the college, Quinet and Mickiewicz,² also considered themselves

¹ J. Grimm was to him the perfect type of a scholar. After the war of 1870, when the sternness with which the Germans had followed up their victories was filling him with anguish, he said to me, "*Si Grimm avait été là je suis sûr qu'il aurait protesté au nom de l'humanité et de la justice. Mais il n'y a plus de Grimm en Allemagne.*"

² E. Quinet, the poet, historian and philosopher, taught the history of the literatures of Southern Europe. Mickiewicz was Professor of the Slavonic Literature and Language.

called to a kind of social and philosophical apostleship, and the three formed an intellectual triumvirate which acquired a powerful ascendancy over the young men of the day. This new activity produced a decisive influence on Michelet, which was further strengthened by public events. In 1840, the July Monarchy, under the fatal influence of M. Guizot, adopted a policy of inaction and opposition to all progress, which excited revolutionary tendencies among all noble and liberal-minded men, drove them to extreme opinions, and could not but lead to a catastrophe. Of this number Michelet was one; a child of the eighteenth century, he felt called upon to combat the clerical power, and published in 1843¹ a course of lectures on the Jesuits, and in 1851 "*Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille*;" a work of psychological analysis at once delicate and profound, in which, as in his lectures, he shows that all moral teaching is based on history. Proud of his origin in the ranks of the people, he fought side by side with the apostles of socialism, though without sharing their Utopian ideas; and in "*Le Peuple*" (1846), he proclaimed the sufferings, aspirations, and hopes of the *prolétaire* and the peasant. Born under the Revolution, and accustomed from childhood to regard it as the salvation of the world, his wish was to teach succeeding generations to see it in the same light, as a gospel of justice and peace, and he accordingly wrote his *History of the Revolution*, the first volume of which appeared in February 1848. Though based on wide and careful researches, it cannot, strictly speaking, be called a history; it is rather an epic poem in seven volumes, with Danton as the personification of the people for its hero. Historical criticism may possibly leave few portions of this work standing; but several passages, such as the taking of the Bastille and the feast of the Fédération, possess the enduring beauty of great literary

creations. Of all the historians of the Revolution, Michelet is the only one who makes intelligible the credulous but sublime enthusiasm and the infinite hope which took possession of France and Europe after 1789.

By this time his genius had undergone a great change. Since the publication of "*France in the Middle Ages*," he had lost much of his calmness, moderation, and scientific impartiality: he had thrown himself into the most serious political and social questions of the day with passionate ardour; and his thought and style partook of the feverish abruptness which characterized his speaking and gave it such originality. But his imaginative power had deepened in intensity, and he had gained in force of expression; instead of extending his artistic and poetie sympathies, as before, to all the great manifestations of the human mind, and being successively engrossed with the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, the Protestantism of Luther, the genius of Caesar, and the spirit of the Dutch Republics, he was now the apostle of certain great causes; and the ardent fire within him burned stronger and brighter the more it was concentrated. These causes were all noble and sacred, and resolved themselves into three words, Peace, Justice, Progress. He wished to unite all nations in a universal brotherhood; to combine all parties and classes in the bond of a common love for their country; and to reconcile religion and science in the soul. This in his eyes was the creed bequeathed by the Revolution. As his mind took a more decided bent, and he acquired greater precision of thought, his style became more personal and more unconventional, and freer from all external influences, and adapted itself more perfectly to the thoughts it had to convey.

The Revolution of 1848 broke out, and for an instant Michelet might believe that all he had preached and desired was about to be realized. He had wished to deduce from history "*a principle of action*," and to create "*des âmes et des volontés*;" and

¹ Quinet and Michelet had both delivered a course of lectures on this subject, and brought out the book in conjunction.

for a moment he thought that his apostleship had not been in vain. It was a short illusion. But the dawn of peace and liberty in the spring of 1848 was followed by the days of June, by the expedition to Rome of 1849, the reaction of 1850, and the *coup d'état* of 1851. In 1850 Michelet was forced to give up his professorship at the Collège of France, and in 1851 his post at the Archives. This sudden shipwreck of all his hopes was calculated to break his heart and take from him all vital energy. True, he still continued to fight for his beloved causes, by finishing his *History of the Revolution* (1853), and recording the dramatic episodes of the movement of 1848 in the East of Europe;¹ but he felt powerless and disheartened. He would have sunk under the depression and moral suffering caused by these disasters but for faith and love which nothing could destroy, and for a fortunate event which occurred at that time, and, as it were, renewed his whole being. Living out of the world, absorbed in his work, never quitting the solitude of his study except for the crowded lecture-room at the Collège, Michelet's delicate, loving, ardent nature craved for the cares and tendernesses of home life, of which he had so long been deprived. His wife had died in 1839; his daughter married three years afterwards; and his son was neither in character nor intelligence worthy of his name. The political agitation of the ten years that followed on his wife's death had made the emptiness of his home less painful than it would otherwise have been; but now, when things were everywhere falling into ruin, what was to become of him? It was then that he met the lady who for twenty-five years became his faithful companion: and in her regained all that was wanting in his intellectual and moral life. She was the watchful guardian of his working hours, never allowed him to be intruded on when he wished to be alone, and

brought quiet and order into the house. In future he had friend always with him who seemed made to understand him; his thoughts found an echo in her soul, and came back to him with a varied and an added grace. It was the beginning of new life. As their means were limited, they left Paris and retired to the country, where, in the congenial atmosphere of a happy home, Michelet laid aside history for a while—"la dure, la sauvage histoire de l'homme"—and turned to nature. He always loved her, and had defended her from the suspicion and the unjust denunciation of the Church; but still he saw in her a world subject to the same fatality against which human liberty is struggling. Thanks to his wife, he now began to recognize a close connection between nature and humanity. Far from confounding man with nature, and submitting him to the same immutable laws by which she appears to be governed, he saw in her the germs of moral freedom and the rudiments of thoughts and feelings resembling our own. In a word, he endowed her with a soul: from that time the moral solitude to which events had condemned him was peopled; he gave a voice or a language to everything around him—animals, plants, the elements.

This was the source of a series of books of great charm and originality, "*L'Oiseau*" (1856), "*L'Insecte*" (1857), "*La Mer*" (1860), "*La Montagne*" (1868), in which poetry lends itself to the interpretation of science in a succession of pictures and descriptions remarkable at once for truth and for power. They form a poem on nature, a sublime mystic hymn to the One Eternal God who animates all things with His life and His presence. Who can forget the pages devoted to the nightingale, that artist whose song, like all great musical creations, gives us a glimpse into eternity? or, again, those in which he describes the Alps—"le château d'eau de l'Europe, le cœur du monde Européen"—as diffusing water and life and fertility through all the members of the old world, and their valleys as the sacred

¹ "Pologne et Russie," 1851; "Principautés Danubiennes," 1853; "Légendes Démocratiques du Nord," 1854.

stronghold of simple habits and free institutions? Scientific men may discover in these books errors, inaccuracies, and exaggerations; but in spite of all, they have been a new revelation. They have shown that the physical sciences, though accused of withering the soul, and robbing nature of poetry and life of enchantment, contain the elements of a profound and varied poetry that never loses its charm because it is not dependent on the caprices of taste and fashion, but has its source in the unchangeable reality of things. Many have said that science will drive out religion and poetry; Michelet finds in every branch of science the demonstration of a new faith, revealing to him a harmony till then unperceived, centred in the supreme unity of the Divine mind and of the Absolute Being. All nature participates in the divine life, manifesting it in an infinite variety of forms. This, it will be said, is Pantheism. Possibly: but it is a Pantheism which must lie at the foundation of every truly religious conception of the Divinity; the Pantheism which St. Paul preached when he spoke to the Athenians of "the unknown God," in whom we live and move and have our being, and to whom all nature is unceasingly aspiring. By thus discovering in science a source of poetry and a ground of faith, Michelet was beginning to carry out that endeavour to reconcile science and the human mind which he had first conceived when engaged in teaching.

But these external agencies cannot provide for all our needs. Family ties, home joys and affections are wants of our inmost being which love, that makes the marriage bond, that knits together the several members of the family, and sanctifies all their duties and all their pleasures, only has power to supply. In "*L'Amour*" (1858) Michelet tells us how love keeps the heart and the intellect eternally young; in "*La Femme*" he gives us his views as to what a woman can and ought to be. These books have been the subject of severe criticism for their poetic treatment of physiological questions, the discussion

of which should be left to scientific works. The reproach is perhaps not without foundation; but the author's chief error lay in not having sufficiently considered the public for whom he was writing, with their native tendency to make love and marriage subjects of ridicule. To him it was nothing less than impiety to laugh at such things; he was so deeply imbued with the holiness of his cause, that there was nothing he did not dare to say, forgetting that though to the pure all things are pure, they are not so to the frivolous and laughing multitude. Read these books in a sincere and earnest spirit, and they teach nothing but grave and noble lessons. They preach "*la fixité du mariage*," and tell us that "*sans mœurs il n'est point de vie publique*." They desire to "*replacer le foyer sur un terrain ferme, car si le foyer n'est pas ferme, l'enfant ne vivra pas*." The final object of his wishes and efforts is, "*former des cœurs et des volontés*." To him, love is but a starting-point for education, and his book on Love is but an introduction to that entitled, "*Nos Fils*," which contains the full exposition of his views on the great problem of education, upon which he had already touched both in "*Le Peuple*" and "*La Femme*." A psychological analysis of the soul of a child and the study of the great reformers of primary education—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel—lead him to the same conclusion: education is expressed in these three words—Family, Country, and Nature.

How is he to learn these things? In school, unquestionably; but above all from his family, from his father and mother, who are to teach him to love truth—that is, "*la Loi dans la Nature, la Justice dans l'Humanité*." Such an education is essentially religious, for Nature and his Country are revelations of God. "*Dieu révèle par la Mère dans l'amour et dans la Nature; Dieu révèle par le Père dans la Patrie vivante, dans son histoire héroïque, dans le sentiment de la France*." The father and mother act in different ways, but yet in concord, upon their child: he represents "*la*

justice exacte, la loi en action, énergique et austère," she, "la douce justice des circonstances atténuantes, des ménagements équitables, que conseille le cœur et qu'autorise la raison." All sound education must be based on the love, agreement, and harmony of the parents. This doctrine, touched upon in "*Le Peuple*," is propounded at great length in "*Nos Fils*," with all the force and eloquence of sincere conviction.

Michelet, however, was not satisfied with merely pointing out the direction which education should take, or the goal which it should keep in view, his next desire was himself to play the part of educator, and to write a book which should contain all the lessons necessary for giving new life and vigour to the soul. This was the origin of his "*Bible of Humanity*" (1864), in which he borrowed from the moral systems and religions of every nation all that was most original and exalted, and thus obtained from the lips of antiquity a creed for the modern world.

In the ancient doctrines of the Aryan race Michelet discovered the very ideas to which the study of Nature and History had led him. The whole of antiquity joined its voice to his. India with her tenderness towards everything that has life and feeling, Egypt with her hope and struggle for immortality, Greece with her devotion to city and country, Persia with the toil which subdues and fortifies nature, and her lofty ideal of conjugal life. This book, "whose author is the human race," which is nothing more than a grand outline, closes with the simple but profound words that embody Michelet's whole system of morals—"Le foyer est la pierre qui porte la cité."

Whilst thus bringing to light the poetry of science, and using all his powers of imagination and eloquence to promote his views on moral education and religious philosophy, Michelet did not relinquish his historical work. He finished his *History of France* between 1855 and 1867; but this second part, from the reign of Charles VIII. to 1789, is conceived in quite a different spirit from the first, and worked out on another

plan. The man of action poet, and philosopher, takes the place of the critic and historian. Instead of a just sympathy for the greatness of the past, Michelet violently attacks everything that does not conform to his modern ideal of justice and goodness—the Middle Ages, Catholicism, and the Monarchy. Instead of giving each fact and personage its proper place, he allows himself to be guided by the caprices of his imagination, and repeatedly launches out into poetical digressions: instead of facts consecutively told, he gives us a series of reflections on facts, and his own appreciations and opinions on them. But though less wise and less moderate, his genius becomes more apparent, and shows itself in sudden bursts and flashes. Who has described Luther's heroic joy or Albert Dürer's sublime melancholy as he has? the sombre energy of the Calvinist martyrs, or the refined luxurious corruption of the House of Valois? With him we measure the extravagance of Louis the Fourteenth's pride and imbecility, and understand the stock-jobbing mania that seized on France in Law's time; standing on the threshold of the Revolution, we seem to share the distress and uneasiness as well as the boundless hope that at the time filled and agitated men's minds. He gives us no wise, accurate criticisms, and pronounces no definite judgment on historical events, but makes us take part in them with all the passions of a contemporary. Others affirm and know; he sees and feels.

To this series of great historical works he added, in 1862, a little volume called "*La Sorcière*," in which he shows magic and sorcery to be Nature's protest against the Church's proscriptions, and proclaims her final victory after centuries of struggle and persecution. The volume entitled "*La Pologne Martyr*," which appeared in the middle of the Polish insurrection of 1863, was but a reprint of the moving and eloquent stories of the heroes and martyrs of the revolution in Poland, Hungary, and Roumania, already published some time previously. The last volume of the

History of France was brought out in 1867.

Transformed and revived by the study of natural science and moral psychology, Michelet had entered on a new career as a historian. While regaining the strength and faith needed for living and working, he saw France, so long crushed and weakened by despotism, by degrees recover her former energy, and reconquer, one by one, her lost liberties. He could again look forward with hope to the future of the country he loved so passionately, and believe, not without grounds, that his own urgent appeals had helped to awaken her soul from its long sleep. In the strong assurance of his faith he anticipated the realization of his wishes, and saw before him a new generation who from him had learnt to respect family life, to love their country, and to understand Nature. In 1846, trusting to the sympathy and enthusiasm excited by his teaching at the Collège de France, he had predicted that a social reform would grow out of the union of classes and a new system of education ; and in 1869, in "Nos Fils," he again gave expression, with still stronger conviction, to the same hopes and predictions. Not only was France raising herself from her abasement, but a spirit of peace seemed to reign everywhere ; nations long divided by hereditary animosity were summoned to Paris in peaceful rivalry, and entertained with magnificent hospitality ; the war-alarms of 1867 and 1869 had been quickly dispelled, after calling forth, both in France and Germany, and especially from the working classes, unanimous demonstrations in favour of peace. Social progress and liberal reforms were the questions of the day. The spirit of 1789 and 1848 was waking, free from vain delusions and credulity, and founding the brotherhood of nations on the consolidation of "La Patrie" and the union of classes on the unity of France. Michelet already saw in anticipation the alliance of "tous les drapeaux des nations—le tricolore vert d'Italie (Italia mater), l'aigle blanc de Pologne (qui

saigna tant pour nous !), le grand drapeau du Saint Empire, de ma chère Allemagne, noir, rouge, et or."

In 1848 these splendid dreams were dispelled by the June fusillades. In 1870, the awakening was no less terrible. At the moment when Prussia's ambitious stratagem and the criminal levity of the French Government threatened Europe with a wicked war, Michelet, almost alone, dared publicly to protest against the impelling force of a vain and brutal *chauvinisme*. His clairvoyance as a historian, and his strong sense of justice, made him foresee the issue of the war. But his voice was drowned in the tumult, and on the 16th of July I received from him these prophetic lines : "Les événements se sont précipités. Le crime est accompli, l'Europe interviendra, mais pas assez vite pour qu'il n'y ait avant un désastre immense." He was not deceived, save in one point, the intervention of Europe. We know what followed. Michelet, with his feeble health further impaired by this last shock, could not risk sharing the hardships of the siege of Paris. He withdrew to Italy, but his heart remained in France ; he felt from afar all the sufferings and agonies his country was doomed to endure, and the final blow to which she succumbed struck him too. The capitulation of Paris brought on his first attack of apoplexy, from which he was but just recovering when the Communist insurrection broke out, causing a recurrence of his malady in an aggravated form. Critical as was his state, the tender care and nursing of his wife, and his own indomitable spirit, again helped him to rally. The storms that beat upon him could not quench the fire within ; though subdued for a time, it burst out again in a bright and ardent flame. His faith and hope never faltered ; whilst the most cruel disasters were actually taking place, he brought out a little pamphlet called, "La France devant l'Europe," in which, though the triumph of force was before his eyes, he declared his belief in the immortality of the people, who still remained to him the representatives of progress, justice,

and liberty. The very day after the suppression of the Communist insurrection, he took his pen and began the history of the nineteenth century. Into this work he threw himself with incredible energy and activity. Within three years three volumes and a half were written and printed; but the struggle could not last long. Had he seen France regaining courage, repairing her moral as well as her material forces, and returning to the nobler and more liberal traditions of a previous age, his wounds might have healed, and he might possibly have lived longer; but seeing the momentary triumph of the passions of the least intelligent part of the community, and the clerical reaction of 1873, he lost all hope of witnessing the resurrection of the soul of France. He grew gradually weaker, and died at Hyères on the 9th of February, 1874, in the full light of noon, as if Nature wished to reward him for his passionate worship of the sun, the source of warmth and life. Waiting for death, he met it without murmur or distress. The peace and trust expressed in the last lines of his will were visible in his grave, calm face:—"Dieu me donne de revoir les miens et ceux que j'ai aimés. Qu'il reçoive mon âme reconnaissante de tant de biens, de tant d'années laborieuses, de tant d'œuvres, de tant d'amitiés."

A few words on Michelet's personal appearance and characteristics must close this sketch. The extraordinary development of his brain and nervous system, exceeding that of every other part of his physical organization, at once struck all who saw him. It was difficult not to forget that he had a body at all, so thin was it and frail-looking. His fine head, disproportionately large for the small frame which it surmounted, looked as if it had been moulded by his mind, so closely did they resemble each other in character.

The upper part of his face—the capacious forehead encircled with white hair, the speaking eyes full of warmth and kindness, and flashing with poetry and enthusiasm—was all nobleness and majesty, and great intensity of life was ex-

pressed in his thin, dilated nostrils. His mouth was large, and his thin, clearly-cut lips gave a distinct vibratory sound to his speech, every word of which was audible. The lower part of his face, with its heavy square chin, betrayed his plebeian origin, and revealed the material side of his nature, traceable here and there in his later works. But when he spoke, and the thoughts that inspired him flashed through his eyes, their depth and brilliancy cast all that was less attractive into the shade: they never lost their light, for it came from a heart that remained always young. His hair was white when he reached his twenty-fifth year, but after that he did not change—he never grew old. In early life he was precociously mature, but he kept the ardour and vigour of youth to the end.

Never was life better regulated than his. He was at work at six in the morning, and remained shut up in his study till twelve or one, without allowing any one to disturb him; even when travelling or at the sea-side, or in Switzerland, he adhered resolutely to his accustomed hours of work. The afternoon was devoted to social intercourse and exercise; from four to six he was always visible to his friends, and with very rare exceptions retired to rest at ten or half-past, never working at night. He was extremely moderate in his habits, and never took any stimulant but coffee, of which he was passionately fond; he never would accept any dinner or evening engagements: all distractions which might destroy the unity of life and the harmony of thought he systematically avoided. That his mind might be completely free, he preferred that everything about him should remain stationary; he never allowed the cloth that covered his writing-table to be changed, nor the old torn pasteboard boxes which held his papers to be renewed; and his calm, peaceable character perfectly accorded with the regularity of his life. He was simple and affable in his address; and his conversation, a delightful mixture of poetry and wit, never degenerated into

monologue, and, without ever appearing forced or unduly solemn, succeeded in keeping the minds of those with whom he conversed in elevated regions. The traditionary old French politeness distinguished his manners; he treated all who came to him, whatever their age or rank, with the same regard, which with him was not mere empty formality, but felt by all to spring from genuine goodness of heart. His dress was always irreproachable; I see him now seated in his arm-chair at his evening reception, in a close-fitting frock-coat on which no speck of dust was ever visible; his trousers strapped over his patent leather shoes, and holding a white handkerchief in his hand, which was delicate and nervous and well-tended like a woman's. As we sat listening to him, the hours slipped quickly away—there was so much depth and fancy in what he said, such joyous serenity and sympathetic kindness, wit without malice, poetry without declamation. At times it appeared as if his conversation were winged, his ideas rushing out with a sudden burst like a cloud of swift arrows, or he would let them fly off one by one like birds with unequal and capricious flight, but without ever pursuing or recalling them; he never developed a subject to its full extent. He was a first-rate talker, and the divine *something* that stamps a man of genius made itself continually felt in his words; modesty gave him an additional grace; he knew how to listen, would ask for advice and information, and allow himself to be contradicted. Even before younger and inferior men he often expressed his ideas most reservedly,

questioning them and seeking to learn what their opinions were. It was not that he pretended to be ignorant of his own worth, for he spoke of his History as "*mon monument*;" and when inveighing against the use of tobacco, and enumerating the great creative spirits of the century who did not smoke, he added himself to the list, but he did not exaggerate his merit, nor intrude himself on public notice; and, above all, was sagacious enough not to consider himself called upon to play all kinds of parts, and display every conceivable talent. No entreaties could prevail upon him to take an active share in politics; he repelled all advances made with that view, and when after the 2d of December he lost his appointments and was almost reduced to want by his refusal to take the oath, he made no boast of disinterestedness, nor did he seek to make a pedestal for himself out of the public misfortunes. As long as they were in process of composition he had a passionate attachment for his works, but once finished he became indifferent to their fate. He not only despised flattery, but cared little for either praise or blame, and, never soliciting reviews of his books, would smile at the sharpest criticisms if cleverly and wittily written. This serenity of nature and his recluse life were far from quenching the ardour and energy of his spirit; on the contrary, they so nourished and preserved them that he was able to produce forty-five volumes and yet lose none of his warm-heartedness and none of his brilliancy of imagination.

GABRIEL MONOD.

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT.

UPON a day in Ramadan,
 When sunset brought an end of fast,
 And in his station every man
 Prepared to share the glad repast,
 Sate Mohtasim in easy state;
 The rich meats smoked upon the gold,
 The fairest slave of those that wait
 The Caliph's drinking cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
 With garnets set along the brim;
 A lid of amber closed it up:—
 'Twas a great king that gave it him:
 The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
 Mixed it with juice of pomegranate;
 With mountain snow-flakes cooled the drink
 And bore it where the Caliph sate.

Mohtasim's mouth was dry as bone,
 He swept his beard aside to quaff:
 The news-reader, beneath the throne,
 Went droning on with "*ghain*" and "*kaf*."
 The Caliph drew a thirsty breath,
 The reader turned another scroll;
 Suddenly Mohtasim—fierce as death—
 Snatched at his sword,—set down the bowl.

"*Ann' amratan shureefatee*"
 ("Read clear!" cries angry Mohtasim)
 "*Fih lasr 'ind ilj min ulgi.*"
 Trembling the scribe thus read to him
 How "in Ammorio far from home
 "An Arab dame of noble race
 "Was captive to a lord of Roum,
 "And how he smote her on the face:

"And how she cried, in anguish sore,
 "'Ya! Mohtasim!—help! oh, my king!"
 "And how the Kaffir smote the more,
 "And mocked, and spake a bitter thing—
 "'Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
 "Must be like Borak's—if he heed—
 "Your prophet's ass—and when he hears
 "He'll come upon a spotted steed!"

The Caliph's face waxed fiery-red,
 He clapped the cover on the cup—
 "Keep this same sherbet, slave!" he said,
 "Till such time as I drink it up.
 "Wallah! the stream my draught shall be,
 "And the tent-cloth my palace-wall,
 "Till I have set that lady free
 "And seen that Roumi lord's head fall!"

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
 Announcing, "Thus saith Mohtasim!
 "Let all my valiant soldiers meet,
 "And every horseman bring with him
 "A spotted steed!" so went they forth,
 A sight of marvel and of fear—
 Pied horses prancing fiercely north,
 The crystal cup borne in the rear.

When to Ammoría he did win
 He fought and drove the dogs of Roum,
 And spurred his speckled stallion in,
 And cried "*Labbayki!*" "I am come!"
 Then downward from her prison-place
 The Arab lady joyous came;
 She spread her veil before her face,
 She kissed his feet, she called his name.

She pointed where that lord was laid;
 They drew him forth; he whined for grace.
 Then Mohtasim the Caliph said,
 "She whom thou smotest on the face
 "Had scorn because she called her king;
 "Lo! he is come! and dost thou think
 "To live, who didst this bitter thing
 "While Mohtasim in peace did drink?"

Flashed the swift sword, rolled the lord's head,
 The wicked blood smoked on the sand:
 "Now bring the cup," the Caliph said,
 Lightly he took it in his hand.
 As down his throat the sweet drops ran
 Mohtasim in his saddle laughed,
 And cried, "*Tabâ ashshrab alân,*
 "Wallah! delicious is this draught!"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

I.—THE PAINTER.

AMONG all the many historical places, sacred by right of the feet that have trodden them, and the thoughts that have taken origin within them, which attract the spectator in the storied city of Florence, there is not one, perhaps, more interesting or attractive than the convent of St. Mark, now, by a necessity of state which some approve and some condemn, emptied of its traditional inhabitants. No black and white monk now bars smilingly to profane feminine feet the entrance to the sunny cloister: no brethren of Saint Dominic inhabit the hushed and empty cells. Chapter-house, refectory, library, all lie vacant and open—a museum for the state—a blank piece of public property, open to any chance comer. It would be churlish to complain of a freedom which makes so interesting a place known to the many; but it is almost impossible not to regret the entire disappearance of the old possessors, the preachers of many a fervent age, the eloquent Order which in this very cloister produced so great an example of the orator's undying power. Savonarola's convent, we cannot but feel, might have been one of the few spared by the exigencies of public poverty, that most strenuous of all reformers. On this point, however, whatever may be the stranger's regrets, Italy of course must be the final judge, as we have all been in our day; and Italy has at least the grace of accepting her position as art-guardian and custodian of the precious things of the past, a point in which other nations of the world have been less careful. San Marco is empty, swept and garnished; but at least it is left in perfect good order, and watched over as becomes its importance in the history of Florence and in that of Art. What

stirring scenes, and what still ones, these old walls have seen, disguising their antiquity as they do—but as scarcely any building of their date could do in England—by the harmony of everything around, the homogeneous character of the town! It would be affectation for any observer brought up in the faith, and bred in the atmosphere, of Gothic art, to pretend to any admiration of the external aspect of the ordinary Italian basilica. There is nothing in these buildings except their associations, and sometimes the wealth and splendour of their decorations, pictorial or otherwise, to charm or impress eyes accustomed to Westminster and Notre Dame. The white convent walls shutting in everything that is remarkable within, in straight lines of blank inclosure, are scarcely less interesting outside than is the lofty gable-end which forms the façade of most churches in Florence, whether clothed in shining lines of marble or rugged coat of plaster. The church of San Marco has not even the distinction of this superficial splendour or squalor. It does not appeal to the sympathy of the beholder, as so many Florentine churches did a few years ago, and as the cathedral still does with its stripped and unsightly façade; but stands fast in respectable completeness, looking out upon a sunshiny square, arranged into the smooth prettiness of a very ordinary garden by the new spirit of good order which has come upon Italy. It is difficult, in sight of the shrubs, and flowers, and grass-plats, the peaceable ordinary houses around, to realize that it was here that Savonarola preached to excited crowds, filling up every morsel of standing-ground; and that these homely convent walls, white and blank in the sunshine, were once besieged by mad Florence, wildly seeking the blood of the prophet who

had not given it the miracle it sought. The place is as still now as monotonous peace and calm can make it. Some wrecks of faded pictures keep their places upon the walls, the priests chant their monotonous masses, the bad organ plays worse music—though this is melodious Italy, the country of song; and the only thing that touches the heart in this historical place is a sight that is common in every parish church throughout almost all Catholic countries, at least throughout all Italy—the sight of the handful of homely people who in the midst of their work come in to say their prayers, or having a little leisure, sit down and muse in the soft and consecrated silence. I think no gorgeous *funzione*, no Pontifical High Mass, is half so affecting. Their faces are towards the altar, but nothing is doing there. What are they about? Not recalling the associations of the place, thinking of Savonarola, as we are; but musing upon what is far more close and intimate, their own daily trials and temptations, their difficulties, their anxieties. The coolness and dimness of the place, a refuge from the blazing sun without, now and then a monotonous chanting, or the little tinkle of the bell which rouses them from their thoughts for a moment, and bids every beholder bend a reverent knee in sympathy with what is going on somewhere behind those dim pillars—some Low Mass in an unseen chapel—all this forms a fit atmosphere around those musing souls. And that is the most interesting sight that is to be seen in San Marco, though the strangers who come from afar to visit Savonarola's church and dwelling-place stray about the side chapels and gaze at the pictures, and take little enough note of the unpicturesque devotion of to-day.

The history of the remarkable convent and church which has thus fallen into the blank uses of a museum on the one hand, and the commonplace routine of a parish on the other, has long ceased to be great; all that was most notable in it indeed—its virtual foundation, or rebuilding, when transferred to the Do-

minican order, its decoration, its tragic climax of power and closely following downfall—were all summed up within the fifteenth century. But it is one of the great charms of the storied cities of Italy that they make the fifteenth century (not to speak of ages still more remote) as yesterday to the spectator, placing him with a loving sympathy in the very heart of the past. I need not enter into the story of the events which gained to the Dominican order possession of San Marco, originally the property of an order of Silvestrini; but may sum them up here, in a few words. For various reasons, partly moral, partly political, a community of Dominicans had been banished to Fiesole, where they lived and longed for years, gazing at their Florence from among the olive gardens, and setting nought by all these rural riches, and by the lovely prospect that enchanted their eyes daily, in comparison with the happiness of getting back again to their beloved town. The vicissitudes of their exile, and the connection of the brotherhood with the special tumults of the time may all be found in Padre Marchese's great work, "*San Marco Illustrato*," but are at once too detailed and too vague to be followed here. In process of time they were allowed to descend the hill to San Giorgie on the other side of the Arno, which was still a partial banishment; and at last regained popularity and influence so completely that the naughty Silvestrini were compelled to relinquish their larger house, and marched out of San Marco aggrieved and reluctant across the bridge, while the Reformed Dominicans, with joyful chanting of psalms, streamed across in procession to the new home, which was not only a commodious habitation, but a prize of virtue. Perhaps this kind of transfer was not exactly the way to make the brethren love each other; but history says nothing more of the Silvestrini. The Dominicans do not seem to have had, immediately at least, so pleasant a removing as they hoped, for their new convent was dilapidated, and scarcely inhabitable. Cosmo de Medici, the

first great chief of that ambitious family, the wily and wise founder of its fortunes, the Pater Patriæ, whom Florence not long before had summoned back to guide and rule the turbulent city, took the case of the monks in hand. He rebuilt their convent for them, while they encamped in huts and watched over the work. And when it was so far completed as to be habitable, royal Cosmo gave a commission to a certain monk among them skilled in such work, to decorate with pictures the new walls. These decorations, and the gentle, simple, uneventful life of this monk and his brethren, furnish a soft prelude to the stormy strain of further story of which San Marco was to be the subject. Its period of fame and greatness, destined to conclude in thunders of excommunication, in more tangible thunders of assault and siege, in popular violence, tragic anguish, and destruction, began thus with fluttings of angels, with soft triumphs of art, with such *sefene*, sweet quiet, and beautiful industry, as may be exercised, who knows, in the outer courts of heaven itself. A stranger introduction to the passion and struggle of Savonarola's prophetic career could scarcely be, than that which is contained in this gentle chapter of conventual existence, at its fairest and brightest, which no one can ignore who steps across the storied threshold of San Marco, and is led to the grave silence of Prior Girolamo's cell between two lines of walls from which soft faces look at him like benedictions, fresh (or so it seems) from Angelico's tender hand.

The painter whom we know by this name, which is not his name any more than it is the name of the Angelical doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, or the Angelical father, Saint Francis, was born in the neighbourhood of Florence, in (as Padre Marchese describes it) the fertile and fair province of Mugello—in the latter part of the fourteenth century. His name was Guido di Pietro; Guido, the son of Peter—evidently not with any further distinction of lineage. Where he studied his divine art, or by

whom he was taught, is not known. Vasari suggests that he was a pupil of Starnina, and Eyre and Cavalcaselle imagine that more likely the Starnina traditions came to him through Masolino or Masaccio, and that he formed his style upon that of Orcagna. These, however, do not seem much more than conjectures, and the only facts known of his simple history are that in 1407, when he was twenty, his brother and he taking the names of Benedetto and Giovanni, together entered the Dominican order in the convent at Fiesole. This community had a troubled life for some years, and the young disciples were sent to Cortona, where there are various pictures which testify to the fact that Fra Giovanni was already a painter of no mean power. All the dates however of this early part of his life are confused, and the story uncertain; for indeed it is probable no one knew that the young monk was to become the Angelical painter, the glory of his convent, and one of the wonders of his age. What is certain, however, is, that he returned from Cortona, and lived for many years in the convent of San Domenico, half way up to Fiesole, upon the sunny slopes where nothing ventures to grow that does not bear fruit; where flowers are weeds, and roses form the hedges, and the lovely cloudy foliage of the olive affords both shade and wealth. There is not very much record of the painter in all those silent cloistered years. Books which he is said to have illuminated with exquisite grace and skill are doubtfully appropriated by critics to his brother or to humbler workers of their school, and the few pictures which seem to belong to this period have been injured in some cases, and in others destroyed. Fra Giovanni performed all his monastic duties with the devotion of the humblest brother; and lived little known, without troubling himself about fame, watching no doubt the nightly sunsets and moon-rises over that glorious Val d'Arno which shone and slumbered at his feet, and noting silently how the mountain watchers stood round about, and the

little Tuscan hills on a closer level stretched their vine garlands like hands each to the other, and drew near, a wistful friendly band, to see what Florence was doing. Florence, heart and soul of all, lay under him, as he took his moonlight meditative stroll on the terrace or gazed and mused out of his narrow window. One can fancy that the composition of that lovely landscape stole into the painter's eye and worked itself into his works, in almost all of which some group of reverent spectators, Dominican brethren with rapt faces, or saintly women, or angel lookers-on more ethereal still, stand by and watch with adoring awe the sacred mysteries transacted in their presence, with something of the same deep calm and hush which breathes about the blue spectator heights round the City of Flowers. What Fra Giovanni saw was not what we see. No noble dome had yet crowned the Cathedral, and Giotto's Campanile, divinely tall, fair and light as a lily stalk, had not yet thrown itself up into mid air; nothing but the rugged grace of the old Tower of the Signoria—contrasting now in picturesque characteristic Tuscan humanity with the more heavenly creations that rival it—raised up then its protecting standard from the lower level of ancient domes and lofty houses, soaring above the Bargello and the Badia, in the days of the Angelical painter. But there was enough in this, with all its summer hazes and wintry brightness, with the shadows that flit over the wide landscape like some divine breath, and the broad, dazzling, rejoicing glow of the Italian sun, and Arno glimmering through the midst like a silver thread, and white castellos shining further and further off in the blue distance up to the very skirt of Apennine, to inspire his genius. In those days men said little about Nature, and did not even love her, the critics think—rather had to find out how to love her, when modern civilization came to teach them how. But if Fra Giovanni, pacing his solitary walk upon that mount of vision at San Dominico, evening after evening, year

after year, did not note those lights and shades and atmospheric changes, and lay up in his still soul a hundred variations of sweet colour, soft glooms, and heavenly shadows, then it is hard to think where he got his lore, and harder still that Heaven should be so prodigal of a training which was not put to use. Heaven is still prodigal, and nature tints her pallet with as many hues as ever; but there is no Angelical painter at the windows of San Dominico to take advantage of them now.

The Florence to which these monks were so eager to return, and where eventually they came, carrying their treasures in procession, making the narrow hill-side ways resound with psalms, and winding in long trains of black and white through the streets of their regained home—was at that time, amid all its other tumults and agitations (and these were neither few nor light), in the full possession of that art-culture which lasted as long as there was genius to keep it up, and which has made the city now one of the treasures of the world. The advent of a new painter was still something to stir the minds of a people who had not so many ages before called one of their streets "*Allegri*," because of the joy and pride of the town over Cimabue's sad Madonna. There is little evidence, however, that Florence knew much of the monk's work, who, as yet, was chiefly distinguished, it would seem, as a miniaturist and painter of beautiful manuscripts. But wily Cosmo, the father of his country, could have done few things more popular, and likely to enhance his reputation, than his liberality in thus encouraging and developing another genius for the delight and credit of the city. Almost before the cloister was finished, historians suppose, Fra Giovanni had got his hands on the smooth white wall, so delightful to a painter's imagination. We do not pretend to determine the succession of his work, and say where he began; but it is to be supposed that the cloister and chapter-house, as first completed, would afford him his first opportunity. No doubt

there were many mingled motives in that noble and fine eagerness to decorate and make beautiful their homes which possessed the minds of the men of that gorgeous age, whether in the world or the church. For the glory of God, for the glory of the convent and order, for the glory of Florence, which every Florentine sought with almost more than patriotic ardour—the passion of patriotism gaining, as it were, in intensity when circumscribed in the extent of its object—the monks of San Marco must have felt a glow of generous pride in their growing gallery of unique and original pictures. The artist himself, however, worked with a simple unity of motive little known either in that or any other age. He painted his pictures as he said his prayers, out of pure devotion. So far as we are informed, Fra Giovanni, of the order of Preachers, was no preacher, by word or doctrine. He had another way of edifying the holy and convincing the sinner. He could not argue or exhort, but he could set before them the sweetest heaven that ever appeared to poetic vision, the tenderest friendly angels, the gentlest and loveliest of virgin mothers. Neither profit nor glory came to the monk in his convent. He began his work on his knees, appealing to his God for the inspiration that so great an undertaking required, and—carrying with him the *défauts de ses qualités*, as all men of primitive virtue do—declined with gentle obstinacy to make any change or improvement after, in the works thus conceived under the influence of Heaven. While he was engaged in painting a crucifix, Vasari tells us, the tears would run down his cheeks, in his vivid realization of the Divine suffering therein expressed. Thus it was with the full fervour of a man who feels himself at last entered upon the true mission of his life, and able, once and for all, to preach in the most acceptable way the truth that had been dumb within him, that the Angelical painter began his work. The soft and heavenly inspiration in it has never been questioned, and the mind of the

looker-on, after these long centuries, can scarcely help expanding with a thrill of human sympathy to realize the profound and tender satisfaction of that gentle soul, thus enabled to paint his best, to preach his best, in the way God had endowed him for, with the additional happiness and favour of high heaven, that his lovely visions were to be the inheritance of his brethren and sons in the Church, the only succession an ecclesiastic could hope for.

It would appear, however, that the interior of San Marco must have been so soon ready for Fra Giovanni's beautifying hand, that he had but little time to expend himself on the cloisters which are now bright with the works of inferior artists. It would be difficult to convey to any one who has not stood within an Italian cloister, and felt the warm brightness of the pictured walls cheer his eyes and his heart, even when the painters have not been great, or the works very remarkable—the special charm and sweetness of those frescoed decorations. The outer cloister of San Marco glows with pictures—not very fine, perhaps, yet with an interest of their own. There the stranger who has time, or cares to look at the illustrations of a past age, may read the story of Sant Antonino, who was distinguished as the good Archbishop of Florence, and canonized accordingly, to the great glory of his order, and honour of his convent. But Antonino himself was one of the brethren who stood by and watched and admired Fra Giovanni's work on the new walls. Was the first of all, perhaps, that crucifix which faces the spectator as he enters, at the end of the cloister, double expression of devotion to Christ crucified and Dominic his servant? It is the most important of Angelico's works in this outer inclosure. Our gentle painter could not paint agony or the passion of suffering, which was alien to his heavenly nature. The figure on the cross, here as elsewhere, is beautiful in youthful resignation and patience, no suffering Son of God, but a celestial symbol of depths into which

the painter could not penetrate ; but the kneeling figure, in the black and white robes of the order, which clasps the cross in a rapt embrace, and raises a face of earnest and all-absorbing worship to the Divine Sufferer, embodies the whole tradition of monastic life in its best aspect. No son of St. Dominic could look at that rapt figure without a clearer sense of the utter self-devotion required of himself as Dominic's follower, the annihilation of every lesser motive and lesser contemplation than that of the great sacrifice of Christianity—example and consecration of all sacrifices, which his vow bound him to follow and muse upon all his life through. This picture fills something of the same place as the blazon of a knightly house over its warlike gates is meant to do. It is the tradition, the glory, the meaning of the order all in one, as seen by Angelico's beauty-loving eyes, as well as by those stern, glowing eyes of Savonarola, who was to come ; and perhaps even in their dull, ferocious, mistaken way by the Torquemados, who have brought St. Dominic to evil fame. For Christ, and Christ alone, counting no cost ; thinking of nothing but conquering the world for Him ; conceiving of no advance but by the spreading of His kingdom—yet, alas ! with only every individual's narrow human notion of what that kingdom was, and which the way of spreading it. In Florence, happily, at that moment, the Reformed Dominicans, in the warmth of their revival, could accept the blazon of their Order thus set forth, with all their hearts. They had renewed their dedication of themselves to that perpetual preaching of Christ's sacrifice and imitation of His self-renunciation, which was the highest meaning of their vows ; and no doubt each obscure father, each musing humble novice in his white gown felt a glow of rapt enthusiasm as he watched the new picture grow into life, and found in the absorbed face of the holy founder of his Order, at once the inspiration and reflection of his own.

The other little pictures in this cloister which are pure Angelico are en-

tirely conventual, addressed to the brethren, as was natural in this, the centre of their common existence. Peter Martyr, one of their most distinguished saints, stands over one doorway, finger on lip, suggesting the silence that befitted a grave community devoted to the highest studies and reflections. Over another door are two Dominican brethren, receiving (it is the guest-chamber of the monastery) the Redeemer Himself, worn with travel, to their hospitable shelter. Curiously enough, the beautiful, gentle, young traveller, with his pilgrim's hat falling from his golden curls, which is the best representation our gentle Angelico could make—always angelical, like his name—of the Lord of life, might almost have served as model for that other beautiful, gentle, young peasant Christ, whom another great painter, late in this nineteenth century, has given forth to us as all he knows of the central figure of the world's history. Mr. Holman Hunt has less excuse than the mild monk whose very gospel was beauty, for so strange a failure in conception. To some has been given the power to make Christ, to others contadini, as the two rival sculptors said to each other. Angelico rarely advances above this low ideal. His angels are lovely beyond description ; he understood the unity of a creature more ethereal than flesh and blood, yet made up of soft submission, obedience, devotedness—beautiful human qualities ; but the contact of the human with the divine was beyond him—as, indeed, might be said of most painters. There can be little doubt that this difficulty of representing anything that could satisfy the mind as God in the aspect of full-grown man, has helped more than anything else to give to the group of the Mother and the Child such universal acceptance in the realms of art—a pictorial necessity thus lending its aid in the fixing of dogma, and still more in the unanimous involuntary bias given to devotion. The Christ-child has proved within the powers of many painters ; for, indeed, there is some-

thing of the infinite in every child—unfathomable possibilities, the boundless charm of the unrealized, in which everything may be, while yet nothing certainly is. But who has ever painted the Christ-man? unless we may take the pathetic shadow of that sorrowful head in Leonardo's ruined *Cenacolo*—the very imperfection of which helps us to see a certain burdened divinity in its melancholy lines—for success. Sorely burdened indeed, and sad to death, is that countenance, which is the only one we can think of which bears anything of the dignity of Godhead in the looks of man; but it is very different from the beautiful, weak, fatigued young countryman who is so often presented to us as the very effigy of Him who is the King and Saviour of humanity, as well as the Lamb of God.

Angelico never, or very rarely, got beyond this gentle ideal of suffering innocence, enduring with unalterable patience. Perhaps in his "*Scourging*" there may be a gleam of higher meaning, or in that crowned figure which crowns the humble mother; but the type is always the same. It is curious to note how this incapacity works. In the great picture in the chapter-house of San Marco, which opens from this cloister, and is the most important single work in the convent, the spectator merely glances at the figure on the cross, which ought to be the centre of the picture. It really counts for nothing in the composition. The attendant saints are wonderfully noble, and full of varied expression; but the great act which attracts their gaze is little more than a conventional emblem of that event; the Virgin, it is true, swoons at the foot of the cross, but the spectator sees no reason except a historical one for her swoon, for the cross itself is faint and secondary, curiously behind the level of Ambrose, and Augustine, and Francis, who look up with faces full of life at that mysterious abstraction. Underneath that solemn assembly of fathers and founders—for almost all are heads of orders, except the Medical saints Cosmo and Damian, who hold their

place there in compliment to the Medici—the monks of San Marco have deliberated for four centuries. There, no doubt, Pope Eugenius sat with the pictured glory over him; there Savonarola presided over his followers, and encouraged himself and them with revelations and prophecy. If we may venture to interpose among such historic memories a scene of loftiest fiction, more vivid than history—there the Prior of San Marco received the noble Florentine woman, Romola. The picture survives everything—long ages of peace, brief storms of violence in which moments count for years; and again the silent ages—quiet, tranquillity, monotony, tedium. Jerome and Augustine, Francis and Dominic, with faces more real than our own, have carried on a perpetual adoration ever since, and never drooped or failed.

The new dormitory, which Cosmo, the father of his country, and his architect, Michelozzi, built for the monks, does not seem originally to have been of the character which we usually assign to a convent. It was one large room, like a ward in a hospital—like the long chamber in Eton College—with a row of small arched windows on either side, each of which apparently gave a little light and a limited span of space to the monk whose bed flanked the window. To decorate this large, bare room seems to have been the Angelical Painter's next grand piece of work. Other hands besides his were engaged upon it. His brother, Fra Benedetto, took some of the subjects in hand—subjects, alas, passed by now by the spectator, who takes but little interest in Benedetto's renderings. How pleasant is the imagination thus conjured up! The bustling pleased community settling itself in its new house, arranging its homely crucifixes, its few books, its tables for work, parchments and ink and colours for its illuminated manuscripts, great branch of monkish industry; here an active brother leaving a little room in the beehive, going out upon the business of the convent, aiding or watching the workmen outside; here a homely Fra

Predicatore meditating in his corner, with what quiet was possible, his sermon for next fast or festa; there, bending over their work with fine brush and careful eye, the illuminators, the writers, elaborating their perfect manuscript; and all the while—tempting many a glance, many a criticism, many a whispered communication—the picture going on, in which one special brother or other must have taken a lively, jealous interest, seeing it was his special corner which was being thus illustrated! One wonders if the monks were jealous on whose bit of wall Benedetto worked, instead of Giovanni—or whether there might be a party in the convent who considered Giovanni an over-rated brother, and believed Benedetto to have quite as good a right to the title of “Angelico?” For their own sakes let us hope it was so, and that good Fra Benedetto painted for his own set; while at the same time there can be little doubt that the difference between him and his brother would be much less strongly marked than now. Thus all together the community carried on its existence. Perhaps a humorous recollection of the hum which must have reached him as he stood painting on his little scaffolding, induced the painter to plan that warning figure of the martyred Peter over the doorway below, serious, with finger on his lip; for it could scarcely be in human nature that all those friars with consciences void of offence, approved of by Pope and people—a new house built for them, warm with the light of princely favour; and the sunshine shining in through all those arched windows, throwing patches of brightness over the new-laid tiles—and the Florentine air, gay with summer, making merry like ethereal wine their Tuscan souls—should have kept silence like melancholy Trappists of a later degenerate age. To be a monk in those days was to be a busy, well-occupied, and useful man, in no way shut out from nature. I should like to have stepped into that long room when the bell called them all forth to chapel, and noted where Angelico put

down his brush, how the scribe paused in the midst of a letter, and the illuminator in a gorgeous golden drapery, and the preacher with a sentence half ended—and nothing but the patches of sunshine, and the idle tools held possession of the place. No thought then of thunders which should shake all Florence, of prophecies and prophets; nothing but gentle industry, calm work—that calmest work which leaves the artist so much time for gentle musing, for growth of skill, poetic thoughtfulness. And when the scaffolding was removed, and another and another picture fully disclosed in delicate sweet freshness of colour—soft fair faces looking out of the blank wall, clothing them with good company, with solace and protection—what a flutter of pleasure must have stolen through the brotherhood, what pleasant excitement, what critical discussions, fine taste, enlightened and superior, against simple enthusiasm! It is almost impossible not to fear that there must have been some conflict of feeling between the brother who had but a saintly Annunciation, too like the public and common property of that picture called the “Capo le Scale,” and him who was blessed with the more striking subject of the “Scourging,” so quaint and fine; or him who proudly felt himself the possessor of that picturesque glimpse into the invisible—the opened gates of Limbo, with the father of mankind pressing to the Saviour’s feet. Happy monks, busy and peaceable! half of them no doubt at heart believed that his own beautiful page, decked by many a gorgeous king and golden saint, would last as long as the picture; and so they have done, as you may see in the glass-cases in the library, where all those lovely chorales and books of prayer are preserved; but not like Angelico. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars.

It does not seem to be known at what time this large dormitory was divided, as we see it now, in a manner which still more closely recalls to us the boys’ rooms in a good

"house" in Eton, into separate cells. No doubt it is more dignified, more conventual, more likely to have promoted the serious quiet which ought to belong to monastic life; but one cannot help feeling that here and there a friendly, simple-minded brother must have regretted the change. Each cell has its own little secluded window, deep in the wall, its own patch of sunshine, its own picture. There is no fireplace, or other means of warming the little chamber between its thick walls; but no doubt then, as now, the monks had their scaldinos full of wood embers, the poor Italian's immemorial way of warming himself. And between the window and the wall, on the left side, is the picture—dim—often but dimly seen, faded out of its past glory—sometimes less like a picture at all than some celestial shadow on the grey old wall, some sweet phantasmagoria of lovely things that have passed there, and cannot be quite effaced from the very stones that once saw them. For my own part, I turn from all Angelico's more perfect efforts, from the "*Madonna della Stella*," glistening in gold, which is so dear to the traveller, and all the well-preserved examples with their glittering backgrounds, to those heavenly shadows in the empty cells—scratched, defaced, and faded as so many of them are. The gentle old monk comes near to the modern spectator, the pilgrim who has crossed hills and seas to see all that is left of what was done in such a broad and spontaneous flood of inspiration. Those saints, with their devout looks, the musing Virgin, the rapt Dominic; those sweet spectator angels, so tenderly curious, sympathetic, wistful, serviceable; those lovely soft embodiments of womanly humbleness, yet exultation, the Celestial Mother bending to receive her crown. They are not pictures, but visions painted on the dim conscious air not by vulgar colour and pencil, but by prayers and gentle thoughts.

There are two other separate cells in San Marco more important than these, yet closely belonging to this same early and peaceful chapter of the convent's

story. We do not speak of the line of little chambers each blazoned with a copy of the crucifix below in the cloister with the kneeling St. Dominic, which are called the cells of the Giovinati or Novices, and which conclude in the sacred spot where Savonarola's great existence passed. That is a totally different period of the tale, requiring different treatment, and calling forth other emotions. We do not look that way in this preliminary sketch, but rather turn to the other hand where Sant Antonino lived as Archbishop, and where still some relics of him remain, glorious vestments of cloth of gold beside the hair shirt, instrument of deepest mortification; and to the little chamber which it is reported Cosmo de Medici built for himself, and where he came when he wished to discourse in quiet with the Archbishop, whose shrewd, acute, and somewhat humorous countenance looks down upon us from the wall. This chamber is adorned with one of Angelico's finest works, "*The Adoration of the Magi*," a noble composition, and has besides in a niche a pathetic Christ painted over a little altar sunk in the deep wall. Here Cosmo came to consult with his Archbishop (the best, they say, that Florence had then had), and, in earlier days, to talk to his Angelical Painter as the works went on, which Cosmo was wise to see would throw some gleam of fame upon himself as well as on the convent. With all the monks together in the long room where Angelico painted his frescoes it may well be imagined that this place of retirement was essential; and when that long-headed and far-seeing father of his country had been taken, no doubt with an admiring following of monks, to see the last new picture, as one after another was completed, and had given his opinion and the praise which was expected of him, no doubt both painter and prince were glad of the quiet retirement where they could talk over what remained to do, and plan perhaps a greater work here and there—the throned Madonna in the corridor, with again the

Medician saints, holy physicians, Cosmo and Damian, at her feet—or discuss the hopeful pupils whom Angelico was training, Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, thereafter known to fame.

All is peaceful, tranquil, softly melodious in this beginning of the conventual existence. Pope Eugenius himself came, at the instance of the Pater Patriæ, to consecrate the new-built house, and lived in these very rooms, to the glory and pride of the community. Thus everything set out in an ideal circle of goodness and graciousness; a majestic Pope, humble enough to dwell in the very cloister with the Dominicans, blessing their home for them; a wise prince coming on frequent visits, half living among them, with a cell called by his name where he might talk with his monkish friends; a great painter working lowly and busy among the humblest of the brethren, taking no state upon him—though a great painter was as a prince in art-loving Florence; and when the time to give San Marco the highest of honours came, another brother taken from among them to be Archbishop of the great city; while all the time those pictures, for which princes would have striven, grew at each monk's bedhead, his dear especial property, gladdening his eyes and watching over his slumbers. Was there ever a more genial, peaceful beginning, a more prosperous, pleasant house?

The way in which Antonino came to be Archbishop is very characteristic, too. At the period of his visit, no doubt, Pope Eugenius learned to know Angelico, and to admire the works which he must have seen growing under the master's hand; nor could he have failed to know the devotion of which those pictures were the expressive language, the intense celestial piety of the modest Frate. Accordingly, when the Pope went back to Rome he called the Angelical Painter to him to execute some work there, and with the primitive certainty of his age that excellence in one thing must mean excellence in all, offered to Fra Giovanni the vacant see of Florence. Modest Fra Giovanni

knew that, though it was in him to paint, it was not in him to govern monks and men, to steer his way through politics and public questions, and rule a self-opinioned race like those hard-headed Tuscans. He told the head of the Church that this was not his vocation, but that in his convent there was another Frate whose shoulders were equal to the burden. The Pope took his advice, as any calif in story might have taken the recommendation of a newly chosen vizier; such things were possible in primitive times; and Antonino was forthwith called out of his cell, and from simple monk was made Archbishop, his character, there is little doubt, being well enough known to give force to Angelico's representation in his favour. This event would seem to have happened in the year 1445, three years after the visit of Eugenius to San Marco, and it seems doubtful whether Angelico ever returned to Florence after his comrade's elevation to this dignity. He stayed and painted in Rome till the death of Eugenius—then appeared a little while in Orvieto, where he seems to have been accompanied by his pupil Benozzo, and then returned to Rome to execute some commissions for the new Pope Nicholas. San Marco had been finished before this, with greater pomp and beauty than I have attempted to tell; for the great altarpiece has gone out of the church, and other works have fallen into decay or have been removed, and now dwell, dimmed by restoration and cleaning, in the academy of the Belli Arti, where it is not my business to follow them, my interest lying in San Marco only. At Rome the gentle Angelico died, having painted to the end of his life with all the freshness of youth. He was fifty when he came down the slopes from Fiesole, singing among his brethren, to make his new convent beautiful; he was sixty-eight when he died at Rome, but with no failing strength or skill. The Angelical Painter lies not in his own San Marco, but in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome; but all the same he

lives in Florence within the walls he loved, in the cells he filled full of beauty and pensive celestial grace—and which now are dedicated to him, and hold his memory fresh as in a shrine; dedicated to him—and to one other memory as different from his as morning is from evening. Few people are equally interested in the two spirits which dwell within the empty convent; to some Angelico is all its past contains—to some Savonarola; but both are full of the highest meaning, and the one does not interfere with the other. The prophet-martyr holds a distinct place from that of the painter-monk. The two stories are separate, one sweet and soft as the “hidden brook” in the “leafy month of June,” with the sound of which the poet consoles his breathless reader after straining his nerves to awe and terror. Like Handel’s Pastoral Symphony piping under the moonlight, amid the dewy fields, full of heavenly subdued gladness and triumph, is the prelude which this gentle chapter of art and peace makes to the tragedy to follow. Angelico, with all his skill, prepared and made beautiful the house in which—with aims more splendid than his, and a mark more high, but not more devout or pure—another Frate was to bring art and beauty to the tribunal of Christ and judge them, as Angelico himself, had his painter-heart permitted him, would have done as stoutly, rejecting the loveliness that was against God’s ways and laws, no less than Savonarola. Their ways of serving were different, their inspiration the same.

The traditions of the Angelical Painter’s pious life which Vasari, the primary authority on the subject, has left to us, are very beautiful. The simple old narrative of the first art-historian, always when it is possible to be so, is laudatory, and finally bursts into a strain of almost musical eulogy in the description of the gentle Frate. “He was of simple and pious manners,” he tells us. “He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must be now

in heaven. He painted incessantly, but never would lay his hand to any subject not saintly. He might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He might have ruled over many, but would not, saying that obedience was easier and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed dignities among his brethren, and beyond. He disdained them, affirming that he sought for none other than might be consistent with a successful avoidance of Hell and the attainment of Paradise. Humane and sober, he lived chastely, avoiding the errors of the world, and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should live with Christ. He was never known to indulge in anger with his brethren—a great, and to my opinion all but unattainable, quality; and he never admonished but with a smile. With wonderful kindness he would tell those who sought his work, that if they got the consent of the prior he should not fail. . . . He never retouched or altered anything he had once finished, but left it as it had turned out, the will of God being that it should be so.” Such is the touching picture which the old biographer of painters has left to us. His facts it seems probable (or so at least Padre Marchese thinks, the living historian of the order) came from one of the brotherhood of San Marco, Fra Eustastius, an eminent miniaturist of the convent. These details, vague though they are, bring before us the gentle painter—peaceable, modest, kind, yet endowed with a gentle obstinacy, and limited, as is natural to a monk, within the strait horizon of his community. It is told of him that when invited to breakfast with Pope Nicholas, the simple-minded brother was uneasy not to be able to ask his prior’s permission to eat meat, the prior being for him a greater authority than the Pope, in whose hand (Angelico forgot) was the primary power of all indulgences. There could not be a better instance of the soft, submissive, almost domestic narrow-

ness of the great painter, like a child from home, to whom the licence given by a king would have no such reassuring authority as the permission of father or mother. This beautiful narrow-mindedness—for in such a case it is permissible to unite the two words—told, however, on a more extended scale even on his genius. The Angelical monk was as incapable of understanding evil as a child. His atmosphere was innocence, holiness, and purity. To pure and holy persons he could give a noble and beautiful individuality; but absolute ugliness, grotesque and unreal, was all the notion he had of the wicked. To his cloistered soul the higher mystery of beautiful evil was unknown, and his simple nature ignored the many shades of that pathetic side of moral downfall in which an unsuccessful struggle has preceded destruction. He had no pity for, because he had no knowledge of, no more than a child, the agony of failure, or those faint tints of difference which sometimes separate the victors from the vanquished. While the fair circle of the saved glide, dancing in a ring, into the flowery gardens of Paradise—a very “Decameron” group of holy joy, in his great “Last Judgment”—the lost fly

hopeless to the depths of hell, ugly, distorted, without a redeeming feature. It was his primitive way of representing evil—hideous, repulsive, as to his mind it could not but appear. He loathed ugliness as he loathed vice, and what so natural as that they should go together? Fra Giovanni showed his impartiality by mingling among his groups of the lost, here and there, a mitred bishop and cowed monk, to show that even a profession of religion was not infallible: but he had not the higher impartiality of permitting to those huddled masses any comeliness or charm of sorrow, but damned them frankly as a child does, and in his innocence knew no ruth.

Thus ends the first chapter of the history of St. Mark's convent at Florence—a story without a discordant note in it, which has left nothing behind but melodious memories and relics full of beauty. It is of this the stranger must chiefly think as he strays through the silent, empty cells, peopled only by saints and angels; until indeed he turns a corner of the dim corridor, and finds himself in presence of a mightier spirit. Let us leave the gentle preface in its holy calm. The historian may well pause before he begins the sterner but nobler strain.

THE PERSIAN POET HÁFIZ.

Of all Persian writers, Háfiz is the only one who has any claim to be considered as, in any sense, a universal poet ; his are the only songs which have spread an influence beyond his own nation or the circle of Islám, and have even touched, however faintly, a chord that has vibrated to the ear of Christendom. There have been deeper thinkers in Persia ; the author of the "Masnavi," for instance, has sounded depths in the human heart of which Háfiz never dreamed ; but he has never won a tenth of the fame which his more genial fellow-countryman has achieved. It is the old contest of Burns against Wordsworth,—only, to suit the Persian comparison, we must divest Wordsworth of all his lighter poems, and leave him alone with the "Excursion" and the "Prelude." Háfiz has appealed to the universal sympathies of his countrymen : his imagination has sought to elevate common life and its feelings ; and his poetry has become in consequence more widely popular than that of any other Eastern author. We could hardly find a collection of Persian MSS. in any town in Persia or India, but amid the number, however limited and tattered, a copy of the "Diwán" of Háfiz would infallibly turn up. His poems have been even adopted as an oracle, like the "Sortes Virgilianæ" of the West ; and many are the current legends of the felicitous answers which they have returned to their votaries. Thus Nádir Sháh had driven the Afgháns out of Irák and Fárs, but the northern province of Azarbaiján was still in the possession of the Turks ; and his army was pressing him to return home after his conquests, while his own ambition urged him on to achieve something new. In this dilemma, his secretary and historian relates that he consulted the oracle of Háfiz's odes at the poet's tomb, and the lines on which his eyes chanced to fall were these :—

"By thy sweet song, Háfiz, thou hast conquered Irák and Fárs—
Come on, for it is now the turn of Baghdád and the time for Tabriz."

We need hardly add that he implicitly followed the injunction, and speedily captured Baghdád and Tabriz.

The peculiarity of Háfiz's poetry is the abrupt and strenuous passion which pervades it. He is often Oriental in his extravagant metaphors, but he is never Oriental in repetition and vagueness. His images are struck out at a blow, and a line is often a photograph of a scene. Háfiz, with his intensity of feeling, must have appeared among his contemporaries like a living man amidst a gallery of portraits ; and his poems, despite the censures of the Ulemá and the indifference of the Court, carried the nation's approbation by storm. Like the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, he often yielded to the fashion of the time and indulged in the conceits and far-fetched allusions which were sure to win a momentary applause ; but while with other poets these were the staple, with him they were only the accidental accessories. Háfiz, in fact, was like Shakespeare's Henry V., and could say of his contemporaries—

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness :"

but it was only that he might "show more goodly and attract more eyes," when he was true to his own real character.

An anthology of happy lines and original metaphors might be easily collected from his poems. Thus, in one of his odes he says :—

"Oh tell me not 'be silent and hold thy breath,'

For thou canst not say 'be silent' to the birds in the garden"—

a line which at once expresses the careless outpourings of his genius. Or,

again, we have the more spiritual side of his nature in such outbursts as the following :—

“I have estimated Reason’s foresight in
the path of Love,—
Tis but the drop of dew that writes its
one mark on the ocean !”

But a few of his selected odes, translated entire, will give a better idea of his poetry, so unlike anything Western, and so peculiarly representative of all that is best in Persian thought.

If we ask for information about the poet himself, biographers can tell us hardly anything. In fact, a curious parallel might be easily drawn between the personal history of Háfiz and Shakespeare. Shakespeare’s life, as we all know, is nearly a blank ; two or three dates, and one or two unimportant incidents, are all that we know of it ; and most of his works were left unpublished during his lifetime, and were consequently published after his death in that corrupt state which has given such endless trouble to subsequent editors. In the same way we hardly know anything of the life of Háfiz. We know that the inscription on his tomb near Shíráz gives A.H. 791 (A.D. 1388) as the year of his death, and so too the pretty mnemonic stanza or *tárikh*,—

“Kh’ájah Háfiz was the lamp of the
spiritually-minded,
An illumination from the divine splendour ;
As he made his dwelling while alive in
the earth of Musallá,
Seek in the ‘earth of Musallá’ the date
of his death.”

Musallá is a favourite resort near Shíráz, often celebrated in the poet’s verses, and the letters of the words *Khák-i Musallá*, when their respective numerical values are summed up, give the date 791. Other authorities, however, give the date as 792 or 794. The year of his birth is quite unknown.

A similar fate has likewise befallen his works. Copies of his odes, no doubt, were continually circulated abroad in his lifetime ; but he himself appears to have published no authentic edition of his poems. All his biographers agree that

his poems were arranged, as a *Díwán*, in their present alphabetical order, by his friends after his death ; and the several copies of his odes, as they are found in different countries, vary to an almost incredible extent. There is only one comfort to be drawn from the collation—the variations are confined to the commonplace portions of the book. The really fine lines are found alike in every copy ; they were not the product which a forger could manufacture.

Almost as little is known of the direct incidents of his life as of Shakespeare’s. We have several apocryphal anecdotes, but they are generally devoid of all claims to credibility. Thus one of the best perhaps is that relating to the great Tímúr. When he took Shíráz in 1393, he is said to have summoned the poet into his presence, and, in allusion to a line in one of his odes, “I would give for the black mole on thy cheek Samarkand and Bokhára,” to have sternly asked how he dared to make free with the conqueror’s hereditary domains. Háfiz, nothing daunted, answered, “Yes, Sire, and it is by such acts of extravagance that I am reduced to my present state of poverty.” Tímúr is said to have been pleased with the poet’s ready wit, and to have bestowed on him some splendid marks of his favour. But the story, pleasant as it is, collapses on a comparison of dates. Tímúr did not take Shíráz until 1393, and the poet died in 1388, or even, by the latest date, in 1391.

There is, however, a little incident told in Farishta’s History of the Bahmaní Kings of the Dakhan, in the reign of Mahmúd Sháh, which there is more reason to believe genuine. The Vazír had sent Háfiz a present from the King, and a letter from himself, promising that if he would come to the Bahmaní capital, Kulbarga, he should be handsomely rewarded, and have a safe-conduct back to Shíráz. Háfiz, from these kind assurances, consented, and having disposed of the articles sent to him among his relations and creditors, quitted Shíráz, and arrived safely at Lár, where with part of his money he assisted a friend who had been robbed.

From Lár he was accompanied to Ormuz by two friends, who were also going to visit India. With them he took shipping in one of the royal vessels which had arrived at Ormuz from the Dakhan; but it had scarcely weighed anchor when a gale of wind arose, and the ship, being in danger, returned to port. Háfiz wrote an ode and delivered it to his friends to give to the Vazír, but he himself had had enough of the sea, and returned to his old home in Shíráz.

The ode itself is found in the poet's works, and I may quote a few of its best lines :—

“The whole world is dearly bought by a single moment spent in sorrow;
Let us sell our derwish-garments for wine,
there is naught better than this.
The pomp of a Sultan's crown, under which is folded ceaseless fear for one's life,—
It may be a heart-stealing cap, but it is dearly bought by the loss of the head.
The evils of the sea at first seemed easy to me in the hope of the pearl,—
But I erred, for one single wave is dearly bought by a hundred *mans* of gold.”

This incident is probably true, as it is gravely related by the great native historian of Mohammedan India, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century; but most of the stories which biographers and commentators have linked to particular odes and lines are as baseless as the legends which occur in such detail in the pseudo-Herodotus' life of Homer. We naturally crave to know something of the external lives of those who have interested us by the records of their inner history; and these anonymous stories inevitably rise up, as by a natural law, to meet the demand. They seem to be always floating about, like the invisible seeds in the air, and they at once settle and germinate when a suitable soil presents itself.

In truth, the only authentic record of Háfiz's life is to be found in such scanty allusions as he himself gives us in his poems. They tell us little of the incidents of his life; but they sometimes throw a ray of light on his

feelings with regard to some of the more striking events which happened in the outer world in his time.

Thus one of the great figures in Persian history during Háfiz's youth was Abú Ishák, the usurping prince of Shíráz, whose open-handed generosity and reckless audacity made him a universal favourite throughout the country. When Abú Saïd's empire fell into confusion, a general scramble had ensued in the different provinces, and Abú Ishák and his brother had seized the province of Fárs, making Shíráz their capital. But Mohammed Muzaffar, the governor of Yazd, the founder of the Muzaffarid dynasty in Persia, gradually extended his power; and ultimately, after a long struggle, Abú Ishák was driven from his capital and betrayed into his enemy's hands. Sháh Sultán, Muzaffar's nephew, immediately sent to seize the person of the unhappy Amir, who, together with one hundred of his most obnoxious adherents, was now conveyed towards Shíráz. The guards intrusted with the care of his person conducted Abú Ishák by unknown roads to the open space or esplanade before the gate of Istakhar (Persépolis), where the Amir Mohammed Muzaffar, with the Ulemá, Kázis, and principal inhabitants, awaited his arrival. Here the devoted captive, being interrogated as to his conduct in the death of a certain Háj Zohráb, and acknowledging without reserve that this person had suffered by his orders, was immediately delivered over to the sons of the same Zohráb, to atone with his blood for the death of their father. The youngest of these struck off his head on the spot with a single stroke of his scimeter.¹ The Persian historian who gives the account of Abú Ishák's death, quotes a tetrastich which he is said to have made just before his death :—

“Strive not with quarrelsome Fortune, but
go thy way;
Wrestle not with the rolling heavens, but
go thy way;

¹ Price's *Mohammedan Hist.*, from a Persian historian.

There is a cup of poison—its name is death,—

Drink it cheerily, empty the dregs on the ground, and go thy way."

This event took place in 1357, and we shall see that Háfiz, who was no doubt at that time living in Shíráz, alludes to it in one of his odes as one of the signal catastrophes of his age.

Háfiz's poems are all in the praise of love and wine, and many have held that they mean nothing more. Some of his odes have been translated under this impression, and of course the translator has inevitably coloured his version with his own views; and hence it is generally thought that Sir W. Jones's epithet, "the Anacreon of Persia," conveys a true description of his poetry. I have chosen twelve characteristic odes from different parts of his works, which, I trust, will give a truer and higher idea of Háfiz. I have not attempted to translate them into verse, because I was afraid of imposing a false form on the original; and I have therefore given a simple and faithful rendering in prose. Each reader must supply to the prose an ideal adorning of metre and rhyme; my translations, in fact, are like the plain woodcut, to which the imagination must add the requisite colouring.

One of the peculiar charms of Háfiz's poetry is that it is so essentially Oriental. Its metaphors, its turns of thought, its local and historical allusions, are all of the East; and we only too easily lose this peculiar aroma, if we put the poem into an inappropriate and Western dress. Another charm to the Oriental reader is the vague mysticism which underlies it everywhere. In some odes it is almost entirely absent, but in others it is unmistakably prominent: and we can never read long without finding its traces. The joys and sorrows of earthly love are the outward dress, but every now and then a deeper chord is touched, and we hear some wail from the soul as it remembers its lost heaven—some echo of the old Indian doctrine of the soul's pre-existence which underlies all Persian poetry, as it does Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

All Persian poetry has this mystical or Súfí character—several, in fact, of the best Persian poets were professed mystics and devotees—but in many of them it is too prominent for a Western reader. It is one of the great merits of Háfiz that he always keeps this higher element in the background; we feel its presence everywhere as a vague, mysterious shadow, but it only passes at intervals before our eyes.

Háfiz is a poet rather than a philosopher, and with him the philosophy is only used to give an undertone of deeper harmony to his song. This fact seems to be distinctly shown in the uncertain traditions as to the precise school of Súfeyism to which he belonged. Thus one biographer says: "Although it is not known that he became the pupil of any particular saint, or attached himself to any particular school, yet his verses are so consonant to that sect that no one can fail to appreciate them." And one great mystical or Súfí teacher expressly says that "no *diwán* is better than that of Háfiz, if only the reader be a Súfí himself to understand it aright!"

The form of poetry which Háfiz has almost exclusively used is that called the *ghazal*. It is an ode which must not exceed seventeen couplets in length, and is usually comprised in seven or eight. The first two lines rhyme, and this rhyme (which frequently extends to three or four syllables) recurs throughout the ode at the end of every second line, the intermediate lines being left free. The different couplets need have no direct connection; the idea of the *ghazal* is a collection of pearls which are strung together on the rhyme as on a string; but in the last couplet the poet always introduces his own name, just as Horace introduces his at the end of his shorter *Carmen Seculare*.¹

I.

"If thou drinkest wine, pour a draught on the ground;"¹

¹ This custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia. Omar Khayyám says, "Every draught

Wherefore fear the sin which brings to
another gain ?
Go, drink all thou hast,—keep nothing
back, nor spare,
For unsparing doth Destiny smite all with
her sword of destruction.
Oh by the dust of thy foot I adjure thee,
my graceful cypress,
Hold not back, on the day of my death,
thy foot from visiting my dust.
Oh pitch at once on the top of the sky
the pavilion of joy,
For at the last shall Death bear thee down
to the dust.
The heavenly architect of this six-sided¹
convent of earth
Hath so drawn the plan that every road
leads alike to the convent of the tomb.
Ah, the wiles of the daughter of the vine,—
how she lays her ambush for Reason !
Oh never to the end of time fall in ruins
the vine-branch's arch !
By the path of the tavern, *Háfiz*, hast
thou gladly escaped from the world,—
Oh be the prayers of the wise in heart
thine own heart's bosom-friends."

II.

"Oh come, that to the wounded heart
strength may return ;
Oh come, that to the dead body the soul
may return.
Oh come, for thy absence hath so fast
bound mine eyes,
That only the opening gate of thy pres-
ence can open them again.
Whatsoever it be that I hold before the
mirror of my heart,—
None other reflection gives it back but
the image of thy beauty.
The proverb saith, 'Night is with child,'
and parted far from thee
I sit and count the stars, saying, 'What
will the night bring forth ?'
The sorrow that has seized my heart's
empire like a black Ethiopian horde,
Shall scatter itself before the glad troops
of the Rûm² of thy cheek !
Faint not in heart at the desert,—bind
on thy pilgrim-dress,

For the true pilgrim recks not, though
he should never return.
Oh come, for the sweet nightingale of
Háfiz' soul
At the odour of the approaching rose of
thy presence once more begins to sing."

III.

"Oh may none like me the wounded be
distracted by Absence,
For all my life has been passed in the
anguish of Absence.
The outcast lover, heart-forlorn, beggared,
and head-bewildered,
Hath borne the misery of the days of the
woes of Absence.
Whence am I ? and whence is Absence ?
and whence is Sorrow ?
Surely my mother bore me only for the
sake of Absence.
Whither shall I go ? what shall I do ? to
whom tell the state of my heart ?
Who shall maintain my cause ? who
avenge me on Absence ?
If Absence fell into my hands, Absence
I would slay,
And my tears should pay the price of the
blood of Absence.
Yea, by absence from thee would I make
Absence herself forlorn,
So that I would wring blood from the
eyes of Absence.
For this in our despair do *Háfiz* and I
night and day,
Like the morning nightingales, raise the
wail of Absence."

IV.

"Lured by the rose's scent at dawn I walked
for a while in the garden,
That like the distracted nightingale I
might medicine my brain.
There I turned my gaze to the red rose's
countenance,
As amid the lingering darkness she shone
like a lamp for brightness ;
So drunk with pride in the glory of her
beauty and her youth,
That she wreaked a thousand scorns on
the heart of the nightingale.
The lily in upbraiding thrust out her
tongue like a sword,
While as a jealous rival the anemone
opened wide her mouth ;
The lovely narcissus for sorrow let fall the
tears from her eyes,
And the tulip burned a hundred scars
into her inmost heart.

which the cupbearer spills on the ground,
quenches the fire of sorrow in some long-dead
eye."

¹ The six sides are north, east, south, and
west, and the Nadir and the Zenith.

² *Rûm* here means Europe, or perhaps the
Greek Empire, as it was still lingering at
Constantinople.

Now like the worshippers of wine they
stood, a flask in every hand,
And now they grasped the cup like the
reveller's cupbearer.
Learn, like the rose, to seize as a spoil¹
the joys of life and youth;
Deliver thy message, Háfiz,—what needs
the prophet more?"²

V.

"Oh friends of my bosom, remember last
night's wine;
Remember the rights of devoted friend-
ship.
In the hour of your gladness,—the lover's
desolation
Remember amid the melody of the lute
and castanet.
When the kindly wine is lighting up the
cupbearer's cheek,
Oh remember my forced penance, amid
the notes of the song.
If ye never for a moment pity the woes
of the faithful,
Yet remember the faithlessness of revolving
Time.
Though the charger of Prosperity carry
his neck never so high,
Yet remember your companions who have
been scourged out of your road.
When, in the midst of your desire, you
reach out the hand of hope,
Oh in the midst of all remember the
days of our union.
Oh ye who sit in the chief seats of empire,
with a countenance of compassion
Remember the face of Háfiz and the
threshold where he lies."

VI.

"I long for the strong wine and its man-
o'-ermastering strength,
That I may rest for a moment from life
and its evil and tumult.
Bring wine, for we cannot be free from
yon rolling heaven's deceits,
With Venus ever touching her lute and
Mars brandishing his sword.
The table of Fortune, that mother of the
base, bears not the honey of rest;
Oh my heart, from the palate of thy
desire wash thou all taste of its bitter
and salt.

Away with Bahrám's¹ hunter-toils; seize
thou Jamshíd's² cup;
For I have trodden the desert through,
and no Bahrám nor Bahrám's wild ass
is there.
I will drink the ruby-coloured wine from
out an emerald cup;
For the ascetic is the adder of our time,
and this emerald shall strike him
blind.³
It is not beneath the great to turn their
face to the poor;
For Solomon with all his pomp deigned
to look on the ant.⁴
Oh come, that in the clear wine I may
show thee the secret of life,
But on this condition, that thou tell it
not to the malevolent with their blinded
hearts.
The bow of the beloved's brow is never
turned away from Háfiz;
But I smile to think of so mighty an arm
raised against one so helpless!"

VII.

"I have the edict of the old man of the
tavern, and 'tis an ancient saying,
That to *him* only wine is forbidden who
hath neither beloved nor friend.
I would rend these patched garments of
hypocrisy,⁵—what can I do?
A bitter agony to the soul is the company
of the base.
In hope that perchance the Beloved's lip
might sprinkle one draught on me,
Many a long year have I waited fixed at
the tavern door.
Perchance my long service has gone from
her remembrance;
Oh breeze of morning, blow her a memory
of the ancient time.

¹ Bahrám the hunter is a favourite king of Persian romance. He was one of the Sasanian kings, and is said to have disappeared in a desert while hunting a wild ass.

² Jamshíd is a famous hero of Zoroastrian tradition. He is the Yima of the Zendavesta and the Yama of Vedic mythology. Moore describes—

"The jewell'd cup of King Jamshíd,
With life's elixir sparkling high."

³ This is a Persian superstition concerning the emerald.

⁴ In allusion to the legend in the Korán (ch. xxvii.), that an ant warned her fellows to retreat into their holes, as Solomon's army passed by, and "Solomon smiled as he heard her words."

⁵ An allusion to the dress of the derwishes.

¹ *Ghanímah dán*, "account as a gain," cf. Horace's *appone lucro* (Od. i. 9), and Jeremiah xlv. 5.

² Alluding to the saying of Mohammed (see Korán, v. 99), *Má alainá illá 'l balágh*, "We have only to deliver our message."

If after a hundred years her odour blew
over my dust,
My crumbled bones would uplift their
heads dancing out of the tomb.
The heart-stealer by a hundred hopes has
robbed me of my heart,—
But hope on,—the noble nature forgets
not its promise.
Oh my heart, look thou for health from
some other door ;
Not by the physician's skill is the wound
of the lover healed.
Hoard thou the jewels of knowledge to
bear with thee where thou goest ;
Others may take as their portion the
silver and the gold.
The snares around us are strong, unless
the mercy of God is our friend ;
Else over the accursed Satan little victory
will Adam gain.
If gold and silver be not thine, what
matter, *Háfiz* ? be thankful ;
Better than wealth is sweetness of song
and a healthful soul."

VIII.

"We have tried our lot in this city of our
fortune,
Now must we turn to depart from this
precipice.
By long gnawing my fingers and breath-
ing out sighs,
I have lit a fire like the rose in my
wasting body.
Last night how sweetly came the voice of
the nightingale as he sang,
While the rose opened wide her ear from
the branch of her tree ;
'Oh heart, endure with patience, for the
loved that vexes thee
Bears from her own destiny many a vexa-
tion of her own.'
If the waves of the sea of Circumstance
toss their heads to the sky,
The wise man will not wet with their
water the chattels of his fortune.
Oh *Háfiz*, if man's desires were for ever
in his reach,
Jamshid would not have stayed so long
away from his throne."

IX.

"Oh remember that my home was once the
top of thy street,
That the light of mine eyes was once from
the dust of thy door.
In our pure sympathy, just like the lily
and rose,
All that was in thy heart came at once to
my tongue.

When my heart sought the mystery's
meaning from the old man of Reason,
Love gave the interpretation of all that
to him was dark.
Alas for the wrong and tyranny which
are in this valley of snares ;
Alas for the joy and happiness which
were in that resting-place !
In my heart I said 'I will never live
without the Beloved ;'
What can I do ?—my heart and its every
resolve are vain !
Last night, full of the memory of my
friends, I went to the tavern ;
I saw the wine-cask, its heart full of
blood and its foot sunk in the earth.
Long I wandered, saying, 'I will seek the
cause of the pain of absence ;'
But the Mufti of Reason at the question
lost all power of speech.
Verily the turquoise ring of *Abú Ishák*
Shone bright for a time, but the splendour
hasted away.
Hast thou ne'er seen the partridge's laugh,
Háfiz, as it tripped along,
And thought not of the swoop of the
falcon of Fate overhead ?"

X.

"In the morning, when heavy with last
night's revel,¹
I seized the wine with the harp and viol.
I gave to Reason wine as her provision
for the way,
And bade her set forth from the kingdom
of existence.
The wine-selling enchantress gave me a
glance,
And said, 'Oh thou mark for the arrows
of reproach !'
But I learned from the cupbearer with
bow-like brows,
That I had escaped free from the deceits
of the world.
Go, spread thy snare for another bird ;
Far too high is the lonely *Símurgh's* nest.²
The tavern is empty of strangers,—drink
wine ;
There is none here but thou, oh Only One.
Bring the ship of wine, that safe on its
deck
We may escape from this sea without a
shore.

¹ He means the awaking from sensual
pleasure to pursue the higher enjoyments of
mystic contemplation.

² The *Símurgh* is the lonely bird on Mount
Káf.

Friend, songster, and cupbearer, all are
only He;
The image of water and clay¹ is but a
pretext in the road.
Who wins aught from that Imperial
Beauty
Which eternally plays the game of love
with itself alone?
Our existence is a riddle, Háfiz,
Whose solution is a spell and a fairy-
tale."

XI.

'Ofttimes have I said it, and again I say
it,—
Not of myself do I wander heart-forlorn
in this road.
Behind the Veil they treat me as men
treat a parrot;²
Whatsoever the Eternal Master bids me
speak, that I speak.
What though I am the thorn, and the
Loved the rose of the garden,—
'Tis the hand which fosters me,—'tis from
that I grow.
Oh friends, reproach me not, heart-broken
and bewildered;
I bear a jewel with me, and I seek one
who knows its worth.
What though these patched derwish-rags
suit ill with the rose-red wine,—
Blame me not, for I wash from them all
stain of hypocrisy.

¹ The human body.

² This alludes to the manner in which
parrots are taught to speak in the East; a
looking-glass is placed before the cage, and a
man speaks behind the glass, to make the
parrot believe that it is a parrot which speaks.

Oh from a far other source are the lover's
smiles and tears;¹
I sing in the night, and at morning-tide
I weep.
'Oh Háfiz,' said the teacher, 'smell not
of the tavern-door';
'Blame me not,' I answered; 'I smell of
the musk of Khoten.'"

XII.

"The dust of this body of mine is the veil
of the face of the soul;
Oh welcome the hour when I shall throw
the veil from that face!
Ill befits such a cage a sweet singer like
me;
I will haste away to the rose-bower of
Paradise, for I am a bird of that garden.
I know not whither I have come, nor
where I was;
Ah, woe is me,—I am ignorant of mine
own concerns.
How shall I make the circuit of the
heavenly world's expanse,
I who am cabined here in this cell of clay?
My proper dwelling-place and home is
the palace of the houris;
Why then do I sojourn in the street of
the tavern-revellers?
Look not at my mantle, with its golden
fringe like the taper's;
For underneath that mantle burns a
hidden fire.
Oh come and sweep away the very
existence of Háfiz,
That in thy presence none may hear of
me, that I am at all."

¹ Cf. "Tears, idle tears, I know not what
they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine
despair."

A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

I AM a child of the times, and am sorry to be unable to congratulate my Parent. It is not that I am at all disreputable. My vices entitle me to no distinction. To begin by doing justice, I am perfectly free from vanity and may therefore be the more easily believed when I say that probably few men being bachelors and under thirty are better loved and befriended than I am. The number of persons who take a warm interest in me is astonishing and troublesome. There are homes where, unless dissimulation be carried to the height of genius, I am always a welcome guest, and am, on entering, affectionately greeted by old and young, mistress and maid.

The fathers and mothers look upon me as a young man who has been well brought up, and who, though not precisely the product his education might have been expected to yield, is yet nevertheless, in a season of doubts and perplexities, a person worthy of commendation. As for the daughters of the house, I am not aware that I flutter their susceptibilities, and should think it unlikely, because in the first place I studiously avoid attempting to do so, and in the second place I am not too disposed to believe that they have any susceptibilities to flutter; but I more than pass with them, for I can quote poetry to those who like to listen to good poetry well quoted, and there are a few who do; I can pretend to talk philosophy to those who pretend to like philosophy, and they are many; and though I can't talk religion, yet I can listen very contentedly to it; and if a lady is High Church, and is doing battle with some person more enthusiastic than I am, I can quietly, and without binding myself in any way, come to the fair combatant's rescue, whenever sore pressed, with a sentence from Dr. Newman, or a line from Faber, and be re-

warded with a grateful smile; whilst, again, if the lady be more Genevan in her faith, my memory is equally well stored with the sayings of divines and hymn-writers who have grasped with an enviable tenacity the simple and grand doctrines of Calvin and his successors. For the sons of the house, when I say that I smoke, and am not at all scrupulous about what sort of stories I hear and tell, it will be at once understood how perfect is my sympathy with them.

But in the meantime, what of myself? Am I as easily satisfied? I can't say I am dissatisfied, that is such a very strong word; but I may say that I am often very much provoked. It would be annoying for a cold man to gaze steadfastly into a blazing fire and yet remain chill. It is provoking to be able nicely to estimate and accurately to appreciate emotions, affections, martyrdoms, heroisms, to perceive the force which naturally belongs to certain feelings and convictions, and yet to remain cool, impassive, and inert. Would to God that I could stir myself up to believe in any of them; and yet as I write this I blush. I have used a passionate imprecation, and yet my hand glides as calmly over the paper, and my heart beats as placidly within my breast as if I had just put down in my account-book the amount of my last week's washing-bill.

This inertia, in a great measure, results from the fatal gift of sympathy unchecked by spiritual or moral pressure.

It is all very well, indeed it is most delightful in matters of *taste*, to be able to say, as Charles Lamb does of style, that for him Jonathan Wild is not too coarse, nor Shaftesbury too elegant. Thank Heaven, I can say that too; but in matters of morals and religion this catholicity becomes serious. To find yourself extending the same degree of

sympathy to, say, both the Newmans—to read, in the course of one summer's day, and with the same unfeigned delight, Liddon and Martineau—to stroll out into the woods and meadows, careless whether it is Keble or Matthew Arnold you have slipped into your pocket—this, too, is a very delightful catholicity, but I am not sure that I ought to thank *Heaven* for it.

I wonder how often in the course of a year Dr. Johnson's saying to Sir Joshua is quoted—"I love a good hater." That it should be so often quoted is a proof that the Doctor's feeling is largely shared by his countrymen. I am sure I share it, and nobody can accuse me of self-love in doing so—for I hate nobody. I haven't brought myself to this painful state without a hard struggle. For a long time I made myself very happy in the thought that I hated Professor Huxley. How carefully I nursed my wrath! By dint of never speaking of the Professor, except in terms of the strongest opprobrium, and never reading a word he had ever written, I kept the happy delusion alive for several years. I had at times, it is true, an uneasy suspicion that it was all nonsense; but I was so conscious how necessary it was to my happiness that I should hate somebody, that I always resolutely suppressed the rising doubt in an ocean of superlatives expressive of the supposed qualities of this mischievous Professor. But one day, in a luckless hour, I opened a magazine at haphazard, and began in a listless fashion to read an article about I knew not what, and written by I knew not whom, and speedily grew interested in it. The style was so lucid and urbane, the diction so vigorous and expressive, the tone so free from exaggeration and extravagance, and the substance so far from uninteresting, that my fated sympathies began to swell up, and when half-way down the next column I saw awaiting me one of my favourite quotations from Goethe, I mentally embraced the author and hastily turned to the end to see what favoured man was writing so well, and

there, lo and behold! was appended the name of the only man I had ever hated. Of course the illusion could not be put together again, and the chair once filled by the learned Professor stands empty. The other day I made an effort to raise Archbishop Manning to it. He has not the playful humour, the exquisite urbanity of the great modern Pervert, but I have heard him preach, he has the accents of sincerity and conviction, and represents what I believe to be in a great degree indestructible on this earth. Failing the Archbishop, the name of Fitzjames Stephen occurred to me, but as he himself has told us, he has so many claims to distinction that it would be a shame to hate him; and, after all, I am nearer his position by many a mile than I am to the Archbishop's, and so in despair I have given up the attempt of finding a successor to Professor Huxley, and repeat that, poor limping Christian as I am, I hate nobody. Why not read your Carlyle? it will be indignantly asked. Is not "*Sartor Resartus*" upon your shelves? Why, bless me! hear the man talk! Carlyle is my favourite prose author. I have all his books, in the nice old editions, round about me, and not only have read them all, but am constantly reading them. You won't outdo me in my admiration for the old man. I think his address to the Scotch students, if bound up within the covers of the New Testament would not be the least effective piece of writing there. Carlyle has long taught me this—to lay no flattering unction to my soul, and to go about my business. He has tried to do more than this, and at times I have almost thought he has done more, but it is not for man to beget a faith. Carlyle has planted, he has digged, he has watered, but there has been no one to give the increase. He has taught us, like the Greek Tragic Poets, "*moral prudence*," and to behave ourselves decently and after a dignified fashion between Two eternities, and for a time I thought I had learnt the lesson, but I am at present a good deal agitated by a dangerous symptom and a painful problem.

The dangerous symptom is that nothing pains me. I don't mean physically or aesthetically, for I am very sensitive in both those quarters, but morally. There was a time when I did draw a line with my jokes and stories, never a very steady line, but still a line, I now disport myself at large, and a joke—if good *quâ* joke—causes me to shake my sides, even though it outrages religion, which I believe to be indestructible on this earth, and morality, which I believe to be essential to our well-being upon it.

The painful problem arises in connection with quite another subject. Although not in love, I have some idea of prosecuting a little suit of mine in a certain direction, and have to own that at odd hours and spare seasons, when my thoughts are left to follow their own bent I find them dwelling upon, lingering over, returning to, a face, which though no artist on beholding, would be led to exclaim—

“A face to lose youth for, occupy age
With the dream of, meet death with,”

is yet in my opinion, a very pleasant and companionable face, one well suited to spend life with, which is after all what you want a wife for. This is not the painful problem—that comes on a step later. Supposing I was married, and blessed, as after most all men are, with children, how on earth shall I educate them to keep them out of Newgate? “Bolts and shackles!” as Sir Toby Belch exclaimed—the thought is bewildering. If I, educated on Watts's Hymns and the New Testament, am yet so hazy on moral points and distinctions, which can hardly be described as nice, such as paying my bills, using profane language, going to Church, and the like, my son, brought up on Walter Scott and George Eliot, and the writers of his own day, will surely never pay his bills at all, his oaths will be atrocious, and he will die incapable of telling the nave from the transept—and how I am to teach him better I really do not see. The old *régime* was particularly strong on this point; and if one could only

bring one's conscience to it, the difficulty is at an end, and the education of children, so long at any rate as they are in the nursery or the schoolroom, goes forward quite easily and naturally.

If anybody has had the patience to wade so far in my company, he will probably here exclaim, “My dear sir, you must have been abominably educated yourself;” and though I don't altogether deny the statement, I can't allow it to pass unchallenged. I remember at school a boy, whom it happened to be the fashion of the day to torment, bearing with a wonderful patience the jeers and witticisms of half a score of his companions, until one of them made some remark, boldly reflecting upon the character of the boy's father, whereupon he at once, clenching his puny fist, bravely advanced upon the last speaker, exclaiming, “You may insult me as much as you like, but you shan't insult my parents.” So, in my case, you may call me as many hard names as you like, but you mustn't blame anybody else, but the Time-spirit—if the Time-spirit is a body—(and really, body or no body, it is the fashion now to speak of it as if it were the most potent of beings, dwelling far above argument or analogy). I had what is called every advantage. Religion was presented to me in its most pleasing aspect, living illustrations of its power and virtuous effects moved around me, my taste was carefully guarded from vitiating influences. Our house was crowded with books, all of which were left open to us, because there were none that could harm us; money, which was far from plentiful, was lavished on education and books, and on these alone. How on earth did the Time-spirit enter into that happy Christian home? Had it not done so, I might now have been living in the Eden of Belief, and spending my days “bottling moonshine,” like the rest of my brethren. But enter it did, and from almost the very first it subtly mixed itself with all spiritual observances, which, though it did not then venture to attack, it yet awaited to

neutralize. No! my education was a very costly one; even in point of money a family might be decently maintained on the interest of the sum that has been thus expended, and in point of time too it was remarkable.

And yet I have advantages over some men, I know, upon whom the Time-spirit has worked even more disastrously, for they don't know what they like or want. Now I do. The things I am fondest of, bar two or three human things, are money and poetry—the first, not of course for its own sake—who ever heard of any one admitting that he liked money for its own sake? And as I always spend more money than I have got (my Catholic taste in books is so expensive) it can't be said that I am likely to grow a miser. Neither is

money a necessary condition to my happiness—not at all; but it is for all that the motive power that causes me to exert myself in my daily work. I work for money. That is my prose. I find in my second love my poetry of life, and I think it is this love that keeps my life sweet, and makes me a favourite with children and with dogs. Who can exaggerate the blessings showered upon Englishmen by their poets:—

“They create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence.”

“Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley were with us.”

What names! what exhaustless wealth!
A Golden Treasury indeed—where what
heart I have got lies stored.

REQUIESCIT.

“Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!”

Hamlet, Act v. Scene 2.

O NOBLE heart! full heavy on thee lay
Life's grievous burden; for thy soul was fair,
And found but foulness in this earthly air;
For freedom found a varnished slavery,
Falsehood for truth, and seeming for to be.
Yet didst thou struggle on, though worn with care,
And ever strong enticements to despair,
In darkness, yet still bent the way to see.
And now, the striving over, there is peace;
For thee are no more “questions”; not again
Shalt thou wail out for respite from the pain
Of this world's “uses”; where the mean-souled cease
From troubling, thou shalt haven, spirit blest,
And “flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

J. W. HALES.

THE ESTHONIAN HERCULES.

IN one of the well-known "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution in the year 1861, Professor Max Müller made a comparison between the "Kalewala," the national epic of the Finns, and the *Iliad* of the Greeks. "A Finn," he says, "is not a Greek, and Wainomoinen was not a Homer; but if the poet may take his colours from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, 'Kalewala' possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Iliad*, and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the Ionian songs, with the *Mahábhárata*, the *Shahnámeh*, and the *Nibelunge*."

Forty years before, the fact was unknown that the Finns had any epic poetry whatever. While Finland was connected with Sweden, the nationality of the people was obscured; but when it fell under the dominion of Russia, its new rulers found it expedient to break off old associations by encouraging the Finns to remember and make known that they belonged to a race that had nothing in common with the Teutons of Scandinavia. In 1821, under the Russian auspices, the first attempt, on a larger scale, to collect the songs of Finland was made by Topelius and Lönnrot; but in these there was very little of an epic character; and as late as 1818, C. H. von Schröter, who published a collection of Finnish Rimes in the original, with a German translation, and extolled the poetic genius of the Finns, doubted whether it had ever extended to the creation of epic poetry. To ascertain whether this was the case or not was a later labour of Lönnrot and scholars of kindred tastes, who, with the assistance of the Finnish literary society of Helsingfors, travelled through Finland, with the view of studying the traditions of

the people. The result of the investigation was, that Lönnrot collected upwards of thirty-two poems, all referring to the gods and heroes of the old heathen times, and consequently affording material for the study of the Finnish mythology formerly unknown. These, to the best of his ability—following the precedent of the Greek editors, who, according to the Wolfian theory, constructed the *Iliad*—he arranged into one consistent whole, which he published with the title "Kalewala" (Carelia), the name of the portion of Finland to which the heroes of the story more especially belong. The work was translated into Swedish by Castrén, now famed as a Finnish scholar; and the importance of a discovery which made known an unexplored department of folk-lore was warmly acknowledged by Jacob Grimm. In 1849, a second edition of the poem, with large editions, was published by Lönnrot; and on this was based the German translation made by Schiefner, with the assistance of Castrén, which was published at Helsingfors in 1852.

The myths of Finland can now be studied with as much facility as those of Greece or Scandinavia; indeed, Castrén has written a book containing a systematic description of Finnish mythology.

By the side of the "Kalewala," though not polished up to the same degree of perfection, stands the "Kalewipoeg" (son of Kalew), professedly the national epic of Esthonia, which is inhabited by a race kindred to that of the Finns, and lies, we need scarcely say, on the opposite side of the Gulf of Finland. The popular songs of which this is composed, and which, seventy years ago, were sung by the Esthonians, were collected and arranged by T. R. Kreuzwald, and published with a metrical German translation by Carl Rhenthal, forming an epic

about 19,000 lines in length. The poem abounds in local references; but scholars incline to the belief that it had its origin on the northern side of the Gulf, and was adapted by the Esthonian bards to the situation in which they were placed. At all events, the "Kalewipoeg" is totally distinct from the "Kalewala," both in its subject and in its tendency. In the Finnish epic, the ruling power is magic, chiefly exercised to promote the arts of peace; and the hero, Wainomoinen, corresponds to the Apollo, Prometheus, and Triptolemus of the Greeks. Kalewipoeg, the hero of the Esthonian epic, is likewise a promoter of civilization, and is not without magical gifts; but his chief attribute is physical strength, and we have therefore called him the "Esthonian Hercules."

During the past year, the substance of the Esthonian tradition has been given to the world in a condensed form by a Finnish scholar named C. C. Israel, who, acknowledging the merits of Kreuzwald, is of opinion that he has introduced much spurious matter into the original story. It is this last edition of the Kalewipoeg, of which we make use in the following narrative, which cannot fail to remind many readers of mythical Greece. A marvellous unity is apparent through all its fantastic ramifications, and the notion that guilt demands retribution is carried out with a consistency that renders Kalewipoeg not only a Hercules, but an *Œdipus*. Not to interrupt the story by explanations, we may remark here that the "Men of Iron," who bring the tale to a disastrous conclusion, are supposed to be the knights of the Teutonic order, who conquered Finland in the eleventh century.

Kalew came from the far north on the back of an eagle, and settled on the rocky shore of Wiros (Esthonia), where he established himself as king, and obtained the hand of Linda, a beautiful maiden, who, like Helen, had been hatched from an egg, and had previously rejected all other suitors, including the Sun and Moon. During the lifetime of

Kalew, Linda gave birth to two sons; but the one which most resembled him, and whom we shall henceforth call Kalewipoeg, was born after he was laid in his grave, where red flowers sprang from his cheeks and bluebells from his eyes.

Many wooers sought the hand of the fair maiden, but she was coy as of old; and her refusal especially offended a magician from Finland, who swore that he would be revenged. The absence of her three sons on a hunting expedition enabled him to carry out his intention, for he laid forcible hands upon Linda, and bore her to his ship. The gods, however, were moved by her cries for help, and changed her into a rock, which is still to be seen near Reval.

When the sons returned home, and noticed their mother's absence, they set up a shout that might be heard in the islands Dagö and Oesel, but, of course, received no answer. The youngest walked in the moonlight to the grave of his father, whom he wakened with a magic song, and who asked him why his rest was disturbed. Replies to the questions of Kalewipoeg were lazily and reluctantly given; but the youth heard that his mother had been carried off by a magician of Finland, and that to reach that country by sea he should be guided by the "Nail of Heaven"—that is to say, the North star.

Thus instructed, Kalewipoeg leaped into the sea, and swam due north towards Finland, till he came to an island, where he stopped, with the intention of sleeping there. Soon he heard a song sung by a female voice, and answered it in a corresponding strain. The singer approached him, and they sat together on the shore till break of day, when they were found by the maiden's father, who called the hero by his name. No sooner had she heard it than she uttered a wild shriek, and sprang into the water. Kalewipoeg having vainly endeavoured to save her, swam further north, hearing in the far distance the wailing of the bereaved father. After swimming for a whole day without rest, he reached the rocky shore of Finland, where he refreshed himself with a long

sleep, and then set off, crossing hill and plain in search of the magician. At last he found a house in the valley, and, peeping over the wall, saw the conjuror asleep in the garden. Hereupon he cut down an oak, which he fashioned into a club, and strode towards the marauder, who at once awoke, and taking from his pocket a handful of feathers, blew them into the air, thus converting them into a troop of men. They at once attacked Kalewipoeg, who, however, despatched them all; and the terrified magician, hoping to obtain forgiveness, confessed that Linda was still in Wiros. He would have proceeded further, but the hero, blind with rage, dashed out his brains with the oak.

Giving no credence to the magician's words, Kalewipoeg sought his mother in every direction, and, not being able to find her, made up his mind to return home, after he obtained a sword from the noted smith of Finland, whose fame had spread through all lands. He understood the language of birds, and overheard an eagle saying that he ought to direct his course westwards. Following in the prescribed direction, he arrived at a smithy, where an old man and three young ones were hard at work. The old smith, raising his cap, asked what he required, and was told that he wanted a good sword, the temper of which he would test. A bundle of weapons was accordingly produced, but they were all shivered in turn when Kalewipoeg struck them on the anvil. Another sword, so large that two were required to carry it, was then brought, and with this he indeed split the anvil; but, as the edge was notched, he was not yet satisfied. At last the smith bethought himself of a mighty sword which father Kalew had bespoke before he died; but he named as its price three shields filled with red gold, twenty cows with their calves, twenty horses, and a couple of ships, well freighted with wheat and rye. This sword stood the required test, for it clave the anvil through without receiving a notch; and the old smith celebrated the success with a feast on the greensward, which lasted

for some days, and at which much—too much—mead was drunk.

"When the mead is in, the wit is out;" and Kalewipoeg began to talk about his passage across the Gulf of Finland, and his adventure with the Island Maiden. The story proved unlucky, for the smith's eldest son declared that the hero was the murderer of his betrothed. This observation was resented by Kalewipoeg, and a general uproar ensued, which the hero brought to a sudden stop by striking off the youngster's head with the irresistible sword. The father and the two surviving sons wept bitterly, and would have revenged themselves on the hero, but Kalewipoeg was too strong for them, and departed in safety, followed by a curse uttered by the old smith, who called upon the sword defiled by murder to perform the work of retribution in due season.

On his way back to Wiros, Kalewipoeg found on the Finland coast the boat which had belonged to the dead magician. This he at once unmoored, and, as he was rowing himself across the gulf, he found himself unexpectedly near the island where he had met with the unhappy songstress. Moodily he put down his oars, and looked uneasily at the sword which lay across the boat, while a weird song, which seemed to him to rise from the water, reminded him that he was guilty of two deaths, and warned him against the sword as an instrument of retribution. And a similar warning was repeated when he reached the opposite coast, and noted a rock which he had not perceived before, and which, no doubt, was the transformed Linda.

When he had reached home his two brothers were delighted to see him, and to hear the story of his adventures, from which he judiciously omitted all that referred to the Island Maiden and the young smith. On the following day they consulted together, observing that Wiros had been without a king ever since the death of their father Kalew, and that one of them ought to occupy the throne. Soon it was agreed that he

who could throw a stone the farthest should be the selected; and in the trial of address and strength, which took place on the border of a lake, Kalewipoeg proved victorious. Nothing like envy or ill-feeling was manifested on the occasion. The elder brothers simply congratulated the younger on his good fortune, and took leave of him for ever.

One day, Kalewipoeg sat down on a stone by the shore, when, after meditating a while, he threw a piece of silver into the sea as an offering to the water god. He then proceeded to the hill dedicated to Taara (the supreme deity in Esthonian mythology), and surveyed the lakes with which his domain glittered in all directions, the broad pastures, and the dark forests of fir. Suddenly, an old man, with a long, white beard, stood before him, and warned him that his strong hand had not been created for the sword alone, but also for the plough, and that it was his duty to fertilize and drain his barren, marshy land. The death of the young smith was not unknown to the mysterious counsellor, who, when he had uttered the additional warning, "He who has reddened the green grass should beware of his own sword," dissolved himself into a mist and vanished.

Agriculture had previously been unknown in Wiro, but Kalewipoeg, convinced that he had been addressed by Taara himself, ordered a plough to be made, of such huge dimensions, that he alone could direct it, and fitted to a horse, the equal to which in size or strength was never before or since seen in the land. Thus armed, he drained the marshes, and rendered the plains arable. Once, while he was resting from his arduous toil, a messenger came up to him, and told him that the country was threatened by strange invaders, who were approaching the shore in boats. The king, however, was not to be interrupted in the work of peace. His subjects would be able to repel the foe, and not until they had failed would he quit the plough and return to the use of the sword.

The messenger, leaving the king, returned whence he had come, and first

met an old raven, who hacked a tree with his beak, and seemed to scent a future field of battle. Next, as he passed through a forest, he encountered a hungry wolf. Then, on a heath, he saw an emaciated form, who was Famine in person; then the embodied Pestilence. Thus warned against the horrors of war, he refrained from executing his mission, and whispered his order into the reeds on the edge of a pool. The waters absorbed it; the fish fled in terror; and of the threatened war no more was heard. This allegorical episode, which seems so little in harmony with the rest of the story, will remind some readers of myths that lie beyond the precincts of Esthonian tradition.

In the meanwhile, Kalewipoeg was alarmed by an ominous dream. He saw his mother in the far distance, but could not approach her, as a gory head, which he was unable to pass, lay in his path. His horse, too, was torn to pieces by wild beasts. When he awoke, he found that the latter part of his dream was literally true; for the mangled remains of the gigantic horse were before him. In his wrath he snatched up his sword, cleared the woods, and slew many bears and wolves. Where the blood of the horse had flowed, it formed itself into a marsh; the hairs of the mane were converted into reeds; those of the tail into hazel-bushes; and the loins into hills, which are shown at the present day. Kalewipoeg now thought that he had worked sufficiently at the plough, and would again wander in search of his mother. But the remembrance of the young smith weighed heavily on his heart.

While roaming about, Kalewipoeg was joined by his cousin Alewipoeg (the son of Alew), who had with him many attendants. The latter, by means of a crafty device, in which Kalewipoeg had scarcely any part, succeeded in defrauding a river-fiend of a vast treasure. Of this the hero craved a portion sufficient to pay the debt due to the old smith of Finland, as the price of his sword. Alewipoeg complied with the request, and sailed for Finland in search of the

smith, leaving the rest of the treasure to the care of Kalewipoeg, who buried it deep under ground, and covered it with a rock.

Reflecting on the duties of his position, Kalewipoeg thought he would do a good act if he built four cities, as places of shelter for the old and the feeble; for he feared that, although he had sent Alewipoeg to pay his debt, the old smith would some day come with a mighty force to avenge the death of his son. With this end in view, he proceeded to Pleskau, which lies in a southeasterly direction by the great lake Peipus, and there purchased a quantity of building timber, sufficient to load three ships, which he carried back as far as the eastern bank. As no vessel was to be seen, he began to ford the lake; and on his way was watched by a noted magician, who peeped at him through a bush, and uttered words of power, which soon raised a violent storm. Kalewipoeg, knowing that the conflict of wind and water had not been produced by natural means, drew his sword, and looked towards the hedge, whereupon the magician, in terror, slunk back at a word, and the lake was again calm. The hero crossed with his load, and laid himself down to sleep on the grassy bank, with his face turned to the East, that the rising sun might awaken him, and with his sword by his side. The sound of his snoring reached the ears of the magician, who, creeping from his hiding-place, approached the sleeping hero, and endeavoured to steal his sword, but found it heavy beyond his strength. At last, through the effect of powerful charms, the sword raised itself, and the magician, though still with difficulty, dragged it away. As he was about to cross a stream, a fair water-nixie cast a longing look at the sword, and it fell to the bottom of it, beyond the reach of all powers of magic. Kalewipoeg, missing his weapon when he awoke, proceeded to the stream, and saw it shining in the waters. Strange to say, it sung to him a farewell song, warning him against the consequences of the crime in which it had been the instru-

ment. On his way homeward, Kalewipoeg, with a pine-tree for a club, encountered the magician's two sons, who fought with long whips, to the end of which millstones were suspended. With his left hand he held the load of timber, while he brandished the club with his right; and when this broke, he took one of the huge planks for a weapon. The blows which he dealt with the flat side of the plank did not prove sufficient, and he would now have been overpowered, had not a faint little voice cried out from a neighbouring bush, "With the edge—the edge!" He followed the advice, struck with the edge of the plank, and his adversaries fled howling. He now thought of his unknown benefactor, and asked him to show himself; and on the small voice representing that its owner was not fit to appear, inasmuch as he had no clothes, tore off a piece of his furry garb, and flung it into the bush. The little hidden man put it on, and became—the first hedgehog.

Kalewipoeg now chose a safer spot for a resting-place, and with stones and sand built for himself a dry hill in the middle of a marsh. He did not, however escape the notice of the magician, who crossed the water while he was asleep, and placed under his head a bundle of soporific draughts, so potent, that although, as usual, he lay with his head towards the East, he was not awakened by the rising sun. Long did he remain in this state of magical slumber, but when the day arrived when the usual feast was to be held on Taara's hill, Alewipoeg (who had returned from Finland) and Olewipoeg, (son of the skilful builder, Olew), were among the visitors. They greatly missed the lost ruler, whose might was the more requisite, as Wiro was threatened with an invasion by the "Iron men."

A general search was consequently made for the lost king, but the spell which bound him was in the meanwhile broken by a strange dream. He thought that he was in the smithy of Ilmarinen (the Vulcan of the mythology, who plays an important part in the "Kalewala"), where seven workmen were employed

in making him a sword. Suddenly, a black-haired youth, with pale cheeks, and the mark of dried blood about his throat, stepped in, and asked the workmen why they fashioned a sword for a murderer. "The robber smote me," he said, "with another sword, which I made for him, and this deadly wound is the reward of my labour." The infuriated Kalewipoeg endeavoured to answer his accuser, and in his violence he broke the charm, and awoke.

He now walked on till he came to a dense forest, where he sat under a birch-tree, and by virtue of his especial gift heard and understood the conversation of seven magpies, who chattered over his head. One said: "There he sits at his ease, while his subjects are toiling after him." The second retorted, "He does not know how long he has slept, or he would soon hasten home." The third remarked, "In Sarwik's house he would find gold and silver more than his shoulders could carry." "He has sought his mother in vain," observed the fourth; "if he were wise he would go to the world's end." "Ay," said the fifth, "but the spirits of the northern light would set his ship on fire." "Then let him travel in a ship of silver," retorted the sixth. The seventh concluded, "The wisest thing he could do would be to avoid the spells of that smith's son."

Kalewipoeg now made the best of his way home, where he sat moodily before his own door, thinking how lonely the spot looked without his lost mother, when a man came up who represented to him that he was Olewipoeg, a skilled builder like his father, and that he proposed to build a royal castle and a strong town for the people. Kalewipoeg gave the stranger a hearty welcome, and requested to see the site of the proposed buildings, whereupon Olewipoeg, calling upon Taara, scattered some shavings among a heap of ants, who travelled about with them on their backs, and thus traced the plan of the town. The materials must be supplied by Kalewipoeg himself, for he alone could face the evil beings who haunted the forest of

Peipus. Again he visited the noted spot, and brought home a load of timber, and with this, and some huge stones that the king had torn out of the earth, Olewipoeg was still building when Kalewipoeg departed in search of more.

When he was on his return again, laden with planks, Kalewipoeg came to a fire in front of a cavern, over which a kettle was suspended, while round it squatted three hunchbacks of frightful aspect. In reply to his question, what they were doing, they said that they were cooking bear's liver and wolf's fat for Sarwick, and, recollecting how Sarwick's house had been mentioned by the magpie, he expressed a desire to see it. The monsters scornfully warned him that he would simply enter a mouse-trap, but nevertheless he boldly strode into the cavern, where he found himself enveloped in impenetrable darkness. After wandering through a passage, which became narrower and narrower, he at length reached a spacious hall, lit by a lamp suspended on an iron chain. There was also a door, firmly closed, on each side of which stood a large vessel, one filled with a black, the other with a white liquor; and behind this he could hear the sound of a spinning-wheel, and the voice of a woman bewailing in a song her desolate condition. He sang in reply, and was told that Sarwick was from home, and that he should dip his hand into the black liquor. By so doing he acquired so much strength that he burst open the door. The vocal spinster, who was exceedingly beautiful, was terrified by his gigantic form, and snatching from the wall a hat composed of human nails, placed it on her head, whereby she became gigantic likewise. Kalewipoeg, removing the hat, placed it on his own head, and thus reduced himself to the dimensions of an ordinary mortal; and his example was followed by the giantess. Presently she called in her sisters, of whom one was employed in polishing silver, the other in tending geese; and, highly delighted with their visitor, they showed him the wonders of the place, conducting him successively through halls of iron, copper, and silver,

till at last they came to one of gold, in which stood Sarwick's golden bed, and before it a golden table, upon which were two goblets. Apparently they were both filled with the same liquor; but that on the right had the power of increasing strength tenfold, while the other had the power of diminishing it. All the furniture was of gold, and Kalewipoeg bethought himself of the words of the magpie.

He now asked his fair companion to tell him something about the mysterious Sarwick, and learned that he had seven worlds at his command, and ruled over the dead, who, for nine days in every year, were allowed to revisit the spot which they had inhabited while on earth, and, when the proper time, called the "Soul-season," arrived, passed through a gate situated at the end of the world, on the western coast of the Isle of Sparks. The communicative damsels had been carried off by Sarwick's emissaries while they were playing in the fields, and were employed in spinning gold and polishing the halls and furniture. Taara, however, had blessed them with perpetual youth, and they hoped that, with the aid of the magical hat, and of a wand which hung against the door, Kalewipoeg would be able to rescue them from their captivity.

When the narrative had proceeded thus far, the hall began to resound with the heavy step of Sarwick; and although the damsels were terribly frightened, one of them took the precaution to change the places of the goblets on the table. On the entrance of the horned potentate, words of defiance were interchanged, and Kalewipoeg proposed that the difference between them should be settled by a wrestling-match. Sarwick agreed, and, to prepare himself for the conflict, took a heavy pull at the right-hand goblet, little suspecting that he thus diminished his strength. He likewise armed himself with a steel chain, which the eldest sister, by his command, reluctantly brought from the iron hall. The struggle had become so violent, that all the pillars in the hall were

shaken, when Kalewipoeg, by putting on the magical cap, increased his stature to a marvellous extent, and thrice snatched up, thrice cast down, his adversary: the last fling caused him to sink into the earth up to his hips. Kalewipoeg laid hold of the chain, in the hope of securing Sarwick, but the latter, shrinking almost into nothing, slipped out of sight, like a mouse into a hole. The conqueror now looked round in search of booty, and appropriated to himself a large sword, which Sarwick had hung upon a nail, filled a huge trough with as much silver and gold as twenty horses could carry, and, having seated the three damsels upon the pile of treasure, and put the cap on his weight, carried off the whole freight on his shoulders until he reached the entrance to the cave. The kettle remained, but the cooks were gone; and Kalewipoeg, much to the grief of the sisters, scornfully flung his cap into the fire.

At last they reached the hill where Olewipoeg was building the new city, and the ladies were at once provided with husbands, being respectively chosen by the sons of Alew, Sulew, and Olew. The houses were already finished, and a grand wedding-feast was prepared, at which Kalewipoeg declared that the new city should be called Lindanisa, in honour of his late mother, whom he was determined once more to seek. Any who pleased might follow him, and those who remained behind were to occupy themselves with building the city walls, under the temporary government of Olewipoeg.

Wise men had been invited from Finland, who stated that the world's end was to be found immediately under the polar star; but that it could not be reached in wooden ships. They therefore advised him to have a vessel of iron; but he recollected the words of the magpie, who had recommended a silver ship; so a silver ship was fashioned accordingly, and, on account of its swiftness, was called *Lenmok* (the Little Bird).

Well provisioned for a voyage, and laden with a party of warriors, headed by Kalewipoeg, his two cousins (Alew-

poeg and Salewipoeg), and the wise Finlander, whom he had made his friend, *Lennok* sailed merrily off for Finland, but the magician on the coast raised such a storm, that at the end of a week they found themselves in a completely strange country; and one of the seers overheard a raven expressing to another his wonder at the fools who hoped to find anything on the barren coast of Lapland. Now, in Lapland dwelt a wise man of high renown, named *Warrak*, and *Kalewipoeg*, his two cousins, and the seer landed to find him out. After much wandering, they saw a lonely house, at the door of which sat a girl, who was singing as she span, but fled into the house as soon as she perceived the strangers. Presently, *Warrak* made his appearance, and *Kalewipoeg* offered him a vast reward in gold and silver if he would join the expedition. The wise man at first refused, but when he saw that the ship was of silver, he granted the request. The voyage was renewed, and they were rescued from a maelstrom by a device of their new friend, who, with a rope baited with red cloth, caught a whale, which, endeavouring to free itself, towed the vessel out of the whirlpool. Now, advancing rapidly, they approached the Island of Sparks, and there beheld three mountains, one of which vomited fire, another smoke, and the third boiling water. Sailing further, they reached the land of the ice-giant, where an awful maiden was seated on her rock, and by the mere force of her breath drove the ship a league backwards. Sailing due north, they now came to a region where neither sun nor moon gave light, and all, save *Kalewipoeg*, were terrified when they saw the spirits of the Northern Light armed with golden shields and silver spears, and fighting with each other; but the hero, not knowing what fear was, shrewdly remarked that they ought to be rather obliged than otherwise to the warriors, who lightened the sky with their glittering weapons. Nay, with their kind assistance, he thought he was able to discover the coast where their voyage would end. Taking the direction which he indicated, they nearly

reached the world's border; and when they landed, they were encountered by some semi-human creatures, with bodies and tails like dogs, whom they dispersed with great slaughter. They then thought of reposing themselves, and, a fire being kindled, and a large kettle being well filled with viands brought from the *Lennok*, they all lay down and slept, with the exception of *Olewipoeg*, who officiated as cook, and prepared their meal.

While he was thus actively employed, he was accosted by an extremely diminutive dwarf, who had a golden bell suspended from his neck, and requested permission to take a sip of the savoury contents of the kettle. The modest request granted, the dwarf put his lips to the edge of the kettle, whereupon he at once became a giant, who reached the skies, and then vanished in a mist. The whole of the food had likewise disappeared. The kettle was replenished; and now, whilst the others slept, *Kalewipoeg* himself acted as cook. The dwarf returned with his former request, which was readily granted; but no sooner had he begun his sip than *Kalewipoeg* tore the bell from his neck and knocked him off the kettle with his finger. Immediately thunder roared, the earth shook, and the little monster vanished, leaving a dark mist behind him. The noise awoke the sleepers, but their leader told them to remain where they were, while he pursued the evil spirit.

Girded with his sword, and with the bell in his hand, *Kalewipoeg* plunged into the mist, and his comrades lost sight of him. When the air had become more clear, they perceived a large gate which, *Warrak* told them, led to *Sarwick's* abode, the Realm of Shades, and as they approached it they plainly heard the step of *Kalewipoeg*. After the lapse of a week, during which they had been alarmed by a violent storm, and had almost resolved to return home without their chief, *Kalewipoeg* reappeared from the cavern, laden with gold, and so weary, that when he lay down to rest, he slept for three days. When he awoke, the treasure was put on board by his

order, and they sailed homewards, with favourable winds and a smooth sea; but Kalewipoeg was sad, for he still thought of his mother.

His comrades having expressed a wish to hear his adventures in the Realm of Shades, he told them that, after entering the gate in the rock, he had descended through many dark passages, until suddenly all became light, and his progress was impeded by thousands of golden threads, woven together like cobwebs. When he had destroyed these with a mighty kick, they became more dense than before, and he nearly hurt his feet, till he was warned by a toad to ring the bell. When he had done this, the threads were dispersed; and by means of the same instrument, acting on the advice of a crab, he crossed a small brook, the further bank of which had previously receded, when he attempted a passage. Next, he had been attacked by a swarm of gnats which tormented him, but these foes also had been dispelled by the sound of the bell which a grasshopper had advised him to ring. He had now reached a stream of blazing pitch, which was the boundary of the Realm of Shades, and crossed it over an iron bridge, cutting down the guards who were posted there with his sword, so that they fell on both sides into the stream. Sarwick himself had witnessed the conflict, and had retreated behind lofty walls into his house; but Kalewipoeg had shattered the gate, and found himself in a vast hall, the only occupant of which was a woman, who sat at a wheel spinning golden threads, and in whom he recognized the face of his mother. Weeping, he had stretched his arms towards her, but she had avoided his embrace, and he was overwhelmed with grief; for he had now learned, for the first time, that she was not enchanted, but dead. She had, however, pointed to a bowl, the contents of which he had swallowed, and had thus so greatly increased his strength, that when Linda had shown him a door, he forcibly broke it open. He now saw Sarwick's mother, who told him that her son was from home; and, as he attempted to open

another door, he was attacked by thirty guards, who howled like wolves, but could not resist the might of his sword. Sarwick now appeared, and again there was a wrestling-match between him and the hero, who felt his strength fail him, when his mother soared over him in the air; and after waving her distaff, flung it to the ground. He understood her meaning, and, catching up Sarwick, whirled him violently round; and then, casting him down, bound the iron chain about his neck, hands, and feet. The end of the chain he passed through a large rock, fastening it down with a lock on the other side, so as to render escape impossible. Sarwick had offered him countless treasures if he would release him; but he paid no heed to his entreaties, and had only been too glad to return to the light of day. Thus ended the narrative of Kalewipoeg.

When the hero and his comrades had returned home, there was great joy in Lindanisa; and a feast was held which lasted a whole week, all believing that they would henceforward live in peace. But their joy was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who brought the bad news that the men of iron were approaching from the sea, armed with battle-axes and spears. All capable of bearing arms were summoned to Taara's Wood, and Kalewipoeg, assisted by his two cousins, buried his vast treasure under ground, so securing it by words of magic power, that it could never be removed, until by the light of the midsummer fire the child of a virgin mother sacrificed a black cock with two combs, a black cat, and a mole.

On the fifth day after Kalewipoeg had wound his horn, which had sounded all over Wiro and the neighbouring islands, all his warriors, pressing in from every side, met at the appointed spot. Three days afterwards, they took an eastern direction, and encountered the men of iron. A desperate fight ensued, and the enemy would have been destroyed by Kalewipoeg, had not his horse fallen beneath him, and thus brought the contest to a close. In another battle, the valiant Salewipoeg was slain; and, all being lost,

Kalewipoeg, with his other cousin and Olewipoeg, weary and parched with thirst, proceeded to a lake, where another misfortune befell them, for Alewipoeg fell into the water, and was drowned. His friends, though they could not save his life, drew his corpse from the lake, but helm and sword remained behind, and may still be seen glittering in the sun.

In mournful plight, Kalewipoeg sat by the lake, complaining to Olewipoeg of his desolate condition. Though it was the spring-tide of his life, he stood like a lonely tree. His friends and kinsmen were slain, his mother was in the Realm of Shades, and his days of happiness were ended for ever. Taking no pleasure in state, he confided his kingdom to Olewipoeg, and retired into a lonely forest, where he built himself a hut, and lived upon crabs and fishes. After he had passed a long time without beholding a human face, three men of iron came to him, and, with artful courtesy, requested him to join them, that his strength might be allied to their superior craft. With such a combination of powers they would be invincible. Turning his back upon them, and looking into the water, he saw, as in a mirror, that they were about to stab him in the back; so, seizing them one after another, he flung them down with such force, that the first sank into the earth up to his head, the second up to his chin, and the third disappeared altogether. A fourth presently arrived, who made the same request as the others. Kalewipoeg answered, that he would first fortify him-

self with a good meal, and told the man of iron to draw out of the water a pole which he had placed to catch crabs, and see if anything was to be found upon it. The stranger was unable to move it, but Kalewipoeg easily drew it forth; and at the end of it was a dead horse. "Tell the men of iron," he said, "that strength like that cannot endure slavery."

Once, in the course of his lonely wanderings, Kalewipoeg came unexpectedly to the brook at the bottom of which lay his fated sword. He did not recognize the spot, and as he was about to ford the stream, the sword remembered the task that had been imposed upon it by the smith of Finland, and, although reluctantly, cut off both the hero's feet when they were in the water. He fell back upon the bank, and uttered a shriek of pain, which reached to the highest heavens; but his body was soon lifeless, and his soul ascended to the hall of Taara.

The gods held council with a soul so illustrious. At last they bade it return to its body, and Kalewipoeg was appointed guard at the gate of the Shades, with the charge of preventing the escape of Sarwick. When he had reached his post by a private path, a voice ordered him to strike the rock with his fist. He did so, and his hand remained fixed in the fissure which he had made. There he still stands, and when he tries to extricate himself, the sea rolls and the earth trembles. But at some time, it is said, he will be free; and then he will bring good days to Esthonia.

JOHN OXENFORD.

TWO ADDRESSES BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

I.—JOHN BUNYAN.¹

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where was a den." These words have been translated into hundreds of languages, and hundreds and thousands in all parts of the world and all classes of mankind have asked, "Where was that place, and where was that den?" and the answer has been given that the name of the "place" was Bedford, and that the "den" was Bedford gaol.² This it is which has given to the town of Bedford its chief—may I say, without offence, its only title to universal and everlasting fame. It is now two hundred years ago since Bunyan must have resolved on the great venture—so it seemed to him—of publishing the work which has given to Bedford this immortal renown; and Bedford is this day endeavouring to pay back some part of the debt which it owes to him.

It has seemed to me that I should best discharge the trust with which I have been honoured—and a very high honour I consider it to be—by saying a few words, first on the local, then on the ecclesiastical and political circumstances, and then on the universal character of your illustrious townsman.

1. I shall not, in speaking of the local claims of Bunyan, surrender without a struggle the share which England at large has in those claims. Something of a national, something even of a cos-

mopolitan colour, was given to his career by the wandering gipsy life which drew the tinker with his humble wares from his brazier's shop, as well as by the more serious circuits which he made as an itinerant pastor on what were regarded as his episcopal visitations. When I leave Bedford this evening in order to go to Leicester, I shall still be on the track of the young soldier, who, whether in the Royal or the Parliamentary army—for it is still matter of dispute—so narrowly escaped the shot which laid his comrade low; and from the siege of its ancient walls gathered the imagery for the "Holy War" and the "Siege of Mansoul." When it was my lot years ago to explore the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, I was tempted to lend a willing ear to the ingenious officer on the Ordnance Survey, who conjectured that in that devious pathway and on those Surrey downs the Pilgrim of the seventeenth century may have caught the idea of the Hill Difficulty and the Delectable Mountains. On the familiar banks of the Kennett at Reading I recognize the scenes to which tradition has assigned his secret visits, disguised in the slouched hat, white smock frock, and carter's whip of a waggoner, as well as the last charitable enterprise which cost him his life. In the great Babylon of London I find myself in the midst of what must have given him his notion of Vanity Fair; where also, as the Mayor has reminded you, he attracted thousands round his pulpit at Zoar Chapel in Southwark, and where he rests at last in the grave of his host, the grocer Strudwick, in the cemetery of Bunhill Fields.

But none of these places can compete for closeness of association with his birthplace at Elstow. The cottage, or what might have been the cottage of his early home—the venerable church where first he joined in the prayers of our public worship—the antique pew where

¹ This address was delivered at Bedford on Wednesday, June 10, 1874, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of Bunyan.

² "As it has been questioned whether the 'Den,' at the beginning of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' means the gaol at Bedford, the following note may not be without interest:—The second edition, London, 1678, has no marginal note on the passage. The third edition, London, 1679, has as a note 'the gaol.' This was published in Bunyan's lifetime, and is, therefore, an authority. In the same edition there is a portrait in which Bunyan is represented as reclining and asleep over a den, in which there is a lion, with a portcullis."—*Notes and Queries*, June 20, 1874.

he sat—the massive tower whose bells he so lustily rang till struck by the pangs of a morbid conscience,—the village green where he played his rustic games and was haunted by his terrific visions,—the puddles in the road, on which he thought to try his first miracles—all these are still with us. And even Elstow can hardly rival the den,—whether the legendary prison on the bridge or the historical prison not far from where his monument stands,—for which the whole world inquiringly turns to Bedford. Most fitting, therefore, has it been that the first statue erected to the memory of the most illustrious citizen of Bedford should have been the offering of the noble head of the illustrious house to which Bedford has given its chief title. Most fitting it is that St. Peter's Green at Bedford should in this way—if I may use an expression I have myself elsewhere employed—have been annexed to the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and should contain the one effigy which England possesses of the first of human allegorists. Claim him, citizens of Bedford and inhabitants of Bedfordshire; claim him as your own. It is the strength of a county and of a town to have its famous men held in everlasting remembrance. They are the links by which you are bound to the history of your country, and by which the whole consciousness of a great nation is bound together. In your Bedfordshire lanes he doubtless found the original of his "Slough of Despond." In the halls and gardens of Wrest, of Haynes, and Woburn, he may have snatched the first glimpses of his "House Beautiful." In the turbid waters of your Ouse at flood time he saw the likeness of the "River very deep," which had to be crossed before reaching the Celestial City. You have become immortal through him; see that his glory never fades away amongst you.

2. And here this local connection passes into an ecclesiastical association on which I would dwell for a few moments. If Elstow was the natural birthplace of Bunyan, he himself would certainly have named as his spiritual

birthplace the meeting-house at Bedford and the stream of the Ouse, near the corner of Duck Mill Lane, where he was in middle life re-baptized. There, and in those dells of Wainwood and Samsell, where in the hard times he secretly ministered to his scattered flock, he became the most famous preacher of the religious communion which claims him as its own. The Baptist or Anabaptist Church, which once struck terror by its very name throughout the states of Europe, now, and even in Bunyan's time, subsiding into a quiet, loyal, peaceful, community, has numbered on its roll many illustrious names—a Havelock amongst its soldiers, a Carey and a Marshman among its missionaries, a Robert Hall among its preachers, and I speak now only of the dead. But neither amongst the dead nor the living who have adorned the Baptist name is there any before whom other churches bow their heads so reverently as he who in this place derived his chief spiritual inspirations from them; and amongst their titles to a high place in English Christendom, the conversion of John Bunyan is their chief and sufficient guarantee. We ministers and members of the National Church have much whereof to glory. We boast, and we justly boast, that one of our claims on the grateful affection of our country is that our institutions, our learning, our liturgy, our version of the Bible, have sustained and enlarged the general culture even of those who dissent from much that we teach and from much that we hold dear. But we know that even this boast is not ours exclusively. You remember Lord Macaulay's saying that the seventeenth century produced in England two men only of original genius. These were both Nonconformists—one was John Milton, and the other was John Bunyan. I will venture to add this yet further remark, that the whole of English literature has produced only two prose works of universal popularity, and both of these also were by Nonconformists—one is the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and it is called "Robinson Crusoe;" and the other is

the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name is the "Pilgrim's Progress." Every time that we open those well-known pages, or look at that memorable face, they remind us Churchmen that Nonconformists have their own splendid literature; they remind you Nonconformists that literature and culture are channels of grace no less spiritual than sacraments or doctrines, than preaching or revivals. There were many Bishops eminent for their piety and learning in the seventeenth century; but few were more deserving of the name than he who by the popular voice of Bedfordshire was called Bishop Bunyan.

3. And now, having rendered honour to whom honour is due—honour to the town of Bedford, and honour to my Nonconformist brethren,—let me take that somewhat wider survey to which, as I have said, this occasion invites me; only let me, before entering on that survey, touch for an instant on the contrast which is presented by the recollections of which we have just been speaking, and the occasion which brings us here together. There are certain places which we pass by in the valley of life, like to that which the Pilgrim saw, in which two giants dwelt of old time, "who," he says, "were either dead many a day, or else, by reason of age, have grown so crazy and stiff in their joints that they now do little more than sit at their cave's mouth grinning at pilgrims as they go by." It is at such a cave's mouth that we are to-day. We see at the long distance of two hundred years, a giant who, in Bunyan's time, was very stout and hearty. What shall we call him? His name was Old Intolerance, that giant who first, under the Commonwealth, in the shape of the Presbyterian clergy, could not bear with "the preaching of an illiterate tinker and an unordained minister," and then, in the shape of the Episcopal clergy, shut him up for twelve years in Bedford gaol. All this is gone for ever. —But let us not rejoice prematurely: the old giant is still alive. He may be seen in many shapes, on all sides,

and with many voices. "The spirit of burning and the spirit of judgment" have not, as some lament, altogether departed either from Churchmen or from Nonconformists. But his joints are very stiff and crazy; and when on this day the clergy and the magistrates of Bedford are seen rejoicing in common with their Dissenting brethren, at the inauguration of a memorial of him who once suffered at the hands of all their spiritual forefathers, it is a proof that the world has at least, in this respect, become a little more Christian, because a little more charitable and a little more enlightened—a little more capable of seeing the inward good behind outward differences.

An excellent and laborious Nonconformist, who devoted his life to the elucidation of the times and works of Bunyan, describes, with just indignation, the persecuting law of Charles II., under which John Bunyan was imprisoned, and he then adds, "This is now the law of the land we live in." No, my good Nonconformist brother, no, thank God! it is not now, nor has for many a long year, been in force amongst us. In the very year in which John Bunyan died, that Revolution took place to which, when compared with all the numerous revolutions which have since swept over other countries, may be well accorded the good old name "Glorious," and of which one of the most glorious fruits was the Toleration Act, by which such cruelties and follies as the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts became thenceforth and for ever impossible. That Act was, no doubt, only the first imperfect beginning; we have still, even now, all of us much to learn in this respect. But we have gained something; and this day is another pledge of the victory of the Christian faith, another nail knocked into the coffin of our ancient enemy. It required a union of many forces to effect the change. If it was Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, that befriended John Bunyan in prison, it was Whitehead, the Quaker, whom, in his earlier days, Bunyan regarded as a heathen and an outcast, that opened for him the doors

of Bedford gaol; and those doors were kept open by the wise King William III., by the Whig statesmen and Whig prelates of the day, and not least, by the great house of Russell, who, having protected the oppressed Non-conformists in the days of their trial, have in each succeeding generation opened the gates of the prison-house of prejudice and intolerance wider and wider still. Let it be our endeavour to see that they are not closed again either in Bedford or anywhere else.

4. Thus much I have felt constrained to say by the circumstances, local, ecclesiastical, and political, of this celebration. But I now enter on those points for which chiefly, no doubt, I have been asked to address you, and from which alone this monument has acquired its national importance. The hero of Elstow was great, the preacher in the Baptist meeting-house of Bedford was greater, but, beyond all comparison, greater was the dear teacher of the childhood of each of us, the creator of those characters whose names and faces are familiar to the whole world, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." And when I speak to you of Bunyan in this his world-wide aspect, I speak to you no longer as a stranger to the men of Bedford, but as an Englishman to Englishmen; no longer as a Churchman to Dissenters, but as a Christian to Christians, and as a man to men throughout the world. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" we have his best self—as superior to his own inferior self as to his contemporaries. It is one of the peculiar delights of that charming volume that when we open it all questions of Conformity or Nonconformity, of Baptists or Pædobaptists, even of Catholic and Protestant, are left far behind. It is one of the few books which acts as a religious bond to the whole of English Christendom. It is, perhaps, with six others, and equally with any of those six, the book which, after the English Bible, has contributed to the common religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is one of the few books, perhaps almost the only English book, which has succeeded in identifying religious instruction with

entertainment and amusement both of old and young. It is one of the few books which has struck a chord which vibrates alike amongst the humblest peasants and amongst the most fastidious critics.

Let us pause for an instant to reflect how great a boon is conferred upon a nation by one such uniting element. How deeply extended is the power of sympathy, and the force of argument, when the preacher or the teacher knows that he can enforce his appeal by a name which, like that of an apostle or evangelist, comes home as with canonical weight to every one who hears him; by figures of speech which need only be touched in order to elicit an electric spark of understanding and satisfaction. And when we ask wherein this power consists, let me name three points.

First, it is because the "Pilgrim's Progress," as I have already indicated, is entirely catholic—that is, universal in its expression and its thoughts. I do not mean to say—it would be an exaggeration—that it contains no sentiments distasteful to this or that section of Christians, that it has not a certain tinge of the Calvinist or the Puritan. But what is remarkable is that this peculiar colour is so very slight. We know what was Bunyan's own passionate desire on this point. "I would be," he says, "as I hope I am, 'a Christian,' but as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independent, Presbyterian, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor Antioch, but from hell or Babylon." It was this universal charity that he expressed in his last sermon, "Dost thou see a soul that has the image of God in him? Love him, love him. This man and I must go to heaven one day. Love one another and do good for one another." It was this discriminating forbearance that he expressed in his account of the Interpreter's Garden. "Behold," he says, "the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, in colour, in smell, and in virtue; and some are better than some; also where the gardener has set them there they stand and quarrel not with

one another." There is no compromise in his words, there is no faltering in his convictions; but his love and admiration are reserved on the whole for that which all good men love, and his detestation on the whole is reserved for that which all good men detest. And if I may for a moment enter into detail, even in the very forms of his narrative, we find something as universal as his doctrine. Protestant, Puritan, Calvinist as he was, yet he did not fear to take the framework of his story and the figures of his drama, from the old mediæval Church, and the illustrations in which the modern editions of his book abound give us the pilgrim with his pilgrim's hat, the wayside cross, the crusading knight with his red-cross shield, the winged angels at the Celestial Gate, as naturally and as gracefully as though it had been a story from the "Golden Legend," or from the favourite romance of his early boyhood, "Sir Bevis of Southampton." Such a combination of Protestant ideas with Catholic forms had never been seen before, perhaps never since; it is in itself a union of Christendom in the best sense, to which neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Nonconformist can possibly demur. The form, the substance, the tendency of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in these respects may be called latitudinarian, but it is a latitudinarianism which was an indispensable condition for its influence throughout the world. By it, as has been well said by an admirable living authority¹ learned in all the learning of the Nonconformists, John Bunyan became the teacher, not of any particular sect, but of the universal Church.

Secondly, this wonderful book, with all its freedom, is never profane; with all its devotion, is rarely fanatical; with all its homeliness, is never vulgar. In other words, it is a work of pure art and true genius, and wherever these are we mount at once into a freer and loftier air. Bunyan was in this sense the Burns of England. On the tinker of Bedfordshire, as on the ploughman of

Ayrshire, the heavenly fire had been breathed which transformed the common clay, and made him a poet, a philosopher—may we not say a gentleman and a nobleman in spite of himself. "If you were to polish the style," says Coleridge, "you would destroy the reality of the vision." He dared (and it was, for one of his straitened school and scanty culture, an act of immense daring) to communicate his religious teaching in the form of fiction, dream, poetry. It is one of the most striking proofs of the superiority of literature over polemics, of poetry over prose, as a messenger of heavenly truth. "I have been better entertained and more informed," says Dean Swift, "by a few pages of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' than by a long discourse on the will and the intellect." "I have," says Arnold, "always been struck by its piety. I am now equally struck, and even more, by its profound wisdom." It might, perhaps, have been thought that Bunyan, with his rough and imperfect education, must have erred—as it may be he has sometimes erred—in defective appreciation of virtues and weaknesses not his own; but one prevailing characteristic of his work is the breadth and depth of his intellectual insight. For the sincere tremors of poor Mrs. Muchafraid he has as good a word of consolation as he has for the ardent aspirations of Faithful and Hopeful. For the dogmatic nonsense of Talkative he has a word of rebuke as strong as he has for the gloomy dungeons of Doubting Castle; and for the treasures of the past he has a feeling as tender and as pervasive as if he had been brought up in the cloisters of Oxford or Westminster Abbey.

When (if I may for a moment speak of myself) in early youth I lighted on the passage where the Pilgrim is taken to the House Beautiful to see "the pedigree of the Ancient of Days, and the rarities and histories of that place, both ancient and modern," I determined that if ever the time should arrive when I should become a professor of ecclesiastical history, these should be the opening words in which I would de-

¹ "Church of the Revolution," by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, p. 175.

scribe the treasures of that magnificent storehouse. Accordingly when, many years after, it so fell out, I could find no better mode of beginning my course at Oxford than by redeeming that early pledge; and when the course came to an end, and I wished to draw a picture of the prospects yet reserved for the future of Christendom, I found again that the best words I could supply were those in which, on leaving the Beautiful house, Christian was shown in the distance the view of the Delectable Mountains, "which, they said, would add to his comfort because they were nearer to the desired haven." What was my own experience in one special branch of knowledge may also be the experience of many others. And for the nation at large, all who appreciate the difficult necessity of refining the atmosphere and cultivating the taste of the uneducated and the half educated, may be thankful that in this instance there is a well of English language and of Christian thought, pure and undefiled, at which the least instructed and the best instructed may alike come to quench their mental thirst, and to refresh their intellectual labours.] On no other occasion could such a rustic assemblage have been seen taking part in the glorification of a literary work as we have witnessed this day in Bedford. That is a true education of the people—an education which we know not perhaps whether to call denominational or undenominational, but which is truly national, truly Christian, truly divine.

Lastly, there is the practical, homely, energetic insight into the heart of man, and the spiritual needs of human nature, which make his picture of the Pilgrim's heavenward road a living drama, not a dead disquisition, a thing to be imitated, not merely to be read. Look at John Bunyan himself as he stands before you, whether in the description of his own contemporaries or in the image now so skilfully carved amongst you by the hand of the sculptor. As surely as he walked your streets with his lofty, stalwart form, "tall of stature, strong boned, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old

British fashion, his hair reddish, but in his latter days sprinkled with grey, his nose well cut, his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest;" as surely also as he was known amongst his neighbours as "in countenance of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity unless occasion required it, observing never to boast of himself, but rather seeming low in his own eyes, and submitting himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, but loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all, with a sharp, quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of person, being of good judgment and quick wit;" as surely as he so seemed when he was alive, as surely as he was one of yourselves, a "man of the people," as you heard at St. Peter's Green this morning, a man of the people of England and the people of Bedford—so surely is the pilgrimage which he described the pilgrimage of every one amongst us, so surely are the combinations of the neighbours, the friends, the enemies whom he saw in his dream the same as we see in our actual lives. You and I, as well as he, have met with Mr. By-ends, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Talkative. Some of us, perhaps, may have seen Mr. Nogood and Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Hatelight and Mr. Implacable. All of us have at times been like Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Feeblemind, and Faintheart, and Noheart, and Slowpace, and Shortwind, and Sleepyhead, and "the young woman whose name was Dull." All of us need to be cheered by the help of Greatheart, and Stand-fast, and Valiant for the Truth, and good old Honest. Some of us have been in Doubting Castle, some in the Slough of Despond; some have experienced the temptations of Vanity Fair; all of us have to climb the Hill Difficulty; all of us need to be instructed by the Interpreter in the House Beautiful; all of us bear the same burden;

all of us need the same armour in our fight with Apollyon; all of us have to pass through the wicket gate; all of us have to pass through the dark river; and for all of us (if God so will) there wait the Shining Ones at the gates of the Celestial City, "which, when we see, we wish ourselves amongst them."

II.—ARNOLD AND RUGBY.¹

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to you on this occasion, when by chance I have been enabled to find myself here, "on a day which, to me, and to Rugby, must ever be dear, and which, though to many of you it carries no recollection, it is worth while to take this opportunity of impressing on your minds.

It is now thirty-two years ago, since on Sunday morning, the 12th of June, the most famous Headmaster of this school, to whom we all look back as its second founder, Thomas Arnold, was called away by a death, of which the sudden shock was felt through every part of the country, wherever a Rugby scholar happened to be, and which to those who were engaged in their work at that time in the school, whether as masters or as boys, gave the feeling as if the whole place were passed away with one who had been in every sense its head. If any of you wish to have recalled to your minds what were the feelings of Rugby boys at that moment, read again the last chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days." That admirable book gives you the best idea of what Arnold was to Rugby; and that chapter especially gives you the best notion of what his scholars thought and felt when they heard of his death. I myself had, as many of you know, been under his care for six years, which I still cherish as amongst the most precious of my life. The sermons, which I heard from his lips in this place are still, through the vicissitudes of an often stormy and eventful time, as fresh in my memory as when I first listened to them in

this chapel, with a mixture of admiration and delight which I cannot describe. The effect of his character, and the lessons of his teaching, have been the stimulus to whatever I may have been able to do in the forty years since I left school; and his words constantly come back to me as expressing better than anything else my hopes and fears for this life, and for the life to come.

I have said thus much to you that you may know why it is that I have obeyed your Headmaster's wishes, and ventured (though a stranger whom many of you perhaps never heard of or saw before) to say a few words that may serve to make you know what Arnold was. Let me speak first of his teaching, and then of himself.

Of his teaching. A very distinguished schoolfellow of mine said to me some time ago, "There are two words whose meaning we both learned from him—Religion and History."

Religion. What was it that Arnold told us of Religion? It was that Religion—the relation of the soul to God—depends on our own moral and spiritual characters. He made us understand that the only thing for which God supremely cares, the only thing that God supremely loves is goodness—that the only thing which is supremely hateful to God is wickedness. All other things are useful, admirable, beautiful in their several ways. All forms, ordinances, means of instruction, means of amusement, have their place in our lives. But Religion, the true Religion of Jesus Christ, consists in that which makes us wiser and better, more truthful, more loving, more tender, more considerate, more pure. Therefore, in his view, there was no place or time from which Religion is shut out—there is no place or time where we cannot be serving God by serving our fellow-creatures.

History. No doubt he taught us much beside. But History, past and present, was his favourite study; and he made us feel that the dead men of Greece and Rome, the departed times of England and France, were full of living interest. He made us understand that much that we call ancient

¹ This Address was delivered in the Chapel of Rugby School on Friday, June 12, 1874, an occasion of a passing visit.

was really modern, much that we call modern was really ancient. He made us feel that there was a sequence in the events of history, and that it was through the knowledge of the successive forms which goodness and truth can take at different times that Religion itself can best be understood. He taught us how great a thing it was to be Englishmen—citizens of the kingly commonwealth of England. He taught us the value of Law—that there is in all moral matters only one authority, and that is the law of God; and in all other matters only one authority, and that is the law of our country. He made us understand the greatness of Christianity by making us feel the grandeur of Europe and the magnificence of Christendom.

I have just briefly touched on these two main points of his teaching because the more you look at them as he looked at them, the more you will feel that they will bear all the weight of life, and all the sifting of inquiry. Many things which he said, no doubt, have been changed as times have changed, and knowledge has widened. But the essential spirit of his method remains still.

But most of all, we learned the meaning of those two words from himself. When we looked in his face, when we heard him speak from this pulpit, when we heard him in the Big School reading prayers, or heard him in the library teaching the Sixth Form, we saw that he was always acting, or trying to act, as in the presence of God, enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life because God had given them to him—turning away from everything base, or mean, or dishonourable because he knew that God abhorred it.

That we felt to be his religion. His presence made us also feel what history was. For we—any of us who could think at all—knew that he was like one of those great men of whom we read in history. We thought then, and, after having witnessed many famous events, and seen many famous men of our time, I think and know now, that he was one of the heroes of our age—one whom to have known and loved is an honour and a privilege, and

a responsibility which will last as long as life endures.

One word I will say in conclusion. I remember that on the Sunday after his death one of the lessons read in this chapel was that chapter where Samuel takes leave of his people, and says, "Behold, my sons are with you." I remember being deeply affected by those words. I thought then chiefly of his actual children—those sons and daughters who are all, save one, living still, who for the thirty-two years since his departure were gathered round their dear and venerable mother, who only last year departed to join the husband whom she had so loved. But I will now take these words in a larger sense. "Behold his sons are with us." We are indeed all of us here, and in many and many a place besides, "the sons of Arnold." Your teachers, though some of them never saw him—the two most distinguished Headmasters of this place, though they had seen him only as it were but for a moment—were in this sense his sons. They felt, and they feel, that much that was best and noblest within them and around them came from his example and his teaching. He who is now the Primate of the English Church, and he whose farewell words in this place four years and a half ago, I heard with a feeling that it was like hearing Arnold's voice again—are both the sons of Arnold. But you also—you, the youngest amongst you, you to whom the name of Arnold is of one who lived and died long, long ago—you also are, without knowing it, his children. Whatever there is good and inspiring and lofty and stimulating in this place, comes from him. You need not repeat his words, you need not share his opinions, you may perhaps never read his life, but so far as you sustain the honour of Rugby boys, setting to yourselves now and to your country afterwards, the examples of upright, generous, truthful boys, and afterwards of fearless, energetic, noble-minded Englishmen;—so far you are Christians in Arnold's spirit; so far you carry on to future days the glory of him who sleeps in the midst of this chapel, and whose memory is its best inheritance.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1874.

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAMAS.

By an odd, but not unprecedented caprice of opinion, the Parisian public have partially eschewed the more recent productions of the theatre, and turned to plays which have resisted the tests of time and persecution. Among these, Victor Hugo's pieces are the most dear to the hearts of managers. These dramas, which, previous to their production, met with the official ill-will of the interested, who feared—and with good reason—that the stage might be turned into an instrument of revolution; which too frequently encountered the hostility of the actors after running the gauntlet of the censors; which very often were systematically hissed off the stage by the stubborn adversaries of free expression; which would have been suppressed by the state if a cabal had not spared it the trouble—these dramas, proscribed for twenty years by the imperial *régime*, rise before the foot-lights as strong and vivacious as if they had been written for the occasion; and theatre-goers, *hommes du monde*, artists, journalists, and hardened disciples of M. Offenbach, who have long winced over the pale and unwholesome jokes of patchy vaudevilles, and drunk the vitriol of the operetta until they could scarcely help saying that Molière was a lugubrious buffoon beside Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy; all those, in fact, who greedily partook of such outrageous stuff while unconsciously being led to a great catastrophe, are there as spectators of these works of

No. 178.—VOL. XXX.

molten brass, which are of all time, because the passions they express are deeply human. "Ruy Blas" was revived last year, and held the stage of the Odéon for 150 nights—a greater success than when it was first produced; "Marion de Lorme," written in 1829, was lately attracting large and brilliant gatherings at the Comédie Française; La Porte Saint Martin, burnt down under the Commune, recently rose from its ashes with "Marie Tudor" for its inauguration. Whether it be owing to a transient fit of favour, or whether the Parisian public is still able to distinguish between the great and the small, Paris is infatuated with the Hugo *répertoire*; and when we bear in mind that at no time was the poet more attacked and ridiculed than at present, such partiality may perhaps be attributed to good taste rather than to caprice. The dramas of Victor Hugo are in every one's memory; and yet they draw infinitely more than even M. Alexandre Dumas's "first nights," and produce all the excitement and speculation attendant on famous *premières représentations*. To those who believe that France is beyond producing a good piece, a good book, or a good man, the Hugoite infatuation must afford some consolation, for it seems obvious, despite the eloquent declamations lately delivered in speech and print, that a people still open to admiration for masterpieces may be still capable of producing masters.

Opinions may vary, not on the merits

of M. Victor Hugo's dramas, but on their superiority over the plays of other distinguished contemporaries. It has been said, with some semblance of truth, that of all the departments of literature which the great poet has touched, the theatre is the weakest. We cannot say that the highest expression of his genius is revealed in the dramatic portion of his work; for it is scarcely possible to put anything above "*La Légende des Siècles*" and "*Les Rayons et les Ombres*;" but when the special subject here treated of is thus disparaged, its merits are only thrown into more striking relief. However inferior to himself Victor Hugo may be in his plays, these are, none the less, the first of the modern *répertoire*. They are therefore only to be judged on their own intrinsic merits, not as the unimportant productions of a man who wrote dramas in his leisure moments as an experiment.

The great superiority of these dramas—some in prose, as "*Angelo*" and "*Lucrece Borgia*," others cast in fine and pregnant verses, like "*Le Roi s'amuse*" and "*Ruy Blas*"—is principally obvious when they are submitted to the test of a comparison with the most successful plays of the time. Place M. Hugo's weakest drama beside the finest of M. Ponsard's, and the distance that separates the real from the conventional will at once be measured; do the same with the best productions of M. Octave Feuillet—a dramatist of no mean order—and we see the superiority of a writer who treats human passions, over one who gives a fair superficial tracing of the transient manners of a portion of society. The only safe manner of estimating dramatic creations at their real value is to examine whether they are and will be of all time. If a play appears at all out of fashion—*démodée*—it may fairly be judged inferior, because it has gone little more than skin deep in the reproduction of human sentiments, and is doomed to pass because it pictures things that pass. Otherwise, there is no reason why the reputation of Scudéry should not have transcended that of Corneille. If Molière

and Corneille radiantly outlive their age and soar higher than any character of the *grand siècle*, while Scudéry, Voiture, Colletet, and a host of others are all but dead and buried, it is because their types, passions, and feelings live; while the personages of those minor scribes, as successful in their time as M. Sardou is in ours, were, if the metaphor may be allowed, casts of the human visage without any of its characteristic expressions. Moreover, to mould a work which shall resist the raids of time and of the ordinary narrow-minded men who abhor all that is true, because truth is too broad and overwhelming for their intellect, it is not only requisite that the necessities of the scene be not sacrificed to the conception; the situations must be plausible, natural, unsought for, and, even in verse, the *dramatis personæ* must express themselves as other people do. One feature only—the costumes, the place—may be archaic. If the play be not true, if the public do not hear sentiments which, maybe, have traversed their thoughts, if the author has sacrificed reality to rule and convention, however fine and well said the verses, the public will go to sleep, or will remain untouched, respectful, and indifferent.

Shortly before his death, Talma—too great an artist not to be aware of the insufficiency of the Racinian and other classical personations which his talent alone could render acceptable—bemoaned the sadness of his fate in having been eternally condemned to express himself on the scene as an Academician, and never as a man, just as Corneille was wont to lament at having to submit to the stage rules of Aristotle. "*Surtout plus de beaux vers!*" said Talma, perhaps unaware that with one word he was laying his finger on the fundamental defect of the classical school. Thus the tragedies of Racine are absolutely dull; and the few spectators "*Britannicus*" can muster now-a-days are those who suppose that Racine is admirable, and must in consequence be

yawned over with due respect to his great but undetected genius. What can be more dreary than the emphatic tirades of those pompous and extra-human personages, who entwine the simplest expression with paraphrases and circumlocutions, and, instead of

“Il est minuit,”

give us this curt and neatly put euphemism :—

“Du haut de ma demeure,
Seigneur, l'horloge enfin sonne la douzième
heure ;”

who cannot make up their minds to the shocking emergency of dying on the stage, but discreetly retire to the greenroom for that operation ; and who continue to express unnatural sentiments in masculine and feminine rhymes of the dreariest and most exasperating perfection ? It is by such narrow treatment that dramatic art is destroyed ; conventionality and affectation are far more baneful to stage excellence than the loudest excesses in the other extreme ; and from 1700 to 1810 the unparalleled poverty of the French theatre demonstrates but too conclusively with what degeneracy art may be afflicted under the influence of a Racine. It steadily waned throughout the eighteenth century. Racine was followed by Voltaire, a poor poet and dramatist ; and under Ducis and Pixérécourt, we find the classical style even more unbearable. Voltaire had somewhat vulgarized the name of Shakespeare, hitherto unknown in France, but had stamped him down as a “madman,” after vain efforts to imitate him ; and it is a sign of the times that public taste was so radically perverted by pompous tragedy, that men like the immortal author of “Candide” should find it stupid and coarse for Othello to murder Desdemona before the public, and to carry ridicule and indecency so far as to do it with a pillow.

By a strange reaction, the honour of regenerating French dramatic art was reserved for the man whom the great

Voltaire stigmatized as a madman. At the beginning of this century Shakespeare was steadily read in France. A powerful generation, born and bred in the shadow of the first revolution, hot-blooded, passionate, open to generous ideas, possessing to a marvellous degree the keen spirit of art blended with the *esprit révolutionnaire*, taken in its highest acceptation, was inaugurating the age for France and promising great things for the future. On no other public could Shakespeare have worked more profoundly. “*Voilà la vérité dans l'art !*” exclaimed many of these boiling young men, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Paul Delacroix, and others. And henceforth Shakespeare was read and worshipped *con furore*. He was translated and imitated, and finally there came forth works pregnant with proud and self-asserted personality, not written after the manner but after the spirit of Shakespeare, in which men and women could die as they liked, where tragic sentiment did not exclude comedy, or comedy drama ; in fact, where creatures could cry, laugh, die, live, and speak as common mortals. These were M. Victor Hugo's.

It was in 1827. The sun of the Bourbons was setting for ever : the revolution of 1830 was already giving unequivocal tokens of its forthcoming outburst ; a spirit of rebellion was stirred, not only in politics but in literature. To Ducis had succeeded Casimir Delavigne ; to Casimir Delavigne, the missing link between *la vieille tragédie* and romanticism, another style was to succeed. At that time Victor Hugo, known hitherto as the young and promising poet of royalty, began to manifest decided leanings to dramatic writing. The young man was well read in the great English plays, but his literary education had been essentially orthodox ; he was brought up to respect Legitimacy and Catholicism, was still obviously impressed by what he had fed on, and his principles clashed for some time with his natural aspirations towards freedom of expression. It was not until an apparently trifling event,

which it is useful to record here as a species of prefatory explanation, revealed to him and others a boundless vein in art, that his ideas were fixed, and that he set with vigour and audacity to breaking with every tradition. The Odéon had given, for the first time in France, Weber's "Freischütz;" and the manager was so encouraged by the success of his foreign importation, that he induced Charles Kean and a troupe of English actors to give a series of Shakespearian performances. The attempt was not a little venturesome; Frenchmen are but poor English scholars; it is in translations that they admire the beauties of English literature, even at this period of continuous international communication. We are told, for instance, by Alexandre Dumas (who translated many English books, although he knew not a word of the language) that Gustave Planche was, to his knowledge, one of the three or four literary men who could read Shakespeare in the text. However, this ignorance of English seems not to have impeded Kean's success. Victor Hugo followed with intense interest all the personations of the great English actor; the performances, guessed more than understood, inspired him with enthusiastic admiration for the genius whom he styles, in the preface to "Cromwell," "the god of the theatre, uniting in one person the three characteristic geniuses of the French scene—Corneille, Molière, Beaumarchais." He was then giving a last touch to "Cromwell;" the part of the Protector was destined for Talma. Talma was a man of taste and refinement, as well as a great actor; he divined that the young poet would give him occasions for other triumphs, and solicited a part in the forthcoming drama. But Talma died before its completion; and Victor Hugo developed it to proportions that excluded it from the stage. At the same time he wrote a preface to the play, purporting to be the grand manifesto of the *Romantiques*. The preface produced perhaps more effect than the drama; it was the signal for violent discussions in the two hostile

camp, and was the preliminary skirmish to the great battles fought over "Hernani" and "Marion." The *Classiques* were not so easily sent about their business. "La jeunesse dorée"—it was a golden youth then, not one of German silver—ranged itself under the banner of Victor Hugo, and the supporters of the old school prepared for the struggle. The painter Delacroix wrote to the poet: "*Eh bien, the field is ours!*" Hamlet raises his hideous head, Othello prepares his pillow so essentially murderous and subversive of all good dramatic policy. You had better wear a stout cuirass under your coat. Fear the classical daggers." And, in truth, this joocular recommendation was not without reason, for the struggle was very soon to pass from literary to physical demonstrations.

The principles laid down in the famous preface were those that were to become the basis of the modern drama. "Three kinds of spectators," it said, "compose what it is agreed to call the public: (1) the women; (2) the thinkers; (3) the common mass. What the common mass demand of a dramatic work is *action*; what woman requires, above all things, is *passion*; what thinkers more especially seek are *types*. The common mass is so enamoured with action as willingly to overlook passion and types; women are so absorbed by the development of passion, that they give no attention to the design of the types; and as to thinkers, they are so eager to see types, that is to say, men, alive on the stage, that albeit they accept passion as a natural instinct in a dramatic work, their equanimity is almost disturbed by the action. This is because the common mass especially seek sensations in the theatre; women are in quest of emotion, and thinkers of reflection: all want pleasure; but the first want the pleasure of the eyes, the second that of the heart, the last that of the mind. Hence the existence of three very distinct kinds of dramatic work—one vulgar and imperious, the two others illustrious and superior, but all three

gratifying a separate want: the melodrama for the common mass; for women, the tragedy, where passion is analysed; for thinkers, the comedy, which describes humanity." This classification may be perhaps a little too exclusive, but on consideration it will be found to contain the immutable rules of dramatic production. The plays brimful of poison, murder, duels, and other violent actions, written for the Ambigu, could hardly be presented on any other stage, because they are written for a special unlettered public invincibly allured to the sight of such excrescences by a natural law. "For those," pursues Victor Hugo, "who study the three categories I have spoken of, it is evident that all three are in the right: women are right in wishing to be moved; thinkers in wishing to be taught; the common herd in wishing to be amused. Hence the necessity of the drama. Beyond the foot-lamps, that barrier of fire which separates the real from the ideal world, to create and to vivify men in the combined conditions of art and nature; to instil into these men passions which develop some and modify others; and lastly, out of their collision with the laws of providence, to derive human life—that is to say, great, small, painful, comical, and terrible events—such is the object of the drama. It is, in fact, the alliance of tragedy and comedy."

This was tantamount to classing Racine and his followers among the *perruques* that had fulfilled their time. Unfortunately the *perruques* were numerous in 1827; they clang to the Racinian *répertoire* as desperately as they held on to the Bourbons, and the Bourbons to their crown; and they were seconded by the vacillating mass which will at all times side with the opponents of innovation, following the ingenuous maxim that what has been consecrated by time and past generations must be infinitely superior to anything new, however good. So the *Perruquiers* were determined to play out the game *unguibus et rostro*—with fist and foot;

but how could this be done? "Cromwell," covering paper to the extent of five hundred pages, was not to appear on any stage: they would vow it to the infernal divinities on paper, and charge the writer with his scandalous ignorance of French grammar, and with misspelling Shakespeare's name, which he spelt "Schakspere," and indulge in other such little fantasies with the pen. But that was all. There were enough tokens of combativeness in the preface, and sufficient dramatic power in the play to guarantee an early opportunity of fighting out the battle before the foot-lamps.

A year or so elapsed, and it suddenly became known that the desired moment was forthcoming. Victor Hugo had written a five-act drama called "Un Duel sous Richelieu," wherein the principles of romanticism were acted upon with a vengeance. The play had been read to an audience at once numerous and select: Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Soulier, Alexandre Dumas, the brother painters Deveria, Delacroix, Saint-Beuve, and the full body of heroes of the *romantique* Iliad. The poet's friends had feared that his talent could not bend itself to the exigencies of the stage; but the *lecture* had dispelled all apprehension; the applause had been unanimous, and Baron Taylor, the royal commissary of theatres, had risen to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to bespeak the piece (the name of which was afterwards changed to "Marion de Lorme") for the Théâtre Français. Shortly after, Victor Hugo received a letter from the manager of the Porte Saint Martin offering a splendid cast, including Frédéric Lemaître and Madame Alain-Dorval, both in the radiance of their talent. Then a gentleman with white trousers and a white face, and a decoration at his button-hole, the well-known M. Harel, besought the author to let him have it for the Odéon; and when the author alleged his engagement with the Théâtre Français, the enterprising manager, espying the MS. on the table, took forcible possession, and would have walked

off with it had he not with great difficulty been induced to relinquish his prize. So went the classical chronicle. But although the artists of the Comédie received their parts with favour, and the competition between managers was so great, the first onslaught was not to take place over "*Marion de Lorme*." The Censure condemned the play, on the plea of immoral and subversive tendencies. For the censors, it was a crime to show a Phryne capable of rehabilitation; for the Home Minister, M. de Martignac (poor both as author and statesman), who had perpetrated some vaudevilles in the old style in conjunction with Scribe, it was a grievous offence to write otherwise than Scribe and he did; as for Charles X. it was an enormity to place one of his weakest ancestors on the stage, and still worse to portray Louis XIII. in true colours. So Marion was prohibited by general consent. The drama was performed after the revolution of 1830, not with the original cast of the Théâtre Français, but at the Porte Saint Martin—Bocage in the part of Didier, and Dorval as Marion. Its success was not affirmed without passionate disputes: Madame Dorval, admirable from the first to the last word of her part, was hissed more than once, especially at the verses—

"Fut-ce pour te sauver, redevenir infâme,
Je ne le puis. Mon Didier, ton souffle a
relevé mon âme!" &c. &c.

by those who, to use the poet's words, "could not hear chaste things with chaste ears." But, as with most pieces the excellence of which is contested because they are partly misunderstood, "*Marion de Lorme*" eventually triumphed, not because the obnoxious verses and situations, but the public, were altered. This drama, the first stage piece written by M. Victor Hugo, is by no means his best: it is far below "*Le Roi s'amuse*," "*Ruy Blas*," and, we should almost say, "*Lucrèce Borgia*," in dramatic construction. The knowledge of the stage is often meagre; Didier comes in at the window when there is no reason why he should not use the door. There are frequent

coincidences, as when Marion says to Didier—

"Vous êtes mon Didier, mon maître et mon seigneur,"

almost the words of Doña Sol, in "*Hernani*,"—

"Vous êtes mon lion superbe et généreux."

There is too much analogy, too, between the parts and speeches of De Nangis and De Silva—an analogy which may be said to extend, for type at least, to St. Vallier in "*Le Roi s'amuse*." Extreme deference to historical veracity has also led the poet to frame the character of Louis XIII. on a too drawing and laggard pattern. It is true that, allowing for these defects, there remains a very fine drama, altogether worthy of the writer. What wit and *entrain* in the speeches of the volatile De Saverny! The light, harebrained, unconsciously cruel, and yet withal open nature of the seventeenth century *seigneur*, is given with incomparable delicacy and exactness; and the whole of the fifth act, culminating in Didier's forgiveness of Marion for deceiving him, is admirable—

"Eh bien! non! non! mon cœur se brise! c'est horrible!

Non; je l'ai trop aimée! Il est bien impossible

De la quitter ainsi! Non, c'est trop malaisé
De garder un front dur quand le cœur est brisé!

Viens! O viens dans mes bras!"

Is the play immoral? The treatment it met at the hands of Charles X.—a treatment, it would seem, recently repeated in this country—points to immorality. An erring creature, lost in the whirl of a brilliant and dissolute life, is by chance touched to the heart by real, profound love; forthwith she eschews the past, leaves for ever the scene of her disorders, and makes herself a life of crystalline purity. The event that has worked this sudden conversion is real love; the woman is transfigured, and feels a horror for her past life. The moral object of "*Marion de Lorme*" is, then, to show that virtue can bend down even to the most forlorn

and abandoned, and raise them again to the eyes of the world, respectable, if not respected. Looked upon in this light (we think the right one), "Marion de Lorme" is no more the subversive play, the outrage on respectable feelings, it is generally considered to be; and the parallel frequently made with "La Dame aux Camélias" of Dumas fils is false and dishonest.

We have now to return to the sequel of the prohibition of M. Victor Hugo's first piece. "Hernani" was yet to come. It was written a few days after the undaunted dramatist's check, was read to Mademoiselle Mars and the *élite* of the Français, enthusiastically greeted by the artists, and forthwith rehearsed. The eagerness of the best comedians to secure even the most unimportant parts; the excitement caused by the prohibition of "Marion de Lorme;" the rapidly-increasing celebrity of the author, and, most of all, the declared war between the *Ecole* and the *Romantiques* all contributed to raise public curiosity to the highest degree, and turned the forthcoming production into a topic that threw every other question in the shade, and made the first performance of "Hernani" a memorable event. Foes of the new style used every means, *per fas et nefas*, to insure its failure. They commenced by disaffecting the actors; and Mademoiselle Mars, the original Doña Sol, showed (as Dumas has told us in his memoirs) that a great artist can be one of the worst-tempered of women. Mademoiselle Mars would insist on altering verses which she accused of being "ridiculous," disregarded the friendly advice of the author, treated him with biting contempt, and drove him to desperation. The play was unknown, and attacked beforehand. Fragments of scenes were surreptitiously secured and held up to public ridicule. A *classique* author was once found concealed, during a rehearsal, taking down the verses as they were recited; and thus a parody of an unproduced play was given at the Vaudeville. The very *signifi-
cants* of the theatre, under these combined efforts, regarded M. Victor Hugo

with supercilious looks; and it came out that the *chef de clique* himself was an opponent of the *Romantiques*. This worthy chief of the "Romans" claimed literary opinions of his own; by dint of applauding when the public chose to allow him, he thought that the success of pieces depended on his co-operation; and he declared he was too loyal to help Victor Hugo with his puissant hands, after doing the same service to Delavigne and Scribe. The poet, however, appealed from the *claqueurs* to the *jeunesse* of the Quartier Latin, and intrusted them with the preservation of his rights. The substitution was advantageous. Under the leadership of the hirsute and athletic Théophile Gautier, the phalanx was prepared to apply biceps to any amount in favour of literature; most of these exuberant young men afterwards became illustrious in their own sphere, and distinguished themselves in other ways than by their readiness to burn down Paris rather than permit "Hernani" to be hooted off by a cabal. The great day arrived, and with it an avalanche of turnip-tops, cabbages, and other missiles, showered down on the heads of the Gautier phalanx as they waited for admittance, by *Classiques* encamped on the roof of the Comédie Française. This was followed in the house, as a *lever de rideau*, by a hand-to-hand encounter, wherein Gautier gave evidence of his muscular vigour by throwing a weaker *Classique*, who was hissing, at another *Classique* who was also hissing in another part of the pit. In fact, when the curtain rose on Doña Sol's chamber, many a spectator was stanching the blood from his ill-treated nose. The first scenes—the meeting of Hernani and King Don Carlos, the dialogue between the bandit and Ruy Gomez—passed with but faint opposition; the nobleness of the sentiment and the beauty of the verse impressed the enemy more than they had reckoned. The most delicate turn of the evening was the famous "scene of the portraits," in which Ruy Gomez de Silva enumerates to Carlos the exploits of his ancestors. It passed with but a

few murmurs; the opposition was completely cowed, the success almost unanimous; and while the house was still filled with acclamations after the fifth act, and M. Hugo was congratulating Mademoiselle Mars on her admirable performance, Doña Sol, softened by her success, was as charming as she had before been crotchety and overbearing. She no longer haggled over

"Mon lion !"

but declared every verse superb. Her joy, however, was premature. The orthodox *feuilletonistes*, the partisans of "good taste," filled the Comédie Française on the second night, and recommenced the struggle more fiercely than ever. Théophile Gautier and his heroes were at their post; almost every verse was hissed, applauded, interrupted. It became necessary for the champions of romanticism to assist at every representation, and as the number of seats allotted to them did not exceed a hundred, they fought an uphill battle. The performances became more and more stormy, until, on the forty-seventh night, exasperation attained alarming proportions. "Hernani" was given in the provincial towns; at Toulouse it led to a duel which resulted in the death of one combatant. Eight years elapsed before the revival of the play that had provoked such extraordinary demonstrations. Still it was less calculated to provoke outbursts of passion than "Marion," for the morality of the subject was unquestionable, and the clerical party could detect no offensive allusions; but "Hernani"—inferior in many respects to "Marion"—was the first onslaught on literary pedantry; it was, in regard to taste, what "Tartufe" had been to devout hypocrites. It had commenced the work of demolition; and henceforth M. Victor Hugo, having proved that he could write a drama on the plan developed in the preface to "Cromwell," became the leading dramatic celebrity.

His activity was really remarkable. In 1832, barely three years after "Hernani," he had completed two other

dramas, one of which was to turn out at once his best and his most unfortunate. "Le Roi s'amuse" has to this day the attraction of a novelty; it was performed once, and then set aside by official prevision not unbacked by public disapproval, and yet its recent revival at the Porte Saint Martin was looked for with more interest than its production had been.¹ The plot is well known: Triboulet, the shapeless buffoon of Francis I. of France, encourages him in his lawless invasions of private life and eulogises his corrupt habits; an old man, St. Vallier, father of Diane de Poitiers, upbraids the king with the seduction of his daughter; Triboulet, who has a daughter too, scoffs at his grief; and by a just retribution, what has happened to St. Vallier strikes him like a curse for his cynicism—the "roi galant" robs him of his daughter Blanche, who dies murdered in an ambush prepared by her father for the king. It is easy to see how fertile this texture is in thrilling dramatic situations; and although some of the scenes arising out of these situations are uncouth and savage, the fundamental idea of the play is not more immoral or repulsive than that of "Marion." Victor Hugo, moreover, throughout the development of "Le Roi s'amuse" (an antithetic title of sinister meaning), betrays that immense compassion for all that is disgraced by nature, prejudice, and human injustice, which has ever been discernible in his works. In "Notre Dame" we have Quasimodo, a monster ejected from society, ill-treated, insulted like a pariah because of his deformity, and yet revealing beneath a hideous form a soul capable of love and fidelity. In "Les Misérables" there is again the pariah of society, Jean Valjean. In "Le Roi s'amuse," the black sheep is Triboulet. It is difficult to depict with more fervent power the sufferings of this poor buffoon, painfully concealed under a mask of laughter; his laughter, at first more

¹ The play has since been prohibited by the French government.

painful than the bitterest tears, turns tragic like that of Mephistopheles; the distorted fool suffers so much from man and nature, that his soul becomes fiendish; he laughs at the sight of misery, scoffs at anguish, whispers corruption in the ears of Francis I., is the evil genius of the royal court. The wretch remains attached to humanity by one single link—paternal love. With his daughter he casts away the mask and the wickedness of the court buffoon. The verses of the monologue in which Triboulet curses his fate are well known:—

“ Ah ! La nature et les hommes m'ont fait
Bien méchant; bien cruel et bien lâche en
effet !
O rage, être bouffon ! O rage être difforme !
Toujours cette pensée ! Et qu'on veille ou
qu'on dorme,
Quand du monde en rêvant vous avez fait le
tour,
Retomber sur ceci : je suis bouffon de cour !
Ne vouloir, ne devoir, ne pouvoir, et ne faire
Que rire ! quel excès d'opprobre et de misère !

O Dieu ! triste et l'humeur mauvaise,
Pris dans un corps mal fait où je suis mal à
l'aise,
Tout rempli du dégoût de ma difformité,
Jaloux de toute force et de toute beauté,
Entouré de splendeurs qui me rendent plus
sombre,
Parfois, farouche et seul, quand je cherche un
peu l'ombre,
Si je veux recueillir et calmer un moment
Mon âme qui sanglote et pleure amèrement,
Mon maître tout à coup survient, mon joyeux
maître,
Qui, tout puissant, aimé des femmes, heureux
d'être,
A force de bonheur oubliant le tombeau,
Grand, jeune, et bien-portant, et roi de France,
et beau,
Me pousse avec le pied dans l'ombre où je
souponne,
Et me dit en baillant : Bouffon, fais moi donc
rire ! ”

Then follow the developments of a curious psychological study. When St. Vallier impeaches the king for granting his reprieve at the cost of his daughter's honour, in accents unsurpassed for elevation of sentiment, and Triboulet roars at his grief, the outraged old man says to Francis—

“ Sire, ce n'est pas bien.
Sur le lion mourant vous lâchez votre chien ! ”

and, turning upon the grinning jester—

“ Qui que tu sois, valet à langue de vipère,
Qui fais ainsi risée de la douleur d'un père,
Sois maudit ! ”

St. Vallier's anathema takes effect. Triboulet's daughter is torn from him and taken in the net of the debauched king; he in his turn feels the anguish of St. Vallier, and the drama reaches its climax when Triboulet insults the courtiers who have served their master's caprice. This scene is written throughout with the consummate skill of a noble artist; and it is really astonishing how the rules of poetry and refined form are united with the most furious and savage expressions of anguish. The evil too is irreparable; for Blanche has learnt to love her ravisher. Triboulet then vows revenge. He allures the king to a *coup-gorge*, and the crime is almost accomplished when the sister of the bravo takes pity on the sleeping monarch, and persuades the keeper of the den to murder the first comer, and hand the body to Triboulet as the object of his revenge. The jester's daughter has heard this, and she resolves to save her royal lover at the cost of her own life. Thus Triboulet, a few moments after, is gloating in the darkness over his child's corpse, believing it to be that of his foe:—

“ Scélérat ! Pense tu m'entendre encore ?
Ma fille, qui vaut plus qui ne vaut ta cou-
ronne,
Ma fille, qui n'avait fait de mal à personne,
Tu me l'as enviée et prise ! Tu me l'as
Rendue avec la honte—et le malheur, hélas !
Eh bien, dis, m'entends-tu ? Maintenant,
c'est étrange ;
Oui, c'est moi qui suis là, qui ris et qui me
venge !
Parce que je feignais d'avoir tout oublié,
Tu t'étais endormi ! Tu croyais donc—
pitié !—
La colère d'un père aisément édentée !
Oh non, dans cette lutte entre nous suscitée,
Lutte du faible au fort, le faible est le
vainqueur ;
Lui qui léchait tes pieds, il te ronge le
cœur ! ”

He continues thus to vent his rage until a flash of lightning shows him the countenance, not of the king, but of his daughter. Thus the jester feels

to the end the scourge of his bad action; while throughout the play his desperate situation and the good side of his nature are constantly shown off. The just rendering of passion, the plausibility of the situations, and the beauty of the verse, form a drama that can stand any comparison. And yet thirty-five years ago it was hissed! Had the performance of "*Le Roi s'amuse*" been continued, the public would probably have altered their verdict; but Louis Philippe took exception to a strong verse in the fourth act. The bourgeois king thought it was an allusion to his family, though the author haughtily denied ever having stooped to such a means of attack. Here we have another instance of the official prohibition of plays turning to the profit of the proscribed and the ridicule of the proscribers. Charles X. could not retard his overthrow by stopping "*Marion de Lorme*;" Louis Philippe did himself no good by prohibiting "*Le Roi s'amuse*," nor was the empire a whit stronger for excluding all M. Victor Hugo's dramas from the French stage. In each case M. Hugo was the gainer.

By far the most successful Hugoïte novelty was "*Lucrèce Borgia*." This time the drama was in prose, and claimed the hospitality of the Boulevard Comédie Française, at the Porte Saint Martin. This house, now so melodramatic, was then literary; it promised actors like F. Lemaître and Bocage; and the celebrated Mademoiselle Georges was to be *Lucrèce*. The young *Romantiques*—even Théophile Gautier, who by this time had made a reputation of his own by "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*"—were ever ready to fight for verse; but they hesitated to commit themselves for prose, and were only induced to do so after the reading of a few scenes, which converted them. The drama proved a triumphant success, more especially for that admirable artist Lemaître, who, as Gennaro, was one of the most terrific sons ever begotten by a monstrous stage mother. "*Lucrèce Borgia*" was a good drama, with a

strong tinge about it of the "movement" which the author so severely denounced; it was written in fine vigorous French, and is altogether of more than average quality. The sensational side of "*Lucrèce*," however, probably captivated more than all its intrinsic value. M. Victor Hugo's genius, more at ease in a poetical form, in this drama writes his poetry in prose; and poetry in prose in M. Hugo's hands must necessarily appear unduly emphatic. The subject of "*Lucrèce*" is, undoubtedly, repulsive; still *Lucrèce Borgia*, albeit a monster, is capable of maternal love; so much so, indeed, that she leaves her son Gennaro in ignorance of his birth rather than that he should know her infamy. In "*Le Roi s'amuse*" Triboulet unwittingly kills his daughter; Gennaro murders his mother. The poet has, doubtless, intended to make a contrast between the two characters: one the victim of injustice and cruelty, but punished because he inflicted on others what he would have others do to himself; the other, the incarnation of vice, malice, and ferocity, justly perishing by what must be to her the most horrible of deaths. To place a parricide on the stage, even when he is unconscious of the extent of his crime, is of very questionable necessity. However, M. Victor Hugo might argue, as he probably did, that the best way of inspiring repulsion for monstrous passions is to exhibit them in all their horror. Moreover, if this controversy on the right of producing certain subjects on the stage, with a view to public teaching, be reserved, the same elevated purpose which the dramatist betrayed in "*Marion*," is traceable in the portraiture of *Lucrèce*, and we see that a creature, however monstrous or disgraced, is not wholly beyond the pale of human forgiveness, and may be yet worthy of redemption.

"*Marie Tudor*," another prose drama, wherein the English queen is the principal person, is still more open to the reproach of exaggerated melodramatic effect than "*Lucrèce Borgia*." It

scarcely deserved a failure; but it scarcely deserved success. It was in this play that the charming serenade, so prettily put in music by M. Gounod, was introduced:—

“ Quand tu chantes, bercée
Le soir, entre mes bras,
Entends tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas ?
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours . . .
Chantez, ma belle !
Chantez toujours ! ”

The last of his prose plays was “Angelo.” It was supported by two great actresses, Mademoiselle Mars, and her equal in talent, Madame Alain-Dorval. To pit two rival artists in the same piece against each other was an excellent means of insuring a capital interpretation. Madame Dorval was Catarina, the tyrannized wife of Angelo Malipieri; and Mademoiselle Mars the *courtisane* La Tisbé—both in love with the same man. Angelo Malipieri, Podestà of Padua, an impulsive man and a jealous husband, suspects his wife of faithlessness, and immediately resolves to have her quietly beheaded in her own room—an ingenious device for avoiding scandal. This is the more unjust, since Catarina, though in love with a third person, Rodolfo, is quite innocent of the crime for which she is to suffer; while Malipieri, her executioner, is himself guilty of it. As usual, poor Catarina is given a few hours to settle her earthly affairs, and obtains poison instead of the axe. La Tisbé here makes her appearance, and, on learning the poor woman's desperate plight, saves her, gives her the means of running away with Rodolfo—a terrible sacrifice, since she is also in love with him—and, when they are gone, poisons herself. The object is to present two types of women: one in the world, striving against despotism, the other banished from society, yet withal generous, and striving against public contempt. This psychological study has the fault of having been to a great extent expounded in some of the dramas spoken of before.

By way of variety, M. Hugo next extracted a libretto from “Notre Dame de Paris,” which was set to music by a lady composer, Mademoiselle Louise Bertin. Meyerbeer volunteered his services; but they were declined, which was a misfortune, for an opera by Victor Hugo and Meyerbeer might have kept its ground, whereas Mademoiselle Bertin's music was a complete failure. Mademoiselle Victor Hugo relates, in her interesting record of her husband's life, that the work had been based on the word ἀνάγκη—“fatality.” Fatality indeed pursued the work and the singers who interpreted it. Nourrit, the famous tenor, shortly after committed suicide in Italy; Mademoiselle Falcon lost her voice immediately after; Mademoiselle Bertin died. A ship named *Esmeralda* was lost at the time in the Irish Sea; and a favourite race-horse that had borne the same name, and belonged to the Duc d'Orleans, was killed a few days after the failure of the opera. These odd coincidences are worth recording.

The successful production of “Ruy Blas” was an adequate compensation for the failure at the Opera. This drama, second only to “Le Roi s'amuse,” was performed in 1838 at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, now the Italian Opera. The history of the piece is very interesting. The new house was specially established for the demands of the new art; not only Victor Hugo's plays, but those of Alexandre Dumas, were to be given. The part of Ruy Blas was entrusted to Frédéric Lemaître, Don César was St. Firmin, and Alexandre Mazzin undertook the part of Don Salluste de Bazan. Of these three accomplished comedians, one only—Frédéric Lemaître—is alive, and occasionally shows his white hairs in parts specially written for him. He made Ruy Blas one of the grandest creations of the French stage; and for the first time, according to Victor Hugo's own words, the poet felt the satisfaction of seeing his hero live as he had imagined him. At one of the rehearsals, Victor Hugo narrowly missed being killed by an iron

bar which fell on the chair he had just vacated. Of these rehearsals Lemaître was the soul; he not only applied all his powers to the perfection of his own part, but he assisted his comrades with valuable advice, reciting their scenes and indicating the proper intonation. When the performance at last took place, it was soon obvious that the usual public of the Hugoite and other *romantique* representations was no more. A new generation was rapidly replacing it; the ardent friends who had done such stout work at "Hernani," had become too grave and too old to sport red waistcoats and flowing manes; some were popular authors in their turn, and thought of themselves; some had married; all had parted with their hair and much of their enthusiasm. It was the fault of time and age; not a few were already turning longing looks towards the once ostracized Académie Française, and sagaciously reckoned that many romantic idols would have to be sacrificed before they could slip into that respectable circle. We rather think M. Victor Hugo himself had stood as a candidate for academic laurels, and had been deservedly sent about his business for presuming to claim a place not ordinarily accorded to literary merit.¹ "Ruy Blas" was favourably received withal. And it was impossible to resist the effect of such fine verses, and of Lemaître's tremendous acting. It is said that in the fifth act he surpassed the greatest comedians. The passages in which Ruy Blas tears his cloak off and exclaims—

Je m'appelle Ruy Blas, et je suis un valet!"

and stigmatizes his master thus—

"J'ai l'habit d'un laquais, mais vous en avez l'âme!"

were said with a fury and passion which made the public think that never were finer verses or more splendidly said. On the fourth night, Lemaître, noticing a spectator who had systematically hissed

at certain portions of the drama, said, as usual, to Don Salluste—

"Sauvons ce peuple! Osons être grands, et frappons!
Otons l'ombre à l'intrigue et le masque. . ."

but instead of addressing the end of the verse to Don Salluste, he advanced to the footlights, looked the perturbator in the face, and said to him—

". . . aux fripons!"

In this closing piece of M. Victor Hugo's dramatic production the reader will find few of his defects, while all his qualities are strained to the highest degree of expansion. Antitheses are used with striking effect, as in the following verses (Ruy Blas's declaration to the queen), so much ridiculed by some writers, but which we take leave to point out as charming :—

"Madame, sous vos pieds, dans l'ombre, un homme est là
Qui vous aime, perdu dans la nuit qui le voile;
Qui souffre, ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile;
Qui pour vous donnera son âme s'il le faut,
Et qui se meurt en bas, quand vous brillez en haut!"

The *scenario* has some likeness with Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules;" but the two ideas are quite differently worked out. Molière's knavish lacqueys, Jodelet and Mascarille, ridicule the *précieuses* in their master's clothes, nearly as much for their own amusement as to serve their master's grudge. Ruy Blas, the valet to Don Salluste de Bazan, is taken in his master's artful trap; Don Salluste is deprived of power at the instigation of the Queen of Spain; and being of a malignant and revengeful temper, resolves to substitute his servant Ruy Blas for a cousin—Don César de Bazan—of whom he has just got rid by sending him to be sold to pirates. Ruy Blas, the menial, thus made the central figure of the play, has the dress, but not the heart of his office; a Bohemian, and a dreamer, he has assumed a livery in a moment of want. His master thinks him clever enough to

¹ He has since been admitted to the Académie.

make a decent figure in the new social sphere, where he will use him as the instrument of his vengeance. He artfully persuades him to try a rich court costume, and as the courtiers enter the room, and before Ruy Blas is aware of his situation, he presents him as his long-lost cousin, Don César. Shortly after the queen passes before the door, and as Ruy Blas, flurried and bewildered, asks, "Et que m'ordonnez vous, seigneur?" Don Salluste raises his finger towards the queen and answers:

"De plaire à cette femme, et d'être son amant."

In the third act we find Ruy Blas, high in favour, prime minister, and the first nobleman of the court. He wishes he could frustrate his master's purpose, but the latter is too profound a villain not to have foreseen everything. The false César de Bazan has come to be looked upon by the queen with a not indifferent eye. Don Salluste at length draws her and his former valet into a situation whence the queen can only emerge dishonoured in the eyes of the world. Unhappily for the vindictive Spaniard, Ruy Blas's character has been misjudged, for he reveals his identity, and saves the reputation of the queen by killing Don Salluste; after which he puts an end to his own life. This plot will appear devoid of charm and somewhat improbable; otherwise "Ruy Blas" would have been M. Victor Hugo's masterpiece.

It was virtually his last play. "Les Burgraves," given at the Comédie Française, was of inferior quality, and failed, after evoking a score of parodies, as in France does almost every piece signed with a famed name. Ever since—that is since twenty-five years—M. Victor Hugo has given up writing for the stage, and has even withheld a drama, "Les Jumeaux," which it is to be hoped will some day be given. His retirement is due, he states, to his repugnance to give his thoughts as a prey to a public so often systematically hostile. The reason is a poor one, inasmuch as the merits of the dramas which once encountered oppo-

sition have by this time received full justice; and, moreover, an innovator of Victor Hugo's stamp has scarcely the right to be either surprised or disgusted at the severity of the battle he has to fight. It is more likely that the poet felt he could express himself with greater freedom and brilliancy in other forms of art. In such a matter he is the best judge; and although his retirement from dramatic literature may be regretted, it cannot be blamed. Whether Victor Hugo returns or not to his *premières amours*, his contributions to the drama are memorable, and take rank among the masterpieces of French literature. He deserves well for having sounded a key-note in his country, and freed the stage from mannerism and conventionality. Liberty, it is true, has since been but too frequently turned into licentiousness, under the ever-increasing tendency towards realism observable in the drama; but it is very seldom that justice does not sooner or later condemn works false in idea and baneful in influence. Sooner or later, although public taste may be temporarily debased or misled, good works are estimated at their just value, while those written rather to flatter than to teach, fall into the stillness of oblivion. So have thought all great dramatists worthy of that name.

Wycherly's degrading immoralities are judged according to their value; it will be the same with the so-called Opera Bouffe of these days; but M. Victor Hugo's drama will doubtless remain in its integrity; and whatever faults, in an æsthetic point of view, can be found with it, few will be prepared to show anything better in the modern theatre of France.

Since this was written, M. Victor Hugo has been again at work with that extraordinary exuberance of animal spirits which makes inaction abhorrent to him, and which not even old age can daunt or quell. His readers know to what subjects he has devoted his attention since discarding the dramatic form; and his romances, with their lengthy

developments, their analyses of passions of heart and head, their tumultuous and conflicting emotions, may have shown that he was judicious in preferring a form more adapted to his genius than that of the theatre, with its exigencies as to effect and limit. We are not conscious of uttering a doubtful truth when we say that the preferences of the theatrical public of to-day do not permit stage writing to assume the proportions Shakespeare gave to his plays. One token of this is that Mr. Wills's plays draw more than Shakespeare's; and English and French tastes are pretty well on the same level in this respect. Victor Hugo was doubtless conscious of the fact when he eschewed the stage form for that of romance. No play could have contained the elements of "*Les Misérables*," much less could the stage have admitted of the epic proportions of "*Quatre-vingt-treize*," the new romance in which the poet has undertaken to tell the fearful tale of the French Revolution. Still the principles upon which Victor Hugo acts in his treatment of romance do but slightly vary from the sentiments which guided him of yore. He has merely enlarged his scope. To extol high and noble feelings, to create superb characters embodying the finest human aspira-

tions, to teach, elevate, and improve, was then the object to which he devoted the full range of his intellectual gifts. And so it is now. But after delighting in archaic visions of courts, vicious kings, unhappy queens, distorted buffoons, and cynical courtiers, he has turned his eyes to the drama of modern life, and justly judges that the compass of the drama was inadequate to his new series, and that his personages required a broader expanse for their actions than the necessities of the stage could afford. It is not within our province to examine and analyse "*Quatre-vingt-treize*;" opinions may differ as to its political bias, although all will join in saying that for a man of Victor Hugo's advanced opinions the scale between the two relentless parties which struggled for supremacy in 1793 is fairly and evenly balanced; but there will be no difference of opinion as to its purely artistic superiority. The manner in which the plot is woven, the *crescendo* which is so admirably sustained from the first to the last page of the story, the tremendous dramatic power constantly revealed, show Victor Hugo to have been well advised when he preferred the romantic scope as more befitting the nature of his recent utterances.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVII.

IF the day had been Ellen's, the evening was Lesbia's.

When she came down stairs into the Castle Daly drawing-room, dressed for late dinner, with a string of seed pearls round her neck, which Bride had taken from the old cedar-wood jewelcase that had not previously been open since their mother's death, and presented to her in acknowledgment of her present right to wear jewels, Lesbia felt not only that she was tasting for the first time the sweets of her heiress-ship, but that she was claiming the more subtle rights of grown-up young lady and beauty-hood which, under the pressure of Aunt Joseph's judicious snubbing, she had hitherto only ventured to take to herself by stealth, and at long intervals.

She did not look vain or self-conscious, or even excited. She was only radiant with the wholesome youthful radiance that comes of eyes shining with happiness, and white teeth gleaming through red lips parted in perpetual smiles.

Mrs. Daly, who had never hitherto bestowed much attention on the friend Ellen and Connor had picked up without introduction, looked at Lesbia Maynard now with surprised approval, and secretly wondered why her own daughter Ellen, who was not less well endowed with natural advantages, had never yet been able to assume the dainty, complete, well-appointed young lady look that seemed to have come in a moment to little Babette.

The Thornleys had brought habits of order and home comfort into the Castle Daly household that were very pleas-

ing to Mrs. Daly, and filled her with envy for Bride's powers of government.

After dinner, at Bride's suggestion, they all adjourned to the library instead of to the large, scantily-furnished drawing-room, where it seemed impossible for a small party to converse or follow any occupations comfortably. A bright wood and turf fire burned on the hearth, and a leaf of one of the long windows was open, letting in the soft moonlight and the scent of garden flowers. The old grand piano on which Ellen used to play jigs and national airs out of time and tune to the torture of her mother's ears, had been brought from the drawing-room to the warmer library, and much improved by Bride's care and tuning. She sat down and played a long sonata tastefully and well, while the young people congregated by the open window talking and laughing. From her comfortable chair by the fireside Mrs. Daly noticed all the little improvements and niceties of arrangement that Bride had introduced into the room during her three years' occupancy of it. Ah! she thought to herself, she has been able to carry out her plans. She has contrived to train the servants under her to a degree of neatness and carefulness that I could never persuade them to practise for me. It is because she has had proper support and sympathy from the man at the head of the house. The people under her have not felt as my servants did, that the sympathy of the master was on their side, and that he thought my particularity as tiresome as they did. I could have managed to organize an orderly house, such as I could have lived happily in, if I had been alone, or if Dermot had been different from what he is. It has been very hard

on me. I should actually have done better if I had been alone. My husband has been no support to me.

This was a very ordinary train of thought with Mrs. Daly. She had spent a good many painful half-hours in her life, turning and turning similar thoughts over in her mind. They came and went; accustomed guests looking into her mind with everyday faces of gentle discontent, and going away again leaving no remorse behind. This one was welcomed and entertained as usual. She did not know what a terrible power of pain it was endowed with, or that during the few quiet minutes while she communed with it, it was piercing her memory with a sting, whose wound was never again to cease to ache.

When the crash with which Miss Thornley's musical study came to an end died away in the room, the conversation in the window grew audible enough to arrest Mrs. Daly's attention and break the train of her thoughts. It was Ellen's voice a little raised and eager that made itself heard first.

"But that is just what I hate," she was saying. "Sound reasoning is sure to be on the wrong side always. I just hate it."

"Thank you," Mr. Thornley, answered, quickly. "You have quite satisfied me; there is an end of our discussion. You acknowledge that sound reason is on my side. Call it the wrong side after that as much as you please."

"No, no; you won't understand. I did not say reason. I said reasoning. I meant that the reasons that can be put into words are nearly always wrong. The right side has so much above, behind, all round, that cannot possibly be said."

"Is not that a little too ingenious a way of claiming to be always right in an argument, where appearances are against you?" said Mr. Thornley, smiling.

"It is what I shall always think."

"An encouraging prospect for me in future arguments; or is it a warning to keep out of them?"

"Oh, no! I like arguments, only remember if you ever really mean to

convince me on any point, you must be un-reasonable. Then, I shall perhaps think that there may be something worth listening to in what you are saying."

Mrs. Daly noticed a look of amusement, slightly contemptuous amusement she thought, on Bride Thornley's face, now turned from the piano, and she hastened to put an end to her daughter's exposure of herself by summoning her to accompany her up stairs, and help her to get to bed.

It was growing late when Ellen left her mother's room, for Mrs. Daly was troubled with many nervous fears that were increased by her husband's absence, and Ellen had to make earnest promises of careful supervision as to the putting out of fires and locking of doors, before her mother could be persuaded to compose herself to rest.

The other members of the household had, however, not yet retired to their rooms. Ellen heard sounds from the library as she descended the stairs. Bride was again at the piano, and Lesbia and Pelham (the only musical member of the Daly family) were singing a German watch-song together. She would have to wait a few minutes longer, she found, before she could set out on her promised round of inspection through the house. She thought she would slip out into the garden, and look at the mountains, and breathe the fresh night air, till the song was ended, so throwing a cloak round her head, she ran down the front door steps on to the terrace. The moon was sinking in the west, but the night was not dark. Thousands of fiery lamps glowed overhead, and the lake shimmered a steely sheet of brightness, dotted with reflected points of light. There was a night thrush singing in the bushes near the gate. Ellen stood still for a minute or two to catch the faint warble mingled with the last notes of Lesbia's song "Good night, All's Well, Good night"—the two voices joined in giving the refrain, distinct and sweet, and then ceased. She was turning to go in.

"Miss Eileen, whist! For the love of God and His blessed mother I want

a word wid you. One that's dying there without wants a word wid you for the love of God." These words in a low hoarse whisper fell on Ellen's ear, and at the same moment a hand was laid on her shoulder from behind. She did not start or scream, for the cracked voice and trembling touch of the hand were familiar of old, and she was not surprised on turning round to find old Molly Malachy standing before her, shivering, shaking, and mumbling with some unusual emotion apparently, but looking a very natural object to be there.

"To-night, Molly?" Ellen exclaimed. "Do you want me to go down to the village to-night? Who is dying? Might not my visit wait till early in the morning? You shall go with me to the house now, and get anything that may be wanted."

"It's you that's wanted, Miss Eileen—a word wid you. Shure his reverence has been sent for, and is on his way, and there's not a minute to lose; and oh, Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, sore will be yer heart, every day that ye live after, if ye don't do as I bid ye this miserable evening that's come to us all."

"Let me call Connor."

"It's yerself that's wanted, and nobody else, and there's not a minute to lose. For the love of God, come wid me now, avourneen macree."

The old woman had seized Ellen's arm by this time, and was dragging her towards the gate more rapidly than Ellen could have supposed such trembling limbs would have had power to move.

She trembled and shivered herself, but it was at the thought of being taken all at once from the gay talk and everyday occupations of the evening into the awful presence of death. She had not the remotest thought of danger or distress to herself; and she was not very much surprised, as she had often seen Anne O'Flaherty hurried away with similar persistence, to receive some death-bed confidence or have some last request urged upon her. She had very little doubt that it was some favour or promise of protection from her father that was sought to be extorted from her

by dying lips; and though compliance was painful, she had not the heart to refuse even as startling a request as this on the second evening of her return.

"Is it far, Molly? Is it quite at the other end of the village?" she whispered anxiously, when they had passed the gate and the first group of cottages on the roadside, and were approaching a more solitary spot, where a by-lane leading down hill towards a tract of bog land opened from the village street. In the shadow of a wall a little distance down this lane stood an empty car, with a man wrapped in a loose frieze coat leaning against the horse, his face hidden on his arms. Molly dropped Ellen's hand and ran towards the car, exchanged a word with the man, and then began vehemently signing to Ellen to follow her. Ellen hesitated an instant between fear and kindness, and then turned down into the darkness, a little perplexed and annoyed with Molly for this apparently unnecessary delay, but not seriously alarmed yet. A minute more, and a sickening pang of fear, taking away all power of resistance, came. The cloak she wore was suddenly drawn over her face by a hand she did not see, and she felt herself lifted up from the ground in a strong grasp and pushed on to the car, to the seat of which other hands held her firmly, while the car set off down the steep road at a rapid pace. By the time she had recovered herself so far as to be able to drag the cloak from over her mouth and call for help, they had left the cabins some yards behind, and were plunging into the wild bog-land that lay to the west of the castle. Her cries were stopped by a hand laid on her lips, and old Molly's cracked voice pierced the ringing in her ears.

"Whisht, Miss Eileen, whisht, or we'll have to put you down, and the last words that he's longing to speak to you will never be said. It's our bare lives we're risking, avourneen, to save ye the worst part of the heart-break that has to come upon you; and shure ye'll not hinder what we're willing to do for *him* for want of courage. Darling

lady, is not yer heart warm enough wid love for your father to keep out the could fear?"

"My father!" cried Ellen; "O Molly, no no; nothing can ail him; no one will have hurt him. You would not dare to touch me if they had, and you knew it."

"We're risking our lives for him and you this minute. Whisht, then, it's an accident that's come to him, and the poor boys ran and called me whin they saw how it was, and I'm doing the best I can for him, the best they'll let me who have the power to hinder. And ye'll not be alone, avourneen; I'll stay wid ye, and his reverence will be there before daylight, for one's gone to warn him, braving all the danger that will follow. Bad luck to it all! for if he'd come that was expected, neither priest nor friend would have been needed."

"I don't understand, I don't understand," gasped Ellen. "Did you say papa wanted me, and that he was hurt? Why do we go so slowly? Why do you hold me? Let me get out and run."

"It's flying at the top of speed we are, darling; don't you hear the boy chirping his horse wid all the voice that is not choked wid sorrow. There, lean against me, and cry yer heart out, and then ye'll be ready to sit out the hours wid a still face and help him."

Ellen had wept away the first blinding rush of tears, and the feverish agony of impatience to be doing something and to know the worst had returned before the car stopped; then Molly again drew the cloak forcibly over her face, while the man who was driving jumped down from his seat, threw the reins on his horse's neck, and lifting her from her place by Molly, carried her a few paces in his arms. She felt that he strode over some sort of fence, and descended a step or two, there was the click of a latch, and she was placed on her feet within a door that had been pushed open far enough to admit her. The man had disappeared before she had thrown the cloak from her face, but she had no thought or observation to give

to him. Outside there had been the faint light of a clear, moonless night, and the same glimmer of stars shone on the spot where she stood, for though it was inclosed between four walls, the roof was gone; but there was other light here as well as that of the stars. A lantern placed on a projection in the stone wall cast a broad streak of light along the mud floor, and, lying in the light, Ellen saw, and saw nothing else but her father's figure stretched out; the white face, raised a little by a heap of rags that had been thrust under the head, looked ghastly, and would have been death-like but for the frown of intense pain that contracted the brows. She could not restrain a bitter cry of agony as she threw herself by his side.

"Oh, papa, papa, what is it? Can't you look at me? can't you speak to me?"

The frown of pain relaxed, the eyes opened and were raised to her face with the old look of love, and there was a movement of the lips as if to speak; but, to Ellen's despair, instead of words a thin stream of blood oozed from them and choked utterance.

"Whisht, thin, avourneen, whisht," whispered Molly, who now appeared out of the darkness close to Ellen's side; "don't make him spake a word yet, it's but a few that there's left for him to spake; let him keep the bit of breath that's in him to save his soul whin his reverence comes. There, sit down on the ground, and take his head in your lap. See, he likes that; the breath comes aisier now you have his head up. He's smiling on you, his own sweet smile, sweeter than May flowers."

"A doctor," gasped Ellen. "Oh, Molly, leave me to sit with him alone; I can; and bring a doctor and help. Why did not you think of that first?"

"Would you put the body, that must any way be stiff and could by morning, before the soul, that has got to live in heaven or hell for ever?" cried Molly, indignantly. "Shure, for what he has done for me and mine, on my bended knees I begged his soul of them that were in sore dismay at the misfortune that had hap-

pened, but had their own lives to think of; and I got leave to bring a priest here if he was alive in the early morning, and I brought you of my own will, but it was all I dare do."

"Mamma and Connor——"

"Whist! whist! look what you have done," said Molly, pointing to the pale face, over which a quiver of pain passed at Ellen's words; "I brought you to whisper holy words into his ear, and help him to die aisy. I thought ye'd have the courage and be woman enough to know how, loving him as you do."

"What can I do! oh, what can I do to make him suffer less!"

"Wet his lips wid that," said Molly, putting a small bottle of whisky into her hand, "and maybe he'll open his eyes and smile at you again."

Ellen did as she was directed, and then with her handkerchief wiped the brows, on which the damp of death had already settled, and raised the head till it rested on her shoulder. The power of swallowing was gone, but the moisture to the lips seemed to bring refreshment, and Ellen repeated the operation again and again, finding some relief for her own extreme anguish of mind in having this little service to perform. She wore a small ivory cross on her neck that night, which Cousin Anne had given her on a long-passed birthday: in stooping to wet her father's lips the ribbon that fastened it became loose, and it slipped down close to his hand; his fingers closed feebly over it, and he smiled. It was more than a smile, he was murmuring some words low. Ellen put her ear close to catch them. "Dying for another, instead of another—it is well. Something worthy at the end of a careless life. In one thing—only in one thing, like Him." Here breath failed, and there was a few minutes of very painful gasping; but he had seen that Ellen was listening, and he made a great effort to go on; and now with more connection in his words. "Remember I die forgiving. Tell Pelham and Connor so. It was not meant for me, but I deserve it. King Log—Well, out of the way. Tell John

Thornley I am glad I did not let him come here to-night. It was my place, not his." The sentences came out slowly, with long pauses between, but Ellen thought the voice grew stronger instead of weaker, and that a look of more perfect consciousness and an expression of peace grew into the face. "If you should ever see him anywhere—it is not likely, but if you should—tell him I forgave him my death. It was through my neglect he was tempted, and that I was glad it was not as he intended—it would have been a greater crime."

"Him! do you mean the man who did this?" said Ellen, shuddering inexpressibly—"you know who?"

There was no answer, only a smile; something like one of the old playful smiles that used to come when Ellen tried to coax some piece of news from her father, and he pretended to be unwilling to trust her. Then, after a long pause—

"Your mother will be happier with Pelham. Love is not always enough—but I'll be missed too."

In these alternate pauses and gasps of speech and of intense listening, an hour or two of the night passed. Old Molly sank on her knees in a corner of the cabin, and began to tell her beads rapidly, in a loud voice.

"To keep off the evil spirits that were trying to come in and battle for the soul of the dying," she whispered to Ellen, who would have trembled at the thought at another time, but who had no space in her mind for anything but grief then.

The stars one after another, in their march across the sky, looked through the rafters of the uncovered roof on to the group below. It seemed to Ellen, as her eye, raised now and then, followed their motions, as if she had fallen into some strange relations towards them, and was moving with them in hitherto unknown conditions of time through interminable periods. Millions of years, was it not—had she not read about it somewhere?—that they took to perform

their vast circling round some unknown centre? She had got involved in it somehow, and was living through a millennium of darkness, instead of a common night on which an ordinary day could dawn.

It grew intensely cold; a brisk wind rose, and blew chill and sharp through the hovel.

Molly rose from her knees, wrapped her old cloak round the dying man, and taking his feet into her lap, began to chafe his lower limbs.

"It's only his feet that are stone cold yet," she said; "and the dawn is breaking, and wid the dawn the help they promised will come—the best of help—his reverence and the blessed sacrament. Avourneen, we have saved his soul betwixt us, you and I, to-night, keeping him alive for that; and once the sun has fairly risen I'm free of my oath, and can bring who you will. He's muttering to himself now, and does not heed us, but there's life in him yet, and he'll come to himself again before he dies. A strong, well-made man, like his honour, takes a long time to die, even when he's got a bullet inside him; bad luck to the blundering hand that put it there."

Gradually the stars paled in the sky, the shadows in the far corners of the cabin dispersed, and daylight crept in. Mr. Daly seemed to be sinking into a heavy sleep, and Ellen began to urge Molly to set out to the Castle to bring help—declaring her ability to continue the solemn watch alone—when the long-listened-for sound of steps, and of a voice calling out to know if the shieling was inhabited, came at last. It seemed to bring Ellen back into the actual world, and break the numbing spell of horror and bewilderment that had held her all night; but with returning capacity for thought and comprehension of what had happened came still worse pain. It was not a vision or a nightmare; she was not dead among the stars; she was herself, and her murdered father lay in her arms dying. A great burst of tears came and saved her reason, and as the warm drops fell

heavy on his forehead, Mr. Daly's eyes opened again, and consciousness and a look of eager welcome and relief dawned into them as they fell upon the priest whom Molly was now bringing in through the cabin door.

Ellen knew the priest's face, though he came from a distant village among the Joice mountains, for she had met him from time to time at Anne O'Flaherty's house, and she took his hand, and through her tears and sobs got out a few words of explanation. He told her that he had been roused at two o'clock in the morning, by a lad bringing a request that he would go to the solitary cabin, near the bog behind Castle Daly, to administer extreme unction to a person who lay dying there, and that he had come at once expecting to find some wandering beggar who had fallen ill, while sheltering temporarily in the deserted house. Mr. Daly's eyes grew impatient, even while these few sentences were exchanged. There was no time to lose, and the priest only waited to despatch the boy, who had accompanied him to the nearest place from which a doctor could be brought, and Molly to the Castle, and then the last service began; Ellen still supporting her father's head on her shoulder, and trying hard not to let her sobs shake her so as to make it an uneasy resting-place. For a little while, the holy rite seemed to lift her above the power of sorrow, as if she, too, stood on the verge, and was entering on conditions of communion which could not be disturbed by absence of bodily sight and touch. Surely, her soul would pass out too, into the unseen world, brought near by the sacramental presence of the One Lord, in whom all souls live. She could not be left behind now the door was open, but must somehow escape, involved in the parting soul to which every fibre of her heart was bound.

She hoped; but that exaltation had to pass, and the hope soon sank down into a mere dread of the moment when her shoulder would no longer feel the weight of the burden that grew heavier every moment, when the close contact

would be over, and her arms empty. The final pang was further off than seemed probable just then, for Molly was right, and it took a long time for the strong man to die. The hovel became crowded with faces as the morning grew older. The first to arrive were Mr. Thornley and Bride, for Connor had had gone off on a fishing expedition at day-dawn, and Pelham stayed to comfort his mother, whom they had not dared to bring to the scene of the accident, till some more reliable account of Mr. Daly's state had been received than could be extracted from Molly. As soon as it was ascertained that any attempt to move the sufferer would only hasten his end, Bride went back to the Castle to fetch Mrs. Daly, and there was half an hour when Ellen and Mr. Thornley shared the watch alone together. It was the half hour when Mr. Daly was most frequently conscious and able to say a word, and Ellen could not help half grudging that a stranger who could not care, should share the precious looks and faintly-breathed words with her. Yet, she could not deny that the moment of clearest consciousness, the most firmly-spoken words and the very sweetest smile that came were called forth by the pleasure her father seemed to feel when he first perceived that Mr. Thornley was near him. His eyes rested vaguely on his face for a moment or two, not recognizing him; but gradually recollection came, and with it a sudden light illumined all the dying face. A halo of glory Ellen thought it was, and always in memory she saw her father dying with that look of joy in his eyes. He made a sign to John Thornley to come near. Ellen bent down to listen too; she could not afford to lose a word.

"You see it was well I came here last night instead of you."

A quiver of strong emotion passed over John Thornley's face.

"I see it saved my life," he said, in a voice trembling with feeling. "This was meant for me. You are lying here instead of me."

"A very good exchange," said Mr. Daly, smiling. "I never did think myself worth much; you have all your chances before you."

"But if you thought there was danger, why did you come here alone?"

"At least, I was never a coward. I have done a great deal of harm, and neglected my duties, as Anne O'Flaherty has often told me, but at least I am not a coward to let another person bear the consequences."

"You seem to be able to speak with less pain now," John Thornley went on more calmly. "Don't let us lose the precious moments. Have you not any deposition to make, that might lead to the identification of the murderers. So horrible a crime must not, shall not, I promise you, escape detection and punishment."

"Crime never does; the punishment comes over and over again. Seed and fruit,—my own neglects and follies."

The peaceful face had become suddenly troubled, and again the words came out with painful gasps and struggles. Mr. Thornley bent lower to catch any name that might be spoken. "A single word would do," he urged. "If you know anything don't let the knowledge die with you."

The lips moved again, and some words came, but they were not in answer to the question.

"My sons — Pelham — you could help."

"I shall always feel that my life's service is owed to those you leave behind you," John Thornley answered, and he bent down and solemnly touched the dying man's forehead with his lips.

"Don't make him speak again," Ellen cried, almost angrily. "Don't you see that every word hurts. He was suffering less a minute ago. Why did you come near? Why could not you let him lie still with his eyes shut, as he was doing before you came?"

John rose from his knees by Mr. Daly's side, and for answer went and stood behind Ellen and began to pile up some cushions and shawls, which Bride

had brought, into a support for her to lean against as she sat. "You must not grudge me those few words, that one touch," he said, softly. "I will not come near again to disturb him unless he wants me. You are fortunate, you have been here with him all night, while we slept."

Fortunate. The word pleased Ellen; she rewarded it by raising her eyes to the speaker's face, and allowing to herself that it was genuine grief, such as she must admit to her sympathy, that was written there.

New-comers kept appearing at the low door. Mrs. Daly and Pelham, and a little later Connor arrived, accompanied by a doctor. Every moment seemed to add something to the tumult of grief that surged round the dying bed, but which seemed to have less and less power to reach the soul hovering on the confines of peace; only able to turn back now and then and look pityingly through the fast glazing eyes at the pain it was leaving behind.

The last word and look were for Anne O'Flaherty, who reached the cabin half an hour before the end. Mrs. Daly, shaken completely out of her usual composure, and seeming for once to have changed places with Ellen, who had no vehemence of grief that day, had thrown herself on the floor by her husband's side, and was weeping wildly, begging for one more look or word of love. His hand moved feebly, and drew her head close to his own on the pillow, and opening his eyes once more he looked at Anne, who was stooping over him, with a smile of triumph.

"She does love me, you see, Anne; me who never satisfied her. She loved me after all."

A few more words were murmured very low to himself a quarter of an hour afterwards. Anne bent low to catch the sounds, and raising her head, repeated the words calmly and gravely to the others.

"Satisfied! When we awake in Thy likeness we shall be satisfied with it."

Then John Thornley came and lifted

the head with gentle force from Ellen's shoulder.

"We can take him home to the Castle now," he said. "It will not hurt him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN a sudden calamity falls upon some members of a group of persons whom circumstances have thrown together, it is curious to see how one or two of the outsiders seem by general consent of the mourners to be taken at once into the fellowship of sorrow, while others, who are conscious perhaps of having within themselves as strong a yearning to offer sympathy and help, are persistently held aloof, and made to feel that they have neither part nor lot in the matter. Is it accident, or has character anything to do with the choice of who shall and who shall not be allowed to offer consolation? Bride Thornley made this observation, and asked this question, rather sorrowfully, of herself two days after Mr. Daly's funeral, as, taking advantage of a short gleam in a very rainy day, she was taking her constitutional walk up and down the terrace before Castle Daly.

Never in all her life had she felt so utterly lonely and left out as during the painful week she was looking back upon. And this as the result of her sister's return home and of John's having attained one of the wishes which he and she had put before themselves as a possibility to be worked towards ten years back. Is there any use in wishing, since the longed-for good always comes wearing such a different face from the one it has shown in the distance that one hardly recognizes it? Bride caught herself up sternly when the thankless sentence had distinctly formed itself in her mind. What was wrong with her? Had she grown mean and base all at once, to let a little sting of personal pain overpower her sympathy with the grief she saw around her? Ah! Here was the answer to her puzzle. No wonder the mourners had held aloof from her when, side by side with real concern for their sufferings, lay the

half-formed grudge she was conscious of against John and little Lesbia, for that complete pre-occupation in the troubles of their friends, which made a word or look from them hard to obtain in these days.

Yes, it was base. What did a week's loneliness signify? Why could she not put herself completely out of count—the plain, stiff, unlovable self that just in this mood there was so much pleasure in abusing,—and be glad because John for once had had occasion to show the rare unselfishness and tenderness of his character to others besides herself; and because little Babette had won him through her sympathy in the general trouble to adopt her as a real companion, in spite of her childishness? It was certainly very base not to be glad of that? Why should not John have two close friends in his sisters instead of one? Why not indeed?

A gust of rainy wind blew in Bride's face as she walked. She drew her cloak close round and marched quickly on, trampling on herself in imagination, and treading down rebellious thoughts vigorously at every step. The front door opened, and two other figures appeared on the scene to share Bride's pacing place. Sir Charles Pelham, his rosy face composed into a mask of gravity that had yet something important and business-like in the look of it; and, leaning feebly on his arm, Ellen Daly. She had been very ill since the night of her father's death, quite confined to her bed; but there had been much anxious discussion that day during luncheon, in which Sir Charles Pelham, his son Marmaduke, Lesbia, and John had all eagerly joined, as to whether it would be possible to coax her out of doors that afternoon—a long, over-eager discussion Bride had called it within herself at the time, and now, (having had that impatient feeling in her heart), she somehow did not feel just in the mood to encounter a full look into Ellen's saddened face. She turned aside to let the pair pass her on the walk, and looked back towards the house.

Well, there was no lack of anxious eyes to watch the progress of that invalid promenade, if she abstained from looking. The front door had been left ajar, and in the opening stood Marmaduke Pelham, gazing intently after his father and cousin, as if he were counting every one of their slow steps. Bride understood the wistful, yearning look that lent something of pathos to the young man's heavy healthy countenance.

"He hoped she would choose his arm for her support during that first walk," Bride said to herself. "Poor fellow! he is very dull; but he knows what it is to be overlooked, I see. I should like to shake hands with him; but why does he draw in suddenly and shut the door with a bang? Ah! I comprehend—he sees and hears as I do, the library window opening cautiously, and John putting out his head to look towards the end of the terrace too. What does he expect to happen to those two that he should watch them like that? Surely one old uncle is competent to take care of a girl walking before her own house; let her have lost her father in ever so shocking a way a week before; two other people are not needed to watch her as well."

If Ellen Daly's sad face was a jar on Bride Thornley's mood, John's anxious one was a yet greater provocation. She could not bear it. She turned abruptly at the end of the house, scrambled up hill, over soaked turf and flower-border, till she reached the high turf terrace at the top of the sloping garden. There, at all events, she should be alone; and yes, for once, just for once, the grudging, self-pitying thoughts should have their turn, and get themselves expressed—so perhaps she should best see how ugly they were, and discover a spell to lay them for ever at rest.

Of course all pity was due to Mrs. Daly and Ellen; they were the sufferers—and yet—and yet—there are so many sorts of loss; it is not only death that takes away one's dearest, and leaves one standing alone. There are other shears besides the shears of the blind Furies that sever lives that

have been closely knit together; and the severing is done so noiselessly, so gently, there must not be a word said—not the least little cry. Surely the losses that can't be complained of are the hardest to bear. No warmth of sympathy comes to put a little fresh life in the numb, frozen heart; it may turn quite to ice for what any one cares. It is so mean to grieve over the loss of the first place in a heart to which one has only the right of having paid away irrevocably all one's own. It was simply what was to be expected; and a middle-aged, plain, unattractive woman, who has been struggling with the world for years, ought to have won reasonable expectations as to her own claims by her struggles, if she has gained nothing else; humility and plain sense at least may be expected of her. It is not even called fortitude, if she stands still with a smiling face, while one by one of those to whom she has given all her love and her life-work, gradually take themselves away, to stand a little and a little further off from her, till the space is too great for any warmth of love to pass between.

Yet surely people might know that it is not so much less hard to see those you love best shut themselves away in a new sphere of interest, and a kind of love to which you are strange, than to see the golden gate of heaven close behind them. The door is shut all the same; and it does not do you much good to be near enough to hear and see the sound of the festival songs and the light of the lamps streaming through, while you are standing outside. Tears of self-pity welled up into Bride's eyes as the thoughts to which she had so long refused to listen clothed themselves in pathetic words, and one trickled down, at last, the length of her cheek. She had to stand still to wipe it away, and, with the action, a sense of absurdity stole in and shattered the sentimental mood.

The wet cheek wrinkled up into a smile. To cry about herself, plain, middle-aged Bride Thornley, prosperous now, healthy, content, whose life, rightly

looked at, had not a rag of pathos to hang round it;—she could have beaten herself for being so absurd. So much for taking a constitutional walk alone, when one has been overwrought, and when there is an atmosphere of infectious emotion pervading the neighbourhood! She would go in and sew a white tucker into Lesbia's new black dress, and put jet studs into John's shirt, ready for evening. When she had done working for those two, no doubt some other work would open up, and with work of any kind, say it was scrubbing floors or hemming dusters, self-pitying moods might be defied.

At the end of the terrace, however, she paused again. She found she was not ready for the house just yet. It was all very well to reason so, but work was not enough. The most congenial work in the world might become husks such as the swine eat, if offered to the heart as a substitute for what the heart craved. It was mind-food, not heart-food, after all. Bride's heart had been stirred and swayed from its usual poise of calm content, and it needed something more potent than ordinary common-sense lessons to still its yearnings.

In spite of wet feet and soaked skirts she stood quite still on the verge of the turf walk, with her face towards the western mountains, unable to make up her mind to descend the slope. There had come a lull in the wind and the rain; a strong gust had lately shaken the trees of the little wood on the north of the Castle, and they were now swaying themselves to rest again, with crisp, pattering sounds of trembling leaves and groaning of branches—a great cloud, like a dusky, wide-winged bird, was moving rapidly across the sky, leaving the mountain-tops from which it had lately risen clear against a horizon where the crimson of sunset glowed through a dim opal cloud-veil. These sights and sounds had a powerful effect on Bride, who, in spite of her pretensions to be prosaic, had an open eye and ear for the mystic appeals of nature.

As she gazed, she felt as if from the glowing west strong arms had been

stretched out, that folded her round and held her to a great heart, whose deep beatings rocked hers to a wonderful peace; and, borne in on her mind as powerfully as if the sobbing wind in her ear had whispered the words, came the sacred appeal that had often touched her before, but never so closely, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "I am chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,"—in the wind, but not the wind—in the sunset glow,—in the murmuring of waters,—but above, beneath, within, nearer and closer than these—He was there, the still, small voice, claiming her heart. And she had been pitying herself, instead of blaming herself, because her heart felt empty, while He stood without. She had been measuring love, so much for so much, and forgetting that there was infinite love offered to her love that could never fail or change. Again tears, but not of self-pity this time, welled up into Bride's eyes, and she turned round and once more paced the turf-walk slowly. She would not cheat herself; unpaid service was not good for any one, nor unrequited love; and work for work's sake was poor husky nourishment for a living, craving soul; but then, that was not all that was left for those to whom the closest human love was denied.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

She was ready for the house now, she believed, and for any news that had to come.

By the time she reached the terrace steps, she spied John coming from the house to meet her, and she knew perfectly well how it was that the word *news* had come into her mind. There had been a vague notion hanging over her all day, that some tidings were in store for her, and now the purpose of opening out some important communication was so plainly written in John's face, that she read it a yard off. Well, she was ready, only she thought she would put off the evil day for half an hour or so if she could.

"I am going into the house now," she cried, as John approached. "I

warn you, you will find the turf-walk very wet."

"Can't you stay out a little longer, Bride? I have not been able to exchange a word with you for more than a week."

"Look at my boots."

"Brisk walking will dry them; and you say yourself that nothing ever gives you cold."

"I don't think I meant to include wet boots; but I see you are of Connor Daly's opinion, that I am as hard as nails."

"What business had he to say so? But, Bride, go in and change your boots, if you like. I can wait; and I want very much to have some talk with you."

"And I am ready for a talk, wet or dry, only I won't go back to the turf-walk for anyone."

"Let us come out on to the road, then, through the kitchen garden; it is dry enough there."

"Why through the kitchen garden?"

"Miss Daly and Sir Charles Pelham are still on the front terrace, and I should not like to disturb them."

"And that other pair in the flower-garden—are we not to disturb them? Do you see John, Babette, and Connor Daly? I wonder how long they have been together down there looking for violets. Long enough, I have no doubt, to make it only prudent for me to go and act chaperone."

"No, no; Babette has only just left the house. She and I have been together the whole afternoon. Come with me; you need not interfere. I should think we might trust even Connor Daly not to begin talking nonsense to Babette the day after his father's funeral."

"But it is not the day after Babette's father's funeral, and I am not sure that I can trust her not to talk nonsense to him on such an interesting occasion as a first walk after a week of gloom. No, don't start. I am not saying any harm of her; but can't you see that she is just one of those girls who never forget, or let other people forget, that they are

girls, and in the very nature of things require nonsense to be talked to or by them?"

"I think you underrate Lesbia. It strikes me that she has shown remarkable good sense and feeling during this last trying week; and this afternoon she came to me of her own accord, and consulted me about a plan for the future she has thought out with considerable clearness and prudence, as it seems to me."

"Oh, she came to you about it! It is her plan you have been discussing together?"

"Of course; you don't suppose that if I made a plan I should go and talk it over with little Babette before I mentioned it to you. Why, Bride, I thought you were miles above suspicion, and would never imagine such a thing as that I could put you aside, such old partners as we are, you and I."

"Well, well; whatever I may have been thinking, don't stand still and stare at me in the middle of this swamp. One look such as that is punishment enough for all my sins. Let us move on towards the road; and tell me this wonderfully clever plan of Lesbia's."

"Remember that you have a veto on it, and that if you seriously object we both submit at once."

"Honestly."

"Speaking for myself, I should be sorry to give up the scheme now that it has been suggested to me, and I see through it a way opened of fulfilling an obligation that weighs on me; but your wishes come first; new obligations don't unloose old ones. We have fought a hard battle together, you and I, Bride; and not for the world, not for any new duty in the world, would I even seem to throw you over, or detach myself from you, now we are beginning to win it."

"John, you force me to be magnanimous. Here and now I yield for ever an old point of dispute. I solemnly acknowledge that men are juster than women; and that they can, the good ones, even under the impulse of a new

feeling, see how things look to those who don't share their infatuation."

"But, Bride, I said nothing about a new feeling. I spoke of a new duty that quite against my will has been thrust upon me."

"Oh, yes, I heard; but now the plan. Let me hear the plan, and when my mind is set at rest about that, we will, if there is time before dressing for dinner, take out our microscopes and our scalpels and dissect our motives scientifically."

"Well, you are aware that Mr. Daly's will was read yesterday morning, and that all the afternoon and evening Sir Charles Pelham—who is Mrs. Daly's trustee—and the sons and I were hard at work examining papers and discussing possibilities. It was a disheartening task enough, for the affairs are even in worse confusion than might have been expected; and when I went to bed last night I could not see that there was anything left for the family but separation, and dependence on the generosity of their relations, for a time at least. We have gone through such another crisis, Bride, and know what it means."

"Yes, yes; and I am sure I feel very much for them all; but I don't believe they can be nearly as badly off as we were when we were turned out of Abbots Thornley. The sons are both grown up and educated in a way, and surely Mrs. Daly had some fortune settled on her?"

"A very small sum. You are right to say that the sons are educated in a way. Just enough to make it impossible for them to begin afresh and turn to anything useful."

"It is very sad, and, as you say, we have gone through it all ourselves; but, John, don't think me hard-hearted if I remind you that you have often said you believed we came through as well as we did because from the first no illusive offers of help were held out to us by anyone, and we knew at once all we had to face, and that our dependence must be on ourselves and each other."

"We two have come through the trial, but not all of us who went in;

there were shipwrecks, you know, on that sea."

"Oh, John, don't; it's like touching a wound."

"I know, and I am very sorry. Only if we are to understand each other I must show you all that is in my mind."

"Go on; I don't have to find out now that your heart is really softer than mine. Can't I have the plan without any more preamble?"

"It is just this—Lesbia's idea, mind you, not mine. She tells me that she has taken a very great liking to this house and neighbourhood."

"Where your life has been twice attempted. She has not lived a winter here."

"The winters are pleasant and open enough, and Lesbia professes a great love for fine scenery."

"Or fine compliments, *à la* Connor Daly. I wonder which the child means?"

"She says scenery, at all events. Let me get on with my story. She has asked me, since she must have some settled home of her own now, to rent this place of the Dalys. It is perfectly clear that they can't go on living here; but there is another house on the estate—a small place up among the hills—which Mrs. Daly and her daughter seem to wish to occupy; and if we took the Castle off their hands, they could all live there together in tolerable comfort. Connor would be able to finish his college course in Dublin, and read for the bar, as he wishes; and the eldest son, who seems a sensible fellow, might take the management of the estate into his own hands. His uncle hinted that he should not object to advance a little money to keep things together if I were willing to remain on the spot a few months longer, and superintend till Pelham gained experience. Under this arrangement the debts might be paid off gradually, and affairs worked into order. What do you say?"

"I say it is an excellent plan for the Dalys."

"And for ourselves."

"Oh! John, can you really mean it? To sink down into a land-agent again.

To give up the editorship of that "New Quarterly," and the literary career we have looked forward to so long."

"I should not give up the editorship. I am not so Quixotic as to throw away seven or eight hundred a year for a whim, I assure you. Most of the work could be as well done here as in London, and I could run up to town every two months or so. Lesbia will want to be there, I suppose, for part of the spring. It would all fit in very well."

"But why should you work yourself to death for people who a little while ago treated you as only rather better than an upper servant, and who, as far as I can see, are nothing to us?"

"Bride, I think I can make you see further. Have you never thought of it? No, for you did not know how obstinately set I was on keeping my appointment with Dennis Malachy that night, and how steadily resolved Mr. Daly was to go in my stead. It was to his death he went; and you know that shot from behind the wall was meant for me. Can I help feeling that some of the cares and responsibilities of the man who died in my place have fallen on me?"

"I don't know, I am sure—it was not his intention to die."

"I am not a man to take a sentimental view of obligation; but it is impossible to live through such a night as that of Mr. Daly's death without being changed by it. There was a look on his face when he fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'You see it was well I had my way about coming here,' that I shall carry in my memory to my dying day, and after. He meant quite simply, that it was *well* he should be murdered instead of me. I believe the thought made death sweet to him. I used to look upon him as a sort of fool and now——"

John did not finish his sentence, a quiver in his voice warned him to stop. The road began to be steep here. Bride slipped her hand under his arm, and they climbed on a few minutes in silence. She felt as if a prison wall were closing round her. To live on here, with the Dalys for nearest neighbours,

seeing John and Lesbia gradually getting absorbed into their lives, hearing about them continually, breathing the atmosphere of devout preoccupation with their interests, that had roused her jealousy this last week. No prospect could possibly have promised her more temptation or pain, or been more completely distasteful. She would have to acquiesce in it, she knew, but she could not help making one more faint struggle before she gave in.

"Granting that this plan is right for you and me, John," she said, "is it well for Lesbia to be indulged in her wish to remain here? When you first heard of her heiress-ship, you said, the one thing you would most anxiously guard against was her being married for her money. How will you answer it to your conscience to put her in the way of intimacy with those two penniless, handsome young Dalys?"

"Lesbia has a great deal more judgment than I gave her credit for at first, and she is very open. She has told me already exactly what she thinks of Connor Daly, and I can see she is in no more danger of falling in love with him than you are. As for the elder lad, the very handsome one, he and she don't get on together at all. They seem hardly to be on speaking terms. I have watched them closely, and I don't think they have exchanged a dozen words this week. No, I shall not have the least uneasiness on that score. I do not see anything difficult there."

"Of course you don't, just because it is the obvious rock in the way, and straight before your blind masculine eyes," thought Bride to herself.

John paused as they turned to go home, and pointed to a particular spot on the road. "It was just there that I saw Mr. Daly last," he said, "he was mounting his horse for that ride. Miss Daly was standing at the gate to watch him ride away. I heard her ask him to walk with her every night of the full moon. We two were the last people to see him before the accident."

"We two" already in his thoughts, and for so long it had seemed a mere matter of course to Bride that no one

but herself could be the second in John's we. The walls were closing round indeed, and her consent to be shut up in them would have to be given in a minute or two.

"You are very silent, Bride," John said as they drew near the house. "I have stated my case, and you have hardly spoken a word; but remember, the decision rests with you. Say that the plan of living here is disagreeable to you, and it shall never be mentioned again. I have told you why I think these people have a claim on me for service, but you come first. Lesbia sees it too. After all you did and were to us in our struggling days, the choice of our home, now that we are free to live where we please, should rest with you."

"To live among people who hate us," Bride said slowly at last.

"Yes, take that into consideration. I want you to weigh all the disadvantages fairly. Yet, I don't think that objection counts for much. We should live the prejudice down, and for my part, I think 'beginning with a little aversion,' answers as well with neighbours as with lovers. One has a pleasant sense of victory and triumph over them when one has won their respect at last.

"John, what makes you so ingenious?"

"Bride, what makes you so silent? Are you reluctant to decide, dear, and had you rather I divined your decision without more words? I think I see. It shall be No to Lesbia's plan, then, and without further allusion to it we will revert to our original scheme of a year's travel before we settle anywhere. We used to talk of seeing Rome together, when it seemed as likely as going to the moon. I will speak to Lesbia."

Bride drew a long breath. If it could be settled so. If she might but stretch out her hand and take the pleasant life, far away from the country that was hateful to her, with John and Lesbia, her own brother, her own little sister, for whose sake she had done some hard work in her time, securely withdrawn from the adverse influence she believed was steal-

ing them away from herself. If she might love her own life, and choose her own good, and let other people carry their proper burdens as she had had to carry hers. Why not? Was there never to be an end; had she not done and suffered a good deal for others already? Was it not time to think of herself?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. I with the crown of thorns, with the wounded hands and feet, the Lord and King of sacrifice. Open, and I will come in and sup with you."

Again, in the whisper of the wind among the trees, the low voice seemed to question with Bride's heart. Yes, it was just that, that *was* the question. He was there waiting for an answer. One could not entertain Him without following Him, or have self-pleasing for a third at that feast. Self, or Him—one ruler or the other—and again and again in one's life the choice has to be made. They were close to the castle now. While John stooped to unlatch the garden gate, Bride took a long look, a long considering look at the building before her. Its straggling front, with the ivy-grown towers and irregularly-shaped doors and windows, the neglected premises behind, the rambling untidy garden: all intensely unhome-like in her eyes, but from that moment her home. She swallowed the bitter potion with a gulp, resolving never to allow herself to find its after-taste bitter.

"John," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, as he held open the gate for her, "you misunderstood me. I was only making up my mind slowly, as you know I do. I have looked at it all round, and if I really have a veto, I decide on staying here. There is a great deal to be said in favour of Lesbia's plan."

"You really think so! My dear Bride, how glad I am."

It was provoking to see how his face brightened. Bride hurried up the walk, and, to escape further conversation, set herself vigorously to work to rub the mud from her boots on the door-mat, as if she could think of nothing further

till she had obliterated all trace of her wet walk from her person.

"It's of no use," she said to herself as she worked away, "I don't come into the house the same person that I went out. I know it's a turning-point, and that I shall never be able to forget this wet walk as long as I live. I have turned to a new leaf in my book of life in it, and I can't put back the page. Whatever the new reading is, I've got from this time to begin to spell it out."

There were other people in Castle Daly that day besides Bride Thornley who always had to look back upon that wet afternoon's walk as one of those turning-points in life—places where two roads meet—which in after hours tempt the thoughts so often to recur to them in vague wonder as to how it would have been with the life if the rejected path had been followed.

Ellen and Sir Charles Pelham entered the house a minute or two after Bride quitted the hall, having also come to the conclusion of a conversation that decided the principal events of several lives. Ellen crept up-stairs wearily, looking very pale and subdued; and Sir Charles's ruddy face, as he turned into the library and stood warming his hands over the fire, wore an unusually thoughtful, puzzled expression. He was busy making up his mind whether he was most annoyed or gratified at the result of a step he had taken on a sudden good-natured impulse, aroused by the pitifully red and swollen state of Ellen's eyelids.

"Well, Marmaduke, my boy," he said to his son, who entered the room in the midst of his musing, "so you've come in; I was just thinking about you, and wishing for a chance of speaking to you alone. I've had it all out with your cousin Ellen. I thought it best, for you know there's nothing so wearing as suspense, and she seemed so down-hearted and miserable, poor girl, I thought it would cheer her to know there was a better prospect before her than she had any right to expect."

"You don't mean to say, father, that you've been talking to Ellen about what I confided to you last night? Why, I've

never said a word of the kind myself to her yet."

"I was paving the way for you, and very grateful you ought to be to me for it, knowing as you do the opinions I hold against cousins marrying, and the little inclination I have to this match; there are not many fathers who would have set about such a piece of business for their eldest sons, I can tell you."

"She listened to what you said? you think I have a chance?"

"Of course she listened to me, and though you may fancy I have not the matter as deeply at heart as yourself, you may rest assured that if she can't be induced to see your offer in the light you could wish, it is not for the want of having had its advantages placed before her. 'My dear,' I said, 'Marmaduke surprised me very much yesterday after the funeral by speaking to me about the affection he says he has long entertained for you,' and then I went on. Of course, I did not pretend that it was precisely the match that your mother and I should have chosen for you, being cousins, and so on, but nothing could be kinder or more encouraging than my manner to her. 'We are all very fond of you, my dear,' I said, 'and we would give you a cordial welcome into the family, and do our best to make you happy, and take good care of you. You know you are not exactly fit to take care of yourself,' I said; 'you are unfortunately like your poor dear father, too full of generous feeling to be able to cope with the world;' and then, to prove my point, I just instanced her imprudence in going out with those people on the night of her father's murder, and her impulsive manner at the inquest, which has set everyone in the neighbourhood talking of her, when she came forward a second time to give evidence in favour of the old hag whom everyone but herself believes to be in league with the murderers, and who is, at all events, doing all she can to shield them from justice now. 'Of course,' I said, 'neither I nor any of my family would think for an instant of accusing you of want of proper feeling. I only speak of these

things to show you how liable you are to be misconstrued when you follow your quick impulses without consulting anyone, and how much better off you will be under the guidance of a sensible, kind-hearted husband, such as Marmaduke will make you, who has known you all your life, and will understand better than anyone else can how to take care of you.'"

"I am sorry you said all that, father; she will think I am not satisfied with her as she is, and that's not true. She may say and do what she likes for me, there's not an English girl I've ever seen fit to hold a candle to her. I wish you had let me speak for myself."

"It would have been a waste of words. It's no such great privilege to be refused, I should say, that you need look black at me for taking the brunt of your first offer on myself. I'll never take so much trouble again in any of your love affairs, I can tell you, for I've argued and talked in the mist till I've made my throat sore. She has just the same kind of obstinacy that her poor father had. You think she is agreeing with every word you say, and then she turns round and twists it all to prove her own side of the argument. She'll marry some scrambling, out-at-elbows Irishman, who will talk sentiment to her by the yard, and bring her to beggary—that will be her end."

"I shall do my best to prevent it, father."

"You'll be a fool for your pains, then. She does not care a rush for you, and never did, and never will. I've made out so much to-day, at all events, and tell you plainly to settle your mind. Why can't you leave well alone? You told me last night that the chief thing you cared for was to behave handsomely now the family are in trouble, and you have behaved very handsomely, and so have I. It went against the grain, but I did my best to persuade her to have you. I offered her a good husband and a thoroughly comfortable English home; and if she prefers poverty and muddle down here, it's not my fault or yours. It might show you, though, I should think, that she's not the girl to

make you happy, my boy, eh! or to come after your mother at Pelham Court."

"All the same, I wish you had not meddled, father. She'll be on her guard now, and I suppose I shall never have an opportunity of speaking."

"You shall make your next offer yourself, I promise you. I've talked till my throat's sore and done my best, and you don't seem the least grateful or satisfied. I thought you'd have been more reasonable, I must say, Marmaduke. Hark, there's the dinner-bell at last. Well, it's something that another of these dreary days is nearly over."

Mrs. Daly sat at the dinner-table that day for the first time in her widow's weeds. She had been almost beside herself with grief at first, and there had been serious apprehension of brain fever; but in a day or two she recovered her self-command, and seemed by a strong effort of will to shut back her overwhelming pain and despair behind the strong gates of reserve and silence within which she habitually entrenched herself. After that there was little hope of approaching her near enough to comfort her. Her face, always still and grave, hardened into a stony look of endurance that froze words of sympathy on the lips of those who tried to speak them. Her eyes seemed to be always asking the question, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and forbidding any attempt at an answer.

Little Lesbia was struck with a great awe of her when she came to offer the bunch of violets she and Connor had gathered in the garden.

The large beautiful tears that came so readily into Babette's eyes, welled up at the sight of Mrs. Daly's pale worn face under the circular folds of crimped muslin; and as she held out her hand with the violets, her heart swelled with warm generous feeling; for had not she spent the entire afternoon with John in devising schemes to rescue the widow and her children from poverty and dependence, and secure them a home! She experienced a painful chill

of disappointment when Mrs. Daly put out one finger for her to shake, quite ignoring the violets, and met her swimming eyes with a steady, tearless gaze, that seemed somehow to take all the glow and glory from her projects of protection, and made her feel herself as impotent a comforter as if she had sunk back into being Aunt Maynard's snubbed companion again. There was not much conversation during the long evening. After the silent melancholy dinner, Sir Charles Pelham drew John Thornley into a window recess and held whispering consultations with him on business matters from time to time.

Ellen seated herself on a footstool by her mother's chair—secure that no one, not even her cousin Marmaduke on his last evening in Ireland, would have courage to attempt a conversation with her in the neighbourhood of that fortress of grief. Marmaduke Pelham stolidly settled himself in the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug, determined that, if he might not talk to his cousin Ellen, he would at least spend the last hours of this unhappy visit in looking at her—all the while quite unconscious that he was heaping up bitter wrath against himself in her memory, by being the first person who had ventured to sit down in Mr. Daly's accustomed seat since his death, and that Connor was making vehement signs of disgust at him for his want of consideration behind his back.

Ellen sent one half-angry, half-appealing look towards him as he took his place, the meaning of which he did not in the least understand; and then she appeared to forget that he was there. Her eyes fixed themselves vacantly on the now closely-shuttered and curtained window recess. But her thoughts were evidently far away, following the incidents of that evening when she had stood there last talking and laughing; when the window was open, and when, a mile or two away outside, something was happening that she must not go on thinking about for ever. Now and then she roused herself and turned to look at her mother, and then the expression of another kind of sorrow stole into her face—a look

such as a faithful dog casts into his master's face when he sees he is in pain and cannot help him. At such times she would put up her hand stealthily to stroke her mother's knee, or touch softly the drooping head that never changed its position, or showed the least consciousness of her caresses. Lesbia, watching this little pantomime, was startled by the sound of an impatient groan coming from the direction of the window recess, that in the stillness was quite plainly audible through the room. Everybody turned his or her head to discover what it meant, except John Thornley, who stood still, confused and convicted, and who must have been, Lesbia concluded, much disgusted with himself for betraying so publicly the extent to which Sir Charles Pelham's conversation bored him.

Lesbia had opportunity for watching her neighbours, for no one took much notice of her; and she found so much food for thought, that the long hours of the silent evening did not hang heavily on her hands. It is always a matter of deep interest to watch the way in which new circumstances draw out unexpected points of character in our friends and acquaintances. Little Lesbia was, perhaps unknown to herself, a diligent student of character, and owed the pleasure of her evening to philosophical observations on the change in Mr. Pelham Daly which had been effected by the events of the last ten days.

Everybody in the house had felt the change, but no one but little Lesbia had had leisure of heart to chronicle its signs and comment on them in thought. It was not that Pelham put himself more forward or was less reserved than formerly during those dark days, but his silence no longer seemed the effect of shyness, and his reserve was not, as formerly, worn as a suit of armour for the purpose of keeping intruders at a distance. He looked a great deal older than he had looked a week ago. He was so busy all that evening sorting and numbering letters, and sat so far out of the circle of the lamp-light, at his father's old pigeon-hole desk in a dim corner, that Lesbia could venture to let

her eyes rest for quite a second at a time on his face, while she wondered what the difference in him really was—whether there actually was a line between the black brows and a hollow under the large eyes, or whether it was only the new expression on his face that made him seem so completely a grown-up man now, and the head of the house. She had to turn her eyes quickly away for fear of meeting his when he left his place, as he did every now and then, to go and stand behind his mother's chair, and make her talk to him for a few minutes; but though she was not looking, she could hear the tender tones his voice took in addressing his mother, and observe that Mrs. Daly never ignored his little caresses as she did Ellen's. When he crossed the room and laid his hands on Connor's shoulders to stop him in picking out a dance tune on the piano, as he had carelessly begun to do, there was nothing of the old provoking peremptoriness in his manner, nothing that the touchiest younger brother could possibly resent. Connor, who had begun a petulant twist to shake off the restraining hands, changed his mood when he looked up into Pelham's face and substituted an acquiescing nod and his own bright smile for the intended growl of remonstrance.

Connor and Lesbia had been a great deal together during the last week, and had grown quite intimate. He was very miserable. His handsome face had often been quite disfigured with weeping, and his blue eyes, like Ellen's, were almost extinguished under the painfully swollen lids; but he was not in the least altered or transformed by his grief, he was just the same Connor Daly who could not possibly, whatever tortures of body or mind he might be enduring, get through a silent evening without finding something mischievous to do with his hands, or some occasion for making grimaces at somebody.

Lesbia had liked his seeking her out, to talk of his sorrow, and had felt flattered by his finding her little attempts at soothing helpful. It was a new thing to have people coming to her to be comforted, but as she watched the two

brothers that night she acknowledged to herself that, however flattering confidential talk may be, it was the sorrow that could not pour itself out in words that had her strongest sympathy.

Yet one or two words, when they seemed to well up from depths of pain after long restraint, might not be amiss. It might not lessen sympathy to hear such spoken, if they seemed to be able to get themselves said to one person only. It was Lesbia's lot to be drawn into a conversation, quite at the end of the evening, that led her to this amendment of her previous opinion. Sir Charles Pelham, coming hastily out of the window recess to wish Mrs. Daly and Ellen good night as they were leaving the room, knocked over the pigeon-hole desk at which Pelham had been sitting and scattered its miscellaneous contents over the drawing-room floor. Lesbia stooped down to help Pelham to gather them up, and it proved to be a longer business than she had counted on. The other occupants of the room one by one slipped away, and they were left unperceived in the shady corner to finish their task alone. Lesbia picked up and smoothed the papers, and Pelham restored them to their proper divisions in the desk. They worked in silence till the last packet was replaced, and then quite abruptly Pelham began: not looking at Lesbia, but fixing his eyes on a certain pigeon-hole where he had just replaced his own old school letters to his father:

"I wonder why he kept these: there's not a single word in them that anyone would have cared to read a second time. I don't suppose I ever did write a word to him that could have given him a moment's pleasure—Miss Maynard, I'll tell you something. The last time I ever talked alone with my father we had a trifling misunderstanding, he and I. It was on the day when Connor and Ellen called on you to ask you to travel to Ireland with us. My father and I walked along the shore, and he wanted me to speak openly with him, and I would not, though I knew all the time that my

reserve pained him. It's folly to think more of that little circumstance than of all the rest, but I do. Perhaps I should be able to grieve openly, like Connor and Ellen, if it were not for that. Can you understand my feeling so?"

Lesbia was so much startled by the abruptness of the address, that not one of the comforting commonplaces she had applied to Connor *would* come into her mind; she could think of nothing to do but to stretch out both her hands towards him.

"Do you know," she whispered, as he grasped them convulsively, "that I could not weep when my father died? I am afraid I did not love him at all as I ought. I have so often wished it had been different. The only thing I can remember about him is, that when he tried to kiss me I used to cry and hide my face. I have often been sorry to think of that since."

"You understand how it is with me, then, and you are sorry for me?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

"I could not have told this to anyone but you; and now, since I have your sympathy, I shall be able to bear it. What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

"Has it? I am so very, very glad."

The sound of John's footsteps approaching the door made them aware that they were holding each other's hands still. Lesbia snatched hers away and ran breathless upstairs to bed.

Perhaps it was just that last ten minutes that made the whole evening so memorable to Lesbia.

"What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

She could not go to sleep for a long time from repeating those words over and over again to herself, and for feeling the tingling in her fingers that Pelham's close clasp had left. Bride, who had her own troubles to think over, could not understand what made the child so restless.

To be continued.

ADDRESSES AT CHESHUNT COLLEGE, JUNE 25, 1874.

IN proposing "Prosperity to Cheshunt College," a rather wide field opens upon me. I might perhaps go back to the excellent founders of this college. I might endeavour to depict to you the personal appearance, at one time of her life, the splendid attire¹ of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Or I might claim for myself some connection with her by the fact that two of her sons, George and Fernando, and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, were buried in Westminster Abbey. Her sister is immortalised by one of our most famous monuments, as much admired in the last century as it is depreciated in this. Or I might rank the Countess among the great ecclesiastical worthies of former ages, and point out her resemblance to St. Theresa of Spain, St. Bridget of Ireland, and other famous ladies who have exercised a more than episcopal sway in their times. I might also enlarge upon the apostolic character of the first President of this college before it came to Cheshunt—I mean Fletcher of Madeley. I may claim to myself the honour and privilege, perhaps not shared by many here present, of having made a pilgrimage to Madeley in order to explore all the localities sanctified by that holy memory. I have seen his grave; I have visited the vicarage where he lived and died; I have stood on the ruins of the great landslip in the neighbourhood, the subject of the sermon which some of the students of this college, I hope, have read, on what he calls "The Dreadful Phenomenon."

But I will not detain you with these local and ancient personal associations; I come to the peculiarities of the college itself. And here it seems to me that Cheshunt College furnishes a very large field of ecclesiastical and general interest.

There is a remark in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which I trust are read as amongst the best part of the theological reading of the students of Cheshunt College. They cannot have sounder maxims on all ecclesiastical subjects than they will get from Sir Walter Scott's novels. In "The Fair Maid of Perth," he says that some of the most interesting features of natural scenery are to be found in those parts of the country where the Highlands and Lowlands meet together. This is very much the position of Cheshunt College. Of course there are great advantages in mounting to those Alpine elevations, far beyond any such point of junction, such as some of our friends have lately traversed with me, in celebrating the memory of John Bunyan, of Bedford, or such as I have traversed on various occasions when I have had to speak the praises of Hooker in the past, and of Sir John Herschel and Livingstone in the present. There is also an advantage in having to go to those green pastures and still waters of pastoral life, of which I hope to say something before the evening closes. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar interest attaching to such a point of junction as is symbolised and brought before us in Cheshunt College.

If Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, had designed it, she could hardly have brought together a more varied collection of curious ecclesiastical—I will not say contradictions, but—diversities than she has combined in the constitution of her college; she herself a devout member of the Church of England, founding a college which certainly has dealt in no illiberal measure with Nonconformity—and thus providing an opportunity for the appearance amongst you from time to time of persons who certainly are widely separated in outward matters, and even in

¹ Mrs. Delany's Memoirs, ii, 28.

some serious opinions, not only from the Countess of Huntingdon herself, but from those who represent her here on this occasion.

It was mentioned, I think, as a matter of speculation in some journal the other day, what John Bunyan would have said if he could have foreseen who it was that should deliver the chief oration in his memory at Bedford. I think, also, that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, might have had some misgivings if she could have anticipated that two of the chief speakers present on this occasion should be my friend Dr. Allon, one of the chief assailants of the Established Church to which the Countess was so deeply attached, and the Dean of Westminster, one of its most stubborn defenders—but certainly one who, in many points of theology, would have differed widely from the excellent Selina.

But, returning, or rather taking my stand on this impregnable basis, which the Countess of Huntingdon has given me in this diversified institution, you will allow me, perhaps, to draw from it some general reflections, which you may take either as an exposition of principles that I think are applicable to all of us, or else as an apology for your foundress in having laid down the lines of such a complex institution as this.

First of all, it seems to me, taking it in the most general sense, a great advantage that there should be any institution or any field in which such tendencies as those represented by the National Church and by Nonconformity should be able to meet together as they do in this college, and as they do on this occasion. There is a saying which I read some time ago in a Persian poet,¹ that "If a man is a Mussulman, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with Franks." If a man is orthodox, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with schismatics; to whatever persuasion a man happens to belong, he ought to associate with men of other persuasions, because if he can mix freely with them and yet remain unmoved in his own mind,

he has obtained peace and is master of the whole creation. This is a principle which, like all principles, may be pushed too far. No doubt, within certain limits, we must keep to ourselves, otherwise the whole energies of the world would be squandered. No doubt also there is a good deal of irritation, misunderstanding, and obloquy caused by such cross meetings as are produced by occasions of this sort. Still, I think the advantages outweigh these objections. There are reasons deeply seated in human nature why the principles on which this college is founded may be fully justified. It is impossible for persons to be brought together in ecclesiastical or social intercourse, if they come from different points of view, without not only having their angularities rubbed off, but also without being withheld from temptations into which they might otherwise be naturally led. I heard the other day of a clergyman of the Church of England who refused to let the children of his parish go to a flower-show where they would have to compete with Wesleyan children. I heard on the same day of a Nonconformist who, when some liberal Churchman sent a contribution to his chapel, indignantly returned it. Now, I cannot but think that these absurd follies—for I call them nothing else—would have been prevented if these men had had more means of meeting together, whether in social or religious intercourse. That is the first remark I will venture to make.

Again, there is a very common feeling expressed in this day, that nobody ought to have anything to do with any church except those belonging to it. It is a question much agitated at present in the sister kingdom of Scotland with regard to the patronage of the Scottish Church, whether it is possible for such an influence to be exercised over a church in the appointment of its ministers, except by the inner circle of that church itself. A very distinguished and excellent statesman has laid it down most strongly that it is absolutely incompatible with the idea of a church to receive any appoint-

¹ See Moncreu Conway's "Sacred Anthology," p. 33.

ment or any influence from the hands of anyone except the members of that church. Here again the Countess of Huntingdon comes to my assistance, because by the constitution of this college her trustees, who are certainly not all of them members of the Church of England, are to bestow, at any rate in one instance, the patronage of the Church of England. I have no doubt they discharge this duty admirably and conscientiously, and I have no doubt that the Church of England reaps the benefit of it, not only in regard to that particular living, but also in regard to the Church at large. A church gains very much from being influenced by and brought into contact with those who are aliens to itself. It is a principle that runs through all ecclesiastical history that all churches, ancient and modern, have been affected to their own greatest benefit by the influences of the external world and of those who are not mixed up with their own peculiar feelings and their own intestine controversies. Therefore, here again I claim the diverse and complex position of this college as a witness to a principle which I hope will be more and more maintained as the churches of the world go on.

Thirdly, I take some comfort from the appearance of this college with regard to the National Church which I here represent. Nothing is more common at this time than to hear it said—I believe sometimes by my own Nonconformist friends as well as by my own friends in the Church—"How is it possible for me, for example, to defend and take a pride and a pleasure in a Church which combines within itself so many diverse elements as the Church of England, including a powerful section that certainly does not receive my name with much respect at public meetings, and whose policy I greatly deplore?" I reply, on the principles of this college, it is far better for me, it is far better for them,—the section to which I allude,—and far better for the country at large, that we should combine within the same Church; that we should have opportunities of knowing, not only by personal, but by ecclesiastical intercourse,

the virtues and the merits, as well as the vices and demerits of those to whom we are opposed. It is a great pleasure to me that, in spite of these diversities, the Church is able, as I hope it will always be able, in spite of the complaints, and annoyances, and difficulties which it causes, to contain these several elements within itself, even the element to which I have particularly alluded, which causes so much disturbance and distraction at the present moment; but an element which I am proud to think has produced those whom we could not possibly miss without great loss to ourselves, whom the country would very greatly miss if, being driven into a corner, they were made a narrow, exclusive, and domineering sect; one of whose chief leaders was the author of those beautiful words of the "Christian Year," which you have heard this morning, closing most appropriately the beautiful sermon from the preacher in the chapel.

Then, coming back to the point from which we started, this college has, from the very first, endeavoured to combine, and does still to a certain extent combine, perhaps more than any other on which you could lay your finger, what may be called Churchmanship and Nonconformity together. Its foundress, as I have said, was a Churchwoman; the Liturgy of the Church of England is still read within the walls of its chapel; those who are educated for the ranks of its ministry may be educated alike for the Nonconformist or the National ministry. Now this also is a kind of type or parable of the immense benefit which is conferred on the whole country by the friendly co-existence of the Established and Nonconformist Churches.

I have often dwelt upon this before, but I must, before I conclude, dwell upon it once again, and I ask myself, what would the country have lost, what would the Church of England have lost, if the Nonconformists had been entirely suppressed according to the fatal policy of the seventeenth century? What would have become of those outlying districts, which were visited and revived in the middle and at the close of the

last century by Wesley and Whitfield? What would have occurred, again, if the Society of Friends, whose most eminent representative (Mr. Bright), as you have heard, might have been present with us on this occasion, had been suppressed, as it might have been at one time by the joint action of the Church of England and the Nonconformists? Where should we have had the impulse given by the Quakers to the great cause of the abolition of the slave trade, and the constant protest raised against the cruelty of war? And what would have happened if the mob at Birmingham, who at the end of the last century burnt the library of Dr. Priestley, had been enabled not only to burn his library, but to burn himself and all his adherents? What would have become of the impulse which they gave to the science and criticism of that day?

On the other hand, may I not ask, without offence to my Nonconformist brethren, would not Nonconformity itself also have lost much if there had been no National Church, no central Church from which they all sprang? I have heard that a famous Welsh preacher used to say, "This is the hive from which we came, and it is, possibly, the hive to which we may some day return." Whether you return or not, I ask you, would you willingly have dispensed with the Authorized Version of the English Bible, entirely made by prelates and scholars of the Established Church? Would you have dispensed with the prayers of the Liturgy, which is read in the chapel of Cheshunt College, and which, even

where not read, is a model and standard of devotion to all Nonconformist Churches here and in the United States? Would you willingly have lost the enlightening and illuminating presence of such divines as Hooker, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Butler, Paley, Arnold, and many others whom I might name, who certainly would have found no home and resting-place for themselves except within the bosom of the National Church? It is this combination of these elements which it is never out of place to insist upon, which, the more we insist upon, I venture to say, produces not a sense of rivalry, not a sense of animosity, but a sense of mutual gratitude, mutual peace, and mutual harmony.

Long may Cheshunt College flourish and prosper, so long as, by the education of its students in the best courses of Christian theology, it is enabled to keep pace with the wants of our time, to keep pace with the needs of the population of England, which requires all the energies that either Churchmen or Nonconformists can bestow upon them, and with the still greater needs of the vast heathen dependencies of our great British empire, to which missionaries are sent, and must be sent, not only from the Established Church, not only from Nonconformist Churches, but from all alike, if only they can arrive at the appreciation of the necessity, and the evangelical character of that precept which teaches everyone to do his very best, and follow the very highest aims with the peculiar powers which either his own character or his own ecclesiastical organization has placed within his reach.

ADDRESS IN THE CHAPEL OF CHESHUNT COLLEGE, AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

It has been my lot at different times to address various classes of students preparing for the Christian ministry; at Oxford, when I was Professor of Ecclesiastical History; in London, when I was examining chaplain to the excellent Bishop of that great diocese; at St. Petersburg, when I visited the ecclesiastical seminary at St. Alexander Nevsky. In each of these places, and in the

several generations that have passed since first I became a clergyman myself, I have always felt that whilst the wants of the Christian pastor have greatly varied, yet in all there has been a substantial unity. Therefore I will not scruple, disregarding almost or altogether the peculiar circumstances of your ecclesiastical organization, to express my sentiments almost in the same

words as I have used on some of these other occasions. And in so speaking, I would address myself, not to the most gifted, to whom I could not speak without a closer acquaintance than it is possible for me to have, but to the average class of students who must everywhere form the bulk of the Christian ministry.

I see before me now, as often before in the experiences of my past life, the trembling aspirations, the sense of unworthiness, the sense of ignorance, or the eager hope, perhaps the too presumptuous confidence, perhaps it may even be the longing, lingering look sometimes cast behind to a lost freedom, perhaps the dread of restraints which you may think it difficult to be endured. I see before you, as you may see for yourselves, the dim future filled with doubts, controversies, difficulties, all that you and others may have thought or feared of the office which has in part, and which will ere long be entrusted to all of you. I seem to see the labours on which you will have to enter—the crowded alleys, the wilderness of streets, the secluded villages, the distant heathen dependencies, the wear and tear, the never-ceasing calls and interruptions of official life. I see the exhausting demand for sermon after sermon—as much or perhaps more among Nonconformist ministers than among ourselves. I see the temptations that there must always arise to mechanical routine, to momentary excitement, to blind partizanship, to blank dulness, to languid indifference, or even despair. But I see also the hopes and the opportunities which the Christian ministry, to you as to all, brings with it. I see the various openings for each individual character in the various duties which our complex profession embraces. I see the happiness which may diffuse itself in you, and in all around you, from the mere fact that you will then have no other object than to do good to others by being good yourselves. I see especially, and of this I will speak more particularly, the novelty, the freshness of interest, which the Chris-

tian ministry in our day and in our country presents.

When I speak of the novelty of interest, I do not mean that you are to break with the continuity of your past lives. Do not think that because you are to become ministers you therefore cease to be Englishmen or young men. No; carry with you into your new profession whatever you have of good, or manly, or noble already; carry with you your active frames, your vigorous health, your free, outspoken speech, your plain, downright manners, your loving companionship and pride in one another, your admiration of whatever stirs the soul or kindles the imagination; carry with you, and increase tenfold if possible, your love of truth, your love of honour, your affection for home, your early friendships. These are gifts common to the student and the minister, common to the natural man, rather I would say common to the Christian everywhere, which also belong to the Christian pastor from Pope and Patriarchs upwards or downwards to the humblest minister in the humblest village church or the homeliest Nonconformist chapel.

But then, let us consider what new faculties there are that lie hid in your sacred vocation. How often have I seen that in these matters the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong! How many thoughts, never dreamed of before, must enter the mind of any young man who finds himself for the first time by the side of a dying sick man, hanging upon him for support in those few inestimable moments! How suddenly, as by the rod of Moses, is a new spring of living water opened in the hard dead rock by the intercourse of pastoral experience! How strangely has an earnest and powerful preacher thus leaped, as it were, out of the seemingly vacant and thoughtless student; how often have the homely gifts of buoyant spirits and healthy common sense, shot out far and wide in schemes of vast moral and spiritual usefulness; how suddenly has the awkward youth who went in search only of his father's asses, found himself to be the heaven-sent king, or the man of uncircumcised

lips become conscious of a message, yes, even of a voice, of an utterance which nature seemed to have denied him.

It is the charm of this our calling that it perpetually reveals to us these mute prophets. You may enter, the most gifted of you may enter on this profession, and be nothing at all, but the least gifted of you may enter upon it and be everything. It may be everything to you, and you may be everything to it. Yield yourselves to its transforming power. In this sense, magnify your office to the utmost, and it will magnify you in return ; you will become great with its greatness, and fresh with its freshness, and glorious with its glory. For, as I have said, with each succeeding age the sacred ministry renews, or ought to renew, its strength. The trumpet-call to enter this sacred service had a sound to the ears of the primitive and the mediæval clergy which it had not for the Reformers or Puritans ; it had a sound for the Reformers and Puritans which it has not for us ; but, thank God ! it has also a peculiar sound for us in all churches of our day which it had not for them of former times.

The services for which our loins are to be girded are different, but not less cheering. The lights which burn in our hands ought to burn more brightly and strongly, because with a peculiar brightness and a peculiar strength, than ever before. The office of a minister has, no doubt, difficulties which it had not in former ages ; but those very difficulties are such as make the office doubly interesting. They are such as may well stimulate in every one of you a noble ambition—a noble resolve in the name of Christ, and by the grace of His Spirit, to subdue and overcome these difficulties. And through these obstacles, or in spite of them, the Christian ministry in this our generation opens a career as grand as ever it did in the most stirring days of its primeval simplicity, or, as in the palmiest days of its secular pre-eminence—a host of interests, inspiring because of their greatness, encouraging because of their newness.

Let me enumerate some of these.

You come among your people as ministers and teachers. Yes ; but have you considered, will you consider sufficiently, the immense advantages both to yourselves and to them if you come among them as friends and as learners ? If this has not always been the view entertained of the clerical office, if it has not been that which in some great churches has given to them their main influence, yet it is unquestionably that to which our own generation especially invites us. By all means, give your people the best you can out of your own hearts and minds. Prepare yourselves to the utmost to get at that best ; but remember, also, that young and inexperienced and incapable as many of you are, you must draw the best that you can out of the hearts and minds also of your hearers. You must read your own thoughts to them, no doubt ; but you must make them read their own thoughts to you. You must make them respect you ; but you must also respect them. Even from the poorest of your neighbours, you will often gain, even on controverted topics, a light which the half-educated or the over-educated would fail to give—a deep calmness where you are agitated, a clear discrimination where you are full of confusion, a steadfast faith and love where you are full of doubt and discord.

And remember the immense value—the religious, moral, theological value—of the opinion of good, enlightened, unprejudiced, practical, scientific laymen, not only the laymen of our own congregation, who are often but exaggerated likenesses of ourselves, but laymen of the great outside world who really make up the materials of English Christendom. Do not make yourselves slavishly dependent upon their opinion, whether that be, as it is called, public opinion or any other opinion, but still remember that, in some respects, outside laymen have an advantage over us ministers, by seeing more, by reading more, by knowing more, and that what is sometimes called secular is often really more sacred than what is sometimes called spiritual, and that what is sometimes called spiritual is sometimes more really

worldly than even the things called secular.

The office of the minister will not sink, but rise in proportion as he is charged with the hopes, the fears, the feelings, and the sympathies, not only of the clergy, but of the whole Church and nation. The ecclesiastical profession in former times did, in a great measure, derive its best social influence from the fact that it then represented the whole intelligence of the age. It is not too late for this influence to be once more ours if we would use the various means which the literature, the science and the progress of our age have put into our hands, regarding all these as the counsels of friends instead of rejecting them as the attacks of enemies, accepting them as the armoury of God, instead of opposing them as the wiles of the devil. We must be understood by others in order to be respected and followed; but we must understand others in order to be understood ourselves. We must look facts in the face. They may be stubborn teachers; they may teach us strange and startling truths, but by them, if by any human means, will our loins be girded for the special task which lies before us.

I turn to another branch of the subject—the trials, controversies, and alarms of the Churches.

Here, too, is a new field of usefulness and importance to those who feel constrained to enter into them, and involving duties not less important to that far larger class of ministers who have no calling to enter upon them at all. There are many qualities which, for this purpose, may be urged—love of truth, boundless charity, unshaken courage, fearless regardlessness of the persons of men; but in addressing the average of theological students (the more highly endowed, as I have said, I leave to take their own counsels), the gift which I should recommend above all things is that which the Apostle commends to us,—“Be clothed with humility.” Be modest enough, at least, to abstain from condemning books which you have never read. Be modest enough

to abstain from pronouncing solemnly on difficult subjects which you have never studied. You have a call—we all have a call—to be humble, to be studious, to be candid, to be forbearing. We have not, all of us, a call, either from God or man, to sit on the seat of judgment, or to carry out the ark of God into the battle. Whatever strange and erroneous doctrines have to be banished and driven away, are best driven away, not by foul names and fierce attacks, but by quietly, calmly, humbly preaching what you yourselves, according to your best opportunities, believe to be the truth. “Overcome evil with good.” Overcome intolerance by charity and forbearance. Overcome folly by such wisdom as you can best put forth. Overcome guile by simplicity. Above all, overcome the spiritual pride of professional polemics by the modesty of the Christian youth. Study the Bible; study mankind; study nature as little children. The aged philosopher can do no more; the young student can surely do no less.

These are simple homely maxims, but, homely as they are, they open to you and to the rising generation a path which you can make entirely your own—a path, indeed, along which some of the wisest and best of God’s servants have walked in the firmest faith and in the devoutest love, but which still needs to be known in order to be valued. A path it is which the vulture’s eye hath not seen, nor the lion’s whelp trodden, but which will guide us to lofty heights and serener regions by eager partisans unknown and uncared for. Truth, candour, modesty—these are not the watchwords of theological controversy in past times—no, nor even in the present; but let them be your watchwords for the future. It is not the way of the world; but it is the way of Jesus Christ. It is not the way of the old, carnal, theological Adam of by-gone ages; but it is the way of the new spiritual man created anew in Christ Jesus. It is the true lesson of the soothing, moderating, reconciling, comprehensive spirit of the best aspect of

the Church of England. It is the true lesson, in their best moments, of such men as Baxter and Bunyan and Wesley.

And then as to your preaching. On the general subject I cannot commend to you anything better than the advice which one of yourselves received not long ago from one of our most eminent statesmen, couched in language so wise, so charitable, and so discriminating that you cannot do better than lay it to heart for yourselves and for everyone whose sermons you hear or criticise, or whom you would wish to criticise or to offer any advice upon your own. To those few words of Mr. Bright I offer no addition as to the general objects to be aimed at on the subject of preaching. But there are one or two points which occur to me to say in what concerns—again I speak not of the most gifted, but of what concerns all of us. That even the higher powers of preaching have not been denied to our times is proved by the fact of sermons which some of us have heard, and which all of us have read, during even this century—the sermons, to name only the dead, of Arnold and Robertson in the Church of England, of Chalmers and Macleod in the Church of Scotland, of Robert Hall amongst Nonconformists. I might add many more to these if I were to name the sermons of the living. To the excellence of these powerful preachers I do not ask you to attain. This is granted only to a few; but I do implore each of you to make the best of whatever gifts you have. We cannot acquire other gifts than those which God has given us. But out of what He has given us we can make far more than we often do. How many a man there is who is far worse in his pulpit, far less persuasive, far less interesting, far less truthful, than he is in his common talk and life! Why should he not be in his pulpit much better? At any rate, why should he not be as good as he is elsewhere? To be natural, sincere, genuine, unaffected in our lives, in our common practical lives, this is perhaps acknowledged by all of us to be a duty. But to be natural, sincere, unaffected, genuine in

our sermons—what a difficulty! What a contrast is the darkness and the hollowness of our preaching to much even of our common practice and conversation! What a contrast even to much of our professions! The temptation to be wise above that which is written, to appear better than we are, to use language which we do not heartily believe—these temptations are almost irresistible. Yet if there be any one sin against which our blessed Lord warns all religious teachers, it is this great sin of hypocrisy—hypocrisy, not in the grosser sense of the word, but in that far more common, far more dangerous sense in which our Lord always uses it—that is to say, the sense of acting a part, of doing and saying, not what we are in ourselves, but what others put into our minds and mouths. There have been diplomatists who have accomplished their objects by unexpectedly using no concealment and no disguises. May not we also, among the clergy, sometimes take the world by surprise in like manner, and convert men by speaking, thinking, and saying exactly what we think, and appearing to be exactly what we are, by having our loins girt about, not with set phrases and artificial forms, but with that one only girdle which the Apostle recommends—the girdle of truth—truth in action, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in heart, truth in thought?

There is another suggestion I would make. We hear a great deal in these days said for and against dogmatic religion, a great deal concerning positive and negative theology, concerning definite and indefinite teaching. There may be those who are called upon to increase or diminish the stock of our existing doctrines, but for the vast mass, both of those who hear and those who teach, what is wanted is not so much more or less doctrine, positive or negative, dogmatic or undogmatic, but rather that we should endeavour clearly to understand the full meaning of the doctrines which we already have, but which we now too often repeat only for the sake of repeating them. Those sacred words which we use, whether

from the Bible or from the Church, let us ascertain and define what they really mean, what they really meant in former times, what they mean to us, what others mean by them. Many of them are, no doubt, full of force and life. They can still, if rightly understood, not only stifle many an old quarrel, but open many a new truth. They all represent something. They have all, in their day, represented things very different. They, none of them, represent the same thing to everybody. Hold, therefore, if you will, to each and all of the doctrines you have been taught, but, as you use them, try to see what you mean by them; define as clearly to yourselves, if not to others, the ideas they convey to your own minds. If you cannot put them into other words, be sure that you do not understand them, and that you had better say nothing about them. The silence of theology is often as instructive as its speech. To know that you do not know is the next best gift to know that you do know. To know by cross-examination of your own thoughts is at once the easiest and the best kind of knowledge.

And if the words and ideas of the Church and the Churches thus need to be examined over and over again, how much more, and with how much greater fruit, the words and facts of the Bible! How infinitely has the meaning of the Bible grown upon us even within our own experience! What new lights have been brought to us in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the historians of the Old Testament! What a far nearer approach than ever before to the order, the significance, the beauty of the Epistles and the Gospels! What a field of new topics for the youngest minister, which a hundred years ago would not have occurred to the most learned divine! There is here no lack of subjects for sermons. There is here no lack of fresh thought to fill the hearts and minds of your hearers. And most of all, when we approach the most sacred of all subjects, Jesus Christ Himself, our Lord and Saviour, how can I express my conviction of the depth of new wisdom to be learned from His

character, His teaching, His work, if we only set ourselves to ask and to seek out what are the essential characteristics of His Spirit, what are the truths on which He laid the most urgent stress, what was the moral and spiritual meaning of His whole appearance?

And this leads me to make one other remark on the importance of observing the various gradations of truth. There is an admirable essay on an admirable subject by the first president of this college while it still remained at Trevecca—I mean the apostolic Fletcher of Madeley—his essay on “Truth” and on the “Degrees of Truth.” The Degrees of Truth—that is a doctrine which the clergy both old and young are extremely unwilling to admit, and yet it is a truth the neglect of which has produced more mischief than the denial of many a doctrine which has been held to be necessary to salvation. Once grasp the value of things eternal, and the things which are transitory and temporal will very soon find their place. Once acknowledge the importance of the spirit, and you will soon cease to be vexed about the letter. Once perceive the value of internal moral evidence as to the true supernatural, and you will then not be too much disquieted by questions about external signs which may be the scaffolding, but can never be the basis, of religion. Once appreciate the truths on which the highest genius, the highest goodness, the highest culture of the world lays most stress, and you will find enough, and more than enough, in common with all churches, without tearing each other to pieces on the points on which they differ. Once learn that the main object of the Christian ministry is to build up, and you will soon lose the pleasure—great though it be—of pulling down. Once learn that our field is nothing else than the whole land of England, and you will find that you, and I, and each of us have enough, and more than enough, to occupy our whole energy, to draw the thoughts of all churches heavenward, to draw the spirits of all honest and good men together.

A. P. STANLEY.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

II.—THE FRATE.

"WHAT is the use of the cloister in the midst of society," says Padre Marchese (himself a Frate Predicatore of San Marco), "if it is not a focus and centre of morality and religion, diffusing and planting deeply in the hearts of the people ideas of honesty, justice, and virtue, in order to temper and hold in balance the brutal force of the passions, which threaten continually to absorb all the thoughts and affections of men? In this brief description of the monastic life is summed up the life of Sant' Antonino and of his disciples. The saintly Costanzo da Fabriano, and Fathers Santi Schialtesi and Girolamo Lapaccini, with a chosen band of students, went through the cities, towns, and villages of Tuscany, or wherever necessity called them, extinguishing party strife, instructing the people, and bringing back the lost into the path of virtue. Sant' Antonino used his ability and wonderful charity in encouraging the best studies, aiding in the reform of the clergy, and giving a helping-hand to all the charitable works which were rendered necessary by the distresses of those unhappy times. And since the people of Florence took great delight in the arts, and were in the habit of drawing comfort and pleasure from them, the blessed Giovanni Angelico undertook the noble office of making those very arts ministers of religious and moral perfection; educating a school of painters, pure, heavenly-minded, and toned to that high sublime, which raises man from the mud of this world and makes him in love with heaven." Such is the affectionate description given by a son of the convent of its first inhabitants. And his praise scarcely seems too liberal, either of the pure-minded and gentle painter, or of the loftier figure of the Archbishop,

his friend and brother in the community, who was, as the story goes, preferred to his high office by Angelico's modest recommendation. Antonino was a man accustomed to influence and rule men, and his position was of much more note in the eyes of the world, no doubt, than that of the humble painter, or would have been so in any community less penetrated with the love of Art than Florence. We cannot pass over his name without notice, notwithstanding that a greater awaits us a few years further on in the history. The story of Antonino's life and works and miracles—those prodigies which procured him his canonization, as well as many fully authenticated acts of loving-kindness which might well entitle him to rank among those whom their fellow-men called Blessed—are painted under the arches of the cloister of San Marco. I do not say with supreme skill, or with any lingering grace of Angelico's art, but clear enough to give an additional reality to the history of the man. Among those frescoes, indeed, is one poor picture, which has a historical interest much above its value in point of art—a picture in which the Archbishop is represented as entering (barefooted, as it is said he did, in humility and protest against the honour which he could not escape) in solemn procession at the great west door of the Cathedral for his consecration. The façade, now a mass of unsightly plaster, as it has been for generations, here appears to us decorated half-way up with the graceful canopy work of Giotto's design, showing at least the beginning which had been made in carrying out that original plan, and its artistic effect. This makes the picture interesting in point of art; but it has still another interest which probably will strike the spectator more than even this reminiscence of the destroyed façade, or

the picture of good Sant' Antonino affabbe with the gorgeous vestments appropriate to the occasion. In the foreground of the crowd which looks on at the procession, stands a tall figure in the Dominican habit, with the cowl as usual half covering his head, and his marked and powerful, but not handsome features standing out with all the reality of a portrait against the vague background. To be sure it is an anachronism to introduce Savonarola, for Archbishop Antonino was dead long years before his great successor came to Florence; but painters in those days were not limited by vulgar bonds of accuracy in point of date.

Antonino was not, so far as the evidence shows, a man of genius like his friend the painter, or like that later Prior of San Marco whose name is forever associated with the place. But he possessed that noble inspiration of charity which perhaps more than any other makes the name of a churchman dear to the race among which he lives. The sagacious, shrewd, and kindly face which looks at us, still, with an almost humorous observation, in the bust which remains in the convent, would scarcely perhaps suggest to the spectator the tender depth of loving-kindness which must have been in the man. In Florence, with its perpetual succession of governments, its continually varying ascendancy, now of one party, now of another, the community was exposed to still greater vicissitudes of fortune than are the inhabitants of our commercial towns, who have to bear all the caprices of trade. Those who one day had power and office and the ways of making wealth in their hands, were subject on the next to ruinous fines, imprisonments, exile, descent from the highest to the lowest grade. After Cosmo de' Medici had returned from the banishment which his rivals had procured, he treated those rivals and their party in the ordinary way, degrading many of their adherents from their position as *grandi* or nobles, and spreading havoc among all the opposing faction who held by the Albizzi against the Medici. The result was, as

may be easily supposed, a large amount of private misery proudly borne and carefully concealed, that poverty of the gentle and proud which is of all others the most terrible. I have said that probably Antonino was not a man of genius at all; but I revoke the words, for what but the essence of Christian genius, fine instinct, tender penetration, could have first thought of the necessity of ministering to *i poveri vergognosi*, the shame-faced poor? Florence had misery enough of all kinds within her mediæval bosom, but none more dismal than that which lurked unseen within some of those gaunt, great houses, where the gently born and delicately bred, starved, yet were ashamed to beg—each house bringing down with it in its fall, through all the various grades of rank which existed in the aristocratic republic, other households who could die but could not ask charity. The kind monk in his cell, separated from the world as we say, and having the miseries of his fellow-creatures in no way forced upon his observation, divined this sacredest want that uttered no groan, and in his wise soul found out the means of aiding it. He sent for twelve of the best men of Florence, men of all classes—shoemakers among them, woolspinners, members of all the different crafts—and told them the subject of his thoughts. He described to them “to the life,” as Padre Marchese tells us, the condition of the fallen families, the danger under which they lay of being turned to suicide or to wickedness by despair, and the necessity of bringing help to their hidden misery. The twelve, touched to the heart by this picture, offered themselves willingly as his assistants; and thus arose an institution which still exists and flourishes, a charitable society which has outlived many a benevolent scheme, and given the first impulse to many more. Antonino called his charitable band *Provveditori dei poveri vergognosi*; but the people, always ready to perceive and appreciate a great work of charity, conferred a popular title more handy and natural, and called those messengers of kindness the *Buonumini de San*

Martino—the little homely church of St. Martin, the church in which Dante was married, and within sight of which he was born, being the head-quarters of the new brotherhood. On the outside wall of this humble little place may still be seen the box for subscriptions, with its legend, which the Good Men of St. Martin put up at the beginning of their enterprise, a touching token of their long existence. The nearest parallel I know to this work is to be found in the plan which Dr. Chalmers so royally inaugurated in the great town of Glasgow, abolishing all legal relief in his parish, and providing for its wants entirely by voluntary neighbourly charity, and the work of Buonomini, like those of St. Martin—one of the most magnificent experiments made in modern times, but unfortunately, like a song or a poem, ending with the genius which inspired and produced it. It is curious to think that the Scotch minister of the nineteenth century was but repeating the idea of the Dominican monk in the fifteenth. We are in the habit of thinking a great deal of ourselves and our charities, and of ranking them much more highly than the works of other nations; but it is nevertheless a fact, that while Dr. Chalmers' splendid essay at Christian legislation died out in less than a generation and was totally dependent upon one man's influence, Prior Antonino's institution has survived the wear and tear of four hundred years.

There is another institution still in Florence to which Prior Antonino's initiation was of the greatest importance. Every visitor of Florence must have noticed the beautiful little building at the corner of the piazza which surrounds the Baptistery—which is called the Bigallo. This house had been the head-quarters of an older society specially devoted to the care of orphan children and foundlings, which had been diverted—perverted—into an orthodox band of persecutors for the suppression of the heresy of the Paterini by another Dominican, St. Peter Martyr, a gory and terrible saint, whose bleeding head

appears perpetually in the art records of the Order. Antonino was not of the persecuting kind, and perhaps the Paterini, poor souls, had been extirpated and got rid of. However that may be, the gentle Prior got the captains of the Bigallo also within the range of his tender inspiration. He sheathed their swords, and calmed down their zeal, and turned them back to their legitimate work; and within the charmed circle which holds the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Cathedral, standing where Dante must have seen it many a day from the stone bench whence he watched the Duomo, the Bigallo carries on its work of charity, bringing up orphans, and receiving destitute children. Under the lovely little loggia, than which there are few things more beautiful in all the beautiful city, it was the custom to put lost children whom the officers of the society had found about the streets to be recognized by their parents, a fact which suggests many a pretty and touching scene.

In the year 1446, the Prior of San Marco (specially by the recommendation, as has been already told, of the Angelical Painter) was made Archbishop of Florence, an honour which he is said neither to have sought nor wished, but which filled the city with rejoicing. Of all the good things he did in this office we have not space enough to tell; but one or two special incidents must be recorded. A few years after his consecration, in the years 1448 and 1449, one of those great Plagues which terrified the mediæval mind, and of which we have so many terrible records, came upon Florence, and what Boccaccio recorded a century before became again visible in the stricken city. Almost all who could leave the town fled from it, and the miserable masses smitten by the pestilence died without hope and almost without help. But we need not add, that the Archbishop was not one of the deserters. He gathered round him some "young men of his institution," Padre Marchese tells us, and bravely set himself to the work of charity. He himself went about the miserable streets leading

an ass, or mule, laden with everything that charity required—food and wine and medicine, and that sacramental symbol of God which was the best charity of all—*necessarii ad salutem animæ et corporis*, as an ancient writer testifies. At a later period, when Florence was afflicted with a plague of another kind, this noble old man came to its rescue in a way still more original and unlike his age. The people, ignorant and superstitious as they were, had been deeply terrified by some unusual convulsion of the elements, the appearance of a comet for one thing, which was followed by earthquakes, terrific storms, and many signs and wonders very alarming to the popular mind. Besides these natural terrors, they were excited by foolish addresses, prophecies of the approaching end of the world, and exhortations to fly and hide themselves among the caves and mountains, like the lost in the Apocalypse. The Archbishop was not before his age in scientific knowledge; but he instantly published a little treatise, explaining as well as he could the nature of the commotions that frightened the ignorant, “according to the doctrine of Aristotle and the Blessed Albertus Magnus.” It was poor science enough, the historian allows, but yet as good as could be had at the time; and the authority of the Archbishop calmed the minds of the people. The reader will find, if he wishes, in the legend of Sant’ Antonino, and in the pictorial story of his life which may be seen in the lunettes of the cloister of San Marco, a great number of incidents purely miraculous; but Padre Marchese does not enter into these pious fancies. He finds enough to vindicate the saintship of his Archbishop in the honest and undeniable work for God and man which he did in his generation; and so indeed do I. There is but one incident in this noble and simple record in which the good Antonino was a little hard upon nature. The garden attached to the Archbishop’s palace was a beautiful and dainty one, in which former prelates had taken great delight, refreshing their dignified leisure in its glades. But an Archbishop

who takes his exercise in the streets, leading a panniered mule laden with charities, has less need, perhaps, of trim terraces on which to saunter. Archbishop Antonino had the flowers dug up, and planted roots and vegetables for his poor, in respect to whom he was fanatical. One grudges the innocent flowers; but the old man, I suppose, had a right to his whim like another, and bishops in that age were addicted sometimes to less virtuous fancies—ravaging the earth for spoil to enrich their families and to buy marbles for their tomb. It was better on the whole to ravage a garden, however beautiful, in order to feed the starving poor.

Antonino died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world “as morning whitened on the 2nd of May,” when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace when he died should be given to the poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignitary of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi-adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and fervour into the *Ora pro nobis* of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him, on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils more monstrous, more appalling, than are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were somehow nearer, and those rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passion, could see the saints so unlike themselves going in by that dazzling way.

We must turn northward, however, to find the greatest monk of San Marco, the man who has writ himself large upon the convent, and even on

the city, and who is one of the greatest of the many great figures that inhabit Florence. Savonarola was born in Ferrara in September, 1452, the grandson of an eminent physician at the court of the Duke, and intended by his parents to follow the same profession. He was one of a large family, not over rich, it would appear, and is said to have been the one in whom the hopes of his kindred were chiefly placed. He was a diligent student, "working day and night," as we are told by his earliest biographer Burlamacchi, his contemporary and disciple, whose simple and touching narrative has all the charm of nearness and personal affection—and attained great proficiency in "the liberal arts." He was learned in the learning of his day, and in that philosophy of the schools which held so high a place in the estimation of the world—studying Aristotle, and afterwards, with devotion, St. Thomas Aquinas. But the young man was not of those who take their leading solely from books, however great. He was deeply thoughtful, looking with eyes of profound and indignant observation upon all the ways of man, so vain and melancholy. They were, however, more than vain and melancholy in young Girolamo's day; the softer shades of modern evil were exaggerated in those times into such force of contrast as made the heart of the beholder burn within him. On one side, unbounded luxury, splendour and power; on the other, the deepest misery, helplessness, abandonment—the poor more poor, the rich more brutally indifferent of them than we can understand; and every familiar human crime with which we are acquainted in these latter days set out in rampant breadth of colour and shameless openness. Italy was the prey of petty tyrants and wicked priests: Dukes and Popes vying with each other which could live most lowly, most lavishly, most cruelly—their whole existence an *exploitation* of the helpless people they reigned over, or still more helpless "flock" of which these wolves, alas! had got the shepherding.

And learning was nought, and philosophy vain, in those evil days. What were grammatical disquisitions, or the subtleties of mediæval logic to a young soul burning for virtue and truth, to a young heart wrung with ineffable pity for suffering and horror of wrong? So soon as Savonarola began to judge for himself, to feel the stirrings of manhood in his youth, this righteous sorrow took possession of the young man's mind. Some poems composed at this time show how deeply penetrated he was by indignation and disgust for all the evils he saw around him. "Seeing," he cries, "the world turned upside down:"

" . . . in wild confusion tost,
The very depth and essence lost
Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
Nor shines one living light
Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.

* * * * *

Happy henceforth he who by rapine lives,
He who on blood of others swells and feeds,
Who widows robs, and from his children's
needs
Takes tribute, and the poor to ruin drives.

Those souls shall now be thought most rare
and good
Who most by fraud and force can gain,
Who heaven and Christ disdain,
Whose thoughts on other's harm for ever
brood."

This profound appreciation of the evils round him made the young Girolamo a sad and silent youth. "He talked little and kept himself retired and solitary," says Burlamacchi. "He took pleasure," adds Padre Marchese, "in solitary places, in the open fields, or along the green banks of the Po, and there wandering, sometimes singing, sometimes weeping, gave utterance to the strong emotions which boiled in his breast." The city raged or revelled behind him, its streets running blood or running wine—what mattered?—according to the turn of fortune; the doctors babbling in their places, of far-fetched questions, of dead grammatical lore; and no man thinking of truth, of mercy, of judgment, with which the lad's bosom was swelling, or of the need of them; but only how to get the most wealth, honour,

pleasure, fine robes, and prancing horses, and beautiful things, and power. Outside the gates on the river side, the youth wandered solitary, tears in those great eyes, which were *resplendenti e di color celeste*, his rugged features moving, his strong heart beating with that high and noble indignation which was the only sign of life amid the national depravity. But in the midst of these deep musings there came a moment, the historians say, when the music and the freshness of existence came back to the boy's soul, and the gates of the earthly paradise opened to him, and all the evil world was veiled with fictitious glamour, by the light which shone out of the eyes of a young Florentine, the daughter of an exiled Strozzi. How long this dream lasted, no one knows; but one of his early biographers informs us that it ended with a scornful rejection of the young Savonarola, on the ground that his family was not sufficiently exalted to mate with that of Strozzi. Here is one of his verses written about the time, which will touch the reader's mind with sympathy for the full heart and forlorn confidence of the rejected lover. One hope still remains to him, he says,

"I cannot let it leave me like the rest—
That in that other life, the best,
Well will be known which soul most highly
springs,
And which to noblest flight uplifts its wings."

Thus separated from the magic web of human happiness which might have blinded him temporarily, at least to the evils around him, his darker musings came back with renewed power. He describes to his father in the touching letter which intimates his entrance into the cloister, the motives which moved him, "in order that you may take comfort from this explanation, and feel assured that I have not acted from a juvenile impulse, as some seem to think" These were: "the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, . . . so that things have come to such a pass that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times

a day have I repeated with tears the verse,

Heu fuge crudeles terras, fugelittus avarum!

I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world." Alone and solitary among people who did, and who put up with, all these evils, with no one to sympathize with his feelings, perhaps even scoffed at for his exaggerated views, he endured as long as it was possible; while he was silent, his heart burned. Disgusted with the world, disappointed in his personal hopes, weary of the perpetual wrong which he could not remedy, he had decided to adopt the monastic life for some time before his affectionate heart could resolve upon a separation from his family. "So great was my pain and misery," he says in the letter to his father already quoted, "that if I had laid open my breast to you, I verily believe that the very idea that I was going to leave you would have broken my heart." He relieved his burdened mind during this melancholy time by writing a little essay on "Disdain of the World," which he left behind with simple art, "behind the books that lie in the window-sill," to prove hereafter an explanation of his conduct. His mother, divining some resolution in him which he had not expressed, looked at him with such meaning and pitiful eyes, "as if she would penetrate his very heart," that the young man could not support her look. One April morning, as he sat by her playing a melancholy air upon his lute, she turned upon him suddenly and said, "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Girolamo durst not risk himself to look at her, but, with his head bent, kept fingering the strings with a faltering touch.

Next day was a great festa in Ferrara, the 24th of April, St. George's Day—one of the many holidays which stood instead of freedom and justice to conciliate the people. When all the family were gone out to those

gay doings, which were brightened and made sweet by the glorious spring of Italy, the young man stole out unnoticed, and with a full heart left his father's house for ever. This was in the year 1475, when he was twenty-three. He went away, lonely, across the sunny plain to Bologna, where he presented himself at once at the Convent of St. Dominic. At this melancholy moment of his life, the youth, his heart sick of all the learned vanity as well as the louder crime of the world, had no desire to be either priest or monk, having an almost hatred in his weary bosom of the vain studies in which he had already spent so much time. He asked only in his despair to be a lay brother, to ease his soul with simple work in the garden, or even, as Burlamacchi tells us, in making the rude robes of the monks—rather than to go back all day long to “vain questions and doctrines of Aristotle,” in which respect, he said, there was little difference between the frati and ordinary men. But presently his mind changed as the lassitude which succeeds an important step brought down his very soul into unquestioning obedience. It might indeed seem yet another commentary on the vanity of human wishes that the young monk, so tired of all mundane things, and sick at heart for truth and contact with nature, should have found himself thrown back again as soon as he had fairly taken refuge in his cloister, upon the old miserable round of philosophy; as lecturer of his convent. He obeyed readily, we are told, which good Burlamacchi takes as a sign of grace in him—but who can tell with what struggles of the reluctant heart and that deep disappointment which so often attends the completion of a long-maturing resolve? Soon after he wrote the letter to his father which I have quoted—a letter full of the tender sophistry which we find in so many letters of this time (and indeed of all times), in which the question of duty is begged with many a loving artifice, and heart-broken beseechings brought in instead. “Do you not think that it is a very high mark of favour to have a son a soldier

in the army of Jesus Christ?” . . . “If you love me, seeing that I am composed of two parts, of soul and body, say which of them you love most, the body or the soul. . . . If, then, you love the soul most, why not look to the good of that soul?” These arguments have been repeated from the beginning of the world, I suppose, and will be to its end, whenever a good and loving child obeys a personal impulse which is contrary to filial duty, but not to filial tenderness. “Never since I was born did I suffer so great mental anguish as when I felt that I was about to leave my own flesh and blood and go among people who were strangers to me,” adds the young man. But the sacrifice had then been accomplished, and for years thereafter the young Savonarola, now Fra Girolamo, had to content himself with “the Aristotle of the cloister instead of the Aristotle of the world,” and to go on with those dry and useless studies, making what attempt he could to separate from them “all vain questions, and to bring them back as much as he could to Christian simplicity,” while yet his heart burned within him, and wickedness unwarned and wrong unredressed were rampant in the outside world.

Perhaps, indeed, the first effect of this desperate resolution of his, this plunge into the Church by way of escaping from the world, was to convince the young man of the corruption of the Church in a way more sharp and heartfelt than before. No doubt it directed him to look with eyes more critical and enlightened upon those ecclesiastical powers who were now the officers of his own army, and more distinctly within his range of vision; and with a Pope such as Sixtus IV., and many inferior prelates worthy of their head, it is not to be wondered at if the bitter wrath and sorrow of the young Reformer blazed higher and clearer still. As he had written in *De Ruina Mundi* (in the verses which we have already quoted), his horror of the sins of the world, so in *De Ruina Ecclesia*, which now followed, he laments the sins of the Church. He sees the true Church herself in a vision,

and hears from her that her place has been invaded by a shameless creature—*una fallace superba meretrice*. “With eyes that are never dry, with head bowed down, and sad soul,” the “ancient mother” replies to him.

“She took my hand, and thus with weeping,
led

To her poor cave, and said—

“When into Rome I saw that proud one
pass

Who ‘mid soft flowers and grass

Securely moves, I shut me up, and here

Lead my sad life with many a tear.”

The wondering spectator listens, and sees her bosom torn with a thousand wounds, and hears enough “to make stones weep” of the usurpation of the harlot. Then his whole soul breaks forth in a cry, “Oh God, lady! that I could break these great wings!” What utterance was ever more characteristic of the future purpose of a beginning life? Though the “*antica madre*” bids him rather be silent and weep, the thought of breaking those *grandi ali*, and striking a blow at the thousand corruptions which disgraced Christendom, never abandoned the thoughts of the young Dominican. He had to be silent perforce for years, and to teach the novices, and lecture upon philosophy, as if there was no greater evil in the world than a definite syllogism; but his heart burned all the more in his breast, and his time was to come.

Even, however, out of these undesired studies, Savonarola's active intelligence—which seems to have been restored to the steadiness of common life, and to that necessity of making the best of a lot, now unalterable, which so often follows a decisive step—seems to have made something useful and honourable. He wrote a *Compendium of Philosophy*, “an epitome of all the writings, various as they are, of the Stagyrite,” a work which, according to Padre Marchese, “might have acted as a stepping-stone to the *Novum Organum*.” Another work of a similar character he had begun upon Plato, the study of whose works had been much promoted in Italy by the learned Greeks who were so highly thought of in many of its intellectual

centres, but this Savonarola himself tells us he destroyed. “What good is there in so much wisdom, when now every old woman knows more?” he asks, with characteristic simplicity. Such were his occupations during the seven years which he passed in Bologna, a time of quiet, of rest in some respects from the chaos of youthful fancies, and of distasteful, but bravely surmounted work. His convent seems to have acted upon the sorrowful young dreamer as sharp contact with actual life so often acts upon visionary youth. It forced him to take up his burden and labour at common things in the long interval of waiting before the real mission of his life came to him. Monastic writers throw a certain ecclesiastical romanticism over this natural result, by distinguishing it as the fruit of monastic obedience, the new soul of the cloister; but the same thing appears in almost all noble and strong natures when life in its real aspect is accepted, not as a matter of fancy and choice, but of unalterable necessity and duty. There was no particular value in the logic which Fra Girolamo taught the young Dominicans; but there was efficacy inestimable in that sense of certainty and life established which led him to do the work which lay at his hand and accept it, though it was not that which pleased him best.

After some years of this obscure work he came to Florence, and now at last we find him in the scene to which his historical existence belongs. Professor Villari informs us, though without giving any authority, that the young monk came to his new home with hopeful and happy anticipations, pleased with the fair country, the purer language, the higher civilization of the people, and with the saintly associations which the blessed Antonino had left so fresh and fragrant. It is easy indeed to believe that after toiling across the rugged Apennines, when the Dominican, still young and full of natural fervour, came suddenly out from among the folds of the hills upon that glorious landscape; when he saw the beautiful

vision of Florence, seated in the rich garden of her valley, with flowers and olive-trees, and everything that is beautiful in nature, incircling that proud combination of everything that is noble in art; his heart must have risen at the sight, and some dilation of the soul, some sense of coming greatness have been permitted to him in face of the fate he was to accomplish there.

The state of Florence at this period was very remarkable. The most independent and tumultuous of towns was spellbound under the sway of Lorenzo de Medici, the grandson of that Cosmo who built San Marco; and scarcely seemed even to recollect its freedom, so absorbed was it in the present advantages conferred by "a strong government," and solaced by shows, entertainments, festivals, pomp and display of all kinds. It was one of those moments of classic revival which have occurred more than once in the later history of the world, when the higher classes of society, having shaken themselves apart with graceful contempt from the lower, proceed to frame their lives according to a pagan model, leaving the other and much bigger half of the world to pursue *its* superstitions undisturbed. Florence was as near a pagan city as it was possible for its rulers to make it. Its intellectual existence was entirely given up to the past; its days were spent in that worship of antiquity which has no power of discrimination, and deifies not only the wisdom but the trivialities of its golden epoch. Lorenzo reigned in the midst of a lettered crowd of classic parasites and flatterers, writing poems which his courtiers found better than Alighieri's, and surrounding himself with those eloquent slaves who make a prince's name more famous than arms or victories, and who have still left a prejudice in the minds of all literature-loving people in favour of their patron. A man of superb health and physical power, who can give himself up to debauch all night without interfering with his power of working all day, and whose mind is so versatile that he can sack a town one morning and discourse

upon the beauties of Plato the next and weave joyous ballads through both occupations—gives his flatterers reason when they applaud him. The few righteous men in the city, the citizens who still thought of Florence above all, kept apart, overwhelmed by the tide which ran in favour of that leading citizen of Florence who had gained the control of the once high-spirited and freedom-loving people. Society had never been more dissolute, more selfish, or more utterly deprived of any higher aim. Barren scholarship, busy overgrammatical questions, and elegant philosophy snipping and piecing its logical systems, formed the top dressing to that half brutal, half superstitious ignorance which in such communities is the general portion of the poor. The *dilettante* world dreamed hazily of a restoration of the worship of the pagan gods; Cardinal Bembo bade his friend beware of reading Paul's epistles, lest their barbarous style should corrupt his taste; and even such a man as Pico della Mirandola declared the "*Divina Commedia*" to be inferior to the "*Canti Carnascialeschi*" of Lorenzo de Medici. This extraordinary failure of taste itself, in a period which stood upon its fine taste as one of its highest qualities, is curious, but far from being without parallel in the history of the civilized world. Not so very long ago, indeed, among ourselves, in another age of classic revival, sometimes called Augustan, Pope was supposed a much greater poet than Shakespeare, and much inferior names to that of Pope were ranked as equal with, or superior to our prince of poets. The whole mental firmament must have contracted about the heads of a people among whom such verdicts are possible; but the opinion of such a time generally is that nothing has ever been so clever, so great, so elevated as itself. Thus limited intellectually, the age of Lorenzo was still more hopeless morally, full of debauchery, cruelty, and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins, and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure. This was the world in which Savonarola found

himself when, waking from his first pleasurable impressions, he looked forth from the narrow windows of San Marco, by the side of which Angelico's angel faces stood watching the thoughts that arose in his mind. Those thoughts were not of a mirthful kind. Fair Florence lying in bonds, or rather dancing in them, with smear of blood upon her garments and loathsome song upon her lips; and the Church, yet more fair, groaning under the domination of one evil Pope, looking forward to a worse monster still, for the reign of the Borgias'—culmination of all wickedness—was approaching;—who can wonder if visions of gloom crossed the brain of the young lecturer in San Marco, howsoever he might try to stupefy and silence them by his daily work, and the subtleties of Aristotle and Aquinas? A sense of approaching judgment, terror, and punishment, the vengeance of God against a world full of iniquity, darkened the very air around him. He tried to restrain the prophetic vision, but could not. Wherever he was allowed to speak, in Brescia, in San Geminiano, the flood poured forth, and in spite of himself he thundered from the pulpit a thousand woes against the wicked with intense and alarming effect. But when he endeavoured to speak in lettered Florence itself, no one took any trouble to listen to the Lombard monk, whose accent was harsh, and his periods not daintily formed, and who went against all the unities, so to speak, as Shakespeare once, when England was in a similar state of refinement, was held to do. In San Lorenzo, where Savonarola first preached, there were not twenty-five people, all counted, to hear him; but San Geminiano among the hills, when it heard that same voice amid the glooms of Lent, thought nothing of the Lombard accent, and trembled at the prophetic woe denounced against sin; and in Brescia the hearers grew pale, and paler still years after, when the preacher's words seemed verified. Woe, woe, he preached in these Lent sermons; woe—but also restoration and the blessing of God if men would turn from their sins.

Between these utterances of his full heart and glowing soul, Fra Girolamo came back to teach his novices in the dead quiet of San Marco—not preacher enough to please the Florentines, who loved fine periods—and lectured in the cool of the cloister or in some quiet room, as if there had been nothing but syllogisms and the abstractions of metaphysics in the world.

The crisis in his life occurred when, probably on one of his preaching tours, he attended the Dominican chapter at Reggio, and was there seen and heard by a genial, gentle young courtier, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, one of Lorenzo's most affectionate flatterers and friends. This court butterfly was the most learned creature that ever fluttered near a prince, full of amiable sentiments and tender-heartedness, and the kindly insight of an unspoiled heart. He saw the Frate of San Marco among the other Dominicans, his remarkable face intent upon the deliberations of the Council; and heard him speak with such power and force of utterance that the whole audience was moved. Probably something more than this, some personal contact, some kindly gleam from those resplendent blue eyes that shone from underneath Fra Girolamo's cavernous brow; some touch of that "urbanità humile, ornato e grazioso" upon which Burlamacchi insists, went to the heart of the young Pico, himself a noble young gentleman amid all his frippery of courtier and virtuoso. He was so seized upon and captured by the personal attractions of Savonarola, that he gave Lorenzo no peace until he had caused him to be authoritatively recalled from his wanderings and brought back permanently to Florence. Young Pico felt that he could not live without the teacher whom he had thus suddenly discovered. Lorenzo thus at his friend's request ordered back into Florence, the only man who dared stand face to face with himself and tell him he had done wrong. Savonarola came back perhaps not very willingly, and betook himself once more to his novices and his philosophy. But he had by this time learned to

leaven his philosophy with lessons more important, and to bring in the teachings of a greater than Aristotle, taking the Bible which he loved, and which, it is said, he had learned by heart, more and more for his text-book ; and launching forth into a wider sea of remark and discussion as day followed day, and his mind expanded and his system grew.

We are not told whether Pico, when his beloved friar came back, made Fra Girolamo's teaching fashionable in Florence ; but no doubt he had his share in indicating to the curious the new genius which had risen up in their midst. And as the Frate lectured to the boy Dominicans, discoursing of everything in heaven and earth with full heart and inspired countenance, there grew gradually about him a larger audience, gathering behind the young heads of that handful of convent lads, an ever-widening circle of weightier listeners—men of Florence, one bringing another to hear a man who spoke with authority, and had, if not pretty periods to please their ears, something to tell them—greatest of all attractions to the ever-curious soul of man.

It was summer, and Fra Girolamo sat in the cloister, in the open square which was the monks' garden, under a rose tree. "*Sotto un rosajo di rose damaschine*"—a rose-tree of damask

roses ! Never was there a more touching, tender incongruity than that perfumed canopy of bloom over the dark head covered with its cowl. Beneath the blue sky that hung over Florence, within the white square of the cloister with all its arching pillars, with Angelico's Dominic close by kneeling at the cross-foot, and listening too, this crowd of Florentines gathered in the grassy inclosure incircling the scholars and their master. A painter could not desire a more striking scene. The roses waving softly in the summer air above, and the lads in their white convent gowns with earnest faces lifted to the speaker—what a tender central light do they give, soft heart-of-flowers and youth to the grave scene ! For grave as life and death were the speaker and the men that stood around and pressed him on every side. Before long he had to consent, which he did with reluctance, to leave his quiet cloister and return to the pulpit where once his Lombard accent had brought him nothing but contempt and failure. Thus the first chapter of Fra Girolamo's history ends, under the damask rose-tree in the warm July weather, within those white cloisters of San Marco. In the full eye of day, in the pulpit and the public places of Florence, as prophet, spiritual ruler, apostle among men, was the next period of his life to be passed. Here his probation ends.

CHURCH REFORM—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

OUR last paper on Church Reform dealt with the subject of patronage, but in such a way that while a scheme was devised for the abolition of purchase and of preferment held by Corporations, such as Deans and Chapters (while in their present condition), yet little or nothing was said as to the persons or bodies by whom the old patrons should be replaced. Let it be granted that Commissioners were appointed in each diocese to buy up livings that came into the market; to constitute these the new patrons would be a very unsatisfactory arrangement. I share entirely in the prejudice against boards of patronage; to bring a number of people together by popular election only for the purpose of giving something away seems to me, as to others, an exceedingly bad plan; although even this would be tenfold less injurious to the welfare of the Church than to vest the patronage of each living in local trustees. How then are we to solve the question before us?

We have retained three sources of patronage, namely, (1) The Crown and other public functionaries; (2) Bishops and other ecclesiastical persons; (3) private patrons who confer the benefices in their gift but do not sell them. What shall we add to these three, in order to complete our system by adding an element of lay popular control which confessedly does not exist within it at present? The abolition of purchase and of corporate preferment will leave a large number of benefices patronless. Who shall be the new patrons? I answer in one word, the Diocese, and what that means I proceed to show.

A moment's consideration, however, will convince us that this opens up the whole question of that "local government" which stands as the subject of this paper. We can have no diocesan organization, no diocesan representation, till we have them in parishes. That is

to say, we must enter resolutely upon the subject of the relations subsisting between the clergy and laity in respect of the control and management of Church affairs in each locality, first parochial, then diocesan. An immensely wide and extremely difficult subject, in treating which within these narrow limits I must again beg the indulgence of my readers.

To begin with, this is a very ordinary problem in English politics, and one which we pride ourselves upon having solved by a judicious combination of local self-government and central control. Not only have we inherited this combination as part of the essential constitution of the country, but we have of late years done much to develop it in a great variety of ways by the creation of local Boards placed in connection with State departments. But in religion we never seem to have solved the problem at all satisfactorily, the reason being that the clergy, standing apart as a separate order, introduce a third and complicating element. Speaking generally, we may observe that the Wesleyans give too much power to the Church; the Independents to the congregation; and the Establishment to the clergy. This last has, probably, up to the present time been the least injurious mistake of the three; but almost certainly it will be the worst of the three for the future if allowed to continue. English people, who are compelled to manage their local affairs in respect of health, police, pauperism, and education, are reduced to a practical nullity in matters pertaining to the Church. They have no power that a clergyman is obliged to defer to. A man may conduct the services much as he pleases, may drive his people from the church by extravagances or defects, may do, or not do, his parochial work, may go very far indeed on the pathway of idleness, negligence, and even im-

morality, without restraint or interference. The natural result follows. The laity lose their interest in the practical work of the Church, and can be stimulated only by the zest of that extreme sectarian partizanship which is more and more supplanting the old rational Church of England feeling. And the clergy fail, exactly as men must fail, who are at once responsible for the performance of duties, but not responsible to any authority, or even to public opinion, for the way in which they are done. The characters of men are, in great measure, moulded and formed by that pressure from which the clergy are far too much emancipated; hence the best of the clergy test their work by a conscience, which, though often mistaken, is most strong, and even exacting, while the worst of them take things as easily as human nature when left to itself is wont to do. Lay influence ceases to operate exactly where it would be most beneficial, namely in the case of well-intentioned, but weak-minded clergymen, who do not feel themselves either encouraged or restrained by any responsibility which their people can make them feel. They get their money, and exercise their rights, whether the work is performed to the satisfaction of the people or not. Surely there is no parallel to this in any other sphere of English public life. It accounts for whatever there is of alienation, indifference, impatience, and lack of united vigorous effort. It stamps the English Church as un-English in an important, nay, a vital point. A very cursory survey would convince us that things are so bad as to suggest the alternative—either reform or destruction. The cry of the best of the clergy for lay co-operation, the unsatisfactory, hesitating way in which the relations of clergy and laity are handled, the undecided attitude of the latter as to what they want or complain of, are very serious symptoms. Church reform must therefore take in hand this matter, and must set itself to solve the problem, namely, how shall we strengthen the other two elements in the constitution of

the Church, the Laity and Episcopacy, so as to obtain by a balance of powers a freedom of corporate action analogous to what we call in individuals the freedom of the will?

In dealing with local self-government in Church affairs two questions at once present themselves. First, who shall be the electors; second, what shall be the power of the representatives whom they elect. Now, it is not to be denied that the first question is a really difficult one. We are throughout these suggestions treating the Established Church as an institution national in name and in idea, but requiring to be thoroughly reformed in order that it may become national in fact and in extent. But meanwhile, until this object is attained, we have to deal with a state of things that makes legislation difficult, not so much from any practical obstacles as from certain objections which have a plausible and reasonable show, and which reflect but too faithfully the prejudices and the fears of Church people. No statesman who has ever realised the meaning of an Established Church, can hesitate for a moment as to the composition of the future constituency. The same Vestry that elects churchwardens now must elect them for ever, so long as the Church remains national; or if the constituency is altered, it must be only in the direction of widening and strengthening it by the admission of Church people who are not ratepayers. No doubt, this would include a large number of people who are conscientiously opposed to the existence of the Establishment, but that opposition does not in the least disentitle them from their share in the administration of public property. Nor would they be able, even if as a rule they were willing (I entirely deny that they would be willing) to inflict any harm upon the Church. When, I should like to be told, have Dissenters sought to assail the Church by controlling the election of Churchwardens now? The fact is, that the grievance on the part of Churchmen is purely a sentimental, and not a practical one; no doubt a fertile imagination could picture a

thousand injuries and difficulties to which the only answer is that practically they never come to pass. One precaution, and only one, might indeed be suggested, but I do not attach much importance to it. Before a ratepayer was admitted as a voting member of the Church Vestry, he might be required to sign some such declaration as this:—"I, A. B., do hereby declare that I claim to vote in the Vestry of the Church of so and so." If this were signed, say three months before admission, it would prevent a rush of hostile electors suddenly brought in at some emergency, and would go some way to show that the voter was really interested in Church affairs. Whether Dissenters would sign in practice this declaration would rest with themselves—I am sure I wish that they would—but, anyhow, all attempts to narrow the limits of a national Church by artificial or enforced qualifications are useless, and in the long run suicidal.

It is necessary to meet here another plausible and reasonable objection. In large towns parochial limits are for religious purposes non-existent; people attach themselves to the church they like best, and it would be folly to insist upon their being members of the Vestry of a church they never entered and felt no interest in. To this the answer is that persons living in a given area, say a town, or a large old parish, should have the right of joining the Vestry of any church in it. Thus anyone living in the parish of St. Pancras, or the city of York, might belong to any *one* of the numerous churches in the parish or city respectively, and thus, what is so very desirable, congregational variety would be preserved.

The constituency being thus settled, there is no need to make much alteration in the existing mode of election. Most emphatically I do *not* propose that the Vestry should be called upon from time to time to decide Church matters at large and excited public meetings; anything which tended to restrain this practice might surely be accepted by the clergy as sufficient compensation for the curtailment of their present nearly

absolute power. The vestry would have as much to do with the actual government of the parish as the constituencies have to do with Parliamentary legislation—that and no more. Once a year, at Easter, the Vestry would elect not two, but a Board of Churchwardens, whom I shall call hereafter the Select, or Church Vestry. The vicar would still be *ex-officio* chairman of the Board, and would, as now, appoint one member; it would be very desirable that the Bishop should appoint another, the remainder, varying in number according to the size of the parish, being of course chosen by the Vestry. The Board would succeed to all the rights and duties of the present churchwardens, but then, unhappily, to say this is not saying much, but is only raising another delicate and embarrassing question. For the legal relations between the clergy and the churchwardens are in the most unsatisfactory state, as is sure to be the case in communities that, whether from chance or compulsion, live under obsolete and undefined laws. Nor would the most elaborate regulations as to the respective rights and duties of the clergyman and Select Vestry be of the slightest avail. These would very soon shape themselves, when once the preliminary question, "In whose hands shall power be placed?" is settled. To this, then, we address ourselves.

Now, every one knows that the test of the possession of power is the control of the purse-strings. All public bodies, from the House of Commons downwards, are in possession of real power just so far as they have the control of the money wherewith to carry on the business intrusted to them. But in the Church the clergyman is, as we are often rather disagreeably reminded, a freeholder for life: alone of public servants he draws his pay irrespective of popular consent and public usefulness. While Premiers and Judges are paid quarterly, Bishops are lords of manors and owners of estates.¹ While

¹ To make this assertion good, it may be well to state a fact with which few people are, I fancy, acquainted. In accordance with this

civil servants find nothing degrading in salaries, the clergy rejoice in glebe and tithes. Hence we discern the cause of the failure of voluntary Church Councils. Wherever they have been tried, they have been found to work with just that amount of flickering and transient success that goes to show that a germ of something real and efficient lies at the bottom of the idea. But Englishmen are far too busy and practical to waste their time and energies by taking part in shams; where the money is, there the power is, and at present the money is, for all practical purposes, entirely at the disposal of the clergyman. Hence the plain self-evident result is that any clergyman can defy with impunity the judgment of the Bishop, the wishes of his people, and practically the power of the law.

Such, then, is the state of things for which a remedy is to be found. We do not wish to make the clergy dependent upon the people for their incomes—that is virtually disestablishment. Again, we do not wish to retain the present system by which they are life-owners, instead of trustees of national property, holding it for the public good. We must, therefore, devise a compromise, and I beg the serious consideration of all who wish to nationalize and vivify the English Church to the suggestion I am about to make. It is this: *I would vest the whole property and income of the parish from every source (fees excepted) in the Select Vestry constituted as above described.*

What, we at once ask, would be the

Act, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are now engaged in re-settling estates and manors upon the Bishops, so that in due time land to the value of about £150,000 per annum will be in their possession as freeholders for life. Whether any, and if so, what, precautions are taken against the revival of ancient abuses, I do not know; but that some abuses will certainly revive is abundantly clear. I heard of this first from a farmer, who was complaining strongly of the change of landlords. "But after all," he said, "how can you expect a Bishop to put me up a new gate, when he has got to provide for his children out of a few years' occupation of the estate?" Is this a desirable feeling to encourage?

mutual relations of clergymen and people in respect of money? Practically they would be very little altered. The Board of Churchwardens (or Select Vestry) would be under agreement to pay the incumbent the whole of the proceeds of the living, or such a sum as might be arranged between themselves and the patron (the Bishop consenting) at each vacancy. They would manage the estate together with the voluntary offerings that might now be expected to flow in, and one collateral advantage would be a rise in the value of Church property, due to the power of granting fixed leases, better management and ability to make improvements. The clergyman—except as chairman of the Select Vestry—would be exempt from the too often disagreeable position of collector of rents and lessor of lands. I imagine that a considerable quantity of evidence could be collected to show that the management of Church property under locally-elected trustees works well. One instance—that of the fabric fund of Holy Trinity, Coventry—is known to the writer of this paper.

Now let us observe the effect of this change. We can readily understand how lively an interest would be created in the welfare of the Church how much good might be effected by consultation, the expression of wishes, the desire for harmony, and the interchange of opinion. If anything is ever likely to draw back Dissenters to the Church this is it: it would satisfy the reasonable desire of taking a part in Church management and contributing to its religious efficiency. And under any circumstances no one who knows anything of the ordinary English churchwarden can doubt that the effect of this local government would be to exercise an influence in the direction of mutual good-will and toleration. But the real advantage would be in the relations of the clergyman to the people, though even here the actual change would be small in comparison with the moral alteration in their feelings towards each other. The clergyman's legal right to his income would remain exactly as it was before, for the Vestry

would be under strict legal covenant to pay it, except in cases of gross misconduct, such as immorality, culpable neglect of duty, breach of law, and obstinate defiance of the people's wishes. If they withheld it, an immediate appeal would be to the Bishop's Court (reformed, as we shall see presently), and thus the third or balancing element would be introduced. Wherever the clergyman's rights had been invaded, the court would throw the odium and the costs of the suit upon the churchwardens personally. Wherever there was a case of clear and proved misconduct they would uphold the action of the Board. Practically, however, in the immense majority of cases there would be no resort to extreme measures: the Bishop would always be able to step in, informally, it might be, as a mediating and conciliating influence. The average clergyman would have nothing whatever to fear, for the law is a terror only to evil-doers: but men with a tendency to rashness, or selfishness, or idleness, would be under a constant, though gentle, influence to restrain those qualities, and to put that best side of their character foremost, which most men can do if circumstances are in their favour. And the laity, on their part, would be under the strongest constraint to treat their clergyman justly. As things now are it must be confessed that they do often treat an unpopular clergyman very badly indeed, but this is entirely due to the fact that the laity feel that they have no remedy against the enormous and disproportionate power lodged in the hands of the clergy, and therefore display their resentment, together with the consciousness of their powerlessness, by violent and unreasonable measures. Once let it be understood that a remedy was in their power, but that it involved serious responsibility, the need of putting themselves in the right, of working together, of convincing a minority, and the best results would follow. And as for the clergy, they would feel that they had the right to do their proper work freely,

but that they had lost the right divine of doing whatever wrong the possession of absolute power now invites and enables them to do.

There remains finally for consideration the episcopal or diocesan element in the constitution of the Church. Here at once we discern the same fault: so far as the Bishop's power extends it is autocratic, that is, it is absolutely his own, and is not shared by any representative and consultative body. He may call in lay help just as much, and just as little as he pleases. Two results at once follow. First, his power, like all absolute power in a free country, dwindles to nothing, and his personal influence is accepted only so far as it is liked. Secondly, he is overburdened by an immense variety of duties, whereof the management of episcopal estates will be in future by no means the least, if the Bishop is expected—as surely from the national point of view he ought to be—to perform the duties of an ordinary landlord. And bad as the case is now, it would become infinitely worse when to the present work was added the delicate and arduous task of mediating between the clergy and people, and deciding with authority upon matters of dispute submitted to him. It is no injustice to the present bench of Bishops, or to any other body of men, to say that for such a charge no one man is, or can be fitted; nor does English custom allow it anywhere except, unhappily, in the Church. Diocesan organization is therefore the final effort of Church Reform.

I call it final with a purpose. As for Convocation, it must be reformed after the fashion of Hamlet, not “indifferently well,” but “altogether.” If local government is to be restored to the Church, no statesman would tolerate for a moment the idea of establishing what would then be a real and powerful *imperium in imperio*—i.e. a Convocation elected by a constituency such as we have described. We fall back upon that which is at once the true ecclesiastical and the true constitutional idea (how fortunate, and yet how character-

istic, that the two should combine!) namely, that each diocese is to be regarded as an independent unit for the purpose of local and provincial government. Thus, whatever was required of a general or national character by the Church, would be obtained through Parliament, while special reforms, or alterations in the way of carrying on her work, would be left to each re-organized diocese. For it cannot be denied that there is a most real demand for conference and combination in order that fresh plans may be started, new machinery invented, advice given and received, local energy stimulated, and, above all, jealousy and suspicion removed by the creation of that brotherly feeling which comes of consultation and united action. For all this the diocese affords a field sufficiently large, and yet so far local as not to interfere with the action of the State. Moreover, the experience of Diocesan Synods, even under present disadvantages, is, on the whole, encouraging; men meet to discuss subjects that really concern them all, and a Diocesan Synod might be trusted to do its work at least as well as any other local institution. It is, of course, not necessary at present to enter into details as to the mode of election, although there is no harm in sketching one out of many possible plans. Supposing each diocese to be divided into a certain number of archdeaconries, say four, and of deaneries, say forty. Then let the clergy in each archdeaconry elect a certain number of representatives, say one in ten; this is a far better plan than local elections of one representative for each deanery, because it would tend to the selection of better men, and also (by cumulative voting) of men of different schools. On the other hand, let the laity elect their representatives in each deanery, the number in each being arranged according to population, but in such a way that the lay members of the council should be about twice the number of the clerical. No nonsense in the shape of voting by orders or three-fourths majorities should be tolerated for a moment. Surely, it might be

hoped, that men, anxious for the welfare of English religion, would look with satisfaction upon the life, wisdom, ingenuity, and economy that would flow from the establishment of diocesan organization in the constitution of the English Church.

But this organization of course includes the formation of a Council, or Standing Committee, to assist the Bishop in the government of the diocese, to share his labours and responsibility, and to administer patronage not otherwise provided for. And here again the machinery, the men, and the money are all lying ready to hand, waiting only for a reformer's touch to release them from a state of uselessness and idleness by the simple process of giving them something to do. I allude to the cathedral Chapters, the present condition of which presents one of the most unsatisfactory features in the Church. A number of useful clergymen are well paid for leaving their parochial duties in order to perform certain functions for three months in the cathedral, the joke being further heightened by calling them (*lucusanonlucendo*) Canons Residentiary. Now, assuming without further waste of words that chapters want to be made useful, and that dioceses want a Standing Committee, we have here the very thing we require, at once constitutional, ecclesiastical, venerable, and easily adaptable to modern wants. I will sketch a plan which shall suffice to show how easily and effectually the proposed reform might be carried out.

All plans, to begin with, must be dependent on the revenue that might be secured to the Cathedral, after abolishing all useless offices, appealing to public liberality, and taxing the parishes at least for payment of working expenses. But assuming that there would be revenue enough to maintain the Bishop and four members of the Chapter at least (that is, men who had no parochial preferment or duties), then let the Chapter consist of these five; next of from four to eight parochial clergymen, and double the number of laymen (also elected by the Synod). The Bishop and

Dean would certainly be nominated by the Crown, the other three clerical canons either by the Crown, the Bishop, or the Chapter itself. To this Chapter would belong the administration of the Diocese: for instance, in respect of patronage (that is, of the class of benefices described at the beginning of this paper), finance, legal decisions, and the rest. Perhaps we might get a clearer idea how this would work by assigning various functions to the members.

Taking the lay element first, four honourable and honorary offices suggest themselves which any English gentleman might be glad to hold, and give up some of the time that hangs heavily on his hands to do the same kind of work for the Church that he does for the State. These are: Chancellor (who as being a lawyer might require to be paid), Steward, in whose charge would be the lands and houses of the Diocese, and to whom the local Vestries would be responsible for their management of the glebe; Treasurer, whose name describes his duties; and Registrar, to whom would belong the care of the business of the Synod and Chapter. And, no doubt, work would soon be found for the other lay members, though they need not be called by special titles of office.

The position of Bishop and Dean would remain as they are, though in a well-organized Diocese more work than the mere care of the Cathedral might well be devolved upon the latter. Education, theological instruction, musical ditto, missions home and foreign, charity, and the superintendence of all the many plans of doing good which would soon be struck out, would find occupation for quite as large a staff as the Church would be able to maintain. I will, however, mention two pressing difficulties which the creation of such a staff would enable the Church to meet successfully.

First, there is the question of the increase of the Episcopate. Here, once more, is an admitted evil for which no remedy has been discovered at all suitable to the taste and common sense of the country. The routine work of the diocese, especially in respect of confirmations, is,

or ought to be, overwhelming for one man, and it is a matter of just complaint that the essential idea of a Bishop, overlooking or visitation, is become something like a farce. On the other hand, practical sense has condemned the proposal to erect a number of miserable little dioceses at immense expense, and with all the inseparable narrowness and inefficiency; the proposal moreover is, with some justice, thought to be connected with the belief that the spiritual welfare of a Church depends upon the number of independent and absolute Bishops which it can bring together in Synod or Council. But in such a Chapter as I propose the senior Canon might be consecrated as Assistant Bishop; and, in order to prevent the possibility of collision, let him rank below the Dean. He would be in no way dependent upon his superior, except as being responsible for the discharge of a definite list of duties committed to him by virtue of his office and by the will of the Chapter. The following might stand as a sample of these duties. If it be a good thing that the diocese in each one of its deaneries should "undergo visitation" every year, then by dividing it into three parts each locality might be visited by the Assistant Bishop for two years in succession, and by the Bishop himself for the third.

The second is a much more serious and pressing matter. Nothing is more sad than the way in which the organization of women for religious work has missed its mark. How are we to bring light, civilization, secular improvement, cleanliness, hope, contentment, and trust in the Divine order, in one word, Christianity, to the heart of the masses of the people? No answer has been suggested that is half so hopeful as the employment of that great number of women who have the time, the means, and the will to be useful. I have seen too much of the good accomplished by communities of "sisters" to say a disparaging word about them, but they have advanced as far as ever they are likely to do, and what we want now is something more suitable to the genius

of the people, more comprehensive in its scope and views, more secular, but not less religious. All which can only be done as a diocesan work, with experiments, consultation, the bringing to bear new ideas and the adapting of means to ends. Every diocese ought to have an institution under episcopal control, and lay as well as clerical management for the purpose of sending women to act as nurses, visitors, and teachers wherever there was demand for their work. And to develop and superintend this movement might well occupy the whole time and thoughts of at least one clerical member of the Chapter.

This, then, is the crown of my scheme of Church Reform. By it, though the power of *Bishops* (apart from their exclusive right of ordaining, consecrating, and confirming) might be diminished, that of *episcopacy* would be greatly increased. And there is all the difference in the world between the two; whatever men may say of Bishops, episcopacy, or overlooking, is of Divine origin and appointment. But, practically, the Bishop would be, as he ought to be, supreme; so long, that is, as by his zeal, wisdom, ability, industry, and conciliating spirit he carried his people along with him, and worked through twenty willing coadjutors, instead of slaving in vain to do that for which one man's power and discretion are all too small.

I must, however, allude for an instant, to one adverse thought that must have occurred to my readers, as it has all along been pressing upon myself. What, after all, is the use of mere outward arrangements when the spirit is wanting? And that the spirit is wanting let no one doubt. Religion (even more, I think, among Dissenters than the Church) has lost the power of reaching the heart of the masses of the people; men sigh for reformation and revival; with the best intentions in the world, and possessed with a new and tender and growing regard for humanity, they yet cannot bridge the gulf that separates the wicked,

the miserable, the lost, the ignorant and the hopeless from the fellowship of Christian men. What Christian man, surveying civilization in England, shall dare to abide by the old-fashioned test: "Go, show the things that ye do hear and see"? This I know; I know too that reform must be first intellectual, then moral, before it becomes ecclesiastical. But then, reform is after all a unit, so that in advancing one aspect of it we are really advancing the whole. On its intellectual side it has indeed begun already, for science must ere long leaven the minds of even the mass of men with new ideas of God, duty, worship, immortality, in a word, of religion. Then will quickly follow the moral revival concerning which men say, and say truly, that it is an outpouring of the Spirit by the will of God. Yes, but that does not prevent us from regarding it on its human side as well, and even defining it with something of scientific precision. So regarded, the revival will come to pass whenever the new ideas of religion—of which the actual living Fatherhood of God will be the essence—shall seize like a prophetic burden upon the spirit of some gifted man, or men, and enable him to realise and make others realise with him, in the clear light of science, the appalling gulf that lies between men and things as they are, and men and things as they ought to be, and might be, now and here. Such a revival will speedily create the channels in which its spiritual power will flow, and the machinery by which to perform its work. It will sweep away the Church of England into rapid destruction if she strives to resist it; it will enshrine her deeper than ever in the affection of the people, if, placing herself at the head of it, she summons men in the name of a common Father to the succour of perishing children—perishing not in the fictitious torments of an unknown future, but in the stern realities of a miserable present.

ON THE PERCEPTION OF THE INVISIBLE.

As a rule a man puts absolute faith in his senses. A large proportion—perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—of the human race, recognize in all that belongs to the natural world those things only which can be handled or seen; the two most common attributes of that which we call *matter*. Tell a half-educated man that the piece of chalk in his hand is principally composed of the remains of some millions of creatures which once lived; that the glass of clear water before him contains some thousands of animalculæ, and he answers that he will believe it when he sees it. “Am I not to believe the evidence of my senses?” is a common enough expression. The world existed for centuries before its rotundity was recognized—it appeared flat to the senses, the sun seemed to move across the heavens, while the earth was at rest. We know with what opposition the fact that the earth moves around the sun was received by all classes. How many fully realize it even now? In the sixteenth century, there were but ten Copernicans in the world. The early ideas of all races relative to things beyond their ken, indicate that the tendency has ever been to identify the unknown and the unknowable with those things which are more familiar to the senses. Thus, savages see the storm-demon rushing wildly over the skies; to them the sun is endowed with life, and climbing the solid vault of heaven; while lightning becomes fire generated by the collision of clouds, after the manner of a flint and steel.

The thinking and observing man is, however, perpetually reminded of the fact that his senses are limited in their capabilities of perception. Their operations are finite; and the limit, as regards the observation and examination of externals, is reached much sooner than we

generally imagine. The existence of such instruments as the microscope, telescope, and spectroscope, in itself indicates the limited action of the unassisted senses. The star-depths cannot be penetrated, the structure of the diatomaceæ—nay, often the diatom itself—cannot be perceived by the unaided eye; while the dark lines of the spectrum, and the wonderful system of celestial analysis resulting therefrom, would have remained undiscovered had it not been for the prism, the substitution of the thin slice, for the circular beam, of light, employed by Newton, and the tutored eye of Wollaston.

But it is not our intention to discredit the senses because their faculty of perception is limited. The senses are specially devoted to the composite organism of which they form a part. In all that directly concerns that organism they are perfect; but when we endeavour to press them into some special service apart from the welfare of the organism, when we require our senses to discern and investigate certain phenomena of the external world, we find at once that their capabilities are finite. Now, the special functions of the senses are to guard and protect our bodies, to give warning of impending dangers both from internal and external sources; to enable us to repel the adverse assaults of the forces of nature; to benefit by all that Nature offers us—bright sunlight, pure air, beautiful scenery. Gravity would drag us over the edge of a precipice; the senses give warning, and we are safe: accumulated snow would numb us into the long sleep, but so long as the senses remain sentinel over the organism, we resist the adverse influence. When the senses cease to give warning we perish; the sense-bereft madman dashes out his brains. The senses enable us to comply with all the

conditions requisite for the maintenance of life, and they transmute for us various actions of the external world, such as certain movements of the molecules of air, and of the luminiferous ether, into actions capable of being recognized in a definite form, by the centre of perception—the brain. To these various sensations we give such names as Light, Heat, and Sound.

A horse runs away with a carriage a hundred yards behind us; the ear catches the sound, and conveys the impression—"quick as thought," *not* "quick as lightning"¹—to the brain; the latter issues its orders, the body turns round, the eye sees the horse, and communicates this new impression to the brain, which puts in action the muscles of the legs, and thus we jump aside and avoid being run over; the whole set of actions having occupied a remarkably small portion of a minute. As in the story of the belly and the members, each organ works with, and for, the entire composite organism; the senses are faithful and loyal servants of the kingdom of the whole body. But when we ask that same faithful eye which so recently helped to save us from destruction, to see the nature of the motion we call Heat, or to distinguish a molecule of oxygen gas, it can no longer serve us. These unwonted tasks bear the same relation to it as did the roc's egg in the palace of Aladdin to the Genius of the Lamp; but the eye does not reply to us as the Genius replied to Aladdin: "What, wretch! is it not enough that I and my companions have

done everything thou hast chosen to command, but that thou repayest our services by an ingratitude that is unequalled?" It rather replies: "I cannot indeed see a molecule of oxygen gas, or discern the nature of the motion of Heat; but I will do my best to distinguish them if you will help me." And thus we are led to augment the action of the senses, by using them in conjunction with suitable instruments of observation.

Let us be more precise as to this matter of the limited capacities of our senses. About us and around us, at all times and in all places, float myriads of harmonies which we hear not, myriads of images of things unseen. The idea is very old: the Pythagoreans asserted that the music of the spheres is not heard by man because the narrow portals of the ears cannot admit so great a sound. The peopling of the air with spirits, the existence of the idea of Djinn, Kobold, and Fairy, all point to the prevalence of the idea that unseen agencies are for ever about us. Ten thousand motions sweep by, bathing us in their current, and we cannot recognize them. There are, if we may so express it, sounds which the ear cannot hear; light which the eye cannot see; heat which does not affect the sensory nerves. We mean simply that there are actions precisely similar in kind to those which constitute ordinary sound, light, and heat, which do not affect our senses. The difference is one of degree, not of form or kind. In fact, the difference is no more than this: let us suppose that a railway train passes us with a velocity which allows us clearly to distinguish the face of a friend in one of the carriages; next let us suppose the velocity to be increased until we can no longer distinguish him. These are differences of degree, not of kind; for the motion of the train is the same in kind and in direction, but of another degree, and this just makes the difference between recognizing our friend and not doing so. In the one instance the observation falls within the possible powers of the eye; in the other the augmented velocity of

¹ The velocity of a sensory impulse traveling to the brain has been determined to be about 44 metres (144·32 feet) a second in man, while the velocity of a motor impulse traveling from the brain is believed to be 33 metres (108·24 feet) a second. The motion is slowest in the case of sight, less slow in hearing, least slow in touch. According to Donders it takes about one twenty-sixth part of a second to think (*Nature*, vol. ii. p. 2). The duration of a flash of lightning has been calculated by Sir Charles Wheatstone to be less than a thousandth part of a second. The velocity of electricity through short lengths of copper wire is, according to the same observer, 288,000 miles a second.

the train passes the limit of observation. Thus also with the motions of light, heat, and sound. Let them pass certain well-defined limits, and the unaided senses cease to recognize them. Our ears are deaf to sounds produced by more than 38,000 vibrations in a second; our eyes are blind to light produced by more than 699,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second. Each organ singles out a certain limited range of vibrations, sharply bounded in both directions, beyond which the organ ceases to recognize vibrations similarly generated, and differing from the recognized vibrations only in rate of motion. This limited range is amply sufficient for the wants of the organism; but the vibrations beyond the range in both directions, although they may not influence us, often influence matter external to ourselves, as profoundly as those which we recognize by our unaided senses. Hence, once more, the necessity of exalting the action of the senses when we investigate external matter.

Admitting therefore the limited capabilities of the senses, let us now go one step further. When applied to the investigation of Nature, the unaided senses may not only fail us, but they may positively deceive us by conveying false impressions. A point of light (say the glowing end of a lighted stick) if held at rest appears as a point of light; if moved rapidly in a line, as a line of light; if whirled in a circle, as a circle of light; yet we know that the point of light can only be in one place at one and the same instant of time. Or take the less evident case of the motion of heat. We have before us a mass, say a cubic foot, of iron. It appears to be as solid and as motionless as anything we can well imagine. Yet all the observations of science point to the conclusion that its small particles or atoms are not in contact with each other; and that they are all moving with great relative velocity, not directly forward with motion of translation, but vibrating about a position of rest. If we cool our mass of iron we observe that

it occupies less bulk than before; hence clearly the atoms could not have been in contact before cooling, for they have approached each other, and matter is impenetrable: two things cannot be in the same place at the same time. If we continue to cool the mass of iron, it continues to get smaller, the atoms approach closer and closer, and we have never been able to cool a body until it contracts no longer; in fact, we do not know of any substance whose atoms are in contact. Yet our senses of sight and of touch assure us that the iron consists of continuous matter. Now if the atoms are not in contact, and if they are perpetually moving, why, we may ask, is it not possible to thrust our hand into the midst of them, to see them moving, or at least at the bounding surfaces of the mass to feel the movement? Only because our senses are not sufficiently acute for this. The atoms move with excessive velocity, so that, as in the case of the whirled stick, they are, as far as the sense of sight is concerned, apparently in two places at the same time; so also the nerves of touch are not sufficiently delicate to recognize the minute moment of time required by an atom to complete a vibration. For aught we can tell to the contrary, that which to our senses is a cubic foot of iron may be generated by the rapid vibration of a thin plate of iron one foot square within the limits of a foot in length. One more example—a very familiar one—of the fallacy of the senses, and we may pass on to the more immediate subject of our discussion. Place three basins in a row: pour cold water into the left-hand basin, hot water into that on the right, and a mixture of equal parts of the hot and cold water into the central basin. If we now dip our left hand into the cold water, and our right hand into the warm water, simultaneously remove them, and place them in the central basin, the lukewarm water in it will feel warm to the left hand, and cold to the right. Here, then, we have two absolutely antithetical sensations communicated to the brain by similar sets of nerves, and originated by the same medium. Are we to believe

the evidence of the right hand or of the left, or are we to disbelieve both? The old story of the man who cooled his porridge and warmed his hands with the same breath is equally to the point. We must recognize the fact that numberless actions of the external world, as conveyed and interpreted to us by the senses, are *relative* rather than *absolute*. We call a thing hot or cold according as it happens to affect our senses at any particular time. A traveller descending Chimborazo complains at a certain elevation of the heat; a traveller who is ascending, and who meets him at the same place, complains of the cold. "Change of impression," says Professor Bain, "is necessary to our being conscious. . . . The sensation of light supposes a transition from darkness or shade, or from a less degree of illumination to a greater The principle of Relativity, or the necessity of change in order to our being conscious, is the groundwork of Thought, Intellect, or Knowledge, as well as of Feeling Our knowledge begins, as it were, with Difference." The interpretation of an external action by any particular sense, and the transmutation of an external impression into an impression capable of being recognized by the brain, involves this principle of Relativity. The process of sifting the relatively absolute from the absolutely relative, or of stating the relative in terms of the absolute, should be diligently attempted in the investigations of nature.

Although, as we have attempted to show, we are surrounded by numberless unseen actions, we can, to some extent—faintly and dimly indeed—visualize them in our mind's eye; and whenever this can be done without hypothesizing too wildly, without going too far out of the world of real existences, we think it behoves us to do so. There can be no doubt that those impressions are best realized which are seen by the eye of the body, or, if invisible to it, are by mental action wrought into the similitude of things seen. Throughout the history of Natural Philosophy—no matter how subtle the entity—this attempt to

visualize the invisible has always been apparent: the motion-giving *αἶθηρ* of Aristotle, the *εἰσομοίμειαι* of Anaxagoras, the *materia celestis* of Descartes, the igneous motion, "gyratorius sen verticillaris" of Stahl, the "glutinous effluvium" of the old electricians, the "invisible threads" by which, according to Father Linus, the mercury is held suspended in the barometer,—have not the authors of one and all of these pushed imagination to its furthest limit in the attempt to visualize the unseen? And have not the proposers of "subtle effluvia," attractive and repulsive "fluids," "polarized media" for the conveyance of forces, striven to do the same? They have wisely endeavoured to save their conceptions from being dry metaphysical dogmas, unrecognized and unremembered save by abstract mental means, and to fix them in our memories by images, however crude they may be, drawn from the more obvious and material world about us. In regard to those actions of light, heat and sound, of which we have spoken above, do we not try, and ought we not to try yet more, to realize each phase of their existence under any particular condition—their generation by the vibrating body, their transference by the elastic medium, their final rest in the brain?

Let us endeavour to visualize some of the invisible actions which are perpetually taking place around us, such as the assumption of heat by a mass of metal, and the reception of sound and light by the brain. Having recognized from the foregoing remarks the fact that the senses are limited in their capabilities of observation, and otherwise may often give fallacious results, we must at the outset provide ourselves with a suitable organ of observation. And here we must beg the reader to grant us a few important concessions; we must divest ourselves of this "muddy vesture of decay," if we wish to hear the music of the spheres; our bodies will be in the way if we wish to glide amongst ultimate atoms. We will therefore dispossess ourselves of the material part of us, retaining only the eye and the ear,

associated with our normal intellectual powers. But the eye can only be directed towards one point at once, and if a rapidly-moving body passes it, the moving body (like the whirled stick) will appear to be drawn out on account of the persistence of its image on the retina; hence we must have a more complete instrument of vision. Let us then imagine a sphere whose entire surface is studded with eyes, and let us call this organ of vision, for the avoidance of repetition, the *oculus*. We must grant it, moreover, the power of contracting to the size of an atom, and of penetrating where the luminiferous ether can penetrate; the faculty of seeing in the dark; infinite velocity in any direction, or across any position of rest; power of clearly distinguishing the most rapid motion, and of seeing the imagined but ordinarily unseen; and lastly, power of resisting any extremes of temperature. These gifts being conceded, we have an instrument of vision well suited to our purpose, an all-powerful eye; potent as the winged eye which hovers over the head of Osiris in the Hall of Perfect Justice, when the heart of the deceased trembles in the balance.

We will now accompany the *oculus* on its first voyage of discovery. We have before us a little ingot of silver: we magnify it a few billion times, until for example it is as large as Australia, and enter it as an *oculus*. We make ourselves as small as possible, and perfectly elastic, or all our eyes will be put out, and we shall be pounded to pieces, for we are surrounded on every side by small, black, elastic atoms of silver, nearly as large as peas. They are whirling round and round in various planes with exceeding rapidity, in circles about ten feet diameter. It reminds us a little of the effect produced when we look up at a heavy snow-storm accompanied by just enough wind to give the flakes a whirling motion in mid-air; only here the white flakes are exchanged for little black spheroids which move rhythmically. We soon perceive that the velocity augments, the circles become larger, a lurid light surrounds the

atoms, the mass no longer preserves its shape: it has exchanged the solid for the liquid condition, and settles down as a vast lake of molten silver. The circles of revolution of the atoms are but slightly larger, they appear now to be eleven or twelve feet diameter. The motion still increases; in other words, the molten silver continues to acquire heat, when suddenly it commences to boil; the atoms, whose velocity has considerably augmented, leave the circular path in which they had hitherto moved, and fly off tangentially, moving rectilinearly through space. Now we fix our eyes on an atom, and notice that although its velocity is enormous, it does not make so much progress as we might have expected, because it perpetually comes into collision with other atoms; thus it does not get even a hundred feet of continuous rectilinear motion, its path through space is zigzag, because it is constantly diverted from its straight course by collision with neighbouring atoms. Thus the direction of its motion is changed several hundred times in a second. The atoms are perfectly elastic, and bound off from each other whenever collisions occur. The *oculus* now leaves the interior of the mass, and having reached the outside, notices a vast greenish cloud of silver gas floating above it. Presently the rectilinear motion slackens; the gas is cooling; the atoms approach each other until at length they come within the range of their cohesion, which compounds its own rectilinear attractive force with the motion of the atoms into the former circular motion: they abandon their rectilinear for angular velocity. The cloud of silver vapour condenses; a gigantic rain of molten silver falls; the drops are spheroidal and ellipsoidal masses as large as the dome of St. Paul's; they solidify into a lengthened ridge of silver mountains. Again the *oculus* enters the mass, and finds the atoms still actuated by their ceaseless circular motion of heat. But on looking towards one end of the ridge, the inception of a new kind of motion is perceived; the particles are assimilating an elliptical

motion, which travels rapidly from end to end : the mass is conveying an electric current. The atoms of silver, still retaining their elliptical motion, now assume a peculiar helicoidal motion in varying planes : the mass is under the influence of a magnet. The *oculus* then goes outside again and stations itself near the base of one of the shining silver mountains ; it looks up at the bright lustrous sides, and sees the ether-waves dashing down upon them from infinite space ; it notices also that the motion of the waves differs from that of the atoms—they cannot assimilate it. Consequently the ether-waves are dashed back, like great sea-waves dashing on a rock-bound coast ; in a word, they are reflected, and to some extent scattered, as ether-foam.

Once again, the ingot of silver is placed in a Cyclopæan melting-pot, together with some sulphur : the *oculus* places itself at the bottom of the mass, and diligently watches. The melting-pot is placed in a furnace ; motion is rapidly assimilated by the atoms, more quickly by the sulphur than by the silver ; at length a white atom of sulphur and two black atoms of silver are seen to coalesce, separate from the rest of the mass and sink to the bottom as a molecule of sulphide of silver. The molecule continues the motion of heat which the individual atoms had before possessed, but the three coalesced atoms now act as one. The motion is observed to differ altogether, both in kind and velocity, from that of the single atoms ; and the *oculus* no longer recognizes either the sulphur or the silver as separate bodies : the compound molecule now forms indeed a new substance. The individual atoms of the molecule also move relatively to each other. The combination of the two atoms of silver with one atom of sulphur continues until the whole mass of silver has become a new substance. A few million atoms of sulphur remain in the melting-pot in excess ; they move more and more rapidly as the heating continues, and ultimately float away and are seen no more.

Here ends our first voyage with the *oculus*. We have seen some actions which are fairly familiar to many of us. We have endeavoured to visualize the assumption of heat by a mass of melted metal ; the continued assumption resulting in fusion and vaporization ; the subsequent condensation of the vapour ; the conveyance of an electric current by the metallic mass ; the action of a magnet upon it ; the reflection of light from its polished surface ; and finally, its union with sulphur under the influence of the force of chemical affinity.

Whither shall we travel now ? To the fiery maelströms of the sun ? To the zone of Saturn ? To a cloud of planetary matter condensing into new worlds ? Or shall we float with the light of Arcturus and α Lyræ into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins ? Since we have attempted to visualize the infinitely little, let us now transport the *oculus* to the infinitely great, and place it in the midst of a new solar system about to be formed.

The *oculus* speeds through space ; it sees an earth-lit moon ; it reaches Mars during mid-winter, it examines the belt of Saturn with interest, and it gains some entirely new ideas about space of four dimensions. It passes the region

“where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.”

At length, far out of sight of our solar system, it comes to a firmamental desert, and sees beneath it an extended nebulous mass, some ten trillion miles in extent ; the mass is hazy and cloud-like, and is gradually contracting its limits, until at length it condenses into a semi-solid spherical mass, intensely radiant, in fact still white-hot. The sphere assumes rotatory motion, and as the motion augments it bulges out more and more in the direction of its motion ; then some dozens of masses of molten matter of different sizes are given off from the circumference of the rotating mass. These fly out in orbits more or less eccentric, and revolve around the great

central body, the remains of the original parent mass, and still far larger than any of its offspring. These new worlds possess rotatory motion of their own; one has a girdle; one is accompanied by little moons; some follow a very elliptical path; some rush off into infinite space in hyperbolic curves. The great central mass, now the sun of a vast system, keeps his attendant worlds in order; the greater number revolve about him with regularity. But one of the worlds, a few times larger than our moon, has by the velocity of its impulse been projected into a large and very elliptical orbit, which brings it within the sphere of attraction of a distant, but enormous, sun. Then, as a ship is drawn into a whirlpool, is the errant world drawn to its destruction. It circulates about the greater body, not in a curved path which returns into itself, but in an ever-narrowing spiral. At last comes the final crash: it rushes into the sun with a velocity of more than a million miles a second, and the heat generated by the collision volatilizes the destroyed planet. A thin fiery cloud is now all that remains of what had a short time before been a world. All this, and much more, the *oculus* perceives, and then returns to earth.

With our organ of observation we might now visit those profound depths of the ocean, of which the *Challenger* is telling us so much; we might swim through a di-electric subject to electrostatic induction; we might inhabit a Geissler's tube, or bury ourselves in a slice of tourmaline, about the time when a high-priest of Nature cries *Fiat experimentum* in the matter of polarized light. Let us rather visit with the *oculus* those obscure regions in which perception itself originates. Let us float with a sound-wave into the ear, and with an ether-wave enter the portals of the brain itself.

Behold, then, the *oculus* within the dim porches of the ear, tapping upon the tympanum, through which it passes, and entangles itself among those complicated little bones which anatomists call the *malleus*, the *incus*, and the *stapes*. The

tympanum is quivering, and the little bones appear to accept its motion, and to transmit it. As the *oculus* passes on it sees beneath it what appears to be a deep narrow well—the *Eustachian tube*; then it looks through the *fenestra rotunda*, and floats through the *fenestra ovalis* into the perilymph, a clear liquid mass agitated by waves; then it nearly loses itself in the *labyrinth* and *cochlear*, a sort of place like the maze at Hampton Court; escaping from this it swims through the endolymph; and finally comes in sight of the cortian fibres, the *scala media*, and the ends of the auditory nerves. The *oculus* fails not to see how each particular fibre vibrates to one particular tone or semitone, and it hears the transmitted vibrations around it; as, standing in the belfry at Bruges, the dreaming listener hears about him, now one bell, now another, bursting into song, and at last a great symphony poured from fifty throats of bronze.

The *oculus* now returns to the outer world, and makes friends with an atom of luminiferous ether which is about to enter the eye. But before they can join company the *oculus* has to shrink to a smaller size than ever before. It has now to enter very microscopical channels, to which a particle the size of a grain of sand would be as a cricket-ball to the channel of a small straw. We next find it with the ether-wave dashing upon the outer surface of the eye. It enters the organism by a gate of horn—the *cornea*—and enters the brain itself by a gate of ivory—the *optic foramen*. We are a little reminded of Virgil's idea of the two gates:—

‘Sunt geminæ somni portæ, quarum altera fertur

Cornea.

Alterâ, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.”

Having passed the *aqueous humour*, the *oculus* perceives an increase of resistance as it encounters the lens, and on emerging enters a vaulted chamber filled with a substance as clear as crystal. Impulses are speeding through this with extreme velocity, and delivering their messages to the brain. Of all the wonderful things that the *oculus* saw in that

crystal chamber, with black walls, and a window, not yet darkened, which looked upon the external world, it would take us too long to tell. It saw there varied images reflected upon the walls, of things distant, and things near; it saw too the movements of the ciliary muscles which cause the front surface of the lens to change its curvature, and much more. It could have lingered there longer, but its guide, the ether-wave hurried, it on, till it reached the far end of the chamber, and saw the commencement of the optic nerve. The particles of the nerve were seen to be rapidly vibrating under the influence of the ether-waves, and to be finally yielding up the motion to the particles of the brain. The *oculus* floats between the nerve fibres into the brain itself. But there it sees no more. In vain it endeavours to comprehend how the delicate impulses of the ether become transmuted into the sensation of light; how the images of the external world are recognized by the centre of perception.

Although now within the most private chambers of the great domed palace, the *oculus* can understand but little of its inner life. It is reminded somewhat of a central telegraph office, where messages are perpetually being received, and as perpetually being sent; where sometimes a message is retained, carefully copied, and stored away in a safe; where again a message, as soon as received, is sent off by another line of wires; where sometimes the messages originate in the office itself, while at other times clerks rush in breathlessly with messages for instant despatch. The most distant nerves conveyed messages and received back answers, whereupon bodily motions resulted. Thus the will said, "I want to move the arm," and the necessary directions having been given, the arm moved. Or the stomach said, "I am hungry; there is food in the jaws, let them commence operations," and forthwith the jaws began to masticate, and all the auxiliary apparatus of deglutition was simultaneously set in motion. Or the

mind said, "I send you these important facts; copy them carefully, and store them away in a chamber, until I want them." But some of these chambers appeared to have very defective locks, and sometimes broken doors.

Thus it was that messages continued to be received and transmitted by the brain. It was apparently a kind of head-quarters, to which every action was referred before being executed. No nerve or muscle ventured to act upon its own account without first obtaining leave from head-quarters, which leave, once given, was responded to by the whole mental and bodily system. The heart and the respiratory apparatus were frequent in their demands, and had a vast number of separate telegraph wires for their special use and behoof. Soon the will said, "I want to read aloud," and the brain at once commenced to receive communications, and to issue the necessary instructions. There were the muscles of the arm to be directed, in order that the book might be held at a proper distance from the eyes; and the muscles which cause the eyes to move horizontally from the beginning to the end of a line, and vertically from the top to the bottom of a page; and the vibrations of the particles of the optic nerve conveying the impression of the letters to be received, and then communicated, to the muscles of the larynx, and the muscles of the tongue, and the muscles of the lips, and the respiratory muscles, and their varied auxiliary apparatus;—all these concurrent causes combined to one end, and thus the words seen by the eye came to be spoken by the mouth, and the organism performed the act of reading aloud. Now the passage which was read was this:—"It is likewise certain that, when we approve of any reason which we do not apprehend, we are either deceived, or, if we stumble upon the truth, it is only by chance, and thus we can never possess the assurance that we are not in error. I confess it seldom happens that we judge of a thing when we have observed we do not apprehend it, because it is a dictate of the natural light,

never to judge of what we do not know. But we most frequently err in this, that we presume upon a past knowledge of much to which we give our assent, as to something treasured up in the memory, and perfectly known to us ; whereas, in truth, we have no such knowledge.”¹ Then the reading ceased, and the will somewhat peremptorily asked the brain the precise meaning of the passage. Whereupon the molecules of the brain—notably the corpuscles of the grey matter—became strangely agitated ; they moved with wonderful motions in wonderful planes ; they described in their motions space of four dimensions ; they moved in vortices which rolled over each other ; in a word, the whole organ was in a state of intense molecular

activity. *Was this Thought ?* At all events the will received no answer to its question, and having requested the brain to cudgel itself no more, the subject was dropped, and the reading continued. The *oculus* was endeavouring to thread its way through the countless corridors and chambers which surrounded it, when it came upon a small cell out of which came the Genius of the place, who conducted it in safety to the frontier.

Our typical man, who says, “I will believe it when I see it,” has after all a good deal of reason on his side, for we cannot speak with any certainty of invisible things ; we can only say what we believe them to be, or what they may be. It is thus that we must regard the revelations of the *oculus*.

G. F. RODWELL.

¹ Descartes, *Principia*, Pars 1, 44.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS IN ITALY.

BY LADY AMBERLEY.

[THE following account was written by Lady Amberley while in Italy during the spring of this year. The statements with regard to matters that could not be the subject of direct observation are given on the authority of the officials connected with the various institutions.

Those whose rare privilege it was to enjoy the happiness of her intimate acquaintance and friendship, alone know how much has been lost to all the highest interests of humanity in the early death of her whose loss to them personally is altogether overwhelming and irreparable.

Her intense sympathy with every form of suffering was of the true kind which spares not itself, and will never be deterred from fearlessly seeking a remedy: while at the same time her active, unclouded intellect would allow her to find comfort in none of the many short-sighted schemes of benevolence. With sad unwillingness she was compelled to trust to the growth of right feeling, and the slow advance of thought and knowledge; and to this great end she was ready to make every sacrifice. Her power of inspiring others to their best efforts was very great; and she had practical plans for the advancement of science and education, to which she had resolved to give her own life and all the material aid she could command.

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.]

THE great and imposing pile of building which rises on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, known as the Hospital of San Spirito, is one of the many munificent and benevolent bequests of past ages, so benevolent and good in their intention, that we shrink with pain from pointing out the mischief they are doing. If departed spirits continue, as some of us believe, to take an interest in mundane affairs when they have cast off this mortal body, they must grieve indeed to see those who would do them honour clinging to the letter of their bequests, instead of recognizing and making use of the knowledge that succeeding centuries of human labour and research

have added to our little stock of science.

On entering this great hospital, you stand in a square hall facing an altar, with high glass doors on each side opening into halls of grand and gigantic proportions. The great height of the building was immensely in its favour, for the ventilation was complete, and no unpleasant odour could offend the most fastidious visitor. Through the fever wards our guide conducted us without hesitation, with the remark, "No fever is infectious; were it consumption it might be otherwise; that ward we won't take you to." So strong is the Italian prejudice as to the infectiousness of consumption, that only when we insisted that we feared no evil consequences from proximity to that sad complaint, were we allowed to enter the long room set apart for it. Children were in wards by themselves—a bad plan, inasmuch as it is now recognized that mortality is much increased by herding children together; besides, when mixed up with the old, they mutually cheer and amuse one another.

In an inner court of this vast building, we find the largest foundling hospital of Rome now open to our inspection, and we do not remember having ever looked on anything more unpleasant and saddening. Here we have nothing short of the good intentions of one age becoming the curse of another. Through a well-barred door we were admitted, after much parleying, by a brisk little nun, into a great quadrangle. From a sunny gallery that surrounds this inner court we entered a number of large airy rooms, all too sadly alike in their mournful and forlorn aspect. The material appearance was

good enough ; most perfect cleanliness visible everywhere. The many little cots so scrupulously clean, with their white sheets and white dimity curtains, each contained three poor abandoned infants, who, swaddled so tightly that no limb could move, looked more like wooden dolls, with indiarubber necks and faces, than like the stretching, crowing, soft little bundles English mothers are accustomed to fondle. A tidy, healthy-looking woman is attached to each cot as wet nurse. Though the cleanliness was great to the outer eye, we could not say in what state the little limbs and bodies were kept cramped in this bundle, which is opened but three times a day. The only convenience of this unhealthy mode of clothing seemed to be that one woman could manage three of them at once, or rather we should say hold three, for we defy the strongest armed and strongest nerved woman to manage even two restless infants when crying with pain. The superintendence of the whole is in the hands of Sisters of Mercy, kind and conscientious, no doubt, but unknowing in the pangs and joys of a mother's heart. They are assisted by a young doctor, who is here studying infant mortality on a large scale, that he may gain experience whereby to keep in health the precious infants of the more fortunate of the same great city. These little ones pass the first year of their life here. At a year old, those who have had vitality enough to survive are put out to nurse among the peasants in the country. From two to nine a day is the number that seek admission. The first duty performed is to baptize these poor little outcasts, and as we entered we met eight strong nurses, each returning from the church with her tiny burden of swaddled humanity, now duly admitted as a member of the great brotherhood of love and equality. And surely one must believe in their creed to be able to see the compensation in store for the sufferings these little ones have to endure. Under the existing system, there seems nothing to prevent a mother depositing her infant,

and then hiring herself as wet nurse, trusting to a turn of fortune's wheel to give her her own to suckle, though she must follow it pretty quickly if she wish to find it again among the hundred or so of muling and puking atoms. Let us hope there may be sometimes some such bright oasis of real love in this desert of suffering. We have no word of approval for this kind attempt to remedy artificially the evil consequences of the heedlessness that brings children into this world of suffering, under circumstances that cruelly forbid a mother's love and care. For a mother's love and care can alone bear successfully with all the difficulties of dawning life, and detect rapidly every change and indication of approaching illness. It is no wonder, then, that in the absence of this never tiring and quick-sighted love, 50 per cent. die under three months old ; as the doctor carelessly remarked as we gazed into a little cot where an infant had already passed beyond crying, while another still uttered the cry of pain, that tells a mother's heart it is yet struggling for life. Other cots exhibited every variety of sickly and starved babyhood. Poor little wizened faces, open mouths, and moaning cries made one intensely melancholy for the suffering still to be endured before death kindly put an end to their agonies. And why should they not die ? Why indeed ? No one needs them ; and their abandonment proves that those who should most have loved them will not miss them. Looking from the window, the streets teem with young life ; and why should any one wish an addition to that mass of pain and wretchedness ? Better, indeed, to die ; but for the thousands it would surely have been better still had they never been born.

It is time that the old theological idea, that each life is a gift from God, should be modified, and that we should recognize children as the result of a voluntary act. At the same time, until public opinion asserts the necessity of love in connection with duties and responsibilities, and until science and a

sense of duty have spread their wings over the whole of our poverty-stricken population, let us cast no stones at those heedless and forlorn, or maybe only sad and weary women who come and deposit their new-born infants in the hole in the wall through which they are admitted to this living grave. They are as much the victims of their circumstances as the poor babes they have borne; and the blame, if blame there be, must attach rather to those who, while they see, or fancy they see, a solution of our great social problems, hold their peace from cowardice or indifference.

At Palermo we visited another of these institutions, which has been working its mischief for nearly three centuries. The infant department is carried on on much the same plan as the one at Rome, except that the infants were not swaddled, and that many more of those admitted are sent out to nurse in the country. The pay given to the peasant women who take charge of these infants is fourpence a day for the first fifteen months, and after that three farthings a day; and great must be their poverty, when, in the hope of some little gain, they are eager to undertake the charge of these babies. When the foster-parents are tired of them, they can always be brought back to the institution and pass into a school in the same building. The boys, however, are removed at six years old to a separate place, where they are kept until they are eighteen, whereas the girls, unless married, have to remain within these nunnery walls till twenty-one.

The infants under four years old had all a sickly, dull, apathetic look, and the nurses were quite as unprepossessing as the children. When the schooling period is over they are made to do the work of the institution. Washing, sewing, scrubbing, making maccaroni, tending silkworms, weaving, cooking, are their occupations, carried on under the supervision of eight laywomen and twenty-eight Sisters of Charity. The schoolmistress had been trained in a normal school, but for all that she was

teaching the children in the Sicilian dialect. The long dormitories were clean and orderly, but the curious and peculiar feature of this establishment was the *parlatorio*, or reception-room. Picture a large, long room, the centre portion of which is divided off from the sides and further end by an iron grating which forms a cage, entered only by a well-barred street door, through which visitors from the outer world are admitted. Here they sit on benches to converse with those on the other side of the iron grating. Friends of the Sisters or *employés* of the place and the foster-parents are the usual visitors. Once a week, however, on Sunday mornings from ten to twelve, this place is the scene of the most novel and ludicrous courtships we ever heard described. One of the objects of this motherly establishment is to find fit and proper husbands for the girls under their charge. The fit and proper here is much like the fit and proper of society; the one requisite being that the young man is bound to show himself in possession of sufficient means to maintain a wife in comfort, before he is allowed to aspire to the hand of one of these precious damsels. Having given in his credentials of fitness to the guardians, he receives a card which admits him next Sunday morning to an inspection of the candidates for matrimony. There, sitting on a bench, if his curiosity and ardour will allow him to remain sitting, he awaits the arrival on the other side of the grating of the Lady Superior accompanied by a girl. She has been selected by order of seniority and capacity for household work from the hundred or more between seventeen and twenty-one awaiting for a youth to deliver them from their prison. The two young people, both no doubt breathless with agitation at the importance of the ceremony, have to take one long fixed look at each other. No word is spoken, no sign made. These good Sisters believe so fully in the language of the eye, that to their minds any addition is futile, and might but serve to mystify the pure and

perfect effect of love at first sight. The look over, the Lady Superior asks the man if he will accept the maiden as his bride. Should he answer in the affirmative, the same question is put to her, and if she bows her assent the betrothal has taken place, and they part till the Sunday following. The young lover again makes his appearance before the tribunal of guardians, and there the contract is signed, the day of marriage fixed, and he is granted leave to bring the ring, earrings, a wedding-dress and *confetti*, and present them—through the grid of course—to his betrothed. Everything has to pass the scrutiny of the Sisters, for fear of a letter or some tender word being slipped in with the gifts.

During the few Sundays that intervene between the first love scene and the marriage an hour's conversation within hearing of the Lady Superior is allowed; but not a touch is exchanged. The empty talk, interspersed with giggling, consists of inquiries as to the wedding-dress, the sort of *confetti* most liked, and the occupation and place of abode of the suitor.

Should the young man refuse the first damsel presented to him, he is favoured with the sight of three or four more; but should he still appear *difficile* he is dismissed. The girl also has the power of refusal.

The marriage over, the task of the Sisters is done; here falls a veil they never lift,—and whether happiness and faithfulness are the result of this heathenish rite they never inquire; that would be an impure region into which they could not enter without sullyng their own purity. We do not wonder at these holy Sisters doing their best for the girl till the moment of marriage, and cherishing a vague hope that all will then be right; but we do wonder at the men of the world who manage the institution acquiescing in such a barbarous traffic in human flesh and blood as this sale of women. Our readers must before now have wondered what inducement there can be to make the youths who have

the world to choose from come here in search of a wife. Two hundred and fifty francs is the great attraction. That sum is given in dowry with each of these girls, and for that sum, it seems, a Sicilian is willing to sell himself for life. Those girls for whom the institution fails to find husbands are allowed at twenty-one to face temptations alone; and situations are found for them.

The arrangement of the place is on the conventual plan, and our female guide rung a hand-bell as she went along to give warning that a man was approaching.

This monstrous institution is kept up partly by government aid, and last year no less than 1,400 babies were passed through the rota, or revolving cage. The strange love-making we have described is not peculiar to this place; it is also carried on in another institution of Palermo on an even more extensive scale. This is the Asile, or poorhouse, an enormous building, containing 800 children, orphans or destitute, 200 young girls of marriageable age, besides many wives, widows, and aged women. We visited this asylum between nine and ten in the morning, and in spite of the early hour a general idle and listless appearance was visible. True, in some rooms girls were making paste, in others baking, &c., but an enormous proportion stood about looking at us and idling. The children, we were told, were on their way to the schoolrooms, but the leisurely way they went to them betokened little industry when there. Great supervision seemed requisite, for the Sister in charge would on no account permit a member of our party to wander even a few feet away from us; and though a request was made, that, not being strong he might be allowed to rest in the sun in the crowded quadrangle, this even was considered dangerous to the peace of mind of these frail damsels.

This institution has a good many of its inmates on the foundation supported by the misplaced charity of the past. The rest are maintained by government aid, supplemented in a very trifling degree

by the work of the able-bodied among the inmates. Sisters of Charity as usual manage the whole thing, and mass and religious meditation are by no means unimportant parts of the general *régime*. But while we have a poor-law at work in England we cannot afford to be too hard on the Italians for their schemes of charity. They surpass us, however, in stupidity, in keeping girls to the age of twenty-one under far better circumstances than they could be in had their parents not been improvident and reckless, and in then providing them with dowries at the expense of the state.

In conclusion, we would observe that foundling hospitals are not only pernicious as encouragements to over-population. One of the worst things to be said against them, as it appears to us, is that they tend to weaken still further in the breast of parents that instinctive love of offspring by which nature provides for the care of the little ones. The want of this instinct is already one of the greatest defects in the character of men—a defect whereby, besides being disastrous in its social consequences,

there is lost to themselves one of the richest sources of human enjoyment. So far has this gone, that a man is reckoned a good father if he conscientiously *provide* for the care of his children. But we would have it recognized that conscience and a sense of duty, admirable and indispensable though they be, are at best but stepmothers, which at their highest can scarcely be expected to take the place of the natural affection which wells up spontaneously in the breast of a true mother: and that these worthy parents, though they may have many a happiness in their children, must for ever remain strangers to one of the most supreme and tender emotions. The advocates of the emancipation of women are at times assailed with chaff about the feminine philosopher staying at home to mind the baby in the absence of his strong-minded helpmate. We in no way resent this chaff, for we recognize it as no more essential to social regeneration that women should become strong and independent in the world than that men should become tender and helpful in the family.

K. A.

THE GROUPING OF PLANTS.

SOME botanists are of opinion that the Arctic Circle—where Hyperboreans breathed feathers in a credulous age, and where snowflakes fill the air sometimes at the present day—was the cradle of plants, as well as the birthplace of winds, and that the Alpines are the oldest of vegetables and first-born of Flora—that is, of the living Flora, for there is a dead Flora in the coal measures, of unknown origin, though of well-known fate, from whose ashes new plant-life springs.

“Nothing in this world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle.”

The Alpines, growing round Upsal and about the house of the great botanist, were the group of plants that Linnæus first explored; and he always wrote lovingly of them, as if they had breath as well as beauty, speaking of them as those “numerous tribes in Sweden.” He calls the algæ and lichens “the last of the vegetables, living on the confines of the earth.” And as he climbed North Cape on the very edge of Europe he saw the last of the lichens (*Parmelia saxatilis*) sticking like a patch on a rock which crowns that mountain mass in the feather district.

Long since Linnæus wrote his “Tour in Lapland” Professor Charles Martins of Montpellier visited the humble tribes of Alpine plants on the shores of the North Sea, and observed the dogwood of Sweden (*Cornus alba*), the snowy gentian, and others, on the path that leads up North Cape; and climbing ladders, as Linnæus had done before him, to see what flowers were blossoming round the chimneys on the turf-roofs of Hammerfest (70° 48' N. lat.) he found the ubiquitous shepherd's purse, a chrysanthemum, a lychnis, and many primitive plants which are scattered over the

heights of Europe, from the tops of the Grampian hills to the Pyrenees and Alps. It has been said that they were left on their present sites by the congealed but moving waves of the glacial sea that once covered Europe, the plains of the arctic regions having been the original centre of distribution of this kind of plants. There is perhaps no reason why one Alpine height should claim to be a birthplace of plants more than another, but a cradle theory is attractive and need not be disputed here. Dr. Daubeny sums up the evidence on this subject with the remark, that, “by a process of logical exhaustion we are driven to conclude that each species was originally introduced into a particular locality, from whence it diffused itself over a greater or lesser area, according to the amount of obstacles which checked its propagation and its own inherent power of surmounting them.”

The isolated groups of plants appear to have been gradually moulded into their present types by the pressure of surrounding circumstances, and thus new species were formed; and the cedars of Lebanon and of the Atlas may have both sprung from the Deodar of the Himalayan mountains, which is supposed to be the typical form, being the most fixed in character and extending over the largest area with the least variation.

It must remain a matter of conjecture whether the Alpines originated on this point, or on that; or whether the peaks and plants now separated are parts of a continent and Flora that were once united.

Professor Edward Forbes's theory of specific centres seems to us the most probable solution of a difficult problem, as opposed to Schouw's belief in many primary individuals of a species. The fact that a few plants are native both to North America and Europe, and to

Europe and Australia, which are not found in intermediate countries, affords a glimpse of the startling movements of plants and changes of sea and land in former ages. Some plants must have spread far from their birthplace, wherever it was; others are less widely diffused. Our own irregular coasts, torn, it is supposed, from adjoining continents, exhibit a curiously broken Flora, whose general character is that of Central and Western Europe, tinged, however, with the sap—we can hardly say blood—of adjoining nations of plants. There are, 1st, a West Pyrenean flora in the mountainous districts of the west and south-west of Ireland; 2ndly, an Armorican type on the south-west of England and south-east of Ireland, related to that of the Channel Islands and of Brittany and Normandy; 3rdly, the Flora of the south-east of England and the opposite coast of France; 4thly, the Alpine or Scandinavian type of the Scotch, Welsh, and Cumberland mountains. The most probable explanation of these old but severed alliances is that the scattered links of vegetation were once united, till the bridges of the primeval world were broken and its communications destroyed by upheaval, or by submergence, which buried vegetation and left only the fossils to bear witness of the change.

There is no spot in the world which contains so many distinct groups as the central portion of Eastern Africa, where the botanist finds plants typical of the Cape, Madagascar, the East Indies, Arabia, the north and west coasts of Africa, and, on the high mountains, the Alpines of Europe.

The Alpines are the rats and mice of the vegetable world, ranging widely like those "small deer," while other plants resemble the reindeer and camel in the narrowness of their habitat. Byron said of the date-palm—

"It cannot quit its place of birth,
It will not live in other earth."

It flourishes in the burning sands of Africa and Syria, and is revered as the source of nutriment and raiment in districts where it forms the single link

which binds human life to its desert home. The "palm dynasty" to which the date belongs, and the Soldanella, a lichen which vegetates at zero, while the cocoa-nut-tree does not stir under 68° Fahr., bound the plant world from the tropics to the Arctic circle. There are very few cosmopolitan individuals in the vegetable kingdom, and plants, unlike animals, have very limited powers of acclimatizing; nor can they travel unless conveyed by ships, icebergs, birds, or currents of water, except in the case of cryptogamic tribes, whose sporules are borne on the wings of the wind so easily that any spot on earth might be peopled with them.

Grouping may be regarded as natural when the causes cannot be discovered, and nothing more occult than a mountain range, or other tangible obstacle, intervenes between two Floras. The continent of America is split laterally from north to south into two great plant kingdoms, by the barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

There are lesser groups whose origin is quite unknown, or can only be inferred. The Flora of the East Indian islands is quite distinct from that of China, Japan, or Australia, while the little island of St. Helena has its own Flora distinct from that of the adjacent coast of Africa. There are three species of beech growing respectively in Tierra del Fuego, in Chili, and in Van Diemen's Land, each of which bears on its limbs a peculiar fungus. This is in the strictest sense a natural, not an accidental grouping, since Nature alone could have planted those fungi, and man's hand cannot transplant them. But as the first-named country is sterile, the tall Patagonians might be exterminated by any side wind which destroyed their beeches! since they live almost entirely on the bright yellow, globular fungus (*Cyttaria Darwinii*), which grows in great abundance on the trees, and is the solitary instance of a cryptogamic plant affording the main support of a nation.

Natural groups, like the crops of our fields, are fugitive. They may last as many years as our crops last hours per-

haps, but the sickle of Time cuts them down at last and others replace them. A fern once covered immense tracts in New Zealand, and its root was largely eaten by the aborigines before they learned the art of culture and obtained the potato. It was believed that the fern had succeeded naturally to the primeval forests; its own removal has been effected by cultivation, and in some instances by the encroachments of the fast-spreading Scotch thistle.

Change, not rigidity, is the order of Nature, and suitable sites become unsuitable by a variety of accidents—as when the clearing of timber in the province of Caracas exposed the country to drying winds, which banished the plantations of cocoa-trees to the moist forests of the Upper Orinoco, and other wooded tracts.

The coast of North America, for seventeen hundred miles, from Virginia to the Mississippi, is fringed with pine barrens 130 miles wide, and when the trees are cut down for the exportation of their inflammable products from the port of Wilmington, pines may spring again on the best of the bad soils; but in general the scrub oak is the succession plant. Towards the outfall of the river, where magnificent mixed forests of liquid amber, elm, ash, white and red oak, cherry, magnolia, mulberry, and wild grape have been felled, and the land scourged by corn and cotton, and then abandoned to Nature, the pine and scrub oak, trees of poor soils, have sprung up. But when the land was left unscourged the mixed forest again clothed the bare earth.

It is 200 years since “Sylvia” Evelyn planted the Wotton woods near Dorking with beech, the ground having been cleared of oak for that purpose. The woods are now magnificent, but in one exposed plantation a wreck of great beeches occurred a few years ago, when a gale followed a snow-storm that had laden their branches heavily, and we observed that birch immediately sprung up thickly on the levelled site, being the crop Nature had sown there at some former period. In like manner a sand-

hill, whose surface of mould had been removed to the glorious gardens at Trentham, was soon gracefully clad with self-sown birch, the offspring of primeval forests. The unexpected springing up of plants which no mortal hand can have sown suggests seedings and rotations longer and less known than that of Norfolk!

We shall proceed to notice other contrasts of vegetation as they occur to us, groups and rotations, rather than logical sequences, being our aim.

De Candolle observes that plants resist extremes in inverse ratio to the quantity of water they contain; and in proportion to the vascidity of their fluids. They resist cold in inverse ratio to the rapidity with which their fluids circulate; they are liable to freeze in proportion to the size of the cells in which their fluids are contained, and the power of absorbing sap, by roots that are little exposed to the atmosphere, lessens the liability. Air, confined in the tissues, enables plants to resist extremes. The hardy character of the Scotch fir therefore may be explained by the fact that its resinous sap does not easily freeze; and dissection may reveal the immediate causes of climatic groupings, but it does not show why the heaths of the Cape are unable to thrive side by side with those of Jutland and the heath-tracts of Northern Germany. We do not propose to grapple with the unknown, but we may discourse a little of the doubtful, and ask how it was that nearly all the heaths, except five or six European species, were confined to the Cape, the epacrises—so closely allied to them—to Australia, the orange to China, nearly all the passion flowers to the New World, and nearly all the roses to the Old? Why are “misery balls” found only in the Falkland Islands, in wet mountainous hollows where huge masses of vegetable matter are formed, partly by their own decay, so near together that the foliage meets above and excludes the sky, shutting in the traveller who ventures into the horrid bog? There are other miserable spots on earth; why

cannot they boast their mounds of balsam-bog (*Bolax glebaria*) and hillocks of tussock grass?

The isolation of particular plants gave rise to the ancient opinion that the gods created them at odd times, when they saw fit, as when Minerva planted the olive in the Mediterranean basin, or when the goddess of discovery presented mandrakes to Dioscorides, the ancient plant collector, who immediately noted them down in his list of new plants. The Hindoo deities had been busy long before those of Greece, and perhaps certain curiously isolated groups at the present day may have sprung from plantlings formerly left on their sites by capricious genii; and in many cases isolated plants would have remained for ever, like shipwrecked mariners, on their desolate islands, but for the agency of that singular busy-body who is constantly tampering with Nature by sea and land, and removing landmarks and plant-boundaries.

But there are constant changes in the vegetable world, necessary to its order and stability, and due to an innate power of organic adaptability which enables plants to survive the struggle for existence to which they are so often exposed, as in the case of the *Rhododendron Dalhousiæ* of Sikkim, which would have been lost in certain sites if it had not acquired the power of living, however poorly, on the trunks and limbs of trees in those parts of the humid and teeming forest which are too dense for undergrowth. Dr. Hooker observed that it grew far more luxuriantly when some new road, or fall of timber, provided it with an open site where its seeds found soil to root in, and it was only in the thick forest that the little shrub became epiphytical, and saved its life by rooting on the rough, wet, and moss-grown branches of the trees. It is probable that under stress of adverse circumstances it might so far change its habits as to lose the power of rooting in its mother earth; and on the other hand, if a specimen were removed to a more open part of the forest it might become the parent of species

that retained no trace of parasitical character.

Elasticity of organization insures the power of development and secures the wonderful variety in the forms of vegetation. We classify our knowledge of parts, organs, and forms under the term Morphology, which leads to the convenient arrangement of plants into classes, species, and genera; but the laws by which fundamental types and shapes were originated and have sometimes deviated into new forms, have not yet been unfolded. We cannot dissect out the disposition of plants or animals, or trace the causes of variation, correlation, and other phenomena of growth; but we can follow the operation of those causes, and avail ourselves of the results of that beneficence which endowed vegetables with a capability of progression and enabled wild plants to establish themselves on their shifting sites, giving the oolite, the lias, the wealden, and all other formations their distinguishing Flora, and providing seeds for every site—seeds for shades and for sunny sites, and for damp places and dry.

Introduced plants frequently eject their predecessors, and appear to benefit, as people often do, by a change of air, thriving in new and distant homes better than in their original habitats.

The plants of Europe have in many cases driven off the vegetable tribes of America and Australia, and occupied their sites; and while the footsteps of the white man are sounding the death-knell of the aboriginal people, his plants are destroying those of the poor savage.¹ There is no kingdom on earth so revolutionary as the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be said to live amidst strife and constant struggles, and to slay each other mercilessly, though without bloodshed or cruelty. The larger trees of the tropical forests are entwined and throttled by trailers, and hugged by lianas till they die; smaller plants seem to wait for the places filled by their

¹ See "Notes on North America," by Johnston; "Lake Superior," by Agassiz; and Dr. Hooker's papers in the *Journal of the Horticultural Society*.

stronger neighbours. There is less rivalry in European forests, only because a few sovereign species of timber trees, like the Scotch and spruce firs of Scandinavia, hold possession of the soil and do not allow the approach of rivals. The plants that feed the populations of the world have prevailed in the fields of nature and of cultivation by virtue of conquest, effected with or without the aid of man; and it is remarkable that the most useful plants are the most robust and elastic, such as the hardy grasses and those great wanderers the *Graminaceæ*, wheat, rice, maize, and millet, which have followed man in all his migrations. What a determination of physical character wheat, maize, the banana-tree, cassava, and others must possess, since they have pushed their way among their compeers, till they each dominate over wide surfaces of the globe, and their true or native country cannot now be determined!

The grouping of plants and the constant testing of those inherent qualities which determine their fortunes, if we may use the expression, have been, and still are, largely influenced by the operation of the natural forces of earth and air. Ice, snow, and water, the trickling rill and the flood, the snowdrift and the storm, or the rasping and abrading glacier, are alike levellers and excavators and promoters of those changes in contour, climate, and vegetation whose records are read by the geologist, while the naturalist detects them in the groupings of plants. It is the "hand of Nature"—a phrase which attractively indicates the source of so many natural phenomena—which has had the greatest share in clothing the earth with its characteristic vegetation. The part man has played in this great work has been comparatively limited in regard both to time and the object to be attained, and it has been confined to the dispersion of useful and ornamental plants, and the forming of botanical collections in gardens, or in the *hortus siccus*; the grander and primary design seems to have been that all the earth should become "with verdure clad."

In conclusion, we add a brief description of the zones of vegetation, and a few examples of those interesting botanical divisions which record the labours of the botanists who have investigated the plants of particular localities: and first let us mention Linnæus's region in Northern Europe and Asia, including the Umbelliferæ and Cruciferæ, the carrot and turnip tribes, and the fruits, cereals, pasture grasses, fodder plants, and trees which are found in connection with those esculents. De Candolle's region includes rice and millets, and the fruits and vegetation of the south, represented by the Labiata and Caryophyllæ. Kœmpfer's region includes China and Japan and the tea-plant, with gourds and melons, indigo, hemp, and cotton. Roxburgh's region is Indian and Tropical, and his pages smell of spices. There are twenty-five botanical regions which have been examined by as many eminent botanists, who have named and described more than 100,000 species of plants, while Pliny could only enumerate 1,000 species in his "*Historia Naturalis*." We pass on to notice the zones of vegetation which Humboldt sketched so charmingly in "*Aspects of Nature*," and which other travellers have laboured at till the details of some portions of the botanical map have been filled in with tolerable completeness, and only such districts as the interior of Africa and the Central portions of Asia and South America remain comparatively unexplored. The division just referred to consists of eight botanical zones or kingdoms, extending from the equator to the poles, with corresponding mountain regions extending from the equator upwards towards the cold air of the mountain-tops. Nature does not conform strictly to the arbitrary lines which have been laid down for the purpose of methodizing knowledge and of obtaining a framework to hold its fabric during the process of investigation. Her vegetable subjects often wander beyond the limits of the eight broad beltings, which should therefore be printed on the memory with overlapping edges—or rather, should be

imagined as blending the one with the other like the hues of the rainbow. They are as follows:—

The Horizontal Zones of Vegetation and corresponding Vertical Regions at the Equator:—

1. The Equatorial Zone, 15° N. 15° S. lat. Region of palms and bananas: reaching an altitude of 1,900 feet. Mean annual temperature 81° Fahr.

2. The Tropical Zone, from 15° to 23° of lat. Region of tree-ferns, figs, and pepper-plants: reaching from an altitude of 1,900 feet at the equator to 3,600 feet or 3,800 feet. Mean annual temperature 74°.

3. The Sub-tropical Zone, from 23° to 34° of lat. Region of myrtles, magnolias, and laurels: reaching from an altitude of 3,800 at the equator to 5,700 feet. Mean annual temperature 68°.

4. The Warmer Temperate Zone, from 34° to 45° of lat. Region of evergreen and leathery-leaved trees. The palms and arborescent grasses that were features of the scene in the three warmer zones disappear; the forest-trees begin to appear, and the evergreen oaks, oleander, phillyræ, laurustinus, strawberry-tree, and pomegranate of the Mediterranean basin; the evergreen gleditschiæ and climbing bignonia of the Ohio; the magnoliaceæ (tulip-trees, &c.) and leguminous trees (acacias, &c.), and gigantic reeds of America; the arborescent grasses of the Pampas plains of Buenos Ayres; the araucariæ and beeches of Chili,

with the Chilian palm as an outlier, like the dwarf palm of Southern Europe and the palmetto of North America: reaching from an altitude of 5,700 feet to about 7,600 feet. Mean annual temperature 63°.

5. The Cooler Temperate Zone, from 45° to 58° of lat. Region of deciduous trees, with social conifers, pasture grasses, the honeysuckle, the ivy, and the hop (replacing the lianes of the tropics), and of mosses and lichens which feather the trunks and branches of trees instead of the orchids of the tropics. The shrubs are roses, brambles, viburnas, &c., which lose their leaves in winter—there is no cool zone in Africa:—reaching from an altitude of 7,600 feet to 9,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 58°.

6. The Sub-Arctic (and Sub-Antarctic) Zone, from 58° of lat. to the arctic (and antarctic) circle. Region of abietinæ (firs), of the birch and alder, of gay spring flowers and pastures: reaching from 9,500 feet to 11,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 52°.

7. The Arctic (and Antarctic) Zone, from the arctic (and antarctic) circle to 72° of lat. Region of prostrate Alpine shrubs and dwarfs: reaching from 11,500 to 13,300 feet. Mean annual temperature 43°.

8. The Polar Zone, above 72° of lat. Region of Alpine plants, saxifrages, ranunculi, potentillæ, and cryptogamic plants, from the upper line of bushes to that of perpetual snow. Mean annual temperature 38°.

H. EVERSHED.

PICTURA POESIS.*

Two sunny winter-days I sped along
 The Riviera's winding mountain-way,
 Scarcely I caught the blue sea's faint far song,
 By terraced hill and olive-shadow'd bay.

Far off, the Alpine snows' eternal line
 Stretch'd over hills, with wondrous curves cut well
 Against the iridescent dome divine,
 The cupola of light ineffable.

They say thought loses 'neath the Italian heaven
 The mortal languor of its modern scorn;
 That England's passionless pilgrims have outgiven
 An ampler soul beneath the ampler morn.

Would it were thus! In sooth it may be so:
 Yet well I ween my littleness I bore,
 In sight of that imperishable snow,
 In presence of the glory of that shore.

Selfish, before that pureness without end;
 Faith's eye ungifted with a sight more keen,
 What time the outward eye had fullest kenn'd
 Those long deep distances of lustrous sheen.

False, where our God so many a secret writes
 In glorious syllables for souls elect!
 Oh, where the very winter half his nights
 In gardens sleeps, of roses not undeck'd.

If he have wrinkles, they are greenly hid;
 If murmurings, they are tuned to silver seas;
 And any dimness goldenly is chid
 By the great lamps of all the orange-trees.

And so we came to that world-famous sweep,
 Where, on her amphitheatre of hill,
 Old Genoa looks superbly on the deep,
 As if she held her own Columbus still;

¹ Suggested by Vandyke's picture of a child of the Brignola family in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa.

As if toward Africa at close of day
Her galleys headed under press of sail,
And grand old Admiral Doria, grim and gray,
Watch'd from his terraces their golden trail,

And to the gentle girl who paced beside
Told tales of sinking ships, and war-clouds dun,
Until he heard again the humming tide,
And the long growling of the battle-gun.

Yet still, through all the witchery of the clime,
My heart felt burden'd with its years—and then
I ask'd for something beyond reach of Time,
To make me for a moment young again.

Nor ask'd in vain; for, wandering here and there,
To see the pictures with an idle heart,
Above the Red Palazzo's marble stair
I own'd the magic of old Vandyke's art.

Be still, and let me gaze! A noble child
Upon the master's canvas here I see—
Surely two hundred summer suns have smiled
Italian light, young Brignola, on thee—

The light that makes such violets divine,
And hangs such roses o'er that haunted soil,
And spheres such flashes in the flasks of wine
And fills the olives with such golden oil;

The light, too, that makes heart with living chords
Too fine for happiness, that never fails
To ripen lives too richly—whence the words
Of all those strange, pathetic passion-tales.

But thou, immortal child! with those dark eyes,
And that proud brow—I will not call it white,
A something rather like the snow that lies
Between dark clouds and the unclouded light,—

I know not—will not ask—what was thy fate:
Whether thou laughedst in this very spot,
Then wentest forth in beauty with thy mate,
A fair adventure and a gentle lot:

Whether with intermingling gleam and gloom
Thy shadow and thy sunshine did rain down,
Like that sweet lady in the other room—
Thy sister with the gold on her green gown:

Whether thou livedst till life's winter came,
And the calm with it that its spring denies;
Retaining only of thy primal flame
The unextinguish'd light of those full eyes:

Whether thou lovedst, and the winds of Heaven
Blew favourably, and the moon-touch'd sail,
Glimmering into the dark, to thee was given
The sweet life of a little fairy-tale :

Whether thou lovedst, after that forlorn,
Tasting the bitter that grows out of sweet,
Thy forehead pierced and punctured with the thorn,
The cruel thistles stabbing all thy feet :

Till, as befalls in this strange land of thine,
Where prayer and passion, earth and heaven, so mix ;
A wounded thing thou fledd'st to love divine,
And foundst a bridegroom in the Crucifix.

But, as it is, thou standest here for aye,
Type of the gracious childhood of the South ;
Thy dark hair never fleck'd with thread of gray,
No channell'd line beside thy perfect mouth.

Thou hast no grief, no selfishness at all,
Possessing all of beauty but its scorn ;
Thou floatest smilingly outside the Fall,
Unsuffering, unsinking, unforlorn.

I cannot question thee. If thou couldst speak,
Thy soft Italian would but touch my ears
As if a sweet wind beat upon my cheek,
Through the dim light, a rain of flowers and tears.

Enough, that wrought by Vandyke's master hand,
I see thy beauty with an inward sight ;
And in a better language understand
Thy childhood's inextinguishable light.

WILLIAM DERRY.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.¹

THE general working of the scheme which was settled in the year 1855 for selecting candidates by competitive examination for appointments in the Civil Service of India is quite as unpopular among the examinees as it is with the public in England and the authorities in India. The former complain of the absence of consistency and uniformity in the mode of assessing the value of the written papers, and of the haphazard way in which the *vis à voce* examinations are conducted; the latter maintain that some of the selected candidates are failures socially, and that the present method of selection by means of what has been termed "intellectual gymnastics," without reference to any further qualification than a certificate of moral character, is very detrimental to the interests of the Indian Civil Service.

The question therefore before the public is how to combine the intellectual benefits of open competition with the social advantages of the Haileybury system?

A return to close competition, after nomination, would not necessarily secure the kind of social fitness that is wanted, while it would undoubtedly tend to cramp the area of intellectual fitness, at the same time that it would deprive the public of a substantial boon.

The solution of this question would seem to depend on the result of a dual process: (1) selection by competitive examination; (2) final selection after probation.

¹ The text of a paper addressed to the members of the Indian Council, on the method of selecting candidates for the Civil Service of India.

1. *Selection by Competitive Examination.*

The inferior limit of age is fixed at 17; the superior limit at 21. If the inferior limit could be fixed at say 18½, and the superior at 22½, the alteration would be welcomed at the two extremes.

(a) It would enable candidates to complete their course of school reading preparatory to entering on any special course of study; and in many cases would admit of their proceeding to the examination direct from school.

(b) Many more university undergraduates would offer themselves. A great number of the best scholars at public schools do not, as a first choice, elect to go to India. They prefer to compete for university distinctions; and once embarked on an academical career, they are tempted to remain for the purpose of taking a degree rather than interrupt their course halfway.

The subjects prescribed for the open competitive examination are:—

	Marks.
English Composition	500
History of England—including that of the Laws and Constitution . . .	500
English Language and Literature . .	500
Language, Literature, and History of Greece	750
" " Rome	750
" " France	375
" " Germany	375
" " Italy	375
Mathematics (pure and mixed) . . .	1,250
Natural Science: that is, Chemistry, including Heat; Electricity and Magnetism; Geology and Mineralogy; Zoology; Botany	1,000

* * The total (1,000) marks may be obtained by adequate proficiency in any two or more of the five branches of science included under this head.

Moral Science : that is, Logic, Mental	
and Moral Philosophy	500
Sanskrit Language and Literature . .	500
Arabic Language and Literature . .	500

No restraint is placed on the examinee in regard to the number of subjects he may elect to be examined in. For various and obvious reasons some well-defined limits should be imposed.

The estimate of the relative importance of each branch of knowledge is very generally approved; but the practice of deducting 125 marks from each subject is as generally condemned. The authorities justly consider "that a candidate ought to be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer." The penalty is supposed to act as a deterrent with those who would otherwise take up a great number of subjects on the chance of gaining marks "for knowledge of wide surface and small depth." This tax, salutary in some cases, is unjust in others; for it is imposed not only on the smatterer who asks to be examined in six or seven subjects, but on the scholar who seeks examination in two branches.

For instance : A, B, C are examined in Latin :—

	First Marking.	Final Marking.
A marks	$\frac{30}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 0$
B marks	$\frac{124}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 0$
C marks	$\frac{325}{750\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 200$

Thus C, who in the first marking is shown to be a better classic than A by 295 marks, is made to lose 95 marks by the transaction. And B has no means of ascertaining that he has really made four times as many marks as A. This process would be quite legitimate if all the candidates were examined in the same number of subjects, and if each subject carried the same value in marks. But C may be depending entirely on English and classical scholarship; whereas A and B may have two or three other branches to fall back upon.

Again, assuming that a fair knowledge of the language, literature, and history of France, Germany, and Italy is equivalent to a fair knowledge of mathematics, and that two rival candidates exhibit proficiency to the extent of half the whole number of marks in their respective branches—what is the result ?

		Total.
The Mathematician	625	
marks	$\frac{1250\text{ths}}$	$\text{minus } 125 = 500$
The Linguist	Italian	187
	marks	$\frac{375\text{ths}}$
	French	187
	marks	$\frac{375\text{ths}}$
	German	187
	marks	$\frac{375\text{ths}}$
		$\text{minus } 125 = 62$
		186

English Composition.

Another kind of objection may be taken in regard to both the first and second marking for English Composition.

A written essay may belong to one of three or more classes. It is either good, fair, indifferent, or bad. Each essay should be entered under one of these classes, and each class should represent a given number of marks. But the method of assessment which declares an essay to be worth 114 or 116 500ths is at best ideal. If the essay be wanting in originality, or in substance, or in the logical arrangement of matter, it may be condemned accordingly; but it is difficult to understand how the deduction for superficial knowledge can be brought to bear on style in composition. However, assuming for a moment that the deduction of 125 marks from each branch is a just tax, it is not too much to say that the very abuses which it was anticipated would be avoided have been actually fostered by its imposition. A careful study of the analysis of the recent six or eight yearly examinations will show how few candidates have cared to run the risk of competing on two or even on three branches of knowledge.

The following figures explain this :—

Number of Candidates examined at the Open Competitions for the five years, 1870 to 1874, inclusive.	Number of Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Number of Candidates selected from these 1170 competitors for service in India.	Number of these 184 selected Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in five or more branches.
1,170	53	309	184	0	26	44

N.B.—The term “branch” must be taken, of course, to mean English generally, or Classics generally, and not a particular subdivision of a subject.

If the supplementary *vivâ voce* examinations, instituted, as is generally supposed, for the purpose of detecting and exposing the superficially read man, are of any real worth, then the continuance of the system of deduction can only be viewed under two aspects—(a) As an extra-judicial and very irritating additional safeguard; or (b), as a mild protest against the discriminating powers of the examiners.

The prevalent feeling among the examinees is that they are prepared to undergo any amount of examination, provided the only test of merit be by a process of thorough investigation.

If some distinct standard of merit, according to which the marks in the several subjects could be awarded, were set up, a real boon would be conferred on examinees; at present the examiners are changed every year, and each examiner introduces his own standard of what is excellent, or the reverse. The consequence is that each examination provides a large number of candidates with a substantial grievance.

The following statistics are noted as evidence of the fluctuation of marks :—

Mathematics in 1873.

1	Candidate only marked over	500	} 1250ths
3	Candidates	400	
14	”	250	
37	”	did not qualify.	

Mathematics in 1874.

15	Candidates marked over	500	} 1250ths
26	”	400	
44	”	250	
15	”	did not qualify.	

English Composition, 1873.

33	of the 35 selected candidates marked over	100	} 500ths
24	”	150	
12	”	200	

English Composition, 1874.

5	of the 38 selected candidates marked over	100	} 500ths
8	only reached	60	
10	of the 38 marked	0	

N.B.—97 out of 207 competitors marked 0.

Natural Science, 1872.

The marks were awarded lavishly, notably in the departments of Geology and Zoology.

Natural Science, 1873.

The marks were perhaps more equally and more sparingly distributed.

Natural Science, 1874.

The awards under the heads of “Chemistry” and “Electricity and Magnetism” were high—but the Geologists and Zoologists were, in many cases, positively victimized.

The conclusion to which a person unacquainted with the candidates themselves would come after a scrutiny of what is recorded year by year in the Government Reports, would be that the variation in the marks was a consequence of the fluctuating condition of proficiency. This is by no means the case. A certain number of candidates who began the study of geology and zoology late in the year 1871, remarked that the standard of merit recorded at the examination for the year 1872 was such as to give them reasonable hopes of ultimate success. Notwithstanding the higher standard set up for the year 1873, the results were so far encouraging that, subject to another year of study, they had the clearest right to anticipate satisfactory results.

Had this not been self-evident, many of these candidates who had to rely on Science as their *pièce de résistance* would have withdrawn from the contest. It had been well for them had they done so; since several scored exactly "0," and others lost from 50 to 80 per cent. of the marks gained in the previous competition.

If the writer on Competitive Examinations in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1874 had followed these students through their long course of lecture and practical work, as well in the open country as at the Royal School of Mines, the British Museum, and the College of Surgeons, he would hardly have ventured on so ill-advised a statement as this:—

"Natural Science, according to the mode of examination here pursued, is essentially a cram subject, because it is almost impossible to distinguish between the knowledge which a candidate has gained from actual observation of phenomena and that which he has picked up from books, and also because the study of it in its earlier stages is very much a matter of memory applied to get up facts. Accordingly, while every candidate is prepared in Natural Science, he is not encouraged to go far into it, and the subject is usually left to be got up at the last, after the ground has been made safe in other lines. That it is thus a cram subject might be inferred from the published lists of marks; almost every candidate obtains some marks in Natural Science, but hardly any one obtains a high number. 'Naturals' pay better than anything else to get up in a hurry. This explains the success of the crammers."

A statement so inaccurate and misleading as this has probably never before found a niche in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*; for any one who will be at the trouble of carefully scrutinizing the "published lists" will learn that at the last four examinations, 546 candidates in all were tested in Natural Science, and that no less than 187 scored 0. But the writer insists that hardly any one obtains a high number.

Surely he must have cast his eye, somewhat casually, down the wrong column.

By way of instituting some curious comparisons, and for the sake of perfect fairness, let us append the marks made by those of the selected candidates for the years 1871—1874 inclusive, who happen to have been examined in each of four subjects.

1871.

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	190	405	185	120
	135	92	494	305
	20	199	403	331
	190	201	266	395
	0	77	668	449
	215	260	126	20
	50	148	312	295
	95	277	338	0
	175	274	237	77
	90	283	570	0
	105	239	345	115
	100	255	65	139
	265	86	430	280
	75	111	442	167
	240	159	358	0
	30	283	81	348
	175	40	470	285

1872.

71	177	493	430
97	336	208	85
61	83	663	305
24	251	345	233
55	316	181	107
0	83	627	330
105	182	417	228
78	114	478	230

1873.

220	215	158	104
99	252	60	472
101	146	405	0
168	230	71	217
188	107	237	0
292	228	0	181
101	273	209	5
169	286	0	140

1874.

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks. }	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	0	419	575	197
	0	400	717	324
	19	205	586	421
	0	178	679	309
	24	324	534	24
	17	123	609	330
	65	224	158	35
	0	134	549	191
	3	218	527	0

And if we pick and choose among the unsuccessful candidates of these years we may meet with the following startling results :—

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No. of Marks. }	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	175	116	201	327
	95	235	44	324
	175	105	98	259
	110	0	192	554
	10	203	104	241
	200	84	0	253
	180	142	97	185
	30	208	92	248
	0	166	0	252
	81	161	250	203
	121	183	122	329
	28	226	14	324
	63	26	270	338
	12	261	77	322
	53	34	8	395
	0	29	165	272
	64	147	184	396
	128	0	228	389
	113	143	169	208

Had the reviewer sounded this note of alarm four years ago, it would not have been out of season; moreover, the public would have been placed in the possession of information

which at the time was known only to a very few. But he is guilty of telling a tale in the year 1874, the virtue of which has long since exploded. Briefly, this is what occurred. In the year 1868 the maximum number of marks allotted to Natural Science was 500. This, in the opinion of certain scientific gentlemen, was a very low figure to assign to a branch of knowledge which at our universities, and at some few of our public schools, was claiming particular attention. Accordingly the authorities consented to place Natural Science on a better footing by increasing the maximum of marks to 1,000. The consequence was precisely what every sane man would have expected. The bait was tempting, the idea was novel and liberal, the subject was interesting, and thus the bids for marks in Science were plentiful. University men, schoolboys, and the candidates reading with private tutors, all had a bite at the cherry; indeed, the entries for Science in 1869 nearly doubled those for the previous year, and what with the then benevolent spirit of examiners, and the want of a fixed standard of qualification, a great number of competitors had a short and by no means unsuccessful mark hunt. Of course the critics may assume, if they choose, that the same sort of thing is going on now, and they may tell the public so, and the public will probably believe it; but this is no guarantee that the information is correct.

It is much to be regretted that a literary essay of so much theoretical merit, and to which, in consequence, such prominent attention has been called, should have abandoned some of its chiefest points of attack to this sort of counter evidence. The public have been pestered for years with "competitive" theories: they now want facts, and nothing but scrupulously accurate facts; and they ought to be disabused of the notions they have formed respecting what is vulgarly called "cram." It may be remarked that all work that is done away from school, or from one of the universities, whether it be of the highest or the lowest order,

is nowadays supposed to be indigestible, and is called "cram." The forced imparting of ill-digested matter may reasonably be called "cram;" but the careful conveyance of well-digested matter is not "cram." By what authority, then, are these scathing tirades against private tuition uttered and written? Why is every man, who does not happen to be a lecturer in an endowed educational institution, to be styled a "crammer?" A pertinent refutation of this popular fallacy was conveyed in the following remark made a short time ago by a gentleman eminent in the scientific world:—"I assisted in the lecture work at the University of Cambridge for twelve successive years; I bring my university lectures, together with increased experience, to bear on my pupils in London, and I am dubbed a 'crammer.'"

The British public seriously believe that competition wallahs are undergrown, brainspent creatures, who have been subjected to a "nefarious system" of education, and have been allowed to suffer premature growth in an exotic nursery; and that their tutors, the so-called crammers, are little better than burglars, who possess a Mephistophelian aptitude for rendering pupils impervious to assaults by the Civil Service Commissioners. The truth is, that the candidates for these higher examinations are notoriously the most exacting and the most hypercritical of students. They know perfectly well what scholarship and high class tuition mean; and if they leave school for a course of special reading, it is not because the school instruction is not of the highest order, but because their prospects of securing the prize of a grand start in life are enhanced by a continuous and uninterrupted course of study, and by having a definite object constantly in view. What the most earnest of these candidates also desire is to be placed, for the nonce, at a safe distance from the temptations and daily interruptions of the cricket field, the boating and foot-ball clubs, and other school sports. And will anybody assert that this is not the very moment

of their lives when a little self-denial should be cheerfully exercised?

The purport of this paper is not to champion private teaching, nor to assume that it is necessary for a candidate to read with this or that tutor if he would be successful. It is sufficient to say that the best teachers have no special art, except the power of teaching; and that really good and sound work will always hold its own by whatever name it may be called. I am, however, most anxious to put on record a few details bearing on the defective principles of action now in vogue; for nine-tenths of the strictures contained in the above quoted article, and, indeed, in nearly all that has been written on this subject of late, are really referable to other causes than the evils of private tuition. So very little is known about the process and the practical results of this examination, that the critics, anxious to explain the reason of its comparative failure, have selected the private tutors for their scapegoats.

So numerous are the instances of premiums being paid for paltry knowledge in some subjects, that it is fast becoming a moot point whether the candidate who aims at a high standard and the tutor who helps him are not over-exerting themselves. It may be that some tutors who prepare men for the higher as well as lower examinations have found this out long ago, and have saved themselves and their pupils the labour of serious reading. Hence, the ugly sobriquet of "crammer" has been transmitted through them to the more painstaking but less wary members of the profession. One case in point is worth quoting. A candidate after $4\frac{1}{2}$ years study, in view of the Indian Civil Service, has just succeeded in gaining a low place on the selected list. Very few, if any, more honestly read men in English and Science have presented themselves for examination during the past ten years. Last year the highest mark awarded for English Literature, and a very high mark for History, fell to him. The year before he also distinguished himself

in the same subjects. Among the historical works to which he had access, and which he had carefully read, and continued to read to the last, were :—Freeman's "Norman Conquest" and "Growth of the English Constitution;" Kemble's "Saxons in England;" Stubbs's "Select Charters;" Pearson's "History of the Middle Ages;" "The Paston Letters;" Hallam's "Constitutional History;" Erskine May's "Constitutional History;" besides parts of Palgrave's "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," miscellaneous biographies, and historical tracts.

But the verdict passed in 1874 on his knowledge of history was identical, as expressed in a small number of marks, with that passed on a comrade of his who knew comparatively nothing whatever of the subject. In fact, the cursory perusal of a school text-book for six months would have served this candidate's purpose equally well; and young men are apt to notice these things. One may fairly conjecture he was vigorous enough for this year's struggle, as he was the only man of 207 competitors who appears to have really pleased Mr. Matthew Arnold in English essay writing.

The lesson to be derived from this serio-comic circumstance is, that high class reading may suffer equally with pure "cram" in the process of examination; and that they who condescend to take their stand on the low level of "mere smattering" have been, so to speak, warned off the higher ground by "caution" signals of this authoritative character. In the teaching communities, there may be persons with such queer notions of what is legitimate and high-minded that the profession of private "coaching" (outside the walls of universities) is liable to lose in dignity what it may gain in a certain vulgar notoriety. It is not that special preparation for the multiform ordeals regulated by the Civil Service Commissioners is a dangerous expedient in itself if properly carried out, since in most large schools there appear to be distinct arrangements to meet this par-

ticular end; but that recent legislation, by abolishing patronage, and by opening the door to every adult in Great Britain and Ireland within a particular limit of age, has tended to multiply twentyfold the number of competitors, and has consequently created a market, now quite flooded, for the employment of private tutors and lecturers.

It was obvious that in the excitement of such vast changes the theory that "all is fair in war" would freely obtain with some men more selfish and less scrupulous than they ought to be; and judging from the tempest of denunciation which has lately spent itself in the public press, it is to be inferred that there are delinquents in the land. And just as hundreds of innocent persons were arrested under the "general warrants," issued to trap offenders of the John Wilkes stamp, so the despotic and potent arm of anonymous criticism has fallen heavily on all to make sure of reaching the few who have abused their opportunities.

The foregoing statistics represent a mere fraction of the evidence which can be brought forward to support the charge of inconsistency in the present scheme of marking. It must, however, be admitted that four branches have been marked throughout with fair consistency—Classics, Italian, Sanskrit and Arabic. The value of proficiency in the other branches seems to be about as unfixed as the weather during these Eastertide competitions. And it is quite intolerable to hear the ever-recurring question put by anxious aspirants, "Do you think such and such a subject will pay this year?"

A new rule has recently been introduced which imposes on each candidate a fine of 5% for the privilege of being examined. The sum collected annually in aid of the expenses of this competition amounts to over 1,000%. If the whole or the greater part of this sum were expended on a Court of Examiners, whose duty it would be to suggest questions, to fix the character of the examination, and to see that the marks were distributed in accordance with

a prescribed plan, there would be an end to the exercise of those erratic and arbitrary assessments of merit which are the occasion of so much positive injustice.

The practice of compelling each candidate to undergo a *vivâ voce* examination in all his subjects would, if carried beyond its present narrow limit, answer two purposes. It would entirely obviate the necessity of deducting marks for so-called superficial knowledge; and it would give the more able men a chance of being subjected to a really crucial test. But where is the opportunity in a ten or twelve minutes' conversation of discovering the merit that is exceptionally high? One hears far too many instances of candidates of second-rate merit being asked questions in history or literature that "suited" them, and of well-read men meeting with "dreadful luck;" and it is notorious that in the process of comparing notes after these brief interviews, A finds he could have answered the questions which B missed, and *vice versa*. This species of lottery, if amusing to some, is demoralizing to others.

It is suggested that a searching test in this direction would prove to be the backbone of this examination. Many a man of ready and fluent expression will make mere text-book reading do him extravagant service, and if this happens to be supported by certain suitable questions in a brief *vivâ voce* test, he will do far more than hold his own against a less lucky but infinitely superior competitor.

If we may assume that it is feasible to fix a definite standard of merit, and to have this standard kept under supervision and control, it would not be necessary to make any change in the regulations presently in force touching Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Oriental languages. But the time allowed to each competitor for a *vivâ voce* examination in modern languages ought to be extended to half an hour, except in cases of unmistakable breakdown. And the examinees in Moral Philosophy, English History, English Literature, and in the four remaining

branches of Natural Science, should be tested by two sets of examiners in the respective subjects.

The time now allowed for Practical Chemistry is ample; but the Zoologists, for instance, have no sufficient opportunity of recording a sound practical acquaintance with this special branch of science. At the recent competition a few unusually advanced students of Zoology presented themselves—men who had worked diligently on the subject for three years, and who had supplemented private study by over a hundred lectures, delivered during the final year alone. Of what substantial avail to them was a somewhat hurried talk with an examiner who had only a couple of bones on a table? The very test which on the previous occasions was pronounced all-important, and indeed imperative as evidence of merit, viz., Comparative Anatomy, was not even introduced by the new examiner. Not a single subject was offered for dissection. It was pleasantly hinted that the examiner might possibly have been contaminated by the startling revelations in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had taken for granted that "naturals" are invariably "got up in a hurry." It is humbly submitted that if anything is done "in a hurry," the candidates themselves are rarely responsible for it; and in justification of the proposal made on this head, the following remark once made by a Civil Service examiner will not be out of place:—"How can I get at the bottom of a man's knowledge in so wide a subject as Mental and Moral Philosophy in a quarter of an hour?"

2. Final selection after probation.

After what has been remarked respecting the state of public feeling in regard to the general character of Civil Service Examinations, it is easy to understand how the impression has gone abroad that our prestige in India is declining. The Anglo-Indian is wont to regard each new arrival with a cautious and supercilious eye; he has made up his mind that the men who have

pushed their way through the gates of open competition have given no further evidence of fitness to undertake the delicate task of governing a proud, susceptible and keen-sighted race of men, than is implied by a certificate of good moral character, and the somewhat whimsical approbation of an irregularly constituted staff of examiners. In his opinion the main qualification aimed at is the kind of ability that is brought out in the course of a technical examination. Beyond this, it would seem to matter little whether a candidate be utterly devoid of tact or good manner, or capacity for governing others. It is enough that he has made good his claim at a paper work ordeal. Now, no one shall say that alarmist cries have not been dinned into our ears during the last decade ; some, in England, against the vices of the competitive system, and some, from India, against individuals. The echoes of these alarms are perpetual ; but somehow they suggest nothing beyond an honest grumble.

I venture to assert that if the whole matter be viewed from a single focus we shall discover two large bubbles : the one represents Conservative prejudice in a somewhat exaggerated form ; the other represents the political blunder of rewarding ability in a few cases in the wrong direction. Every unprejudiced person who knows anything about the stamp of recruits during the last ten years, will admit that, despite the falling off in English university undergraduates, a very large proportion of eminently desirable men have joined the service, and that a certain number of undesirable men have crept in. Small as the number of undesirable men may be annually, it should be remembered that the process of accumulation has been going on for years ; and that the evil is beginning to assume proportions sufficiently dangerous to justify the outspoken remonstrances of impartial men. The doctrine that a man who can make a given number of marks in an examination is quite as efficient as any other man for the purposes of service in India, is one as false as it is politically inexpedient.

In the recesses of a Government office at home, where good abilities combined with sound common-sense are chiefly wanted, such a theory may perhaps hold good ; but to maintain the same view in regard to men whose individuality must always be prominent in their management of tens of thousands of aliens, is about as wild and impractical as were the Paper Governments of defunct Utopists. It is no argument to assert that the modern social failures are merely duplicates of the intellectual failures under the Haileybury system. Of the two the former are perhaps the more capable of disseminating unsatisfactory and injurious influences.

In a lecture which was delivered on this subject by Dr. Birdwood some time back, marked allusions were made inferentially to a process of "cajoling" and "crimping" clever candidates to join in the race. There is certainly no restrictive machinery at work in Cannon Row sufficient to check anything of the sort ; and if there be any measure of truth in this inference it would go far towards accounting for the successful intruders. Dr. Birdwood possibly had in his mind a passage in "The Mirror for Magistrates" :—

"For *knowing* *fancie* was the forcing *rother*
Which stirreth youth to any kind of strife."

But this is obviously a matter in the hands of the authorities and for a Commission of Inquiry. In the present emergency, what is really wanted is to procure by means of open competition a wide and varied assortment of intellectually capable men, *in excess of the number actually wanted*, and to submit them to a subsequently rigorous inquiry.

It so happens that in an examination for the selection of a given number of candidates, the line must be drawn very rigidly at the foot of an aggregate number of marks ; anything answering to sub-division of merit into classes would create an *embarras de richesses*. Occasionally one mark, and very frequently as few as ten marks

in a gross total of 7,875, will separate candidates from their last hopes of entering the service; and the history of the last fifteen competitions will tell us that the want of from one mark to about 150 marks has, alone, caused the rejection each year of thirty to forty candidates. Now, apart from what has been urged touching the variable standard of this particular competition overwhelming evidence can be produced to show that there is little or no difference in the intellectual calibre of the last twenty who succeed, and the next thirty who fail. The small distinction which exists within this range has its origin in the process of examination; indeed, a little luck here and there reduces the whole affair to a lottery in which the candidates, say from Nos. 20 to 70, are the players; and thus it is that one constantly hears of the failure of so-called "dead certainties," and the success of less brilliant but more plodding men. And as it is to be feared that so long as open competition continues in force, the caprices of private speculation will provoke the current of straightforward legislation, the most wholesome and the most legitimate check would seem to be—

1. To nominate, supposing there are forty vacancies, the first 65 or 70 candidates from the examiners' lists, not in order of mark-merit, but in alphabetical order.

2. To bring these candidates under one roof—by all means an absolutely independent one—and then proceed to the final selection.

3. To give each nominee distinctly to understand that he has been selected as a probationer, and that his preliminary qualification in the intellectual test shall in nowise entitle him to a definite claim.

4. To publish the names of the selected candidates with as little delay as possible, and to retain them in a college for one year only, for reasons given in clause 8.

5. To distribute rewards among the most deserving of three-fourths of the remaining nominees without further ex-

amination; some to be appointed to the India Engineering College, others to the Indian Forest Department, or to the Indian Public Works Department, according to evidence of fitness displayed in the first competition.

6. Government to bear the expenses in college for these three months of the absolutely unsuccessful men, subject of course to satisfactory certificates of conduct. It would scarcely be politic to indulge each probationer with the idea that some sort of reward will be the consequence of admission to the college; therefore a few of the least deserving should be made to draw blanks.

7. To apply the money now paid in salaries to the selected candidates during the interval between the open competition and their departure for India, towards the expenses of board and tuition in college.

8. To arrange for two "final" examinations to be held within twelve months. The present method of subjecting these candidates to four periodical examinations in Indian Law and general Jurisprudence, Political Economy, History and Geography of India, and Oriental Languages, extending over two years, is felt to be an irksome eking out of precious time in a state of chronic competition. I must, however, in making this remark, be understood to be representing the opinions expressed by only a certain proportion of competition wallahs; but I have reason to believe the feeling obtains very generally among them. In truth, having triumphed over the main impediment, and having been actually allocated to their respective Presidencies, the offers of a few 10% prizes for special excellence in these new branches of learning cause very little excitement among men already nauseated with competition; and the 10% fines which are imposed (and deducted from the salaries) when a certain qualifying minimum of marks is not reached, do not necessarily conduce to more than a minimum amount of study. So languid, indeed, is the work in many cases, that the fine-money has sometimes paid for the prizes. The

vesting, as it were, in each candidate of a reversionary interest payable in two years, subject to his keeping pace with "a respectable degree of proficiency," will account for the lukewarmness which is said to characterise the finishing touches. The reversioners are masters of the situation; they may live where they like; attend lectures or leave them alone as they like; in fact, they may do pretty well as it listeth them, provided they come up to mark at the end of each successive half-year, either by forced marches or by "dragging the slow length along."

The business of founding such a college and of selecting a staff of adjudicators, would, beyond doubt, be a difficult and delicate matter; and still more difficult would it be to convince the legion of sceptics that the arbitrators who start on patriotic principles shall not have the opportunity of degenerating into dispensers of patronage. But a few clear-headed, practical, and liberally-minded men may be trusted to build their house on something better than sand; and if an idea may be borrowed from Fuller's "Worthies of England," these architects would know beforehand that their mansion would not be fitted with trumpery "furniture." The whole, or nearly the whole of it, would be very solid, and if it must needs leave the country, why not send the best and more appropriate pieces to districts most in want of them?

The vast importance of recruiting the Civil Service of India with the best procurable material will justify this recourse to a process of elimination. But as no single nominee, on entering the college, would have the remotest right to consider his claim in any way pre-eminent, the protective character of the scheme would be more than counter-balanced by the liberality of the compromise; and the additional appointments could be made annually without any strain on the resources of the Government. The development of this plan may perchance lead to a satisfactory solution of a much-vexed question. At the present moment, the wire is

being pulled from opposite extremes: from the West by the supporters of the competitive system as such, and from the East in aid of a more appreciative recognition of the peculiar wants of an empire of no mean stature. The strain is now very great, and it would be well to take precautionary measures in good season for preventing the shock of a too elastic recoil, either to the one side or to the other.

If it should be conceded that a college with governing powers, answering to the dimensions proposed, be necessary, the graver question of a feasible plan of operations—the appointment of the staff, and so forth—can be considered at a future time. It will be patent to every one that the scheme in its present shape is but a skeleton scheme, and that the objections and complications that may arise therefrom will culminate at the point where I am leaving it. But this seems to me a convenient halting-place; for unless the broad principles of the plan embodied in Clauses I to 5 inclusive be approved, the further development of the idea would be futile. But I claim for the idea, as such, an attempt to bring about, and that in a liberal manner, those elements of change which have been advocated from time to time by different classes of partisans; namely, that there should be unrestricted competition open to all natural born British subjects; that the means for distributing rewards among those who have sacrificed time and labour in view of this competition be widely extended; that the beneficial influences claimed for Old Haileybury be in part restored; and—what is of paramount importance to the interests of the Indian Civil Service—that the social and moral qualities of examiners be not absolutely cast aside in favour of an intellectual or mere mark-making test. There are plenty of Anglo-Indians resident among us who would be competent to preside over such an institution; and the difficulty of selecting a jury of clever, discriminating and impartial men is not quite insurmountable; for we have ample evidence of the existence of most able

management, contempt for any form of partiality, and unswerving honesty of purpose in that colossal Government organ—the Civil Service Commission; and there is no reason why a smaller sister-chamber, which would be brought more or less under its supervision and influence, should be started on false lines, or be conducted on less dignified principles. And if I have ventured to comment somewhat plainly on the too great freedom vested in individual examiners for the exercise of private judgment, there was no covert intention of impugning either the legislative, judicial, or executive functions of this Commission.

In submitting these few observations to the consideration of all who may be

interested in the Civil Service of India, I should wish to state, in conclusion, that I have entered the arena of this controversy with diffidence, owing to the peculiar position in which I am placed relatively to this and to other Government examinations; but as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* has come forward with indifferent details and without a practicable plan, and as he threatens some private tutors with excommunication, and talks of “sounding the knell,” I may be excused for appearing even with this modest contribution before my “parting day,” the more so because I am writing by the express invitation and under cover of the moral support of some head masters of leading public schools.

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—A REPLY.

THE recent utterance of Mr. Goldwin Smith against Woman Suffrage has been for many friends of the cause, it may be confessed, a painful surprise. It seemed strange and almost portentous that the voice which had been so often, so boldly, and so eloquently raised on behalf of liberal principles, should suddenly be heard issuing from the Conservative camp, in opposition to a measure which many Liberals regard as amongst the most important of pending reforms. No one, however, who has read Mr. Smith's essay will have any doubt that the opinions expressed in it—urged as they are with all his characteristic energy—are as genuine and sincere as anything he has ever written on the Liberal side. Whether he has made any converts to his views amongst the supporters of the movement he has attacked, is more than I can say; but as one of those who have not been convinced by his reasonings, I wish to state in what they seem to me to be unsatisfactory, and why, having given them my best consideration, I still remain in my former state of mind.

There is one portion of Mr. Smith's remarks into which, I may as well say here at the outset, I do not propose to follow him. I refer to what he has said of Mr. Mill's relations with his wife, and of his estimate of her mental powers. These are points respecting which, in my opinion, the data do not exist, at least within reach of the general public, for forming a trust-

worthy opinion. They are, moreover, absolutely irrelevant to the practical controversy, which should be decided, as Mr. Smith himself in his essay confesses, "on its merits", "the interest of the whole community" being the test, and not by what people may think as to the life and opinions of any individual, however eminent. Further, their discussion cannot but inflict the keenest pain on more than one living person, who, from the nature of the case, are precluded from defending those whom they hold dear. To employ such arguments, therefore, is to use poisoned shafts; and I should have thought that Mr. Goldwin Smith would be about the last man living to resort to such modes of warfare.

Nor is this the only topic introduced by Mr. Smith into this discussion, which might, if not with advantage, at least without detriment to his argument, have been omitted. In his criticism of Mr. Mill's view of the historical origin of the present disabilities of women, there is much, the connection of which with the practical question now before the English public it is not very easy to discern. When indeed Mr. Mill first took the question up, the discussion of this aspect of the case was imperatively demanded; because the thing then to be done was, not simply to find arguments to prove the expediency of admitting women to the suffrage, but first of all, and most difficult of all, to gain a hearing for

his cause—to make some impression on the solid mass of prejudice that was arrayed against any consideration of the subject; and this could only be done by showing the factitious nature of the existing relation of the sexes. Accordingly, Mr. Mill addressed himself to this task, and in his work on the ‘Subjection of Women’ deduced their disabilities from that primitive condition of the human race in which man employed his superior physical strength to coerce woman to his will. Such being the origin of the subjection of women, the disabilities complained of Mr. Mill regarded as, in ethnological phrase, “survivals” from a state of society in which physical force was supreme. To this explanation Mr. Smith demurs, and contends that the “lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree.” According to him it had its origin in those circumstances which made it expedient, on public grounds, that in the early stages of civilization the family should be socially, legally, and politically a unit. Into this portion of the controversy, however, I cannot see that there would be any advantage in entering. Whether Mr. Mill was right or wrong in his view of the historical question, he was at all events eminently successful in the purpose for which he introduced the discussion. He has secured a hearing for the cause of woman, so effectually, that we may now at least feel confident that it will not be ultimately decided on other grounds than those of reason and justice. Nor does it in truth matter whether in approaching the question of woman suffrage we adopt Mr. Mill’s or Mr. Smith’s theory. Both alike regard the existing disabilities of women as “survivals”—Mr. Mill, as survivals from a very early period in which physical force was supreme; Mr. Smith, as survivals from the state of things which produced the peculiar constitution of the patriarchal family; but both as survivals, and therefore as belonging to a condition of life which has passed away. The point is thus of

purely archæological interest, while the real question now before the public is, not as to the origin of woman’s disabilities, but as to their present expediency; “the interest of the whole community,” to borrow once more Mr. Smith’s language, being “the test.”

In the Bill lately before Parliament the intention of the framers, as the reader is aware, was to confer the suffrage on widows and spinsters only; married women having been expressly excluded from its operation. Mr. Smith, in entering on the discussion, is naturally anxious to deal with the question in its broadest form, and accordingly declines to be bound by this limited conception of it. He may be perfectly justified in this course; but the reasons given by him for extending the scope of the controversy are by no means convincing. To say that “marriage could hardly be treated as politically penal” is to put the argument for his view into a neat phrase; but Englishmen have not hitherto been much governed by phrases, and I hope they are not now going to begin to be. The political disqualification which attaches to the military and naval services, as well as to some branches of the civil service, might also be described as a “penal” incident of those honourable callings, but it is nevertheless maintained; and I have no doubt that if people come to believe that it is advantageous to give the suffrage to widows and spinsters, but disadvantageous to extend it to married women, they will set epigrams at defiance, and draw the line exactly where it is drawn in Mr. Forsyth’s Bill. Again, I deny altogether that there is anything in the logic of the case that would compel those who have given the suffrage to women, to take the further step of admitting them to Parliament. “Surely,” says Mr. Smith, “she who gives the mandate is competent herself to carry

—on the principle, I suppose, that

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.”

But granting, for argument’s sake, that she is competent to carry *her own man-*

date, it still does not follow that she is competent to carry the mandates of *other people*; and this is what the right to a seat in Parliament means. Indeed it is only quite lately that the law has ceased to distinguish between the right to vote and the right to be elected;¹ and if the distinction no longer exists, its abolition has been due, not in the least to a desire for logical consistency, but simply to the fact that the qualification required by the law for a seat in Parliament was found in practice ineffective for its purpose and in other ways mischievous. If it prove on full examination that the character and circumstances of women are such as to render their admission to Parliament unadvisable on public grounds, those who are in favour of giving them the suffrage will be perfectly within their right in taking their stand at this point, and in refusing to grant them the larger concession. For my own part, as I do not believe that any detriment would come from including married women with others in the grant of the suffrage, or from the admission of women to Parliament, I am quite willing to argue the question on the broader ground on which Mr. Smith desires to place it.²

The most important argument advanced by Mr. Smith against the policy under consideration is contained in the following passages:—"The question whether female suffrage on an extended scale is good for the whole community

is probably identical, practically speaking, with the question whether it is good for us to have free institutions or not. Absolute monarchy is founded on personal loyalty. Free institutions are founded on the love of liberty, or, to speak more properly, on the preference of legal to personal government. But the love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law alone appear to be characteristically male" (p. 145). From this position Mr. Smith concludes that "to give women the franchise is simply to give them the power of putting an end actually and virtually to all franchises together." "It may not be easy," he allows, "to say beforehand what course the demolition of free institutions by female suffrage would take." "But," he holds, "there can be little doubt that in all cases, if power were put into the hands of the women, free government, and with it liberty of opinion would fall."

It cannot be denied that the consequences here indicated as likely to follow from the extension of the suffrage to women are sufficiently serious; and we may admit that a better reason could not easily be imagined for withholding anything from anybody than that its concession "would probably overturn the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest." But the greatness of a fear does not prove that it rests on solid grounds; and when we come to examine the grounds of Mr. Smith's dark forebodings, we find them about as substantial as the stuff that dreams are made of. "The female need of protection," he says, "of which, so long as women remain physically weak, and so long as they are mothers, it will be impossible to get rid, is apparently accompanied by a preference for personal government." "Women are priest-ridden;" but this does not go to the root of the "reactionary tendency characteristic of the sex." The effect of those physical and physiological peculiarities is, Mr. Smith thinks, to give "an almost uniform bias to the political sentiments of women;" this bias being opposed to law and liberty, and in favour of per-

¹ In the case of clergymen, as well as in other cases, the distinction is still maintained.

² I cannot, however, go the length that Mr. Smith appears inclined to go in one passage, where he argues, or seems to argue, that all who are in favour of woman suffrage are bound by their own principles to vote, under all circumstances, for woman candidates. He would scarcely, I presume, contend that all who are in favour of Catholic Emancipation are bound, when a Catholic offers himself, to vote for one; and, similarly, that those who favour Jewish Emancipation are bound, when they can, to vote for Jews; but, unless he is prepared to go this length, on what ground does he hold that the advocates of woman suffrage in America must, "if they had considered the consequences of their own principles," have voted for Mrs. Victoria Woodhull?

sonal government ; so that women may be trusted, whenever an opportunity offers, to act *en masse* for the destruction of free institutions.

Women in these passages are spoken of as if, so to speak, *in vacuo* : it is not to the women of any particular country or age that the description applies, but to woman in the abstract. In conformity with this, the illustrations which follow are taken by Mr. Smith from various ages and countries—I should have said with tolerable impartiality, if it were not that, strangely enough, scarcely any reference is made to the women of modern England. And yet it is the women of modern England whose case is in issue. Now this is a point of some importance ; because it is quite possible, at least as I regard it—not being a believer in “natural rights,”—that the suffrage may be as good a thing for women in certain stages of social progress, as for men, but a bad thing for both where the social conditions are different. This being so, it is not obvious how Mr. Smith helps the intelligent discussion of the question by taking his examples at random from ancient Rome, Italy, France, the United States, England in the seventeenth century—in a word, from any source where he can find cases to suit his purpose, but without the least reference to the special circumstances of each case. I have no desire to restrict unduly the range of the discussion ; but I think that, when examples are taken from foreign countries, and still more when they are taken from former ages, with a view to prejudice the claims of Englishwomen to the franchise, some attempt should be made to show that the cases cited are really pertinent to the question in hand.

Turning, then to the persons and country immediately concerned, let us consider how far the state of things here affords any support to Mr. Smith's speculations. I will not attempt to deny that there may be priest-ridden women in England, possibly in considerable numbers ; nor will I dispute what some well-informed persons have asserted, that the passing of a woman

suffrage bill would not improbably, at all events for a time, give an accession of political influence to the clergy. But granting this, and even conceding, for the sake of argument, Mr. Smith's theory as to the natural bias of the female mind, we are still a long way off from the terrible catastrophe that his fears portend. “Female suffrage,” he says, “would give a vast increase of power to the clergy ;” but we have still to ask if the English clergy, Church and Nonconformist, are, as a body, ready to join in a crusade against free institutions. I am quite unable to discover what the grounds are for such a supposition ; but if this cannot be assumed, then their influence would not be exercised in the direction Mr. Smith apprehends, and his fears for free institutions are groundless. Even if we were to make the extravagant supposition that the clergy are to a man in favour of personal government and absolutism, there would still be husbands, fathers, and brothers, whose appeals on behalf of free government would not surely pass altogether unheeded. Is it being over sanguine to assume that at the worst a sufficient number of women would be kept back from the polls to leave the victory with the cause that is “characteristically male ?”

In short, we have only to attempt to realize the several conditions, *all of which would need to be fulfilled before the catastrophe which Mr. Smith dreads could even be approached*, in order to perceive the extravagant improbability, if not intrinsic absurdity, of his apprehensions. But instead of attempting to follow further the possible consequences of social and political combinations which are never likely to have any existence outside Mr. Smith's fancy, let us consider for a moment the theory he has advanced as to the mental constitution of women, which lies at the bottom of the whole speculation. Women, it seems, are so constituted by nature as to be incapable of the “love of liberty, and the desire of being governed by law ;” and this results from a “sentiment inherent in the female temperament ;”

"formed by the normal functions and circumstances of the sex." Now if this be so—if the sentiments of women with regard to government and political institutions are thus determined by physiological causes too powerful to be modified by education and experience, then those sentiments would in all countries and under all conditions of society be essentially the same. But is this the fact? On the contrary, is it not matter of common remark that the whole attitude of women towards politics is strikingly different in different countries; that it is one thing in England, another in the United States, something different from either in France and Italy, and something different from all in Turkey and the East? and, not to travel beyond the range of the present controversy, do we not find within the United Kingdom almost every variety of political opinion prevailing amongst women, according to the circumstances of their education and social surroundings? It may be true that the interest taken by women in politics has hitherto been in general somewhat languid; that, as a body, they are less alive than men to the advantages of political liberty and of legal government. But is not this precisely what was to be expected, supposing their political opinions to be subject to the same influences which determine the political opinions of men? As a rule they have from the beginning of things been excluded from politics; their whole education has been contrived, one might say, with the deliberate purpose of giving to their sentiments an entirely different bent; home and private life have been inculcated on them as the only proper sphere for their ambition; yet in spite of these disadvantages, by merely mixing in society with men who take an interest in politics, a very great number of women have come to share that interest, while there are some, as Mr. Smith admits—I will add a rapidly increasing number—"eminently capable of understanding and discussing political questions." Can it be said that of the women who in this country take an interest in politics the

bias of their political sentiments is uniformly in one direction, and this—the direction of personal government and absolutism? I can only say, if this be Mr. Smith's experience, it is singularly different from mine. No doubt there are women in abundance who care nothing for politics, and who would be quite content to live under any government which offered a fair promise of peace and security; but may not precisely the same be said of no inconsiderable number of men even in England? Would it not be easy to find men enough, and these by no means amongst the residuum, who take no interest at all in politics, and who, so far as they are concerned, would be willing to hand over the destinies of the human race to-morrow to a Cæsar, or to any one else who, they had reason to believe, would maintain the rights of property, and keep their own precious persons safe? This state of feeling amongst some men is not considered to prove that men in general are unfitted by nature for the functions of citizenship under a free government; and when we meet exactly the same phenomenon amongst women, why are we to deduce from it a conclusion which in the case of men we should repudiate?

In short, the patent facts of experience in this country (and if here or anywhere the facts are as I have stated them, they suffice to dispose of Mr. Smith's theory) are consistent with one supposition and with one supposition only—the existence in women of political capabilities which may be developed in almost any direction, according to the nature of the influences brought to bear upon them. It may very well be that, when experience has furnished us with sufficient data for observation, a something will prove to be discernible in the political opinions of the two sexes in the nature of a characteristic quality; but at present conjecture upon this subject is manifestly premature; and Mr. Smith's arrow, apparently shot at a venture, we may confidently say, has not hit the mark. The love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law are feelings which

have as yet been developed in but a very small proportion of men; they have been developed in a still smaller proportion of women, but the difference is not greater than the difference in the education and circumstances of the two sexes is amply sufficient to account for.

Mr. Smith having thoroughly frightened himself by the chimeras his imagination had conjured up as the probable result of giving the suffrage to women, puts the question:—"But would the men submit?" and he resorts to an ingenious, though perhaps questionable, speculation on the ultimate sanctions of law, to show that they would not. If the laws passed by women were such as men disapproved of, "the men," he says, "would, of course, refuse execution; law would be set at defiance, and government would be overturned" (p. 146). When, therefore, "the female vote" came to be taken "on the fate of free institutions," and the decree for their abolition went forth, it seems that, after all, it would prove mere *brutum fulmen*. The consummation would never take place; and the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest would remain erect, unharmed amid the impotent feminine rage surging around, much (if one may venture on a profane illustration) like one of those gin palaces in the United States that has held its ground against the psalmody of the whisky crusaders. One would have thought that this reflection would have brought some solace to Mr. Smith's soul; but, strange to say, he regards it as an aggravation of the impending evils; and would apparently be better pleased if, in the supposed contingency, men in general should exhibit the same implicit subserviency which, he tells us, has been shown by a man, somewhere in the United States, who, under his wife's compulsion, is in the habit of working for her as a hired labourer—a fact, by the way, not very happily illustrating his theory of the ultimate sanctions of law.

In truth this portion of Mr. Smith's argument—and it is in a logical sense the very heart of his case, in such sort, that, this part failing, the whole collapses

—is so utterly—I will not say, weak—but so utterly unlike the sort of argument ordinarily to be found in his political writings, that it is difficult to resist the impression that it does not represent the real grounds of his conviction, but is rather a theory excogitated after conviction to satisfy that intellectual craving which an opinion formed on other grounds than reason invariably produces. And this impression is confirmed, if not reduced to certainty, as we continue the perusal of his essay. In an early passage Mr. Smith had told us that he "himself once signed a petition for female household suffrage got up by Mr. Mill;" adding that, when he signed it, he "had not seen the public life of women in the United States." Further on he gives us an account of this public life as he conceives it; and I have no doubt that we have here disclosed to us the real source, if not of his present opinions on woman suffrage, at least of the intensity with which they are held. In the United States, he says, "a passion for emulating the male sex has undoubtedly taken possession of some of the women, as it took possession of women under the Roman empire, who began to play the gladiator when other excitements were exhausted." It seems further that there are women in the United States who claim, "in virtue of 'superior complexity of organization,' not only political equality but absolute supremacy over man, of whom one has given to the movement the name of the 'Revolt of Woman.'" Again, "in the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to impunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder. The poisoner whose guilt has been proved by overwhelming evidence, is let off because she is a woman; there is a sentimental scene between her and her advocate in court, and afterwards she appears as a public lecturer.¹ The

¹ Mr. Smith gives neither dates nor places; but there can be little doubt that in the allusion in the text two distinct transactions are confounded: the inference suggested, moreover, is such as the facts by no means warrant. "The prisoner whose guilt has been proved

Whisky Crusade shows that women are practically above the law." Once more, it appears that "in the United States the grievance of which most is heard is the tyrannical stringency of the marriage tie. . . . Some of the language used . . . if reproduced might unfairly prejudice the case." Already "male legislatures in the United States have carried the liberty of divorce so far, that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family;" and this is followed by a story of "a woman who accomplished a divorce by simply shutting the door of the house, which was her own property, in her husband's face." It would be easy, had I space at my command, to add to these extracts; but the foregoing will suffice. One is led to ask what is the bearing of such statements, assuming the facts to be all correctly given, upon the question of woman suffrage? Mr. Smith has not troubled himself to point this out—apparently has never considered it; but finds it simpler to throw in such sensational allusions here

by overwhelming evidence," but who "is let off," must, I think, refer to the case of a woman tried some time ago in one of the eastern cities, I think Baltimore. It is true she was "let off," but, as an American barrister informs me, with perfect propriety; the evidence against her not being sufficient to sustain the charge. In this case there was no sentimental scene in court, and no appearance afterwards as a public lecturer. These latter incidents belong to a case which occurred in San Francisco, in which a woman, Laura Fair by name, was tried, not for poisoning, but for shooting her paramour in the open street, and was acquitted in the face of the most conclusive evidence. The advocate, however, as I am informed, was passive in "the sentimental scene," and afterwards sued the lady for his fees. It is true, too, that she appeared shortly afterwards as a public lecturer; but Mr. Smith omits to add—what is surely pertinent to the question in hand—that she was hooted by the audience from the platform, and found it prudent to leave the town without delay. No one who knows anything of the United States would regard San Francisco as a typical American city; it is rather an extreme example of all that is most pronounced in American rowdyism; yet even in San Francisco we find that popular feeling on the immunity of women from penalties for crime is something very different from what Mr. Smith represents it.

and there as a sort of garnishing for his argument, trusting no doubt that they will produce upon the minds of his readers the same impression which they have evidently made upon his own. The case seems to be this:—Mr. Smith's finer susceptibilities have been rudely shocked by the antics of a sort of Mænad sisterhood holding their revels here and there in the vast territory of the United States; and a state of mind has supervened which leads him to regard with disfavour any cause with which these women happen to be associated. Woman suffrage, unfortunately, is one of those causes; and therefore Mr. Smith is opposed to woman suffrage.

Now to let one's opinions be formed in this way is not to be guided by experience, as some people would have us believe. Let not any one suppose that Mr. Smith has any such solid support for the views advanced in his essay. Woman suffrage has nowhere yet, out of Utah, been tried in the United States; whereas we in England have witnessed its working at least in our municipal and school-board elections. In point of experience, therefore, we who have remained at home have the advantage of Mr. Smith. His sojourn in America, however, has brought to his notice the sort of women—or, more properly, a sort of women—who contrive to make themselves conspicuous in the United States in social and political agitations. It may be allowed that, as depicted by him, they are not a gracious band; though hardly less attractive than some of the male politicians who figure at Caucuses, Rings, and other political gatherings in the same country. Is Mr. Smith, in disgust at this latter product of American institutions prepared to abolish male suffrage, and with it representative government—to abolish it not merely in the United States, but here and everywhere? for to this length does his argument against woman suffrage, drawn from analogous manifestations on the part of some American women, carry him.

As I have said, Mr. Smith has not pointed out the bearing of his sensational

allusions on the question of woman suffrage. If he intended them to support his case he was undoubtedly prudent in not doing so. Let us consider one or two of them in connection with the question at issue. We are told, for example, that "in the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to impunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder;" and then comes the story of the poisoner which I have examined in a note. Further on he says, "if the women ask for the suffrage, say some American publicists, they must have it; and in the same way, everything that a child cries for is apt to be given it without reflection as to the consequences of the indulgence." Now, assuming (what I am by no means disposed to admit) that the state of feeling towards women in the United States is such as these remarks suggest, it is to be observed in the first place that it is a state of feeling which has grown up, not under a female, but under an exclusively male, suffrage, and it is not easy to believe that the extension of the suffrage to women could make it worse. In the next place, the feeling in question is merely an exaggeration of that sickly sentimentalism regarding woman and all that concerns her which has come down to us from times of chivalry, and which has hitherto been fostered by the careful exclusion of women from political life, as well as from the great majority of useful and rational occupations. In the United States, a portion of the women appear, from Mr. Smith's account, to have suddenly broken loose from many of these restraints; and the use they are making of their freedom appears to be about as wise and edifying as the use which men commonly make of political freedom when it has been suddenly conferred upon them after centuries of servitude. The sentiment deserves all the scorn that Mr. Smith pours upon it; but the corrective for it, if it exists, is not to be found in a continuance of the state of things which produced it, but in opening to women those spheres of action from which they have been hitherto de-

barred, and in subjecting them to the free and bracing air of equality, alike in rights and in responsibilities, with men.

And this consideration furnishes the answer to another of Mr. Smith's arguments. He considers that the admission of women to the suffrage, instead of mitigating, is likely to aggravate the violence of political strife, and in support of this view refers to the Reign of Terror, the revolt of the Commune, and the American Civil War. I must own this latter reference has taken me by surprise. I have never heard before that the women of the United States during the Civil War "notoriously rivalled the men in fury and atrocity." I remember some very great atrocities committed during that war; for example, the massacre at Fort Pillow, the treatment of prisoners of war in some of the Southern military hospitals, the attempts to burn down some of the public buildings and hotels in New York; but these were all committed by men, and I have never heard of similar acts committed or attempted by American women. If Mr. Smith knows of any such, he ought to enlighten the world by stating them, or else withdraw his injurious assertion. On the other hand I have heard, and I imagine so must Mr. Smith, of the magnificent devotion to their country shown by the women of the Northern States in organizing and working hospital corps, and in actual services rendered to the wounded on the field, mitigating thus the hardships and horrors of war in a manner to reflect honour on their country and on their sex. As to the women of the Reign of Terror and the Commune, they were, at all events, not worse than the men; and the shocking crimes committed by both, so far as they are not purely mythical, are, no doubt, referable to the same causes—the tremendous excitement of the time, the wild doctrines current, and, above all, the absolute inexperience in political affairs of those to whom power, for the moment, fell.

Again, what is the bearing of Mr. Smith's statements regarding the great

freedom of divorce existing in some of the States of the Union? "Male legislatures," it seems, "have already carried the liberty of divorce so far that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family." Does it follow from this that female, or rather mixed, legislatures would go farther in the same direction? for this seems to be the drift of this portion of Mr. Smith's remarks. In an earlier part of his essay he had told us that it was inherent in the nature of women to be subservient to the clergy: he now suggests that, if admitted to the suffrage, they would probably enact the abrogation of the marriage tie. Perhaps he sees his way to reconciling these two opinions, but it is not obvious on the surface; any more than it is easy to reconcile the latter with what he tells us, a few lines lower down, that women have a far deeper interest in maintaining the stringency of the marriage tie than men. If so, then, one naturally asks, why will they not use their influence to maintain it? Are they such imbeciles as not to discern their interest in so important a matter, or, discerning it, to throw their weight into the scale adverse to their most vital concerns? Here again Mr. Smith answers himself:—he tells us, "the women themselves [I presume the Mænads] have now, it is said, begun to draw back."

I now turn to a side of the question on which Mr. Smith lays very great stress, and of which I am not in the least disposed to underrate the importance—the extension of the suffrage to married women. I do not yield to Mr. Smith, or to any one, in the firmness of my conviction that the family is at the bottom of our existing civilization, and I should, for my part, regard as dearly purchased any gain in material or political well-being which should introduce a jar or weakness into this pivot of our social system. But I believe that to open political life to women, far from being fraught with the disastrous consequences Mr. Smith anticipates, would, taking things in their entire scope, be

productive of quite opposite effects. If I were asked to name the principal element of weakness in the family as things now stand, I should have no hesitation in pointing to the want of sufficient subjects of common interest between man and woman. It is owing to this that matrimonial engagements are entered into so rarely on the basis of any broad intellectual sympathy, such as might furnish some security for lasting affection, and so often at the bidding of impulses and fancies that do not outlive the honeymoon; and it is owing to the same cause that so very large a proportion of the lives of most husbands and wives are spent practically apart, with little or no knowledge on the part of either of the objects or aims that engross the greater portion of the other's thoughts and energies. That under such circumstances the marriage tie is, on the whole, maintained as well as it is, seems rather matter for wonder; and to argue that the introduction of a new source of very profound common interest for husband and wife must of necessity weaken the bond, is, in my opinion, to evince a singular inability to appreciate the real dangers now besetting the institution. It is true, no doubt, that every new subject of common interest for husband and wife, must, from the nature of the case, constitute also a new possible occasion for disagreement; but if this is to be accounted a good reason for excluding women from politics, they might with equal justice be excluded from literature, from the fine arts, from everything in which men also take an interest—above all from religion. The value of these several pursuits as bonds and cements of married life is just in proportion to the degree of common interest which husbands and wives take in them, and just in the same proportion also is the possible danger that they may become the grounds of dissension. Mr. Smith is greatly scandalized at the prospect of a man and his wife taking opposite sides in politics. I cannot see that it would be at all more scandalous than that a man and his wife should

take opposite sides in religion—going, for example, every Sunday to different places of worship, where each hears the creed of the other denounced as soul-destroying and damnable. It will serve to throw light upon the present problem if we consider for a moment how it happens that this latter spectacle is on the whole so rarely presented; and that, even where the event occurs, it is so frequently found consistent with tolerable harmony in married life. The explanation, I have no doubt, is of this kind: where difference of religion consists with matrimonial happiness, it will generally be found that one or both of the partners do not take a very deep interest in the creeds they profess; while, on the other hand, where people do feel strongly on religion, they generally take care, in forming matrimonial alliances, to consort with those who, on fundamental points, are of the same opinion with themselves. Now it seems to me that this may serve to illustrate for us what will be the practical working of politics in respect to married life when women begin to receive a political education, or at least to learn as much about politics, and take as much or as little interest in them as men do. A number only too large of men and women will probably continue for long enough to take but small interest in public affairs, and these will marry, as they do now, with little reference to each other's political opinions; but the danger of discord from politics under such circumstances would be infinitesimal. The only cases in which this danger would become serious would be when both husband and wife were strong politicians. Here, no doubt, there would be danger; though no greater, I think, than when two persons of strong but opposite religious convictions enter into marriage. Mr. Smith seems to think that, because "religion is an affair of the other world," it is less likely than politics to be an occasion of strife. This is probable enough when people do not believe in another world; but when they do, and believe also that the fate of people there will depend on what they

believe in this, I cannot see the wisdom of his remark. Some of the worst and cruellest wars that have ever been waged have been religious wars; and so notoriously is religion an engenderer of strife, that it is now scarcely good manners to moot a religious question in private society, where politics are quite freely and amicably discussed. If persons of genuine but different religious opinions can contrive to get on together in married life, they would certainly not be likely to be severed by political differences, however strongly their opinions might be held. But, however this may be, my argument is that, in practice, such cases would very rarely occur. When politics became a subject of interest alike for men and women, it would very soon become a principal consideration in determining matrimonial alliances. Even now this is the case to some extent, and it will no doubt become more and more so as the political education of women advances. Mr. Smith's question, therefore, "Would the harmony of most households bear the strain?" may be answered by saying that in very few households would there be any strain to bear; while in most—at least in those in which politics were intelligently cultivated—home life, no longer the vapid thing it is so often now, would acquire a new element of interest, and the family would be held together by powerful sympathies that now lie undeveloped.

Mr. Smith seems to think that, if women are only excluded from the suffrage, the harmony of married life can never be endangered by politics; but this is to attribute to the mere right of voting a degree of efficacy which I, for one, am not disposed to allow to it. If women only come to take an interest in politics—it matters not whether they have the suffrage or not—all the danger that can arise from the suffrage to married life will be already incurred. It is not the giving of a vote every four or five years that constitutes the danger, if danger there be; but the habitual mental attitude of husband and wife towards each other. Those, therefore, who share

Mr. Smith's apprehensions on the present subject, ought clearly to take their stand against the suffrage movement very much higher up. They ought to oppose every extension of female education which may reasonably be expected to lead women to take an interest in politics. The intelligent study of history should, in the first place, be rigidly proscribed. Political economy would be excluded as a matter of course; and, along with it, that large and increasing class of studies embraced under the name 'social.' Every one of these, intelligently cultivated, leads inevitably, where faculty is not wanting, to an interest in contemporary politics; and if women are to be shut out from this field of ideas, lest perchance they should adopt opinions which should not be those of their future husbands, their education ought at once to be truncated by this large segment. Mr. Smith indeed suggests that women who are capable of discussing political questions "will find a sphere in the press." Does he then suppose that there would be less danger to the harmony of married life from women writing in the press—writing leaders, perhaps, for strong party papers—than from tendering a vote at the polls every four or five years? Besides, the suggestion falls utterly short of the requirements of the case. The number of women who are capable, or who desire, to find a sphere in the press are never likely to be more than a handful: the numbers who desire a liberal education, in the best and broadest sense of that word, and who are or may become quite fitted to form sound opinions on political questions, are already to be numbered by thousands, perhaps I might say by tens of thousands: what their numbers will become in another generation, I will not pretend to conjecture. Mr. Smith's suggestion, therefore, though graciously meant, is hardly to the purpose. Plainly nothing short of lopping off from the education of women some of the most important branches of human knowledge will meet the difficulty.

I must, before concluding, refer briefly

(for my space is all but exhausted) to an aspect of the case touched on at the opening of these remarks—the probability of the admission of women to Parliament as a consequence of giving them the suffrage. As I have already pointed out, the latter concession by no means necessarily involves the former; so that it is quite open to those who are in favour of women suffrage to decline, or if they see fit to do so, to concede the latter privilege. For my own part, however, I desire to say frankly that I am in favour of removing, not only this, but all legal impediments whatever, to the freest choice by women of a career whether in political or in civil life. It is not that I look forward to women taking advantage, in any very large degree, of the new fields of activity that would thus be opened to them; for I am not of Mr. Smith's opinion that women can be 'unsexed' by acts of parliament. I believe that all the substantial reasons of convenience, natural aptitude, and taste, which, in the division of labour between men and women, make it desirable that women should, as a rule, take charge of the domestic half of the world's work, and men of that which is transacted out of doors, will, whatever laws we may pass, remain in their full force, and will keep the general distribution of occupations between the sexes, even under the freest competition, in the main not very different from what it now is. Still, though this, as I believe, will be the rule, there will no doubt be numerous exceptions to it; and why should there not be? If some women find it suitable to their circumstances and to their natural talents or taste to embrace careers now open only to men, why should they be debarred from turning their abilities to the best account? If they make mistakes, as very possibly at first many will, and adopt unsuitable occupations, they will discover their mistakes, as men do now, by experience, and their failure will serve as a warning to others. If, on the other hand, they prove successful in their ventures, their success can only be a gain for themselves and for society

at large. All this would hold true, even though the alternative of marriage and domestic life were really open to every woman in the country. But it is a fact of very great importance as regards the practical aspect of this question that no inconsiderable number of women in this country pass, and cannot but pass, their lives unmarried. Mr. Smith, indeed, regards this as connected "with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things." For my part I regard it as a perfectly normal phenomenon in such a country as England, and, therefore, as likely to endure. In any case, while it lasts, the exclusion of women from professional and other careers is something more than a theoretical injustice. It is a real and substantial wrong, involving penury and all its consequences, inflicted on a large number of persons, whose only crime is their sex, and who only ask to be permitted to earn a livelihood by making themselves useful to their fellow-creatures. The claim to be admitted to Parliament, indeed, if it should be advanced (which it has not yet been), would stand on somewhat different

ground. Exclusion in this case would not mean exclusion from the means of earning a livelihood, and therefore the reasons in favour of the claim are undoubtedly less strong than those which may be urged in favour of opening professional and industrial careers; but why should women not be allowed the fullest and freest use of their faculties in any walk of life, whether lucrative or otherwise, in which any competent portion of the community may think it expedient to employ them? At all events the onus of proof lies with those who would resist such a claim; and if opponents have nothing better to urge than the fatuous jokes which have hitherto been the staple of their argument, but from which Mr. Smith has had the good taste to abstain, the case against women is certainly not a strong one. Whether many women, if the opportunity offered, would be ambitious of a parliamentary career; or whether, in this case, they would find many constituencies disposed to elect them, are questions, the consideration of which may perhaps be left, without disadvantage, to a future day.

J. E. CAIRNES.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIX.

"It is a dismal place," John explained to Lesbia. "I don't know how we can let them go into it while we live here. Bride finds fault with Castle Daly; but, I tell you, it's a palace compared with the other house. A long, low, shambling, barrack-like building, with paintless doors and windows, and endless low passages reeking with damp. The O'Roonies have been living in half a dozen rooms, and of course they allowed every kind of dilapidation to prevail, and rubbish to accumulate, in the other parts of the house. One does not know whether to wonder most at the folly of building such a mansion in that out-of-the-world nook, or the stupidity of letting it rot to pieces once it was there."

"Connor was talking to me about Eagle's Edge the other day," remarked Lesbia. "He had a great deal to say about the grand entertainments—feasting all the squires of County Galway—that his grandfather and great-grandfather used to hold there. And there are stories about the place too—dreadful stories of fatal duels fought across tables in the dining-rooms; and of smugglers from the coast coming and hiding in the old cellars and passages that lead to nothing, and startling the ladies, who knew nothing of what was going on, with wild banshee cries, and mysterious flittings to and fro of nights. I should be frightened out of my wits to spend a winter in such a place; but I don't believe Ellen will mind; and Connor likes it—he would far rather live there than in a commonplace comfortable house."

"I can quite believe it of him; but his indifference to decency does not, I trust, extend to the rest of the family.

I should not have suspected Pelham of sympathizing with the insane vanity that values itself on having spendthrift ancestors, and living in houses stained with their crimes. Yet he looked, I thought, rather blank yesterday evening, when, after letting him know the state of the roof at Eagle's Edge, I advised him to give up all thought of inhabiting that lonely spot, and content himself with a house in Ballyowen."

"John, you had the cruelty?"

"Cruelty!"

"Yes, to expect the Dalys to come down to living in a house in a town."

"Why not, if the town house is the best place to live in?"

"If I were they, I would rather bear anything than lower the dignity of the family in the district where for so many centuries they have been looked up to as kings and queens."

"Pinchbeck dignity, if it wants a pile of mouldy bricks to perch upon. I am sorry you are adopting such notions, Lesbia."

"I'm not adopting them, I have had them always. There have been times, and times long before I ever saw the Dalys, when I sat on those conservatory steps at Uncle Maynard's, and wished I could wish myself into a descendant of a noble family."

"Natural aspirations for a school-girl, but too senseless to be tolerated in any one who has passed beyond that gushing period of existence."

"I feel the same still, however. I am often unhappy to think that no Thornley ever did anything interesting, and that Uncle Maynard made all the money he left me in business."

"Honestly—which certainly gives you much less right to be proud of it, than if one of your ancestors had stolen it

from somebody else five or six hundred years ago."

"You are dreadfully prosaic and tiresome, John. Sometimes I hate to talk to you. One is obliged to hide one's real feelings when you are in your hard moods. It is like bruising oneself against a rock, to speak to you on a subject one has at heart. One feels like a little bird, or a butterfly, that flings itself against a window-pane, thinking it free air, and falls back wounded."

"Lesbia, that saying is not original—you are quoting from somebody else; I am certain of it. Come, tell me at once who said that first, and on what occasion was I guilty of the bruising some one has accused me of."

"It is my own opinion of you, indeed, John; but I believe it was Ellen Daly who said it. It was two evenings ago, after she had been talking to you about trying to get the old woman released from prison, who won't answer the questions the lawyers want her to answer, about things that happened on the night of Mr. Daly's murder. She did not tell me how you had vexed her; but, when we went up, stairs together, she walked up and down my room for an hour in such a state of mind, sometimes talking against you, with her eyes flashing. You would have been surprised to see it."

"No, I have seen her eyes flash."

"And sometimes breaking down, and crying for her father as if her heart would burst. Bride heard our voices, and came in and took Ellen away. She said it was very Irish, all of it, and that I had better not have argued."

"What did you argue about?"

"Why you, of course; I could not help standing up for you, and, when she accused you of being hard-hearted, reminding her of all the trouble you take, and how hard you are working to arrange their affairs, and make things better for them all. I repeated what Sir Charles Pelham said in his last letter, about the immense obligation all the family are under to you. She did not attempt to contradict that; she only cried."

"Hum! A rock, I think you said—

and then a window-pane. I suspect you have involved the metaphors."

"John, I do believe, at the bottom of your heart, you are vexed at my repeating this conversation, though you asked for it."

"I am not in the least degree vexed; only I shall be obliged to you for the future, when you hear me abused, not to throw into people's teeth imaginary obligations, for which, as I should like them to know, I do not claim the slightest gratitude."

"Oh, John! when you are working yourself almost to death, and doing so much more for them than any of their own relations."

"It interests me simply as business. If I undertake a thing I like to go through with it. You might take an opportunity of mentioning that to Miss Daly; for as to misusing any influence I may happen to have in this odd country to impede the ends of justice, I simply shall not do it, however often she asks me. Her own father's murderers! Certainly, I don't understand how a sentiment of gratitude towards the old witch who brought her to that horrible night watch should obscure her desire for justice on them. It seems out of all proportion."

"If she believed that they had meant to kill her father, she would be bitter enough against them; but you know she thinks ——"

"Yes, I understand, that an attempt on my life is no such great matter—only a perhaps not quite laudable attempt to put an obnoxious person out of the way. Yet let my life be ever so worthless in her eyes, one would think she might allow the crime to be hateful. It's the way, however, with everybody here. Sentiment is everything, and there is literally no respect for law or justice anywhere."

"Ellen Daly does not think your life of no consequence; no one could think so now."

"I should very much like to have an explanation of that now."

"Well, I mean now, when all the chief people of the neighbourhood are

beginning to find out how superior you are, and when Sir Charles Pelham keeps sending you such flattering letters, and so many of our relations in England, who had forgotten us, are claiming our acquaintance and making a fuss."

"In fact, *now*, when I have the honour of being guardian to Miss Maynard and her ten thousand a year. Well, I suppose *we* are not a sentimental family. Your candid moments certainly don't reveal any high-flown delicacy that one need be afraid of bruising. You had better run away now, for I am busy; and here comes Bride, in time to help me to look over the builder's estimate of repairs once more. Where are those papers, Bride?"

"Pelham Daly carried them off—rather in a pet, I thought. You told him, last night, there was no use in going further into them, and that he and his mother must give up all thought of inhabiting Eagle's Edge. Have you heard anything to alter your opinion?"

"No—but——"

"Ah, John, you don't find your second family of bankrupt orphans so easy to manage as your first; and, I must say, you don't show yourself so competent to the task as you did of old. There was no hesitation for us when a disagreeable thing had to be done. Steady, right about face—dragons if dragons are in the way—march into their mouths; such were the orders you gave us in the old times. There was no compromise about you then; and that was what I, for one, liked, and what carried us through."

"If a big boy will wear a little coat, and a little boy a big coat, and neither of the fools is my brother, I have less authority than Cyrus to make them change their habits. I growl, but I am obliged to let each take his way."

"You will let the Dalys take their way about the big house, then?"

"I don't see where the money for the necessary repairs is to come from; but I presume it will have to be found, if they won't live anywhere else. There is no doubt, I suppose, that all the family wish to live at Eagle's Edge."

"Mrs. Daly seems to have only two wishes left—to please her eldest son, and to live in a house that belonged to her husband. Poor woman! she never would let him have any peace in his own houses while he lived, and now he has gone, she seems disposed to make a religion of being miserable herself in the precise spot where she would not allow him to be happy."

"In Mrs. Daly's case, you cannot label the sentiment 'Irish,' and dismiss it forthwith as unworthy of consideration."

"I sympathize with it none the less. I wish people would be content to make their friends happy while they have them, and when they are dead——"

"Forget them, comfortably."

"No, mourn them in a reasonable way."

"I don't think, if I were dead, I should object to being mourned as Mr. Daly is mourned by some. However, that is nothing to us. Eagle's Edge is five miles distant from Castle Daly, and the road is dreadful. We shall see very little of them this winter, if they settle there. So much the better for us."

"Ah, you are beginning to see, then, that I was not so very far wrong in warning you about Lesbia. You will reconcile yourself the more easily to what has happened since you left home yesterday. The Dalys have taken their departure."

"Left the house without waiting for my return—you can't mean it!"

"I do. Pelham spoke to me early this morning of his mother's wish to leave Castle Daly at once. He said he had been telling her of the difficulties you saw in the way of their removal to Eagle's Edge, and that, since they could not have a house of their own immediately, she had decided on accepting an invitation from Anne O'Flaherty to stay at the Hollow."

"That child Lesbia has been giving herself airs, then."

"No, I don't think so. She may long sometimes to enter on the full sweets of ownership here; but she has too much good feeling and affection for

the Dalys to show them a glimpse of such a wish. It was just a spurt of unprovoked pride on the part of young Daly; and, by the way, John, if you think you are going to rule him with a rod of iron, and turn him out after any pattern you please, I fancy you will find yourself mistaken. He is very proud, and since he cannot prevent our living in his house, he has made up his mind to be very distant and haughty towards us. You should have seen him standing there, on the hearth-rug, making known his intentions to me, and pointedly ignoring Lesbia, who sat all the time crouched on a footstool, with a screen before her face, very much disposed to pout at not being referred to, but too frightened to put in a word. Poor fellow! I was sorry for the signs of sore hurt feeling that peeped out in all he said. It's not an agreeable experience for any one to come down in the world, and the kind of people who won't be content with taking their fall in one good shock, but must be for ever casting themselves down from imaginary heights, and breaking their bones over again, certainly make the most of it."

"I wish you had dissuaded them from leaving so hastily. How was I to guess that my innocent proposition of the semi-detached villa would be looked on as an insult, and put them all to flight?"

"I said what I could; but Miss Daly excused their haste by putting it on her mother's dread of excitement, and fear that a crowd from the villages round would collect to see them drive away, if the time of their departure was known long beforehand. I suppose two or three hundred people can howl louder than fifty, or I should say we did not gain much by our haste. I thought I had been cautious, and allowed no suspicion of what was afoot to get abroad. Yet, no sooner was the carriage ordered, than three or four of the servants darted off full speed, to carry the tidings to all the cabins near, and by the time the preparations were made, and Mrs. Daly ready to start, the front garden, from

the steps to the gate, was crowded with people on the watch. The instant the front door opened, and Mrs. Daly and Ellen appeared, they fell down on their knees. John, I never saw such a sight—the men swaying themselves backwards and forwards, and howling and wringing their hands as wildly as the women, all in a moment; and in the midst of the weeping, one fellow sprang to his feet, and rushing up to Mrs. Daly, lifted his hand, and swore a horrible oath of vengeance against the murderer for his *blunder*. That was the word—I heard it. He looked so wild and savage, and such a strange expression of remorse crossed his face, when a corner of Mrs. Daly's wide crape mantle touched him, that, if I had been a magistrate, I should have taken him into custody, as an accomplice on the spot."

"But, what a shock for Mrs. Daly! how did they all bear it?"

"Pelham put his arms round his mother, and lifted her into the carriage in a fainting state, and Ellen, who was behind, lifted her veil, and to my amazement, laid her hand on the swearing man's arm, and addressed him by name. I could not hear what she said, for at the sight of her face a perfect howl of grief broke out, and there was a rush from all parts of the garden to get near enough to the steps to exchange a word with her—shrill women's voices invoking blessings on her from every saint in the calendar, and begging her to speak just a word—to let them hear her voice again telling them she would never desert them."

"How long did all this go on?"

"Hardly a minute: Pelham called impatiently from the carriage, and Ellen, after trying hard to get out a word, turned round, and while all the people looked on, threw her arms round Lesbia's neck and kissed her twice: then she pushed her gently forwards to the front of the steps, where she herself had been standing, and got into the carriage. The people made way quietly for the horses to move on, and I was astonished to see how ready they were to take up and understand Miss Daly's little panto-

mime. I confess I did not comprehend what she meant to say to them by it, till I saw the impression her action made on the crowd. There had been some angry looks directed towards Lesbia and me, and mutterings about proud Englishers and upstarts, but Ellen's kiss changed the people's temper towards us at once. Poor little Lesbia was crying, partly from sympathy, and partly from nervousness, and when Ellen pushed her forward, she took out her handkerchief and buried her face in it and sobbed. The most eloquent speech ever spoken would not have enlisted these strange, excitable people's sympathies so strongly in her favour as that sight did. 'Look at her,' I heard the women standing near say: 'it's breaking her heart she is to see them turned out. The darling young lady, wid riches and beauty, and luck that bates iver everything in the world ye iver heard of. She can't enjoy it at all, for thinking of the wrong done to them that have to go. A tinder heart she has, be sure. The blessed saints grant her grace to do the right thing, and bring the true owners back to reign over us.' I am afraid an obvious method of bringing the true owners back occurred to every man, woman, and child in the assembly, when Connor leaned quite out of the carriage window, just as it reached the gate, to take a last look at the house, and wave another good-bye to us on the steps. He is looked up to as the representative of the family instead of Pelham."

"What impression do you suppose this scene made on Lesbia? She was talking to me for a quarter of an hour just now, and said nothing about it."

"There are odd little reserves about Lesbia every now and then, and I observe it most where the Dalys are concerned. She pretends to be annoyed; but I believe that Ellen Daly's conduct in putting her forward secretly gave her extreme pleasure, and that she looks upon it as a sort of resignation of sovereignty in her favour, almost as good as a patent of nobility elevating her into an *ould* family on the spot. You

won't find her the easier to manage for it. I only hope she won't consider that '*noblesse oblige*,' and marry Connor Daly, in order not to disappoint the public opinion of the 'tinderness' of her heart."

"I begin to think I was a great fool for consenting to stay here."

"I don't think it—I know it."

"So the house is empty—and Lesbia's reign begun."

"I don't know what you mean by empty. There is one person more in it than there was all last year, when you professed to find it full enough."

"It is a comfort to know that the old furniture will have to stay just where it is till the house at Eagle's Edge is ready to receive it. Lesbia's hands will be stayed. We are respited from French looking-glasses and ormolu for the present."

"There is a greater similarity between Lesbia's taste and yours than you give her credit for; she was congratulating herself on the same subject half an hour ago. I cannot profess to sympathize with either of you. Battered chairs and faded carpets and hangings have no charms for me, and would not have, if it could be proved that they had come straight from Tara's halls, and countless generations of O'Connors and O'Neills had had the spoiling of them. I confess to a feminine longing for things of our own; they need not be looking-glasses and ormolu. Why should we not succeed in creating an appropriate, characteristic Thornley home out of this house?"

"It will come to that, I suppose, in time; but I wonder why we were in such haste to alter the appearance of this room when we first began to inhabit it. We should have shown better taste, I think, if we had left things as we found them. The oil-painting, for example, that used to hang opposite Mr. Daly's arm-chair: I happened to see it the other day when I went up into the attic, and I really think we were hasty in banishing it from the room. We will have it back in its old place for the few weeks longer we can keep it."

"My dear John!—that pink and white monstrosity with the impossible yellow hair!"

"Not so impossible when one knows what it was meant for."

"You happened to see it! It had its face to the wall, and all my trunks and Lesbia's were piled in front of it."

"Very well then, if you must have the exact truth, I went up to the attic on purpose to look at it. I moved trunks and lifted it out, and thought the sight repaid me for my trouble. There, now, sneer at my taste as much as you please, but admire my candour."

"I have not spirit to sneer. I am wondering whether there is not something intoxicating in the air of this country which mounts up into people's heads and makes them sentimental against their nature. Shall I be able to withstand it myself in the long run? I dread to find myself lost in admiration before a picture of Darby O'Roone. Will you let me have one to face your 'Colleen Bawn' when you hang her up again?"

"Certainly, if you set your heart upon it; though I can't say I see the point of your suggestion."

CHAPTER XX.

"The winter is over and gone; the time of the singing of birds is come."

The triumphant notes of a skylark raining music from the heights of a cloudless April sky brought these words into Ellen Daly's mind as she stood one morning, six months after her father's death, in the garden before Eagle's Edge, shading her eyes with her hands from the morning sunshine, and watching the receding figure of her brother Pelham as it dwindled to a speck in the distance of the winding road towards which her face was turned.

When she had seen him grow into a black speck no longer distinguishable from the peat piles that bordered the road, she intended to return to the house and tell her mother that she had kept him in view through just so many

minutes of his daily absence, and thus lessen by a second or two the agony of restless anxiety in which Mrs. Daly now consumed every hour that her eldest son spent away from her.

It was a daily small boon to Ellen to have this good reason for breathing the air outside the house and looking around her.

"The winter is over and gone: the time of the singing of birds is come." The time for fresh beginnings—for some new hope to stir under the ice-crust of the old sorrow. Was it most pain or joy to find oneself alive still, feeling still, capable still of seeing beauty and joy in the world after a blow that seemed at first as if it ought to kill you?

Ellen lingered a moment or two to debate this question with herself, as, having lost sight of Pelham, she raised her eyes to follow the lark's flight upwards into the wide blue.

"The time of the singing of birds is come"—the time when nature calls aloud to us and bids us awaken out of the deadness of personal grief, and rejoice in the new manifestation of His beauty that God is making to the world. "Behold, I am alive for evermore, and the dead live to *Me*." Was not this the secret saying which the new verdure was writing all over the hills, and which the young pattering leaves and shouting birds were repeating in music? It must be well to have ears to hear and a heart that could respond with a little flutter of returning joy and thankfulness.

What Ellen saw when she called back her eyes from the heights to which her messenger of hope had carried them, and looked round her, was a wide solitary stretch of grassy valley reaching up to slopes of bare green hills that on every side shut out the distance. A narrow stony road, twisting in and out among the bog with the devious curves of a river, wound through the valley to the two passes between the hills which afforded exit to the world beyond.

Other landmarks were few and far between. Here and there the monotonous green surface was broken by black ridges, and dark, shining pools of peaty water,

flanked by conical brown hillocks where the newly-cut turf was piled to dry in the spring sun; here and there on the lower slopes of the hills, or down in a hollow of the turf cuttings, the grey stone walls and peat-thatched roof of a cabin with a thin blue cloud of smoke hanging round its eaves, might be discerned. Far in the distance, at the head of the valley, a whitewashed farmhouse showed conspicuous, being distinguished far and wide by the little plantation of wind-grieved aspens and elms that sheltered it and made it the boast of the district.

Faint signs of life and stir came thence to greet Ellen's eyes and ears with tokens of human neighbourhood. The bark of a sheep-dog from the hill; the flutter of a woman's red petticoat, contrasted against the green of the sloping field whence she was driving her cow home; the figure of an old man, with a great creel of turf on his back, toiling up the steep path to the open door. Further away still, in an opposite direction, could be seen a barefooted girl, with a ragged black cloak on her head, making her way over the swamp through a tall patch of reeds towards the house. She was the first-comer that morning of the numerous pensioners from the neighbouring cabins who had been dependent through the bitter winter on Ellen's charity to keep them from actual starvation. Was the winter over and gone? It had been a time of terrible suffering; but surely the worst must be past now. Here was spring, with seedtime come again, and, by and by, a harvest of plenty perhaps to wipe out the memory of the privations it had been such misery to witness during the past months. There could be no wiping out of the grief that shadowed her own household; but there might come, what Ellen told herself would be infinite relief—leisure to dwell with her sorrow in peace, and weave it into her life so that the sense of loss should not overshadow the bright memory of the love that had gone before.

As Ellen turned to re-enter the house, she looked at it with more desire to

find it home-like than she had allowed herself to feel hitherto.

It was a long, low, grey stone building, in the main part only one story high, but breaking out at each end into ramifications too shapeless to be called wings, which asserted their independence of the original design of the builder by rising to various heights one behind the other. The front and back doors were exactly opposite each other, and standing wide open, Ellen, as she walked up the garden path, could see through the house to the farmyard beyond, where a barefooted girl, late as was the hour, was milking a cow in a shed; and a boy, open-mouthed and round-eyed, stared back at Ellen while he mechanically worked the pump-handle up and down, heedless that the water had long since overflowed the pail, and was making streams and puddles all over the yard, to the manifest disgust of an old sow and her piglings, which testified their disapproval by a chorus of gruntings. The farmyard was inclosed by a rudely-built stone fence; and beyond it lay a deeply-shaded grassy ravine, sloping upward between the sides of two hills, and widening at its highest point into a deep hollow, once the basin of a mountain tarn, now a miniature valley, green with the vivid tints of moss and uncut bog vegetation. Behind it again, a foil to its gem-like green lustre, rose the bare, stony peak of one of the Maam Turk mountains, that thrust its dark shoulder forward towards the lower range of brightly coloured hills, like an angry giant frowning down on the sport of pigmies. Ellen's eyes sought this mountain head, and dwelt upon it in preference to any other feature of the landscape; for, softened by distance, it had formed one of the range of purple peaks she had been used to watch from the schoolroom window at Castle Daly.

The daily little crowd of pensioners had begun to gather round the back-door of the house when Ellen entered the Hall; and this year it was real misery, too grim for cajolery and adroit flattery, that had to be dealt with. The

girl Ellen had seen running through the bog had just gained the house, and was leaning against the side of the door, pale and panting after her run, and fixing craving eyes that looked out of large black hollows on a plate of crusts of bread and cheese rinds, the remnants of yesterday's supper, that stood on the kitchen dresser. Ellen emptied the food into her trembling, outstretched hands, before she turned aside to go to her mother's room, and she tried not to see that two emaciated women, with babies in their arms, and a lame beggarman, who had settled themselves patiently on the door-sill to await her leisure, looked with jealous disapproval at the lavishness which gave such coveted treasures into one hand.

Mrs. Daly was waiting for the little scrap of news of Pelham, almost as eagerly as the beggars were waiting for their dole of food.

Had Ellen seen him safe to the turn in the road? Which horse was he riding? Not the one that had stumbled yesterday! Had he looked himself to the fastening of the saddle-girths?—remembering Patsy's stupidity, and that there was no one else in the stable now. And, above all, what had Ellen given him for breakfast, and had he eaten heartily?

A look of reproach came into Mrs. Daly's eyes with the last question, for she suspected Ellen of encouraging Pelham in a habit he had fallen into lately of eating sparingly, that there might be more food for Ellen to divide among her pensioners when he had ridden away. She was willing to suffer herself with the starving people; but it was quite beyond her strength to endure the thought of Pelham suffering, and her grudge against the authors of his self-denial showed itself each day in reluctance to spare Ellen, when the hour for the distribution of food came.

"What, again to-day?" she said, as Ellen prepared to leave the room. "Are they all collecting again here to-day? You promised at first that it should be only three times a week."

"Yes, but the distress increases so terribly fast, and we can give so little.

It would not be safe to trust them with more than one day's allowance of food now. Even Mr. Thornley allowed that. He said it was necessary to let them come every day—he did, indeed, mamma."

"But he told you, at the same time, about the soup-kitchens opened at Maam and Ballyowen, and said it was on the whole best to trust to the public relief."

"In most cases, but not for the sick and old about here, who have no one to send so far. Even Mr. Thornley gave them leave to come to me."

"I don't know why you say *even* Mr. Thornley, Ellen, as if you were adopting the poor people's prejudices against him. Why does he stay here, but for pity and charity. The Thornleys have no ties to the place. They are free to go and spend their money in England, and escape the sight of all the misery here, if they please."

"I wonder if they could go away and forget it. I know what I should think of them if they did."

"You are unreasonable, Ellen. I don't want to be hard, but there are thoughts that wipe out pity. I, at least, can't feel that all the suffering is unmerited. Crimes call down vengeance, and I can't be surprised, that where such wrong has been done there should be misery."

Ellen turned away, seeing how her mother's lips closed in a hard, stern line, as she finished speaking, and what a grim look of pain settled on her face. There was nothing more to be said. Yet, when she had reached the door, a sudden impulse made her come back and kneel down by her mother's side.

"Mamma," she said, in a quick, frightened whisper, "that is what they think themselves—many of our neighbours here; and it leaves them no hope. The autumn before last, when other places suffered from the blight, this neighbourhood and Anne's Valley were spared. It was not till after that night that the blight fell here. They think he cursed them when he was dying; that it was his blood crying up to Heaven that brought destruction down on their fields; but we know better.

I think sometimes that he would come back to help them if he might, he was so pitiful."

A quiver passed over Mrs. Daly's face ; but she tried to keep her voice steady.

"Why do you tell me this?" she said. "I believe they are right, but I cannot be pitiful."

"It makes you more sorry for them, does it not?"

"I don't know why it should. I have my share of suffering, which you seem to forget. I see Pelham's face and yours growing thinner and paler every day. Those other mothers outside, who have known all their lives what it is to see their children want, and are used to it, are not worse off than I. One's heart can only be full of pain."

"Come to the kitchen with me this morning, and see the other mothers. You can sympathize with them better than I, and they will take it as a sign of forgiveness."

Mrs. Daly stooped down and kissed Ellen's pleading face, while her own softened.

"Some day," she said ; "but I am not strong enough to make such an exertion to-day. Go to your people, and I will try not to grudge what you and Pelham give up for them again."

When Ellen entered the kitchen, and saw the stores for distribution that had arrived that morning by a special messenger from Castle Daly, she was disposed to repent of her disparaging mention of the Thornleys.

There were large basins of Indian meal porridge, ready cooked, to secure its being properly used, and rice, weighed out in separate doles, and small cans of soup for the sick. Some one at Castle Daly was anxious to spare her perplexity and trouble—yes, and to secure that the distribution should be made with the strict impartiality and the precautions against waste, on which the Thornleys laid such stress amid their charity. Ellen added this remark as she read the careful directions, in Bride Thornley's neat handwriting, that accompanied the gifts. Such care might be absolutely necessary; but Ellen

was not reasonable, and bitter thoughts kept rising in her heart, as she carried on her morning's task of distribution according to Bride's views. She had never acted the part of doler of other people's charity before : she had always hitherto been free to follow the instincts of her own lavish nature, and she could not put herself and her own feelings out of sight as completely as in like circumstances Bride Thornley would have put hers. She could not get it out of her head that it was want of generosity and delicacy in the Thornleys not to leave her free while acting for them. Would not she in Bride Thornley's place have been lavish to any one in hers?

Her secret discontent was spoken out loudly, and exaggerated by the recipients of her bounty. They loathed the novel food, prepared for them in a way they did not understand, and craved for a morsel of the diet they were accustomed to, with a sick longing painful to witness. It might be a want of generosity on her part—Ellen's conscience told her it was ; but she could not help saying, in answer to an old woman's lamentation over her portion of porridge, which she declared her sick daughter could not eat,—

"Well, I can't help it, Biddy. You must go away with what you have got. It is Mr. Thornley's bounty, not my own, I am dividing among you to-day. I have not bit or sup left of my own to give any one."

"Worse luck for us all, then. Sure we know it's heart's blood of your own you'd give us if you could ; and no wonder this that comes from him has the bitter taste wid it, and no power to keep the heart up, since it's grudging us every mouthful he is. Bad luck to him for a usurper that has shoved himself into a better man's place."

"No, no, Biddy, you must not speak so of Mr. Thornley ; he does not grudge what he gives, and he is not a usurper. His living at Castle Daly does not injure us. I wish you could all get that out of your heads."

The old woman drew close to Ellen,

and, looking up with a cunning and savage leer into her face, whispered, "I'm not in the boys' secrets—why would an ould crater like me be; but it's no secret that if some one had not stood by ill-luck in his place, on a night that you know of, it's not in Castle Daly he'd be this minute. It's a warmer country than that, I'm thinking, that would hould him; and since he's been due there so long it's little good that will follow his doings anywhere else."

"Biddy, I wonder how you dare say such a word to me," cried Ellen, shuddering; "take up your basket and go away, you wicked old woman. No wonder the food does not nourish you when your heart is so full of evil thoughts against the giver. Where would you and your poor little grandchildren be by to-morrow without the help you despise?"

"Maybe wid the Holy Virgin and St. Patrick, and the blessed saints. It's a grand entertainment they'll have to make ready up above, for all the crowds and crowds that'll come up to them before the summer is over, and the next potatoes ripe, for they're doing nothing at all for us down below this year. They've forgetting us intirely. It's no use praying to them any more; they're deaf, or asleep may be."

A murmur of disapproval rose from most of the women, and Ellen said,—

"Come, Biddy, you know you are saying what is wrong. It is not the time to lose heart and leave off hoping and praying, when fine weather has come at last, and the seed is being sown that with the blessing of God will bring a good harvest, and make you all prosperous and happy again."

"The best harvest that ever ripened will never do that, avourneen, for most of us. It's not I that will ever trouble the Blessed Virgin or the saints wid prayers again for the pratees, for good or bad it will be all one to me. They may do what they like for me from this time. Shure, have not ye heard that we're turned out of our holding, and that I and my dead daughter's children

are sheltering wid a neighbour? my two sons have gone off to Cong to be put on the public relief. They had their wives and children of their own, and they must live, they said. I went down on my knees to Mr. Thornley to let us keep the bit of a roof over our heads, and the ground for the pratees, and be put on the works all the same, but the saints could not be deafer than he was. He said it was dead against a new law they've been making against us up in London. The Lord reward him that made it for what they've done, wid him that carries it out. It's not likely we'll eat with many thanks the starving morsel that keeps us alive to make beggars of us for ever."

"It sounds very hard, but if it's the law, I suppose Mr. Thornley could not help acting on it. When better times come we shall be able to put your sons back into their little bit of ground, perhaps."

Biddy shook her head despondingly and took up her basket, and Ellen turned to speak to a group of women who were still lingering round the doorway, and who had testified their disapproval of Biddy's disparaging remarks on the saints by much crossing of themselves and many ejaculations.

"Well, Mrs. Kelly," she began, "did you manage the walk to Cong last market-day, and buy the potatoes for your garden with the money I gave you? I hope you have not delayed. The price of seed-potatoes increases every day I hear, and yet it won't do to lose hope and leave the ground unsown."

"Indeed, and you're right, lady; if it had not been for the blessed hope we have in what the saints will do for us yet, I'd never have been able to drag myself to Cong, the weary way that seems to have stretched out double since our troubles began. Yes, I bought the pratees and dragged 'em back with me, thinking each one of 'em worth gould; for indeed I'd seen a thing done by the boy that sold 'em such as I'll warrant was never done in Ireland before; there was a crowd of poor people round the scales in the

market-place, clamouring to get the first turn; and when my turn came, the sack was nearly empty. The boy that was selling shot out what was left of the pratees into the scale: and will ye believe it, lady, there was one over-weight, and he took it back again and put it into his pocket. One potato! It's that we've come to in Ireland now, to be grudging each other the matter of one potato. How will it end at all!"

"But I hope, Mary Joyce, you were one of the early-comers and secured your share. You must not spend the half-crown I gave you on anything but seed-potatoes for your garden; remember that. I have no more half-crowns to give away, I can assure you."

The two women looked sheepishly at each other, and the younger took up the corner of her head shawl and began to twist it round her fingers.

"I wish I had waited till your husband came back, Mary," said Ellen reproachfully. "I am afraid you are not to be trusted; how angry he will be if you have thrown away your last chance of next year's harvest."

"Well, then, I'll spake for her," put in Mrs. Kelly, "for it's nothing she need be ashamed of she's done; and we won't tell a lie about a holy thing. We're neighbours, and we agreed together afther your goodness hearing our prayers and giving us the money that day. Shure, we said, it's not the pratees in themselves that'll be any help to us, it's a blessing to keep them from rotting in the ground we want beyant anything: so I wid my share of the money went to Cong to buy all the pratees I could for the two of us, and she wid hers set out on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Well to buy a bottle of holy water from a holy man that's come there to bless the water against the disease. It's only a slip of our fields we've been able to plant this year, that's true, but shure we know that what is in it is safe; and seeing we have not begrudged the holy water and the prayers maybe the pratees will grow quite beyant our hopes, and have

twice as many roots to them as if they had not been blessed. Why would not they, since there's a God above all."

"I'm afraid you have been deceived, Mrs. Kelly. He could not be a holy man who sold you the water on such a pretence; and surely you know better than to think you can buy a blessing for money."

"Would you have us grudge paying for it, then? Would we get any good that way at all, do you think, Miss Eileen, alanna? Shure, after all the destruction we've seen wid the pratees, we would not have had the heart to turn up the ground or put the seed in if we had not had something beyant the common to trust to."

A lecture on right grounds for trust would have been ill-timed just then, even if Ellen had known how to word it; and somehow she had not the heart to quench a hope, however false its foundation, that was bringing a little glow of life again into Mary's wasted face. She had it on her lips to say, "Don't let Mr. Thornley hear what you have done, or at least take care he does not hear that I gave you the money," for more than the loss of her last half-crown Ellen grudged to think of the triumph such an illustration of the folly of giving money to the starving people would enable him to hold over her the next time they argued the point together.

She recollected herself in time, however, to change the words into a request that at least the women would keep their own counsel, and not send their neighbours to waste their last farthing on the holy man's doubtful wares.

They were ready enough to promise anything to pacify her now, and by degrees, though slowly, the crowd dispersed, the people moving languidly away towards the scattered cabins in the valleys and on the hill-sides, stopping often to rest by the wayside from sheer weakness. It was long past noon before the flutter of the last red petticoat disappeared at the turn of the winding road, and the scene became as solitary as when Ellen looked out over it in the early morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE work of the day was over for Ellen when her pensioners took their departure. The rest of her time till evening had to be passed in waiting. Very dreary waiting it sometimes was, for Mrs. Daly's nervous apprehensions on Pelham's account always increased as the afternoon drew in; and as she invariably began to expect his return long before he could possibly appear, Ellen had to exhaust her ingenuity in inventing satisfactory reasons to account for the supposed delay, or to weary herself in efforts to divert her mother's attention, and persuade her that the hours would pass more quickly if she did not so often ask what o'clock it was.

One other event besides Pelham's return might be expected to occur on alternate days, and that was the passing of the barefooted runner who carried the post-bag between Ballyowen and Maam, and who sometimes paused to drop a package at the gate of Eagle's Edge.

It might be at one hour of the long afternoon or it might be at another—the cross-road postman was above being tied by hours—but when there was a reasonable hope of a letter from Connor, Ellen never failed to bring her work or her book to the window-seat, and begin her watch directly after luncheon. Even when the post-carrier passed the house without stopping, he was an object of interest to Ellen, and she would close her book, or let her work fall on her knee, and follow his movements with her eyes, from the moment when she first descried him, a moving black speck on the furthest visible curve of the road, till the dusty bare feet had eaten up all its lengths and turns, and the figure disappeared again on the opposite horizon. He was the connecting link between the solitary little valley and the world beyond; an evidence that there actually was a world beyond from which news could come: places where the sun was shining while it rained here, where people had plenty to eat and lived free from fear, and

gathered round cheerful fires in the evenings to talk and laugh and make much of each other with unanxious hearts. If not to her, to some people somewhere, words from that happy distance, soundless but full of life and hope, were travelling in the movements of the dusty feet she watched; and there was a great deal of comfort for Ellen in the thought.

The April day when Ellen had had so much talk with her pensioners brought her a share of the pleasure her liberal fancy bestowed every day on other people.

When the runner came to a certain point in the road, which Ellen always saw him approach with anxiety, his pace slackened, he came to the wished-for halt, fumbled for a minute or two among his rags as if he were in search of something, and then set off at a swinging trot down the path that connected Eagle's Edge with the main road through the valley. Ellen was at the garden-gate long before he reached it, in spite of the great show of speed he put into his movements, and held out a cup of milk with a spoonful of whisky in it, in return for the packet he thrust breathlessly towards her—an effectual bribe to memory which in these famine times, when every extra step was painful labour, she thought it wise to administer.

The man leaned, panting, against the stone wall while he drained the cup.

"The Lord reward ye for that for iver and iver," he said, in a hoarse whisper, as he handed it back. "It's good stuff intirely you've given me, and the first sup of dacent food that has passed my lips since I stood here last. May St. Peter hear me that says it, and be ready at the gate of heaven wid the keys to let you in quicker than another, on account of your coming wid that to meet me at this gate to-day, for indeed I don't know that I'd have lived to the end of my journey widout it, I'm that wake wid the fasting. See, I've brought you two to-day, a thick letter and a bit of a newspaper folded up."

Ellen eagerly examined the writing

on the covers ; and the man stood still, watching the changes on her face with a sympathy that robbed his scrutiny of all impertinence.

"And, indeed," he said at last, "I'm thinking he's a lucky boy that penned the strokes there. I wish, wid all my heart, he was to the fore instead of meself, to see the power they have. Shure I'd give you ivry letter and paper that all the bags on my back hould if only each one of thim would give you a minute's pleasure like that I see on your face."

"The letter is from my brother, Tim, and I hope it brings us good news of him ; it's the first you have brought me this week," said Ellen. "You had better run on. I dare not ask you to come in and rest, for you are very late to-day. The people at Maam will complain of you if you are too unpunctual, and it would never do for you to lose your post this year."

"And indeed it would not, whin the farthing of money I get by running my heart out is all that stands betwixt us and starvation. It's Death I'm running away from every step of the road ; and faith, it's such a near shave that I'd be glad to let him git hould of me and end it, if there was none but meself dependin on meself. He need not be in such a hurry, for he'll have it all his own way in these parts soon, I'm thinking."

The man ended his sentence in a sort of murmur, as he unfolded his arms from the top of the wall, and prepared to set forth again, with the look of quiet, acquiescing despondency on his face which Ellen was beginning to notice as the prevailing expression on most faces that came across her now.

Mrs. Daly, who was rather more unwell than usual that day, had been dozing in her chair when Ellen left the sitting-room, and was still asleep when she returned. It was quite as well, Ellen thought, to have the opportunity of examining Connor's packages without her mother's anxious eyes scanning her face as she read. Connor was not a particularly prudent or thoughtful correspondent, and could never be made to recollect that the amusing stories of

scrapes and adventures that glided glibly off his pen were apt to produce a more serious impression at home and be longer remembered there than he intended.

Yet, though he had not become more prudent or less outspoken, Ellen gathered from his letters that the months of private sorrow and public calamity that had passed over his head since they parted had not been without their effect on his character. He was certainly changed, in so far, at least, that a great deal in him which she had formerly attributed to mere boyish love of excitement and a spirit of contradiction, was settling down into a fixed enthusiasm, and a real, if wild and unpractical, purpose. Ellen did not believe that his present associates, and the political schemes of which his mind seemed full, were safe friends and desirable interests for him to have taken up ; but he had taken them up in full earnest now, and she could not help liking the reality better than the pretence. She was often startled at sentences in his letters that alluded to future possible dangers, and to schemes that sounded like midsummer madness to her ; but she hoped she might put a good deal down to Connor's imagination, which was sure, she thought, to overleap by a long way other people's purposes. More than once she made up her mind to write an earnest remonstrance, and then, looking over the letter that had frightened her, she would come upon some sentence—a line quoted from one of his friends' poems, a paragraph in a speech—to which her whole heart rose up in response, and the sheet that had been meant to condemn was written over with warm sympathy and admiration. The reading of Connor's letters, and of the newspapers that accompanied them, had been going on for some months now, and as Ellen only read one side, they were having a sensible effect upon her. She hardly knew, indeed, the hold which this literature was gaining over her mind, or how the glamour of eloquent words playing round half-defined projects dazzled her sober judgment. It might be a will-o'-the-wisp hope, but in the darkened horizon it was the only

light visible, and she could not keep her eyes from turning towards it.

When everybody was desponding it was something to hear of young, warm hearts beating with high purpose still ; of brains that had energy to plan ; of spirits, burning with indignation, that refused to acquiesce in the inevitableness of calamity. Their indignation might be ill-directed and ill-timed ; it might be unjust to attribute any part of the sufferings of the nation to wrongdoing on the side of its rulers, but the very fact of so attributing it seemed an opening to hope. The blame and the anger were a little ease to the dull, dumb ache of despair. Ellen had come to look forward to the reading of Connor's letters as to a stimulant which gave her energy to bear the pain of the misery thickening around her without sinking under the burden.

The sheets Tim had brought to-day were more closely written even than usual, and there was a folded newspaper to be examined afterwards. Ellen softly built up the sods of turf on the hearth, and then, as clouds were gathering over the sky, and the light was waning, she drew her seat close to the window and began to read. The first page was a soberly-written account of every-day proceedings, such as might be read to Mrs. Daly without exciting her nervous fears. Was Connor growing considerate ? Then came a sheet with a particular mark upon it, which Ellen seized : the dashes and blots and flying curves of the letters showed her the mood in which it had been scribbled off.

"Yes, Ellen," it began, "I have spoken to him at last, as I said I would. You must keep all that follows to yourself. My mother and Pelham will not understand it, but I want you to know the whole. This great event (it will be the turning-point of my life, the last push that has definitely launched me into a course I have been long tending towards) fell out just ten days ago, and already we are close friends and brothers. He is a more glorious fellow even than I thought him when I knew him at a distance—a fellow I could follow through life to death, and be thankful to have

such a one to die for. Don't laugh at me, Ellen ; don't think it's one of my old delusions. I can tell you that there are people who have so much of the real stuff in them that the mere contagion of their enthusiasm turns pretence into earnest and pinchbeck into gold. He is one of them. Believe in me for the future, for my spirit has fastened itself on to his. D'Arcy is his Christian name—the other you know ; but I won't write it, for though we none of us are ashamed of our names, and Ireland will ring with this one before another year is out, I don't want John Thornley to get hold of it before the time, and as you know, there is a family prejudice against it amongst ourselves. I told you, did I not, of my first meeting with him six months ago ? How one miserable day last autumn, soon after I came back to Dublin, when I was feeling utterly downhearted, as if I did not care for anything or anybody, I turned into Conciliation Hall just for want of something to do, for the chance of hearing Dan O'Connell speak on the Relief Measures ; and how towards the end of the evening this fellow got up. I had not been caring for the thing at all till that moment. I had been feeling an angry dull indifference, as if Ireland herself might be ground to powder for all I should care, after what had been done in Hill Dennis's hut two months before ; and his words stung me to life and better thoughts again. It was not the words only, it was something in the look and gesture, reminding me every minute of my father, that took such hold on me ; and then when in leaving the crowded hall he and I chanced to jostle each other in the doorway, and he turned and spoke and smiled, the conviction flashed on me at once that the likeness could not be an accident, but that I must have come across that son of our poor aunt Ellen's of whom we used to hear rumours now and then when we were children, but whose name had never been mentioned among us of late years. I know all the rights and wrongs of that now, and will tell you some day, and you will exonerate him from all blame as I do, and

glory in the thought that some of our blood goes to the making of the man who is by and by to resuscitate Ireland. He is a great deal more like our father than either of his sons. He is a little like you, if you can imagine yourself six feet high, with broad shoulders and big hands, and a face that has a power in it—like the Pied Piper in the volume of poems I brought home last spring—

‘To draw
All things living under the sun
To follow him, so as you never saw.’

I learned his name that night before I went back to my lodgings, and I always kept my eye on him afterwards ; but though we came into contact every now and then in public places, and several of my friends became intimate with him, I avoided being introduced to him, or letting him hear my name. You see I knew it would be all up with me if I once came near him—that I should be booked for ever for all he has gone in for ; and I thought of my mother and Pelham, and of the old prejudice that has kept this one of our relations who is worth generations of Pelhams out of our house, and I hesitated to surrender myself to his influence irrevocably. It's done now, however. Ten days ago I chanced to have to wait an hour at the *Nation* office to correct the proof of a poem of mine that was to appear in the next morning's paper. He came in while I was at work, and sat down on the table where I was writing and began to talk. Before long I told him my name, and in an hour, by the time the printer's devil came up for my proof, we knew each other as well as if we had lived in the house together for years. I spend more of my time in his rooms now than in my own. The fact of my being his cousin, and of his trusting me, has altered my position with the heads of our party. I have passed the Rubicon now, you may depend upon that ; and Eileen, aroon, I don't think you are the girl to think the worse of me for it, or to shrink in your heart from any consequences you may have to face on my account. I wish you could have heard a speech of D'Arcy's last night, when he told us out

that he was not one of those tame moralists who hold that liberty is not worth a drop of blood, and that if it could be proved to him that an insurrection was practicable he would vote for it that hour. Stay, I will mark the report of his speech in the *Nation* I am sending. It has just come in, and I have glanced through it ; and even tamed into black and white, the words have such a ring with them that I know what they will do to you. You will spring from your seat, and begin to pace up and down the room, and your face will glow, and you will look what you are, every inch his cousin. You have a better right to feel the words than have all the other Irishwomen whom they will thrill to-day ; for, Ellen, though you will hardly understand how it can be so, they partly come from you. He was sitting in my room waiting to walk down with me to the hall where last night's meeting was held, when the post brought your weekly letter. Up to the moment of my opening and reading it, we had been talking over the quarter-acre clause in the new Relief Act, which was to be the subject of D'Arcy's speech, and as a sort of comment on its working, I read your description of the sufferings of the small holders in the valleys round Eagle's Edge. It did not strike me that there was so much in what you said—it was nothing but what we all knew (only too well), and had heard from a hundred quarters ; but perhaps in the excitement of political indignation we have not been realizing the misery of those who are doing nothing, but suffer. At all events, your instances of what you had seen yourself seemed to move him beyond anything. Before I had read many sentences he covered his face with both his hands, and when I looked up at the end of the letter I was sorry I had looked, for the tears were streaming down between his fingers like rain. He did not speak a word to me while we were walking down to the place of meeting ; his face was white, and his lips set, but I could tell by the light in his eye and the quick nervous step and the gestures of his hands how it was working in him ; and when his turn came to speak

the words that leapt out were on fire. People who have heard O'Connell in the same place in his best days say that hardly ever was there such excitement, such groans of pain, and such rage as that speech called out. He was in very low spirits himself, though, as we walked home, for he has a great dread that all the feeling and spirit of the new movement will work itself out in mere words and excited assemblies that lead to nothing. He says we have too many speakers and poets among us, and too few men of action and sound judgment, and he quoted Davis's lines—

['The tribune's tongue or poet's pen
May sow the seed in prostrate men,
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.']

Later in the evening he and I concocted a scheme together that pleases him, because it has at least a show of preparing for action in it. It was agreed among the chiefs some time ago that it would be well to send deputations about into the country to sound the people, and set some system of organization on foot. D'Arcy thinks that my knowledge of the people round Ballyowen may make it useful for him and me to go down there together and canvass that neighbourhood, making it a centre for working the west. I am trusting you more than is right in telling you all this; but I know what you are, and I want your help. None of the people at home must know if I come to Ballyowen with him. I must keep it quiet, but, if possible, I should like to see you; and, Ellen, I am sorry for it, but I want you to bring me some money. I'll swear to you that I have not been extravagant this time; that I am not spending a penny on myself that I can absolutely help; but the cause wants money, and I must take my share of expenses with the others. We shan't leave Dublin for about a week, but after that time keep your wits about you, and be on the alert to interpret any hint of my neighbourhood that I manage to convey to you. You may trust me for its coming in some guise that will not betray me to any one but you. Only be on your guard, and don't let anything

escape you." The signature came here; but there was still another half-sheet in a yet more hasty scrawl, that had evidently been slipped as a second thought into the envelope when it was already bursting:—

"By the way, why won't I kill two birds with one stone when I am at Ballyowen? Mo Craoibhin Cno,¹ think of her curls, and say if this is not a good name for her, to use between us two? Why should Pelham have it his own way all these months, and I, when a great chance like this comes to me, not put in a taste of a stratagem to spoil his game? I vow to you, Ellen, that only this minute has the notion come to me, and though I don't expect you to help, I take you into confidence, to put you on your honour not to hinder. I must see her, *unbeknownst*, when I am in her neighbourhood. She shall not have the least suspicion of my real business, I promise you, but see her I will. Where will be the sin of putting an innocent bit of blarney over her and making her believe it was the glamour of her brown eyes drew me from sober work to make a pilgrimage in disguise for the chance of looking into them, and getting a word and a smile to keep up my heart till I could come openly? I half believe myself, as I write, that it *is* that, and nothing else, that is bringing me to Ballyowen, though the thought is only a minute old. It will be strange if I can't put it in a way that will convince her, when it has had a whole week to grow and shape itself into a fact. Unless I am very much mistaken in her, the spice of mystery and scheming that will flavour the chance-meetings we'll have, and the sly tokens I'll send her, won't be altogether displeasing, and will go a good way to put her out of conceit with old Pelham's prosy love-making. I don't think I shall tell D'Arcy of this little pendant to our plan—he is too grim in earnest to have a thought to throw away on any matter that does not advance the cause; but, between you and me, I take great credit to myself for having thought out such a neat con-

¹ Mo Craoibhin Cno, literally, "My cluster of nuts," or, "My nut-brown maid."

trivance for making love and patriotism serve each other."

Ellen smiled as she read these last words; here was a little bit of the old Connor creeping up again through the seriousness he had been magnetised with. She could not help being amused; but the smile soon changed into a sigh, at the prospect of the embarrassment which she foresaw would arise from this characteristic scheme of his; and she cast an anxious glance towards her mother's chair.

Mrs. Daly had taken up her knitting on awaking, and now sat with her eyes fixed on her work: her lips were moving mechanically, forming silent words as her needles clicked. Perhaps for once she was not observing how late it was getting; perhaps she was trying to still her heart with words of prayer, as the hour of the day that always tried her most approached. Anyhow, Ellen thought it was as well not to arouse her from her meditation, which seemed an unusually peaceful one, by speaking to her. The turf fire had smouldered down to a heap of white ashes on the hearth; but the day was warm, and it would be easy to add fuel and blow up a cheerful blaze when the sound of Pelham's horse's hoofs were heard in the distance. Ellen opened the window softly to let in the sound. She knew her mother always liked this to be done. All through the winter, when the blast from the mountain pass cut like a knife, they had kept up the practice, and now it was a soft westerly breeze, laden with the earthy, growing smell of coming summer, that crept in. There was a great stillness inside the house and out—a stillness that brought more of content and rest to Ellen's spirit than she had known for many a day. She recollected that she had said in the morning she believed her father would be willing to come back to help in the distress, if he could help; and she whispered softly to herself a sentence from Connor's letter, while a soft glow of satisfaction spread itself over her face—"He is more like our father than either of his sons." With this knowledge in her mind, the world was not so very empty as it had

seemed half an hour ago. She did not envy Connor his new friend's companionship, and had not the least desire ever to see him herself: probably the illusion would be dispelled if she did. She thought she had rather keep, as a centre for fancy to play round, this new belief that some place was made beautiful by such looks and musical by such tones as their empty house wanted. Mr. Thornley might say what he liked for the future against political agitators, and the wicked mischief they perpetrated: from henceforth she should know with what cause and with whom her heart and her most earnest aspirations went.

Having come to this conclusion, she took up the newspaper Connor had sent and began to examine it. It was too dark to make out the small print of the speech he had scored; her eye fell on some verses in a larger type in the corner of the paper, and she read on till tears came and blotted out the words.¹

"Life and death are in Thy hand.

Lord, have mercy!

The Blight came down at Thy command.

Christ, have mercy!

The famine-pang and fever-pain

Tear the nation's heart in twain;

Human help is sought in vain.

Parce nobis, Domine!

"Loud, more loud their footsteps fall.

Lord, have mercy!

Heaven is one vast funeral pall.

Christ, have mercy!

Twin destroyers, hand in hand,

They stalk along the blasted land.

Who before their frown shall stand?

Parce nobis, Domine!

"Without a grave, like weeds to lie,

Lord, have mercy!

Despairing thousands wait to die.

Christ, have mercy!

The famished infant vainly cries,

Its mother dead beside it lies:

Let our anguish pierce the skies!

Parce nobis, Domine!

"Outcast of the nations long,

Lord, have mercy!

We bear a foreign tyrant's wrong.

Christ, have mercy!

Black our fearful crime must be:

With triple scourges lashed by Thee,

Famine, plague, and slavery.

Parce nobis, Domine!

¹ By R. D. Williams, published in 1847.

"Disarmed and bleeding here apart,
 Lord, have mercy !
 A vulture preys upon our heart.
 Christ, have mercy !
 Oh, bitter is our helot gloom—
 In life no joy, in death no tomb.
 Despair and vengeance rule the gloom.
 Parce nobis, Domine !

"Without a prayer or passing bell,
 Lord, have mercy !
 The shroudless armies hourly swell.
 Christ, have mercy !
 The dying, ghastlier than the dead,
 With blanched lips have vainly said,
 'Give us this day our daily bread.'
 Parce nobis, Domine !

"Woe ! woe ! to feel the life-blood freeze
 Lord, have mercy !
 Fruitlessly, by slow degrees.
 Christ, have mercy !
 Oh, had we fallen on the plain,
 In rapid battle swiftly slain,
 We had not perished thus in vain.
 Parce nobis, Domine !

"'Their God is wrath,' our foemen say.
 Lord, have mercy !
 Our Father, turn Thine ire away.
 Christ, have mercy !
 Bid Thine angel cease to slay ;
 Have mercy, Heaven, on feeble clay.
 Hear Thy stricken people say,
 Parce nobis, Domine !

"Before the isle is all a grave,
 Lord, have mercy !
 Arise, mysterious God, and save.
 Christ, have mercy !
 But if the pestilential sun
 Must see us perish one by one,
 Thy hand hath made—Thy will be done.
 Parce nobis, Domine !"

"Ellen, I have called you three times and you have not answered me. Don't you see that it is raining, and that the drops are beating in and drenching your face and your clothes ? No, don't shut the window—we surely must hear something of Pelham soon ; but come out of the reach of the rain to the fire, and speak to me."

Ellen started. She had not felt the splash of the rain on her face, it was already so wet with tears, or noticed the change that had rapidly come over the sky in the last hour ; and now her conscience smote her for having been so engrossed by this poetry of sorrow

as to have forgotten the pain near her which it was her immediate business to soothe.

The room might be made to look a little more cheerful, at least. She sat down by the fire at her mother's feet, and began to blow up the peat-ashes and skilfully pile fresh sods, till the long, low room was filled to its furthest corner with fitful, dancing light.

"It is not really so late as it looks," she said. "The darkness has come on quite suddenly ; I was reading ten minutes ago. You have been very good, dear mamma ; you have not once asked what o'clock it was ; and now, has not the time passed more quickly than usual ? Are not you surprised to find the evening here ?"

A curious smile passed over Mrs. Daly's face. She had been making a great effort over herself to control her nervousness in order to spare her daughter, and now she would have been glad if she could have completed the self-sacrifice by making the admission Ellen's eyes so coaxingly asked ; but amiable subterfuges did not come readily to her grave lips. "I am glad it has seemed short to you," was all she could bring herself to say. "I determined not to disturb you when I saw you were reading something that interested you, but of course I knew all the time how late it was growing."

"And I have been selfish ; I ought to have thought of you. But hark ! there is the delightful sound of his horse's hoof on the road. You are rewarded, for he is close at hand, and it is not really late."

"Then run, Ellen, and see that Patsey is in the way to take Pelham's horse. He will be wet through ; and speak to old Bridget about getting his supper ready immediately. I hear voices in the yard ; but surely Pelham cannot have brought visitors home with him when he knows we have nothing to give them to eat."

To be continued.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ROSE.

(From the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.)

The original begins :

“ Souleve ta paupière close,
 Qu’effleure un songe virginal ! ”

I.

THOSE slumbering lids unclose,
 Where pure dreams hover so light !
 A spectre am I—the Rose
 That you wore at the ball last night.
 You took me, watered so late
 My leaves yet glistened with dew ;
 And amid the starry fête
 You bore me the evening through.

II.

O lady, for whom I died,
 You cannot drive me away !
 My spectre at your bed-side
 Shall dance till the dawning of day.
 Yet fear not, nor make lament,
 Nor breathe sad psalms for my rest !
 For my soul is this tender scent,
 And I come from the bowers of the Blest.

III.

How many for deaths so divine
 Would have given their lives away !
 Was never such fate as mine—
 For in death on your neck I lay !
 To my alabaster bier
 A poet came with a kiss :
 And he wrote, “ A rose lies here,
 But kings might envy its bliss.”

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE.

WHO WROTE OUR OLD PLAYS?

AN ILLUSTRATION OF QUANTITATIVE CRITICISM.

IN the determination of disputed cases of authorship and chronology, of which there are many instances in our own and other literatures, the expert is reduced, from the more or less complete absence of external evidence, to form his opinion, as best he may, from the method of thought, the amount of knowledge, the arrangement of words and sentences displayed in the poem, drama, or other composition which may be under his consideration. These are generally grouped together under the title of "internal evidence": the skill of the critic is shown in analyzing this evidence, selecting that which is necessary for his purpose, and when selected, in arranging it in such a form as shall be most convenient and intelligible for other minds. Nor is this in many instances a difficult task; for nearly all great authors have certain peculiarities in their writings, which are easy to recognize at sight after some familiarity with their work has been acquired. Just as in most instances it is easy to recognize a painting by Rembrandt, Turner, or Michelangelo, so is it generally easy to determine the authorship of a poem by Tennyson, Milton, or Browning. In many cases also it is a matter of no great difficulty to decide whether a work has been produced by its author at an early or a late stage of his career; we can distinguish periods of style for Turner, Raphael, or Shakspeare in a general way, without any great labour, and can assign to each period a large number of pictures or plays on which no competent judge would for an instant entertain a doubt.

But many dubious works will still remain; which require the most careful investigation, the most subtle ingenuity, the most comprehensive knowledge of the history of art, before

any conclusion can be confidently stated, either as to authorship or chronology. That this is the case is abundantly shown by the great variety of opinions which we continually meet with on such matters. I need only refer for illustration to the changes that have been made in the catalogues of large picture galleries from time to time as to the painters to whom special pictures have been assigned; or to the authors and dates that have been confidently named for the plays that pass under the titles of Shakspeare's and Beaumont and Fletcher's. For instance, open the catalogue of the Louvre pictures—"218, by Grimaldi, formerly assigned wrongly to A. Carracci. 219, Guardi, formerly assigned wrongly to Canaletto," &c., &c. Look into the writings of critics of Greek plays before 1850: almost every possible date (except the right one) was assigned to the *Septem contra Thebas* of Æschylus. Examine the earlier commentators of Shakspeare: they differ as to the chronological order of far the greater number of his works; the one point on which they showed a general unanimity, namely, the very late date of *Twelfth Night*, is curiously enough almost the only one which subsequently discovered external evidence has refuted absolutely. Before attempting to show how these diversities of opinion, which so largely exist, are to be avoided, it may be well to enumerate the circumstances which caused them. These are:—

1. *Joint authorship*.—This specially applies to the more immediate subject of this paper, the dramas of the Elizabethan period: at which time the practice of several writers combining to produce a single work was too common to need more than its bare mention here; it applies also to pictures of the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and other periods.

2. *Imitation*, whether conscious or unconscious, as in the case of painters who taught pupils and founded a school. So, in literature, Landor's rhythmical imitation of Milton, and the many minor poets who imitated Sir W. Scott, are illustrations in point. It is very seldom that a great author is influenced by this cause, and its importance has been greatly exaggerated.

3. *Forgery*, as in the well-known cases in our own time of certain pictures attributed to Turner and letters purporting to be Shelley's. This cause scarcely affects our old literature as to whole works; for, though false statements on title-pages, &c., are common enough, the style of the works themselves was not intended by their authors to deceive; the forgery is generally confined to the publishers.

4. *Rewriting and supplementing*.—A very common practice. For instance, payments were made to Dekker and others for additions to Marlowe's *Faust*.

5. *Finishing* works begun and left uncompleted by a previous author. Thus Shirley finished the *Love's Pilgrimage* begun by Fletcher, and Nash the *Dido* begun by Marlowe.

6. *Writing portions of works at separate times*.—This cause has been almost entirely neglected by critics. It is easy to detect, however, as the early work nearly always splits off as a complete whole.

From these, and perhaps other causes, the dramas which have been handed down to us from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which are generally known as Elizabethan, are extremely difficult in many instances to assign to their proper authors, or to correct dates. My object in this paper is to show that many difficulties with regard to these plays, which have been hitherto looked on as insoluble, can be, nay, have been, solved by a more accurate estimate of the internal evidence than has hitherto been adopted. This is a more important matter than appears on the surface; for if criticism be a

science, if it be anything more than an empirical art—varying from time to time in proportion to the skill, or it may be the eccentricities, of its professors—it must have laws to which it can appeal, and methods of procedure, the use of which can be taught, and which can be accurately applied. Moreover, these methods must not, if the science is to advance beyond the most elementary stage, be merely qualitative; they must be also quantitative. We admit this in all other sciences. The mineralogist counts the degrees and minutes in the angles of his crystals: the botanist counts the stamens and carpels in his flowers; the chemist calculates the quantities of an element in his compounds from data given by accurate measurements; the political economist uses statistics as the basis of his arguments: in criticism alone are we content to take impressions and authorities as our only guides; to look at facts through the tinted spectacles of other men; to sneer at any attempt to treat the productions of the human mind in the same way that we treat those of the Divine, as being unæsthetic, belonging to the lower criticism, a substitution of arithmetic for poetical insight, and so forth. And this tendency is all the more strange, that when it happens to suit the purpose of an æsthetic critic to support his argument by arithmetical statements, he is sure to be found ready to do so with a protest that "he only admits counting for the benefit of people without ears," but utterly denies that it has any value whatever when it does not confirm his predetermined conclusions.

It is with exactly opposite opinions to these that I have applied certain quantitative tests to the Elizabethan dramas; and I hope to show, before I conclude this paper, that results have already been attained which could not have been reached by any ordinary criticism. To take one crucial instance: Mason, Weber, Darley, Dyce, and others, have attempted the separation of Fletcher's share in the plays that pass under the name of Beaumont and Fletcher's, from the shares of Beaumont, Massinger, and

others; and have failed in the attempt. Nor must we forget that among these critics there is one a poet of no ordinary stamp; and another a scholar unequalled for his diligence, critical insight, and acquaintance with his subject-matter. Yet they all failed. One of our tests alone has solved this problem absolutely, so that the question of Fletcher's authorship can never be disputed again in any one of the plays I have assigned to him, in whole or in part.

But it is time to give instances of what these tests are. The general method is simply this: Find out by inspection some peculiarity, some distinctive mark, some "humour," as the old dramatists would have called it, in the metre or style of the author you are examining; count the number of instances in which it occurs in his undoubted works; find the general average rate of its occurrence; and in any other work of his you may in most instances confidently expect to find this average not very far departed from: this will give a first approximation in determining if any work be his or not; to be corrected by a similar application of some other "test-humour." In fact, we must proceed exactly in the same manner as in chemical testing. Let us take an example: Suppose we are examining Fletcher, a mere glance at his works shows a large proportion of such lines as,

"I was afraid mere honour had been bédrid," with an extra or superfluous syllable (rid) at the end of the line: such lines as are sometimes called female, sometimes double-ending. We count these lines in his undoubted plays, and find their number to vary in each play between 1,500 and 2,200—average 1,777. We then do the same for the authors from whom we wish to separate him, namely, Massinger, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Rowley, Shirley, and Middleton. I am not going to inflict the detail of these countings on the reader, it is enough to take an instance or two; others have been counted and tabulated by me to the extent of about 250 plays; but I merely notice by way

of illustration that Massinger, who comes next to Fletcher in this instance, varies between 900 and 1,200 in the number of his double endings in each play—average about 1,000; and Shakspeare varies between 10 and 800. It is then a very simple thing to separate the works of these three authors from each other by this one test—provided we know that not more than two authors are involved in the problem in hand. Thus, in the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is known from the title-page to be by Shakspeare and Fletcher, this test at once separates the verse parts of the play between the two authors; and as we find that there is no prose in Fletcher's undoubted works, we have no hesitation in assigning the prose scenes to Shakspeare. The same test enables us at once to see that a great part of *Henry VIII.* is Fletcher's, as no other author has any writing in which the number of double endings reaches the average of the Fletcher scenes of this play. With regard to one scene, however, we find here so excellent an example of the errors into which a hasty or careless application of these tests may lead us, that I cannot refrain from noticing it. The fourth scene of the fifth act is nearly always printed as partly prose. It is, however, entirely Fletcher-verse. Here is a specimen of the so-called prose:—

"They fell on; I made good my place: at length
They came to th' broomstaff to me: I defied
'em still:
When suddenly a file of boys behind 'em,
Loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles,
That I was fain to draw mine honour in,
And let 'em win the work."

Now any one, who had noticed or been told that Fletcher never wrote prose in his dramas, might easily, finding this scene printed as prose, conclude that it was Shakspeare's work, just as a tyro in botany might mistake a plant of the Borage order for one of the Scrophularies by looking only to the general appearance of the flower, instead of noting the squareness or roundness of the stem, or some other distinctive mark that

would have kept him from error. And, in fact, this mistake has been made and published.

But to pass from these special illustrations to general statements. I have endeavoured, in the following paraphrases, to condense into as short a space as possible the most striking peculiarities of some of our elder dramatists. The original is from the well-known play of *Otway's*, and the different versions appended are changed as little in language as their assimilation in metre to the different authors imitated will allow.

"I own my sex's follies ; I have them all,
And to avoid its fault, must fly from you.
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high,
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet,
I'd rather run a savage in the woods
Among brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless men."

OTWAY, *Orphan*, i. 2.

Fletcher would have written something like this :—

I own my sex's follies : have them all too ;
And to avoid its fault must fly from you still :
Therefore, believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could poise me,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet now,
I'd rather run a savage in the wild woods,
Among brute beasts grow wrinkled and deformed,
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still enjoy my honour safe
From the destroying wiles of faithless mankind.

Massinger :—

I own my sex's faults ;
I have them all, and to avoid its follies
Must fly from you. Therefore, believe me,
could
You raise me high as most fantastic wishes
Of women e'er could reach ; lay at my feet
All nature's riches ; I would rather run
Amid the woods, among brute beasts, a
savage,
Grow wrinkled and deform'd as wildness and
Most rude neglect could make me, so I might
Enjoy my honour safe still from the wiles,
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.

Beaumont :—

I own my sex's follies :
I have them all : and to avoid its faults
Must fly from you. So, could you raise me high
(Trust me, 'tis true) as woman's wish could reach,
Though most fantastic ; laying at my feet
All nature's riches ; I would rather run
A savage in the woods among brute beasts,
Grow wrinkled and deform'd, as rude neglect
And wildness could enforce me—do all these
So I might still my honour safe enjoy
From wiles of faithless men that aye destroy.

Wilkins :—

I own my sex's follies, have them all,
And to avoid its fault from you must fly.
Therefore believe me, could you raise me high
As most fantastic woman's wish could reach,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet,
A savage in the woods I'd rather run
Among brute beasts, grow freckled, bronz'd
i' th' sun
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might still my honour safe enjoy
From wiles of faithless men that evermore destroy.

Tourneur :—

I own my sex's follies, have them all :
And to avoid its faults must fly from you.
Believe me, could you raise me high
As woman's most fantastic wish could ever fly,
And lay all nature's riches at my feet,
I'd rather run i' th' woods
Among brute beasts, grow wrinkled and deform'd
As wildness and most rude neglect could make me,
So I might evermore my honour safe enjoy
From wiles of faithless men that still destroy.

Greene :—

My sex's faults I own and have them all :
Those faults to shun I now from you must fly.
Believe me, then, if you could raise me high
As woman's wish could reach when fancy rules,
Could lay all nature's wealth before my feet ;
A savage in the woods I'd rather run,
Grow wrinkled and deform'd among brute beasts,
Enforced by rude neglect and wildness ;
So I might still my honour safe enjoy
From the destroying wiles of faithless men.

These authors have been chosen as having been concerned in writing in partnership either with Fletcher or

Shakspeare. Thus there can be little doubt that Greene and Marlowe—whose metre is very like Greene's, though, as a poet, he is far above him—were joint authors with Shakspeare in *Henry VI.*; that Wilkins wrote the two first acts of *Pericles*; that Fletcher aided Shakspeare in *Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; that Tourneur or Dekker wrote great part of *Timon*, or that Massinger and Beaumont were fellow-labourers with Fletcher. It is therefore in every reader's power, by referring merely to his "Shakspeare" to get a good notion of the different metrical styles of the authors mentioned, except the two last. Let him, for instance, compare Wolsey's speeches in Act iii. Sc. 2, of *Henry VIII.*; one by Shakspeare, line 165-180; the other by Fletcher, line 350-370; or the speech in *Pericles* by Wilkins, at the beginning of Act ii. Sc. 1, with that of Shakspeare at the beginning of Act iii. Sc. 1; or the opening speeches of *Henry VI.* and *Richard II.*; or Act i. Sc. 2, and Act iii. Sc. 5, with Act iv. Sc. 3, of *Timon*, of which scenes only iv. 3 is Shakspeare's; and he must, if he have any ear for metre at all, at once feel the difference, even if he cannot say at once in what the difference consists. Still greater is the difference between Fletcher and Beaumont, as, for instance, between the second and first scenes of Act ii. of *The Maid's Tragedy*; or that between Fletcher and Massinger as shown in Act i. and Act ii. of *The False One*.

By these paraphrases, then, I trust that I have given a clear idea of the kind of difference that exists in the versification of our old authors: an idea all the clearer from these imitations being intentionally caricatures, and condensing in brief space peculiarities that I could otherwise only show in lengthened extracts that would fill many pages. The double endings of Fletcher, the weak endings of Massinger (that is, lines in which the last word is some preposition, auxiliary, or other particle unnaturally separated from the next line); the irregularity of

Tourneur; the monotonous pause-line of Greene; the use of rhymes by Wilkins; the easy flow of Beaumont, I have here attempted to imitate; and by examining these glass imitations of precious stones, in which the angles are sharper and the size of the specimens more equal than in the original crystals, the reader will I hope be able to see how by measure and number we attain to a knowledge of the crystalline system of each. In my investigation, however, I have not confined myself to the diagnosis of the distinctive peculiarities of each author; but have counted and tabulated the number of short lines of one, two, three, or four measures; the number of Alexandrines; and other peculiarities; besides the rhymes, the double endings, the weak endings, and—a test which is most important for Shakspeare—the extra syllable test which depends on the presence of a superfluous syllable in the middle of a line before a pause; as in

"My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings."—*The Winter's Tale*, i. 2.

From these tables, which now embrace the whole works of Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Marston, Jonson, Webster, Tourneur, Middleton, and many other single plays, and which I hope to complete for the whole extant drama between 1550 and 1650 A.D., I find that every author of eminence has distinctive characters which clearly separate him from any other; while the minor men, such as Haughton, Chettle, Day, Munday, &c., are so like, that it is with great difficulty that they can be distinguished; and for the greatest one of all there are four distinct periods which can be clearly separated by the tests of amount of rhyme, number of extra syllables, number and kind of Alexandrines, and abundance of weak endings. In no other man than Shakspeare do I find continuous development of style in one direction from his earliest to his latest work: in no other is there anything like the same variety, the same freedom from mannerism, or

rather command over all manners; the same originality of form, or rather of many forms. Even the greatest of the others derived their specialities from him. Dekker imitated his first period, Beaumont his second, Jonson his third, and Massinger his fourth; only in Fletcher and Randolph do I trace absolute originality in metrical form; in which judgment I am proud to be confirmed by Mrs. Browning's estimate of Fletcher's "masterdom," and of "his numerous and artful cadences."

But from the consideration of method, let us pass to that of results. Has this tabulation of dry statistical details led to anything? or is it barren and useless?—Not barren even in the little yet published.

By it I have been enabled to assign with certainty to Fletcher and Massinger eight plays; and to point out with exactness the scenes written in them by each; in five of these, viz., *The Little French Lawyer*, *Prophetess*, *Spanish Curate*, *Beggar's Bush*, and *Elder Brother*, no one had previously suspected that Massinger had any share; in the other three, Dyce (generally following Weber) had rightly assigned a part to him in a vague way. These three are *The False One*, *Lover's Progress*, and *Very Woman*. I have also been able to correct Dyce's error in excluding Beaumont from a share in *The Woman Hater* and *the Captain*; and, in many instances, to confirm the conclusions of that most painstaking and accurate scholar. Had he possessed a critical instrument so powerful and certain in distinguishing authorship, I should have been saved much labour, but should have been deprived of the confirmation of the majority of my results by his most valuable authority.

I have also been enabled to separate and assign the respective parts to each author in plays which are interesting either in themselves, or from their connection with our greatest poet; such as *The Witch of Edmonton*, *The Insatiate Countess*, *The Old Law*, *The Virgin Martyr*, *Dido*, and many others.

In like manner I have confirmed the division made between Shakspeare and

Fletcher in the two plays of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *Henry VIII.* by previous critics.

I have also shown that the works of Shakspeare must be assigned to four distinct periods, each having its own metrical peculiarities. In this decision I coincide nearly, but not exactly, with the best preceding critics.

As this classification will probably be of interest to the general reader, who may desire to read Shakspeare's works in somewhat of the order in which they were written, I shall here give it in full.

The First Period (distinguished by its numerous rhymes) contains *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard II.* The *Troilus* and *Cressida* story, and the *Hector* and *Ajax* story in *Troilus* and *Cressida* were also written at this time, as were the first two acts of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, as well as some rhyming scenes which form the nucleus of *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Twelfth Night*.

The Second Period contains *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (complete), *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night* (complete), *King John*, *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and *Julius Cæsar*. It is distinguished from the first period by greatly diminished rhyme, and from the third by occasional alternate and doggerel rhymes (far fewer than in the first period however) in the comedies; by absence of extra middle syllables in the tragedies; and by a greater proportion of stopped lines in both, besides other minor peculiarities.

Between the first and second periods Shakspeare probably edited *Henry VI.*, wrote *Richard III.*, and perhaps touched (certainly not wrote) *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Titus Andronicus*; the *Shrew* may, however, have been later; between the second and third periods.

The Third Period contains *All's Well that Ends Well* (complete), *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Timon* and *Pericles*, and one scene at least of *Cymbeline*. It is distin-

guished from the fourth by its less proportion of rhyme; by the nature of its Alexandrines (which are regular, as in French, with a split down the backbone), and by its relative rareness of weak endings.

The Fourth Period contains *Troilus and Cressida* (complete), *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *The Tempest*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Henry VIII.*

These periods are easy to remember, as each contains six years. The first extends from 1589 to 1595, the second from 1595 to 1601, the third from 1601 to 1607, and the fourth from 1607 to 1613.

All these results are certain. There are others which are more or less problematic (however clear they appear to me), and await confirmation from further investigation; in these cases there is no doubt as to the statistics, but there is a possibility of more than one interpretation of them. This I find is frequently the case in matters of chronology, though never in my experience in questions of authorship. The method of ascertaining which interpretation to take is to multiply investigations until we come on a characteristic test,—following here, as always, the methods of the laboratory.

We can hardly, I think, reckon among these doubtful cases the separation of Shakspeare's work in *Pericles* and in *Timon*. In the former S. Walker was undoubtedly right, and Delius wrong; in the latter, I am personally certain of my results, which differ greatly from the imperfect attempt of Charles Knight. This remark, however, I do not mean as in any way disrespectful to that industrious editor; it is, indeed, highly creditable to any one with an ear naturally so obtuse as to confuse the metrical systems of Chapman and Shakspeare, as he did in his essay on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, that he should have suspected a second author in *Timon* at all.

But such matters as the following—the determination of the amount of alteration made by Middleton in *Macbeth*; the question whether *Julius Cæsar* was abridged to its present state under

the influence or at the recommendation of Ben Jonson; the date of production of *The Taming of the Shrew*; the omission of certain characters from our present form of *The Tempest*;—are all problems as yet *sub judice*, and, however certain one may feel on any of them, so long as evidence convincing to others is not forthcoming, one has no right to insist positively on the hypotheses advanced with regard to them by Messrs. Clark, Staunton, Collier, and myself.

Leaving, then, these doubtful matters, let us—as the clearest illustration I can give of my methods—take one of Shakspeare's plays and examine its probable date; and one play written by two authors jointly, and try to determine their relative shares of authorship.

The play of *Cymbeline*, on which I have not hitherto made known the results of my investigations, will suit us well for the first of them. It was assigned by Malone to the year 1609, then by Chalmers to 1606, then by Drake to 1605. Delius and modern æsthetic critics have recurred to the late theory of 1610. There has therefore been, and still is, much diversity of opinion on this point. Now, our metrical evidence is threefold—that from amount of rhyme, number of weak endings, and the nature of the Alexandrines. To give here the full tables of numbers and ratios for the other plays with which we have to compare this one, would be impracticable; and, were it practicable, it would be tedious. We must be content to quote such numbers as are absolutely necessary in order to be understood. As to the amount of rhyme, then, I need only state that the ratio of rhyming lines to blank verse lines in the fourth period varies from 1 in 60 down to no rhyme at all; in the third period it varies from 1 in 22 to 1 in 32. Now, in this play of *Cymbeline*, the ratio is about 1 in 30, which would place it in the third period alongside of *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*; but as, for reasons to be given presently, one scene (Act iv. Sc. 2) must have been written at a different date from the

others, the ratio (omitting this scene) is lowered to 1 in 36, which places it between the third and fourth periods; nearer the third, however, than the fourth. If, again, Act v. Sc. 3, 4 are, as I believe, largely interpolated, this ratio will be further lowered to 1 in 40; but this is insufficient to alter any further the position to be assigned to the play. The very great number of weak endings and the nature of the Alexandrines (among which such lines as—

“That satiate yet unsatisfied desire that tub,”

consisting of an ordinary line with an extra foot appended, but without the regular cæsura, we observe very frequent) would distinctly place the play in the fourth period. We may, then, safely conclude that the play was begun near the end of the third period, about 1605, and finished near the beginning of the fourth, between 1607 and 1608; provided our exceptional treatment of the scene above mentioned has any justification. Now, this scene (Act iv. Sc. 2) is not only distinguished from the rest of the play by its relatively large number of rhymes, but it has other striking peculiarities. One of these is almost decisive in itself for a separate date. Nothing is more distinctive than the accentual pronunciation of proper names. In one play, *The Little French Lawyer*, I succeeded in separating nearly every scene, and assigning each to its proper author, simply by the different pronunciation of the name Dinant (pronounced Dînant by Fletcher, Dinant by Massinger). Now, in this scene in *Cymbeline*, Pósthumus (proparoxyton) is the pronunciation adopted.

“Struck the maintop. O Pósthumus! Alas.”

In every other scene it is Posthúmus (paroxyton). It is remarkable that the word does not occur in the doubtful scenes, v. 3 and v. 4. Again, Arviragus says to Guiderius,—

“Let us — sing him to the ground

As once our mother: use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile[†] must be Fidele:”

but when the song is sung, there is no Euriphile, no Fidele, mentioned. The song is surely, then, an after-insertion, made when the play was finished; this scene having been written first. Again, in line 252—

“Thersites’ body is as good as Ajax’,”

we have a mark of date. Malone has shown how often Shakspeare makes allusions of this kind, not to plays previously issued, but to the stories that he was reading preparatory to writing plays from them.¹ This scene was, therefore, probably written before Shakspeare wrote *Troilus and Cressida*, or rather the final part of it, which must have been before 1609, and was probably in 1607. But enough of this; I do not wish here to exhaust the subject, but rather to give a notion of the manner in which these tests have to be applied, and the restrictions under which they must be used.

Let us look now to the external evidence, and see if it confirms our results, and then we will pass on to our concluding section. The little evidence we have, I abstract from Malone. (1.) The name Leonatus is

¹ It is very remarkable, that the only part of the drama which is not taken from Holinshed’s chronicle or Boccaccio’s novel (Day ii., Novel 9) is just this one scene which I assign to a different date. The general stories of Lear and Cymbeline lie near together in Holinshed in his account of the British kings, and there is an incidental notice of Macbeth not far distant from these stories. From this part Shakspeare has taken such history as he has introduced into his plot; the general scheme of the story is from Boccaccio; the story of Hay and his sons slaying his flying countryman at a lane’s end, and so retrieving the battle against the Danes, is from Holinshed’s “Scottish Chronicle,” p. 154, in the midst of the Macbeth story, which reaches from pp. 150 to 176. But Imogen’s wandering about after Pisanio left her, her being almost famished, and taken as a page into the general’s service, is from the old tale in “Westward for Smelts,” told by the Fishwife of Stand on the Green (second story), 1603. I have shown elsewhere that diversity of origin and different dates of writing are often associated in certain plays of Shakspeare’s that were not cast at one heat, but composed of parts separately wrought and welded together afterwards.

from Sidney's "Arcadia," from that part of it used by Shakspeare for *King Lear*; the story of the battle in the fifth act is from Holinshed's "Chronicle," from the part used by Shakspeare for *Macbeth*. *Cymbeline* was, therefore, written near *Macbeth* and *Lear*, and probably soon after. (2.) On the other hand, the reference to Cleopatra's sailing on the Cydnus to meet Antony would place the date of this play beside that of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which was certainly 1607-8; and the palpable imitation¹ of Imogen in the character of Euphrasia (Beaumont's part of *Philaster* which dates most probably 1608-9, and certainly is earlier than 1611,) confirms this. I could add further evidence from the conduct of the plot and style of composition, as compared with *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, but feel that I must not enlarge here on this subordinate illustration.

To show the manner of proceeding in assigning the authorship of parts of a play, I will take a very easy example, that of *The Virgin Martyr*. This play we know in advance to be by Massinger and Dekker, which saves our having to search through the tables to find out to

¹ This imitation is not confined to the general outlines of the characters; but is manifest in single speeches. Compare, for instance:—

"I hear the tread of people; I am hurt;
The gods take part against me: could this
boor
Have hurt me thus else?"

Philaster, Act iv. Sc. 1.

with

"I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air of 't
Revengefully enfeebles me; or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession?"

Cymbeline, Act v. Sc. 2.

That Fletcher is the imitator, not Shakspeare, there cannot be a moment's doubt. There is exactly the same kind of imitation in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius is closely followed: and we know that *Julius Caesar* preceded in this instance. These, then, who date *Cymbeline* 1610, with Delius, must explain how they account for a subsequent date for *Philaster*: in opposition to all the best authorities, Mr. Dyce, for instance, as well as the internal evidence adduced by me elsewhere.

what author the peculiarities of the play would be most likely to assign it, and also points out at once the first step to be taken—namely, to search the play and mark all the lines with weak endings. This having been done, we find that they are all contained in the following Acts and Scenes: i. 1; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 3; v. 2. As a first approximation, we assign these to Massinger, and then examine in which scenes prose occurs, as Massinger does not admit prose into his work. The result confirms our previous division; as prose is found only in ii. 1; ii. 3; iii. 3; iv. 2; the scenes in which Hirtius and Spongius enter. These scenes and characters, then, we assign to Dekker, along with iv. 1, and v. 1, provisionally; noticing that Julianus, Geta, and the British Slave enter in these latter scenes only. We then examine the number of rhymes, and find that in the part we assign to Massinger there are 17 couplets, just 1 in a page (Crocker's edition); while in the other there are 35 in 16 pages, or more than 2 in a page. Our result is confirmed again. Finally we examine the number of double endings, and find in Massinger's 17 pages 577; or 34 in a page, just his usual average; in Dekker's 16 pages, only 235, or 18 in a page, a little more than half the other ratio. There can be then no doubt that the division is correct; but further confirmation is forthcoming, though not needed; for i. 1; iii. 1; iii. 2; v. 2 are marked as one author's by the entrance of Callista and Christeta in them; characters which are manifestly by one hand throughout. I have chosen this play as the easiest example I could find; yet this is the first complete separation of it into its component parts that has been made, although Charles Lamb had rightly led the way to the full solution, by assigning Act ii. Sc. 1 to Dekker as its author.

These instances are, I trust, sufficient to illustrate the methods I have adopted. To give a full account of them would require a volume. Whether a full account will indeed be published at all is very doubtful. The number of

students of our old drama, beyond the works of Shakspeare and a few favourite plays of other authors, is not large, though it is undoubtedly daily increasing. The tests to be used for each author, and a summary of the results attained, both for Shakspeare and his great competitors (for great they were, though not so great), I certainly will publish in some way. If not of great interest to our public in themselves, they may serve as precursors and examples to investigations that will be so. For these principles must be applicable to all literature; I have myself applied similar tests to Æschylus and Sophocles, taking as basis the relative amounts of choral, anapaestic, trochaic, and iambic metres; and applying as confirmatory tests the arrangements of strophe and antistrophe, the number of actors, number of weak endings, anapaestic feet in the iambics, &c., and have found that a regular progress exists in the plays of these dramatists, when arranged in an order, which never contradicts the external evidences, and is consistent with the conclusions of the best classical critics. Of the ulterior consequences of a critical method which is as yet so little known, it would be hardly fitting to say much here: yet I cannot help noticing how strong a confirmation we have in it to the doctrine that the will is limited on every side by barriers of which we are very dimly, if at all conscious. For it seems to be impossible for a really great man, a man of genius, to imitate the style of any other. Even Scott, in his "Bridal of Triermain," utterly failed in his attempt to imitate Coleridge. The smaller men, on the other hand, who have no great power to form a style for themselves, are equally unable to resist the impulse to imitate any style that pleases them greatly for the time. It would not be difficult to name English versifiers, often treated as poets, for every one of whose productions we could name the prototype from which it was unconsciously imitated. But such work never lives. The Chettles and Mundays die out, while the Fletchers and Shaksperes

survive. On this, too, I must take my stand as a defence against the objection that this counting of rhymes and syllables is an idle waste of time. For it can only be applied to the works of the great men of old, the giants who have outlived their contemporaries; and as no amount of trouble or toil has been thought too great to bestow on the mighty authors of Greece and Rome, surely for Englishmen no labour should be too great to give to the still mightier author of our own country, and, for his sake, to those who lived with him, worked with him, or followed in his track. And there is yet much to be done; these men were so grandly careless of their work, that they flung it about recklessly, and never cared to gather it together—careless of their own work and careless of each other's; they wrote and rewrote; took whole scenes from other men's plays, and incorporated them in their own; cut out whole acts, and replaced them by their own; altered old plays and brought them out as novelties; worked in gangs of three, four, or even five on one play, yet never with dishonest intent, seldom with a malicious one. All this mass has to be disentangled and assigned to its original owners, before a complete history of those times, or even of the literature of them, can be accomplished; and to effect this purpose, this quantitative criticism is a sufficient, and, as I believe, the only instrument. For, after 100 years of careful research, no one had yet separated with certainty the Shakspeare part of *Edward III.*, or, indeed, any of the plays where two authors were concerned; and I suggest to those who doubt its power to try without its aid to answer the following questions: Who were the authors of *Henry VI.*, and what parts did each write? Is there, or is there not, any Shaksperian work in *The Birth of Merlin* and *Fair Em*? How do you account for the differences between the folio and quarto editions of *Richard III.*?

Perhaps some critic will volunteer a satisfactory answer to these questions on æsthetic grounds only.

F. G. FLEAY.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

III.—PREACHER AND PRIOR.

SAVONAROLA yielded to the entreaties of the laymen who crowded his cloister, almost displacing his novices, and who besought him to preach in the church, a larger place, where greater numbers might find room. After some delay, "smiling" upon his petitioners "with a cheerful countenance," he told them that on the next Sunday he would read in the church, lecture and preach, adding, Burlamacchi tells us, "And I shall preach for eight years;" which afterwards came true.

It was on the 1st of August, 1489, that this event took place. The church was so crowded, the same authority tells us, "that there scarcely remained any room for the Frati, who, in their eager desire to hear, were obliged to find places on the wall of the choir, and were so determined not to lose the lecture, that scarcely any remained in the offices of the community, and door and sacristy were alike deserted. Of the laymen present, most stood all the time, and some, laying hold of the iron railings, hung from them as well as they could, in their great desire to hear." He preached upon a passage in Revelation. "Three things he suggested to the people. That the Church of God required renewal, and that immediately; second, that all Italy should be chastised; third, that this should come to pass soon." This was the very beginning of his prophetic utterances in Florence, and immense though his popularity was, "great contradictions," as Burlamacchi says, at once arose in respect to him, some thinking him thoroughly sincere and true, some that though learned and good he was crafty, and some, that he gave himself up to foolish visions; for in this first sermon, amid much that was drawn from the Scriptures, he mixed up

the particular revelations which he firmly believed were made to himself—a circumstance not so astonishing in the fifteenth century as it would be now; but yet exciting the contempt of many in that lettered and elegant age. The excitement thus produced was very great. The Florentines were totally unused to the fervent natural eloquence of a preacher who rejected all traditions of oratory, and, careless of fine style or graceful diction, poured forth what was in him in floods of fiery words, carried away by his own earnestness and warmth of feeling. To see a man thus inspired by his subject, possessed by what he has to say, too much in earnest to choose his phrases or think of anything—taste, literature, style, or reputation—except that something which he is bound to tell his auditors, and which to them and to him is a matter of life and death—this is at all times a wonderful and impressive spectacle. No simulation can attain this effect; the fervour may be vulgar, it may be associated with narrow views and a limited mind; but wherever it exists, in great or small, in learned or unlearned, the man possessed by it has a power over his fellow-men which nothing else can equal. Savonarola was neither vulgar nor limited in mind, and his whole soul was intensely practical, concentrated upon the real evils around him, diverted into no generalities or speculations, not even diffused abroad upon the world and mankind in general, but riveted upon Florence in particular, upon the sins, strifes, frauds, and violences which made the city weak and put her down from her high estate. She was enslaved, she, once the freest of the free; and Savonarola was burning with that almost extravagant love of civic freedom which distinguished the Italian republics. She was corrupt,

and the man who loved her like a mistress could not support the sense of her impurity. It shamed him and wrung his heart, as if indeed this chosen city of his affections had been a woman whom he adored. So intense, so personal, were Savonarola's sentiments, that this image is not too strong to express them. He carried the passionate fervour with which a brother, a father, might struggle to reclaim a lost creature very dear to him into his relations with the city which, now finally awakened to see what manner of man was in its midst, watched him curiously, and by degrees suffered itself to be drawn into ever more eager attention to the Frate, whose power and genius it had at length discovered. Burlamacchi informs us, in his simple narrative, that the effect produced upon those who heard him by his *parlare veloce e infiammativo*, was that of a miracle. "The grace of God appeared," he says, "in the lofty words and profound thoughts which he gave forth with a clear voice and rapid tongue, so that every one understood him. And it was admirable to see his glowing countenance and fervent and reverent aspect when he preached, and his beautiful and appropriate gestures, which rapt the very soul of every one who heard him, so that wonders and amazing appearances were seen by many while he was in the act of preaching." These wonders were such as the devout imagination fondly attaches to all popular apostles. Some believed they saw an angel on each side of him as he preached. Some saw the Madonna in glory blessing him with fair, uplifted hand, when he blessed the worshippers around. But the real effect of his sermons was great enough to enable his followers to dispense with miraculous adjuncts. It does not appear, nor is it probable, that Savonarola preached, as is our English custom, on every Sunday, or regularly from week to week, but according to the wise practice of his Church, occasionally, and in the seasons appropriated to special spiritual exercise. By the Lent of 1491 San Marco had become too small for the crowds that

came to hear him, and he removed to the Duomo, where he remained during the eight years which was the limit, as it is said he prophesied it would be, of his mission to Florence and the world.

Few buildings could be more appropriate to receive a preacher so impassioned and listeners so intent. The cathedral of Florence has not the wealth, the splendour, nor the daylight of that great St. Peter's, of which Michelangelo said that it should be the sister—"più grande, ma non più bella"—of Santa Maria dei Fiori. It has nothing of the soaring grace and spiritual beauty of our northern Gothic. It is dark, majestic, mystical—a little light coming in through the painted windows, which are gorgeous in their deep colour, not silvery, like the old jewel-glass of the north. The vast area is bare and naked in a certain superb poverty, fit to be filled with a silent, somewhat stern Italian crowd, with a mass of characteristic Tuscan faces—vigorous, harsh, seldom beautiful. One can imagine the great voice, *veloce e infiammativo*—lighting up a glow of passionate feeling in all those responsive gleaming eyes—coming out of the dark circle under the dome, and resounding over the heads of the crowd which filled the nave. No scene could suit better the large bare nobleness of the place. Before he came to the cathedral the preacher had so far advanced in boldness, and in the certainty of that burden of woe which he had to deliver, that still greater and greater "contradictions" had risen up against him. "When he thought of this," says Burlamacchi, "he was sometimes afraid, and in his own mind resolved not to preach of such things. But everything else that he read and studied became odious to him." Before Septuagesima Sunday of this first Lenten season in which he preached in the cathedral, he seems to have made a distinct pause of alarm, and a serious effort to change, as Padre Marchese tells us, the entire form, style, and argument of his preaching. "God is my witness," says Savonarola himself,

“that the whole of Saturday and the succeeding night I lay awake thinking, but could not turn myself, so completely was my path closed to me, and every idea taken away except this. In the morning (being weary with long watching) I heard this said, ‘Fool, dost thou not see that it is God’s will that thou shouldst preach thus?’ And so that morning I preached a tremendous sermon.” Burlamacchi speaks of this same sermon as *mirabile e stupenda*. The flood which the preacher had attempted thus to restrain broke forth with fiercer force than ever. And even the very tumults that rose against him, the *grandissima contradizione*, no doubt excited and stimulated his hearers. Burlamacchi’s description of the crowds who came to hear him, though probably it belongs chronologically to a somewhat later date, may be given here :—

“The people got up in the middle of the night to get places for the sermon, and came to the door of the cathedral, waiting outside till it should be opened, making no account of any inconvenience, neither of the cold, nor the wind, nor of standing in winter with their feet on the marble; and among them were young and old, women and children, of every sort, who came with such jubilee and rejoicing that it was bewildering to hear them, going to the sermon as to a wedding. Then the silence was great in the church, each one going to his place; and he who could read, with a taper in his hand, read the service, and other prayers. And though many thousand people were thus collected together, no sound was to be heard, not even a ‘hush,’ until the arrival of the children, who sang hymns with so much sweetness that heaven seemed to have opened. Thus they waited three or four hours till the Padre entered the pulpit. And the attention of so great a mass of people, all with eyes and ears intent upon the preacher, was wonderful; they listened so, that when the sermon reached its end it seemed to them that it had scarcely begun.”

In the midst of this crowd were many notable persons, little likely to be led away by the common craze after a popular preacher; men whose hearts burned within them to think of the loss of their ancient liberties as Florentines, and who instinctively felt that they had found in this brave Frate and his passionate grief over surrounding evils, an ally and spokesman beyond their hopes; men who, trained in Lorenzo’s court to an admiration of intellectual power, could not but perceive its presence in the cowed Dominican; and men voiceless by nature, whose righteous souls were sick and sad at the daily sight of the corruption round them. One of these latter was Prospero Pitti, canon of the cathedral, a wise and pious old man, of whom Burlamacchi tells us that he too for years had borne his homely testimony against the evils of the time, prophesying, as so many a humble prophet does in evil days, that the vengeance of God must soon overtake the crimes and vices that were visibly rising to a climax before his eyes. The old canon was one of those who cherished the beautiful imagination, so long current in those ages, and fondly transmitted from one generation to another, of the Papa Angelico, the heavenly-minded Pope, true Vicar of Christ, who was one day to come, and revive and renew the Christian world, convert the infidel, and make the Church glorious as when her Divine Founder planted her on earth. Among the wide and general prophecies of vague vengeance for sin and vindication of the righteous in which this old priest relieved his soul, was one, more particularly, of many preachers to be sent forth by God to sound trumpets of warning to the sinful, and especially among them of a prophet who should arise in the order of the Predicatori, “who should do great things in Florence, and who after much labour should die there.” When the old canon suddenly heard a voice rise in his own cathedral, “intoning” with prophetic force, *gladius Domini super terram, cito et velociter*, he bent his head between his hands, and

after an interval, turning to his nephew, Carlo Pitti, who was at his side: "This," said he, "is that holy prophet of whom I have talked to you for ten years." Nor was Canon Pitti the only "devout person" who had note from Heaven of the coming of the preacher. Another noble citizen of Florence, passing through the Via di Servi in company with some of his friends, one morning in the year 1487, before Savonarola had been recalled to Florence, felt himself plucked by the mantle by a stranger absolutely unknown to him, and whom he never saw again, who drew him within a neighbouring church, and there revealed to him, as was done to the woman of Samaria "all things that ever he did;" finishing with the news that by the intercession of the Virgin a certain Fra Girolamo of Ferrara was coming to Florence to save the city from the destruction due to her sins. This, and much more, Burlamacchi relates, with primitive simplicity and faith; and no doubt such tales flew about the streets, and added to the general interest in the preacher, and to the excitement with which his glowing discourses were received.

These discourses were but little philosophical, notwithstanding the fact that Savonarola seems to have been one of the first, if not the very first, who took in hand to demonstrate the reality and power of Christianity by the light of natural reason, leaving revelation and spiritual authority aside—a serious undertaking for a man who himself saw visions and received revelations, but proving—a doctrine which is strange to the common mind—the compatibility of a certain noble good sense and philosophical power with those gifts of enthusiasm and lofty imagination which carry the inspired soul beyond the limits of the seen and tangible. Nothing is more real than this conjunction, yet nothing is more generally wondered at or more frequently denied. His sermons, moreover, were profoundly practical; the personal appeal of a man full of indignation, sorrow, and love to the faulty, the cruel, the arrogant and

selfish, who, notwithstanding all these evil qualities, were still men, capable of repentance, of goodness, blessedness, heaven itself, could but their hearts be moved and their minds enlightened. Our space forbids us to quote at any length; and the addresses of an orator, aided by all the power of sympathetic voice, gesture, and look, can rarely bear the ordeal of print, much less of translation. But his denunciations of avarice, usury, and rampant worldliness, are as strenuous and impassioned as his exhortations to prayer and the study of the Bible are touching and beautiful. Many efforts have been made to prove by his subordination of rites and ceremonies to spiritual truth and sincerity, by his elevated spiritual appreciation of the love of Christ, of faith in Him, and of the supreme authority of Scripture, that Savonarola was an early Luther—an undeveloped Reformer, an unconscious Protestant. But he was a Protestant only so far as every man is who protests against evil and clings to the good—no other dissent was in his mind. Wherever he saw, he hated evil with a vigour and passion such as our weakened faculties seem scarcely capable of; but Savonarola's Protestantism ended there, where it began. We cannot refrain from quoting one beautiful passage on the nature of prayer, which shows the profound spiritual sensibility and insight of the man.

"He who prays to God ought to address Him as if He were present; for He is everywhere, in every place, in every man, and especially in the souls of the just. Seek Him not therefore on the earth, or in heaven, or elsewhere—seek for Him in your own hearts; do as did the prophet who says 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak.' In prayer, a man may be attending to the words and this is a thing of a wholly material nature; he may be attending to the sense of the words, and this is rather study than prayer; and lastly, his whole thoughts may be directed to God, and this alone is true prayer.

It is unnecessary to be considering either sentences or words—the mind must be elevated above self, and must be wholly absorbed in the thought of God. Arrived at this state, the true believer forgets the world and its wants; he has attained almost a fore-shadow of celestial happiness. To this state of elevation the ignorant may arrive as easily as the learned. It even frequently happens, that he who repeats a psalm without understanding its words, utters a much more holy prayer than the learned man who can explain its meaning. Words in fact are not indispensable to an act of prayer: when a man is truly rapt in the spirit, an uttered prayer becomes rather an impediment, and ought to yield to that which is wholly mental. Thus it will be seen how great a mistake those commit who prescribe a fixed number of prayers. God does not delight in a multitude of words, but in a fervent spirit.”

These, however, were the gentler breathings of the apostle. Not such was the “*predica molto spaventosa*,” the “*mirabile e stupenda predica*” with which he opened his ministrations in the Duomo—announcing the sword of the Lord which was to smite the earth—to the great emotion and fear of the people who heard and believed, and to the raising of even greater and greater “*contraditioni*” among those who resisted his influence. There was even, we are told, talk in the Medician household in the Palazzo Riccardi of sending him away from Florence. “We shall do to this Fra Girolamo as we did to Fra Bernardino,” cried the courtiers, referring to a Franciscan of great zeal and worth, who had been driven out of Florence in consequence of the warmth of his exhortations against usury, and his endeavours (successfully carried out by Savonarola) to found a *Monte della Pietà*, or public institution for giving on the most merciful terms, temporary loans to the poor. A letter of Savonarola’s, written¹ about this time to his dear

friend Fra Domenico of Pescia, who was absent on a preaching expedition, shows the state of tumult, yet hopefulness, in which the prophet and his convent were.

“Dearest brother in Christ Jesus, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. Our affairs go on well; indeed, God has worked marvellously, so that to the highest point we suffer great opposition; of which when you come back you shall have all the details, which it is not necessary to write. Many have doubted, and still doubt, whether that will not be done to me which was done to Fra Bernardino. Certainly, as to that, our affairs are not without danger; but I always hope in God, knowing, as says Scripture, that the heart of kings is in the hand of the Lord, and that when He pleases He can turn it. I hope in the Lord, who by our mouth does much; for every day He consoles me, and when I have little heart, comforts me by the voices of His Spirit, which often say to me: Fear not; say certainly that with which God has inspired thee; for the Lord is with thee; the Scribes and Pharisees struggle against thee, but shall not overcome. Be comforted then, and be joyful; for our business goes on well. Do not be troubled if few come to the sermon in that other city; it is enough to have said those things to a few—in a little seed there is virtue hidden. I very often preach the renovation of the Church and the troubles which are to come, not of myself, but always with a foundation on the Holy Scriptures, so that none can find fault, except those whose will is not to live righteously. . . . All are well, especially our angels, who wish to be remembered to you. Keep well, and pray for me. I wait your return with great eagerness, that I may tell you the wonderful things of the Lord. From Florence, the 10th of March, 1490.”¹

The brother to whom this letter was addressed, in the midst of commotions, alarm, and hopelessness, was the same

¹ This ought to be 1491, as it was then the custom to date the year not from January, as we do, but from the 25th of March.

brother Domenico, his faithful companion and follower, who afterwards died with him; and few things could be more touching than this glimpse into the convent and its tender mention of *i nostri angioli*, the novices whom the brethren loved, and in whom their hearts found a natural escape from the straitness of monastic life. These lads no doubt, in their white angelical dresses, were Fra Girolamo's pupils still, notwithstanding the greater labours on which he had entered. Their cells even now, all open and empty, stand with pathetic significance under the guardianship of that little chamber in which Savonarola lived and laboured, watching over his *Giovanetti*, his *Angioli*, the youths in whom his tender soul found children to love.

While the work of the prophet thus began, the best days of Lorenzo were passing but too rapidly. Peace was in Florence, while all Italy was in commotion, a phenomenon which is periodically apparent among these mediæval Italian cities whenever prince or despot was wise enough or strong enough to hold the balance among his less astute contemporaries, and secure tranquillity for his own state by judicious manipulation of the others. Lorenzo had secured entire control over the community which still called itself a republic, and before this time had settled into that superb indifference to all that might come after him which was the very soul of his philosophy as it was the inspiration of his verse. "The Magnifico," says Padre Marchese, who is no lover of the Medici, "called to him, from every part of Italy, men of genius, writers and artists of reputation, in order by their works to distract all strong and noble intelligence from thoughts of the country. So had Pericles done, and Augustus. . . Poets of every kind, gentle and simple, with golden cithern and with rustic lute, came from every quarter, to animate the suppers of the Magnifico; whosoever sang of arms, of love, of saints, of fools, was welcome, and he who drinking and joking kept the company amused. First

among them were Politian, Luigi, and Luca Pulci, Bienivieni, Matteo Franco, and the gay genius of Burchiello. This troop of parasites went and came, now at the villa of Careggi, now at Poggio Cajano, now at Fiesole, now at Cafaggiolo. Lorenzo, ready for anything, now discussed with Argiropolo the doctrines of Aristotle, now with Ficino discoursed upon Platonic love, or read the poem of the *Altercazione*; with Politian recited some Latin elegy, or the verses of his own *Selva di Amore*; with the brothers Pulci the *Nencia da Barberino*; and when Burchiello arrived, laid aside his gravity, and drinking and singing, recited a chapter of the *Beoni*, or of the *Mantellaccio*, or some of his own Carnival songs. Sometimes, a select band of painters and sculptors collected in his garden near San Marco, or under the loggia of the palace in the Via Larga designing, modelling, painting, copying the Greek statues, and the *torsi* and busts found in Rome, or elsewhere in Italy. . . . And in order that the Florentine people might not be excluded from this new beatitude (a thing which was important to the Magnifico), he composed and set in order many mythological representations, triumphal cars, dances, and every kind of festal celebration, to solace and delight them; and thus he succeeded in banishing from their souls any recollection of their ancient greatness, in making them insensible to the ills of the country, in disfranchising and debasing them by means of temporal ease, and intoxication of the senses. . . . Of all these feasts and masquerades Lorenzo was the inventor and master; his great wealth aiding him in his undertakings. In the darkening of twilight it was his custom to issue forth into the city to amuse himself with incredible pomp, and a great retinue on horse and on foot, more than five hundred in number, with concerts of musical instruments, singing in many voices, all sorts of canzonis, madrigals, and popular songs. . . . When the night fell, four hundred servants with lighted torches followed, and lighted

this bacchanalian procession In the midst of these orgies a handful of foolish youths were educated and grew up, who made open profession of infidelity and lewdness, and, laying aside all shame, gave themselves up to every kind of wickedness, emulating each other in the depths of naughtiness to which they could attain. The people, with their usual sense of what is appropriate, called them the *Compagnacci*."

This was the aspect of Florence in the days when Savonarola began his reform. False culture, false gaiety, filled the city; art flourished, being encouraged and patronized on every hand: and from the Magnifico, whose power was so great and whose life was so splendid, but all at the mercy of Fate, and ready to perish in a day, down to the humblest of his retainers, every one addressed himself to the day's pleasure with that wild pagan jollity which is half despair, and which knows it has nothing to calculate upon but that day. "*Di doman non ci é contezza*," they sang. Whosoever can be glad let him be glad, for no man knows what will be to-morrow. Such were the songs that echoed through the streets. It is not to be supposed that Lorenzo, or any other living man, was ever consciously wicked enough to desire to debauch the mind of a people by this often renewed sentiment, but it was doubtless the expression of his own feelings, as it is the superficial sentiment, at least, of that pagan system which he tried hard to bring back. But Lorenzo, amid all the gaiety which was natural to him, was a wise potentate; and it is evident that the Preacher of San Marco very soon caught his attention and awakened his interest. When his courtiers talked of driving the Lombard monk out of the city, as they had driven Fra Bernardino, Lorenzo would not seem to have taken any share in the threatenings which were no doubt intended to please him, but kept his eye upon the bold Dominican with curiosity and interest, and not, it would almost seem, without a sense that here was a man of the regnant class, like himself—one of his own kingly kind,

though so unlike him—a man worth knowing, worth making a friend of, if that might be possible. The intercourse between them, in so far as it can be called intercourse, forms such a striking episode as is rarely to be met with in history.

In July of the same year, 1491,¹ the Dominicans of San Marco elected Fra Girolamo to be their Prior, with the intention, Padre Marchese thinks, of doing all in their power to support and protect him, but very probably because they were proud of the great preacher and his fame, and believed him capable of every success. But the good brethren soon found that they had what we in Scotland call a "handful" in their new prior. It was the habit of the time that each newly-elected superior should go to pay his respects to Lorenzo—thank him for his protection, and recommend the convent to his good graces. The elders of the community, prudent men and politic, waited discreetly to see Prior Girolamo do his duty in this particular, but when they found him obstinately shut up in his cell, and showing no inclination to budge, fear seized their minds. They rushed to the Prior's cell and demanded why he did not fulfil this duty. "Who elected me to be Prior—God or Lorenzo?" he said. What could the *primi padri* answer? Their hearts quaking, they replied, that of course it was God. "Then," said the Prior, "I will thank my Lord God, not mortal men." Poor *primi padri*! it is easy to understand the trouble they must have been in at such a marked neglect of the authority which protected the convent. No doubt there were still some old men there who had been at San Marco in Cosimo's day, when the Pater Patriæ came and lived among them and made them proud. Lorenzo, however, when he came to hear of this, did not take it in anger, as they evidently expected him

¹ Professor Villari, the latest and most careful of Savonarola's biographers, seems, I do not know on what ground, to reject the circumstantial narrative of Burlamacchi and other contemporaries, and to place this election later in Fra Girolamo's life, after the death of Lorenzo.

to do. It is indeed impossible not to hazard a question as to what the real sentiments of this great prince and able statesman can have been. I am disposed to think that the Magnifico had genius enough to understand Savonarola, and to feel an almost wishful desire for his friendship, and the approval, had that been possible—or at least the sympathy—of one so high-minded. There would seem, too, a lingering sense of humour in the remark he is reported to have made when he heard of the new Prior's neglect of him—a half-amused complaint—"A stranger has come to live in my house," he said, "and does not think it worth his while to come and see me!" But it is evident that Savonarola's reticence stimulated the desire of the other to know this one man who never bowed before him. Lorenzo was more generous than Haman—no evil purpose was in his heart towards the stranger in the gate who took no notice of his greeting. He began to haunt San Marco with a curiosity and interest which melts the heart of the looker-on. He would go to hear mass in the church; then stray into the garden to walk there, almost like a lover who haunts the precincts of his lady's house in hope of a chance meeting. It had been the custom in the convent when such a noble visitor appeared that the elders of the community should hasten to accompany him, to entertain him with conversation, and make themselves agreeable to the gracious potentate. Accordingly when Lorenzo was seen in the garden walks, off rushed the friars again, those same *primi padri*, deeply conscious of the Magnifico's power. "Padre Priore," they cried, "Lorenzo is in the garden!" "Has he asked for me?" said the Prior, calmly intent upon his studies. The troubled monks were obliged to say "no." "Then let him take his walk in peace," said Prior Girolamo. Burlamacchi tells us that Lorenzo was "stupefied" by this continual resistance. But still he was not wroth. He sent presents to the convent; he dropped gold pieces in the box—evidently a very unusual libe-

rality—when he came to San Marco; but Savonarola resisted still. When the box was opened and the golden scudos seen, the Prior carefully laid them aside, and sent them to the *Buonumini di San Martino* to be distributed to the poor, to the intense disappointment of certain good Frati, who had already in their minds destined this unlooked-for wealth to the repairs and larger needs of the convent. "The silver and copper are enough for us," said Savonarola; "we do not want so much money." Lorenzo's disappointment and mortification at this most marked rejection of his overtures were naturally great. He had taken so much trouble, and shown so great an eagerness to conciliate Savonarola, that one feels disposed to think that the Prior was somewhat churlish, and to be sorry for the magnate thus constantly repulsed in his efforts.

The next step which Lorenzo took seems singularly simple, if he had any real hope of still winning over the Preacher, and was directed rather to the task of influencing his public work than of gaining his private friendship. He sent five noble citizens of Florence, all men of note and weight, directing them to make pretence of having gone of their own accord, out of regard to the peace of the city and the good of the convent, to beg Savonarola to moderate the tone of his sermons, and to cease his denunciation of the general corruption. These men were Domenico Bonsio (afterwards the envoy of the Signoria to the Pope), Guid' Antonio Vespucci, Paolo Soderini, Francesco Valori (a citizen of the greatest influence in Florence), and Bernardo Rucellai, the cousin of Lorenzo. How these magnificent mediæval figures, in their scarlet mantles, must have crowded the little cell, with its one chair and commodious desk, in which the Prior lived! or perhaps he received so important a party in the Chapter-house, underneath Angelico's great fresco. When they had stated their errand, which they did with much confusion and embarrassment, abashed in spirit

by the nature of the commission, the Dominican looked at them with his penetrating eyes, and read their secret. "You tell me that you have come to me of your own accord for the good of the city, and for the love you bear this convent," he said, "but I tell you it is not so. Lorenzo de Medici has sent you here; therefore, tell him from me, that though he is a Florentine, and the greatest in the city, and I am a stranger, yet it is he who must leave Florence, and I who must remain. He shall go away, but I shall stay." The shamed and discomfited ambassadors, themselves deeply impressed by Savonarola, went hastily away with this message, which they received as a prophecy; and the uncompromising Prior told the whole story soon after from the pulpit, in the presence of some of the envoys. After this the disappointed Magnifico, repulsed in all his attempts, turned to a much less worthy expedient, quite beneath the idea of him which his former actions induce us to form. As he could not conciliate, he endeavoured to crush this rebellious friar. A certain Fra Mariano, whose eloquent style and well-turned sentences had been the delight of all polite church-goers before Savonarola rose upon the firmament, had retired to a convent built for him by Lorenzo outside the Porta San Gallo. From this seclusion the Magnifico drew him, in the hope of recalling the allegiance of the Florentines to the courtly orator, whose trained eloquence and elocution were far beyond anything the Dominican could boast. Fra Mariano came from his convent, and preached in the Church of San Gallo, after vespers, on Ascension Day, 1491; but as he came with no good meaning, out of hostility to Savonarola and desire to please his patron, his appearance was an entire and painful failure. His text was the verse, "Of the times and seasons knoweth no man;" and his effort was to prove the futility of the Prior's preaching: but he lost his head and his temper in the hot polemical discourse to which his zeal moved him, and did himself and his cause much more harm than he did

to Savonarola. This was the last episode but one in the curious conflict which went on, without any personal meeting, between the Prior and the Magnifico. One memorable scene, however, was yet to come.

When Savonarola sent that prophetic message to Lorenzo, "He shall go away, but I shall stay," there was no doubt a mysterious prophetic menace involved; and this was extended in private conversation with a Franciscan friar who had heard Lorenzo's courtiers express their determination to drive the Prior of San Marco from the city. Burhamacchi informs us that to this Franciscan, Savonarola foretold exactly the death of Lorenzo within the year, and also of the Pope, Innocent VIII., both of which took place within the time indicated. Lorenzo fell ill in the early spring of the year 1492, and then occurred a scene which has been often told and retold, but which is one of the most striking and remarkable of that, or any time. Lorenzo was still in the full vigour of his life and of his great powers, Florence at his feet, flatterers round him on every side, and everything going well with him when his summons came. *Di doman non ci è contezza*. So he had said and sung; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die; words often lightly said and gaily, though they embody the very soul and essence of despair. When that to-morrow comes, however, few of the believers in this so-called gay philosophy find much comfort in the eating and drinking, the revelry and enjoyment, of the past; and when it was Lorenzo's turn, suddenly out of his sunshine to enter this gloom, conscience awoke within him. He thought upon certain things he had done which no charitable interpretation could explain away or cheerful sophistry account for, and an agony of desire to get himself pardoned arose in his mind. He was too able and clear-sighted not to see through his own priestly parasites, the Fra Marianos, who flattered and humoured him as much as his secular friends did. Only one man could the dying Magnifico think of, whose abso-

lution would be sufficiently real and true to carry comfort with it, and that one man was the Friar who had repulsed him, the Mordecai in his gates, the Dominican stranger, who no doubt had appeared an arrogant and intolerant priest, notwithstanding his genius, to the genial prince who, for the sake of his genius, had condescended to seek him. That this should have been the case is a singular and touching testimony to the character of Lorenzo. He sent to San Marco for the Prior when he felt his state desperate. "I am not the person he wants; we should not agree; and it is not expedient that I should go to him," said Savonarola. Lorenzo sent back his messenger at once, declaring his readiness to agree with the Prior in everything, and to do whatever his reverence bade; upon this promise Savonarola went. It was in the villa of Careggi, amid the olive gardens, that Lorenzo lay, dying, among all the beautiful things he loved. As the prior took his way through the Porta San Gallo up the hill, with the companion whose duty it was to follow him, he told this monk, "Gregorio vecchio," that Lorenzo was about to die. Probably there was little prodigy in this, but everything the prophet said was naturally looked upon by his half-adoring followers as prophecy. When the two monks reached the beautiful house from which so often the magnificent Lorenzo had looked out upon his glorious Florence, and where all his luxury, learned and gay, had culminated, the Prior was led to the chamber in which the owner of all these riches lay, hopeless and helpless in what ought to have been the prime of his days, with visions of sacked cities and robbed orphans distracting his dying mind, and no aid to be got from either beauty or learning. "Father," said Lorenzo, "there are three things which drag me back, and throw me into despair—and I know not if God will ever pardon me for them." These were the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and the massacre of the Pazzi. To this Savonarola answered

by reminding his penitent of the mercy of God; but it is best to quote in full the detailed and simple narrative of Burlamacchi.

"Lorenzo," he said, "be not so despairing, for God is merciful, and will be merciful to you, if you will do the three things I will tell you." Then said Lorenzo, "What are these three things?" The Padre answered, "The first is that you should have a great and living faith, that God can and will pardon you." To which Lorenzo answered, "This is a great thing, and I do believe it." The Padre added, "It is also necessary that everything wrongfully acquired should be given back by you, in so far as you can do this, and still leave to your children as much as will maintain them as private citizens." These words drove Lorenzo nearly out of himself; but afterwards he said, "This also will I do." The Padre then went on to the third thing, and said, "Lastly, it is necessary that freedom, and her popular government according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence." At this speech Lorenzo turned his back upon him, nor even said another word. Upon which the Padre left him and went away without other confession."

We do not know where to find a more remarkable scene. Never before, so far as we can ascertain, had these two notable beings looked at each other face to face, or interchanged words. They met at the supreme moment of the life of one, to confer there upon the edge of eternity, and part—but not in a petty quarrel; each great in his way, the prince turning his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul, the friar drawing his cowl over his head, solemn, unblinking but not unpitiful—they separated after their one interview. "Talking of Lorenzo afterwards, the Padre would say that he had never known a man so well endowed by God with all natural graces, and that he grieved greatly not to have been sooner called to him, because he trusted in the grace of God that Lorenzo might then have found salvation." Curious revenge of one great soul upon

another : the prince had sought the unwilling Preacher in vain, when all was well with Lorenzo ; but the Preacher "grieved greatly" not to have been sooner called, when at last they met, and Savonarola recognized in the great Medici, a man worth struggling for, a fellow and peer of his own.

Thus Lorenzo died at forty-four, in the height of his days, with those distracting visions in his dying eyes—" *Che quasi mi pondano in disperazione*"—the sacked city, the murdered innocents of Pazzi blood, the poor maidens robbed in their orphanage :

"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of
the dying !"

He had been victorious and splendid all his days, but the battle was lost at last, and the prophet by the side of his princely bed intimated to Lorenzo, in that last demand to which he would make no answer, the subversion of all his work, the downfall of his family, the escape of Florence from the skilful hands which had held her so long. The spectator looking on at this strange and lofty conflict of the two most notable figures of their time, feels almost as much sympathy for Lorenzo, proud and sad, refusing to consent to that ruin which was inevitable, as with the patriotic monk, lover of freedom as of truth, who could no more absolve a despot at his end than he could play a courtier's part during his life. As that cowed figure traversed the sunny marbles of the loggia, in the glow of the April morning, leaving death and

bitterness behind, what thoughts must have been in both hearts ! The one, sovereign still in Florence, reigning for himself and his own will and pleasure, proudly and sadly turned his face to the wall, holding fast his sceptre though his moments were numbered. The other, not less sadly, a sovereign too, to whom that sceptre was to fall, and who should reign for God and goodness, went forth into the spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, and the City of Flowers lying before him, white campanile and red dome glistening in the early light. Life with the one, death with the other ; but Nature calm and fair, and this long-lived everlasting earth, to which men great and small are things of a moment, incircling both. Careggi still stands smiling on the wealthy slope, looking from its many windows and its painted loggia upon Florence, proving that its great master was wrong when he sang "*Di doman non ci é contezza* ;" for this far distant to-morrow has more knowledge of that deathbed scene of his than of all the festas and all the singing that has happened there since his time.

Lorenzo de Medici died, leaving, as such men do, the deluge after him, and a foolish and feeble heir to contend with Florence roused and turbulent, and all the troubles and stormy chances of Italian politics ; while the Prior of San Marco returned to his cell and his pulpit—from which for a few years thereafter he was to rule over his city and the spirits of men—a reign more wonderful than any that Florence ever saw !

A ROMAN FUNERAL.

WE are so accustomed to bury our dead that it is only by an effort that we can conceive of ourselves as disposing of them otherwise. Yet the practice of mankind has differed widely in this respect. And in every nation the traditional mode acquires a sanctity, from association with the most solemn and tender moments of life, which induces us to look with horror on any alternative method. When Darius found an Indian tribe who ate the bodies of their dead, they were not less shocked at the idea of burning corpses than the Greeks in his train were at the horrible cannibalism of the Indians. Even when the breath has left the mortal frame, the cold remains of those we have loved are not less dear than when they were animated with life; but custom alone creates the direction in which that love manifests itself, and each direction is alike but an unavailing protest against the inexorable law which dissolves the ashes of the departed into fleeting gases and crumbling dust.

The Egyptians embalmed their dead. The Hebrews buried them out of their sight. The Greeks sometimes buried and sometimes burnt, the latter mode gaining the ascendancy as civilization advanced. The Persians, if we may trust the hints of earlier and the assertions of later writers, seem to have gathered their dead together on the top of a low building, and there left them to the birds and winds of heaven. Burying, burning, embalming, these are the three great alternatives adopted by humanity for the disposal of its dead. But there is scarcely any modification of these methods which has not found its adherents; and there is scarcely any conceivable substitute for them which has not been practised

somewhere. The posture of burial has been varied, in many places it being thought decorous to bury in a sitting attitude. Some Red Indian tribes expose their dead on the branches of trees; the Ethiopians inclosed them in pillars of crystal. Maritime nations have sometimes honoured their chiefs by laying them in state in a ship or canoe, and burning or setting it adrift. Sacred rivers are the chosen burial-ground of some: others commit their dead to the sea alone. Some leave the corpse till it decays, and then bury the bones: others remove the flesh from the bones immediately after death, and then dress and adorn the skeleton. Burial alive is by some thought a mark of affection: exposure to wild beasts is the chosen custom of by no means barbarous races. The Indian tribe above referred to finds many parallels. Nor was it always thought necessary to wait till death supervened. There is grim humour in the picture given by Herodotus of a tribe where, when any one fell sick, "his chief friends tell him that the illness will spoil his flesh; and he protests that he is not unwell; but they, not agreeing with him, kill and eat him." (Thalia, 99.) Horrors like these, however, can scarcely be classed among modes of sepulture; nor, perhaps, is it necessary to mention the tribes that *drink* their dead, having first reduced them to powder. Suffice it to say that there is no mode of disposing of dead bodies so singular, or so revolting, that it has not been adopted in good faith by some among the interminable varieties of savage races.

Among civilized nations, however, burial (under which we may include embalming) has divided with cremation the allegiance of custom. It would be

improper to regard the first as the characteristic of Semitic, the second of Aryan races. For, though Lucian speaks of burial as the mark of barbarians, burning of Greeks, it is beyond question that burial remained to the last an alternative in Greece and Rome. It would rather appear that burial is the first rude suggestion of decency, prompting the mourner to lay the dead body reverently away, rather than leave it to moulder unheeded; and that as burial is recognized to be incomplete, embalming and cremation are the two alternatives suggested. The Egyptians regarded fire as a wild beast; and, as Herodotus tells us, they preferred embalming to allowing the bodies to be torn by beasts or consumed by worms. The Greeks preferred the alternative of speedy destruction. Cremation was with them, though not the universal, the solemn and honourable form of sepulture. A corpse cast up by the sea might be buried by a benevolent passer-by (three handfuls of dust were held equivalent to burial, and laid the weary ghost); in time of danger, or for want of means, a body might be committed to the earth. But mourning friends who wished to do the last sad honours to the deceased followed him to his funeral pyre, and cherished the ashes which survived the flame in vases of costly make. It may be interesting, therefore, to set before our eyes what precisely passed on such an occasion. When our elder brethren, Greeks or Romans, lost a friend, with what sad ceremonies did they take their leave of him! For clearness' sake, let us confine ourselves to the better known nation. Let the scene be Rome, in the early days of the empire.

It is a week since Caius Cornelius Scipio died. He lies in state in the hall of his house on the Palatine, one of the last family mansions left on the hill, which the emperor wants to make entirely his own. He lies in the great hall, where the statues of his ancestors look down on him who has at last become one of them—gone over to the majority.

His son Lucius knelt at his bedside when he breathed his last; kissed him a moment before death, to catch the last faint breath. From the finger he drew his ring, which has now been replaced in view of the approaching funeral. The relatives who stood in the room raised a loud cry of grief, in the vain hope of recalling the sleeper if he were but in a trance; a cry which has become historical as a sign that all is over—*conclamatum est*. Still he slept unmoved, and while notice was sent to the undertakers, the household attendants washed the body with warm water, and then handed it over to the professional ministers. These bathed it with sweet-smelling unguents, removing all that savoured of sickness or death, and attired the corpse in garments suitable to his high position, the *toga praetexta* covering in death him who had worn it in life. A small coin was placed in the mouth, in accordance with immemorial custom, to pay for his ferrying over the dark river. The crown which had been given him, like our Victoria Cross, for bravery on the field of battle, adorned the pale brows. And so, calm and stately, he was laid in the great ancestral hall; flowers and green leaves were strewn around, and a branch of cypress planted beside the entrance door, a signal of invitation to his friends, and of warning to those whom religious considerations forbade to enter the house where a dead body lay. For seven days his sorrowing clients, those whom he had shielded in his day of power, and friends who had loved him well, have flocked in to pay the last tribute of respect, and gaze once more on the well-known face; and now, in the bright morning sunshine, they are going to carry him beyond the precincts of the city, to reduce the lifeless body to ashes, and deposit the remains in the sepulchre where stand the urns of the heroes of his race.

The herald has gone forth, to invite who will to attend. For this is no ordinary man who is dead. Rome knew him well: and his family, we may be sure, will give him a funeral befitting

his rank. Not at night will his burial be, like that of some poor plebeian who has gone the long journey; every solemnity that the servants of Libitina know will be lavished on his obsequies. From early morn the folk have been streaming to the door, clad in suits of customary black; the undertakers have been bustling about, and are now marshalling the splendid procession. Police officers are in attendance, to assist in maintaining order. The nearest relatives have gathered around the deceased. They lay him on his bier, no extravagant couch of ivory, as some who should have known better have lately begun to affect, but carved of dark wood, and stately with dark rich hangings, as befits a Roman citizen. And now at a given word these relatives lift the bier on to their shoulders, and the long procession files down the hill, and out to the place where the pyre is built, not far from the family burying-place.

The van is led by trumpeters, blowing a loud note of lamentation, and opening the way through the crowded streets near the Forum, to which their steps are first directed. Next come singing women, chanting in mournful strain the praises of the deceased. Yet a third band of hired attendants succeed, actors reciting appropriate sentiments from familiar poets, their chief also exhibiting in dumb show the actions which made the dead man famous. But who are these who follow now? Have the dead arisen to do him honour? There, large as life, walks the long line of noble ancestors whose blood flowed in the dead man's veins. Waxen masks, modelled on the busts which stand in the great hall, cover the faces of those selected to personate the heroes; each wears the robe he would have worn this day if the grave had given him up. It seems in truth as if all the mighty ones of his race, generals and statesmen, heroic names of Rome, have arisen to lead their descendant with welcome to his resting-place among them. Old stories of wars in Apulia and Samnium, with Gaul and Carthaginian, crowd on the beholder's

mind. There goes he who was proudly styled "African," the conqueror of Hannibal, "great Scipio's self, that thunderbolt of war." There, he who acquired a corresponding title from his victories in Asia against Antiochus. There, he who blent the elegance of Greek learning with the manly valour of Rome, the stern patriot who approved the slaying of his own usurping kinsmen, to whom a master-pen has lately given fresh immortality as the friend of Lælius. And many more, famous of old, and living still in the memories of men, mingle in this strange procession where the immortal dead do honour to their latest son.

Hitherto the procession has been wholly professional, not to say theatrical, in character. But these who come next recall the gazer to everyday life. For these are they who late were slaves, whom the liberality of the deceased has made free. Vulgar minds may ostentatiously manumit by will large numbers of slaves, swelling their funeral pomp at their heir's expense; but where no such sordid motive has directed the enfranchisement, who so fit to be there as they? Who have better right to walk, as they now walk, immediately before the bier?

In front of the bier they bear tables, inscribed with the deeds of the deceased, the laws he carried, the battles he fought. Captive banners and trophies of war are displayed; there is a map of some unknown land he conquered. All Rome may see to-day, if there be one here who needs the telling, how great a man is now being borne through the city he loved so well. Behind the bier come kinsmen and friends, women as well as men. The latter are dressed in black, as are all the professional assistants: the women wear white, a custom which, being somewhat novel in Rome, elicits a good deal of criticism. Bareheaded walk the women, with dishevelled hair and hands that beat their breasts; the male relatives, with an equal inversion of ordinary habits, have their heads closely veiled. Innumerable the crowd that follows. All Rome's best are there.

The Senate have turned out to a man. Many who barely knew the deceased follow among his friends. Many join the procession out of mere curiosity, but most from a desire to pay this tribute of respect to one whom they have so long honoured from afar.

And now they have reached the Forum. In the midst of this great space, the Westminster of Rome, the procession halts. The ancestors of the deceased seat themselves, in solemn semicircle, on the ivory chairs of the magistrates. In their midst his nephew, Publius, well known for his oratorical powers, ascends the rostra, and pronounces a long and laboured panegyric over him who lies deaf and unheeding before him. He tells how his youth was devoted to study and martial exercise, not wasted on luxury and riotous living; how his manhood was spent in fighting Rome's battles abroad, and upholding order at home—an easy task now the might of the emperor has crushed all factious sedition. He speaks of his piety toward the gods, his love for his wife and children, his zeal on behalf of his clients, his kindness to all with whom he was brought into contact. In everything, he says, he lived worthy of his high lineage, worthy of those ancestors whose effigies are present beside him. And so the speaker is led to trace back the grand line of ancestors, and in kindling words remind his hearers of all the Scipios had done for Rome. What an Athenian audience felt when their orators recalled the names of those who fought at Marathon, that surely must a Roman audience have felt when they were reminded of the glories of the Scipios.

The bier is taken up, the procession is marshalled again. Through the bustling streets, out through the city gates, the famous Porta Capena, out on to the Appian Way, streams the long line of mourners. At the gate many generally leave the procession, but to-day they have but a short way further to go, for the tomb of the Scipios is not far beyond the gate, on the side of the Appian Way. The crowd

therefore, pours out almost without diminution, till they reach a cleared spot not far from the tomb, whereon a great pile has been erected. Huge logs of wood form the body of the structure, interspersed with various inflammable substances; it stands four-square, like some gigantic altar to the unseen powers. A row of cypress trees, transplanted for the occasion, throws a gloomy shadow across it. The bier is placed on the top with all its splendid belongings. Ointments of the costliest description, spikenard and frankincense, and all the strongest and sweetest smelling unguents, are plentifully poured on the pile; Palestine and Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, have been laid under contribution. All is now ready, and as Lucius Scipio steps forward, the women raise a piercing wail. You may see the tears in the young man's eyes, for his head is turned to us and away from the pile, as with trembling hand he applies a lighted torch. The flame mounts skyward with immense rapidity: huge swirls of smoke, pungent yet fragrant, sweep to leeward. As the fire reaches the body, the wailing of the women is redoubled. The men stand by in silence. No funeral games are exhibited to-day during the burning; nor do his relatives follow the somewhat barbarous custom of throwing in armour, clothes, and valuables to be consumed in the flames. The great crowd stands well-nigh motionless in genuine grief.

It does not take very long to reduce the whole to ashes. The pitch and resin, the rich unguents, all make the fire fierce and brief. A heap of mouldering embers is soon all that is left. The crowd melts away, while the relatives perform the remaining rites. The embers are quenched with wine, and a solemn invocation addressed to the soul of the departed. Those officiating then wash their hands with pure water, and proceed to gather the white calcined bones, easily distinguishable from the dark wood-ashes which cover them. These precious relics are solemnly sprinkled, first with wine, then with milk, dried with a linen cloth, and deposited in an alabaster urn. Per-

fumes are mingled with the ashes. The urn is then carried to the tomb, and deposited in the niche prepared for it. All round the walls you see similar urns, each in its own niche, each inscribed with a simple memento, like the inscriptions on our tombstones. All being now over, the family take their departure, with pious ejaculations and prayers for calm repose—"Sweet be the place of thy rest!" Outside the tomb, the priest sprinkles each of them thrice with pure water, to remove the pollution of the dead body, which was recognized by all nations of antiquity; and then dismisses them with the well-known formula, *Nicet*, ye may depart.

The family and relatives of the deceased make their way quietly home along the Appian Way, which is lined for a considerable distance with tombs like a suburban road with villas, and through the crowded streets, which have now resumed their usual aspect. On reaching the house they will be purified afresh by water and fire, being sprinkled with the one and made to step over the other. For nine days they will then remain apart, mourning for the dead. On the expiry of that time a sacrifice will be offered to the gods below, and a great funeral feast will be given, at which all the guests will be dressed in white. Games, it may be, and shows of gladiators, will then be exhibited; food will be distributed to the populace. After that the family will return to their ordinary avocations: the men will not resume their mourning garb; the women will wear theirs for some time longer, the widow perhaps retaining hers for a year. But not for long will the dead man be forgotten; at intervals they will go to the tomb on the Appian Way, bearing flowers and perfumes to lay beside the ashes of the dear one gone. Lamps will be lighted there, to relieve the sepulchral gloom. And on stated occasions commemorative feasts will be held, where the family and friends will assemble, dressed in white, to do honour to the memory of the departed.

Such was a funeral in the old days

of Rome. Of course only those of great men could be celebrated with all this pomp and splendour. The undertakers distinguished several kinds of funerals, and called each by an appropriate name. The obsequies of the poor were generally performed at night; and it seems probable that many bodies might be burned together on one common pyre. In the case of young persons, many of the ceremonies were dispensed with, and infants were not burnt at all, but simply interred. Stringent but unavailing laws were made to repress the extravagance of funerals. The Twelve Tables allowed only ten musicians and three hired mourners, and forbade throwing perfume in the flames, or using gold in any way, it being even thought necessary to explain by a special statute that this prohibition did not apply to corpses whose teeth were stopped with gold! But so long as cremation was the popular form of burial, these sumptuary laws were in vain. With the introduction of Christianity the practice of cremation died out, and by the fourth century seems to have become quite extinct. This may have been partly owing to the Jewish origin of Christianity, but is probably in greater measure due to the widespread belief in an immediate Second Advent. Many if not all of the early Christians believed that the bodies which they committed to the earth would be raised and purified from the stains of mortality in the day of the Resurrection. It need hardly be said that this is in direct opposition to the teaching of First Corinthians chap. xv., where we are emphatically told that we do not know with what bodies the dead shall be raised. The experience of ages has taught men the true meaning of that sublime passage. Swift and sure is the decay of our mortal vestment, whether we commit it to the devouring flame or to the corrupting earth. A hundred years hence it will not matter which we chose. The atoms which have composed our body will have dissolved in a thousand directions, will have taken new forms, will have become part, it

may be, of other organisms. That which we now call our body is made up of what in bygone ages may have been part of the body of our forefather. Nature is economic of her materials, and uses them many times. But the spiritual body which we look to receive is different from the natural body. In the Resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage. The distinctions of mortality are lost: we have borne the image of the earthy, but then we shall bear the image of the heavenly. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but at least we shall not

be shut any more in this prison of the senses, hampered and fettered by bodily conditions. Secure in this belief, we contemplate without fear the inevitable dissolution of our decaying flesh; we watch its atoms lost in the ocean of matter, as our breath is lost in the ocean of air; for the physical laws by which this kaleidoscopic whirl of atoms and organisms is governed are but expressions of the will of Him who has promised an immortality of joy, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what He hath prepared for them that love Him.

THE FUTURE OF EASTERN ASIA.

It is not altogether a poetic fancy that "coming events cast their shadows before." Without the gift of prophecy, to which statesmen make no pretension, there is something akin to it in the prescience essential to a successful policy. The foreshadowing of a future order of events may neither be very definite in outline, nor unchangeable in character and proportions. It may vary in shade and perspective, objects now advancing and again receding into the far distance. But the indications thus afforded often suffice to guide the sagacious ruler to a true forecast of what will be the end, if not the exact order and course of events. Such prevision is of the essence of true statesmanship, and in all ages the great men who have influenced the destinies of nations have shown among their qualifications to govern, a sagacity rarely misled by false calculations or erring conclusions. We know that it is not in man to control events, except within a very limited range, and never absolutely. But imperfect power in this direction, and the uncertainty attaching to all human work, does not prevent the formation of great designs for ends remote in their far-reaching scope. And these designs, whether founded in prescient wisdom or otherwise, often influence very materially the course of events and the fortunes of nations, sometimes in the direction desired, but not unfrequently also in an opposite course. In the latter case it is remarkable how often the adverse issue is apparently brought about by the means specially devised to further the original design. In this lies a chief danger of a traditional policy of which history supplies many examples. Iyeyas, one of the most powerful of the Japanese Shôguns, and the founder of a dynasty nearly 300 years ago, left a political testament or "legacy" for the guidance of his

descendants. This dynasty flourished until the recent revolution in 1868 led to the downfall of the Shôgunate. This event was the first result of a political combination among the Daimios, inspired mainly by their desire to uphold that traditional policy of isolation and exclusion of the foreigner, which was the 'legacy' of their hero, Iyeyas. It had for its end the permanence and security of his dynasty, and the eternal exclusion of the foreigner, as a principle of national policy. The result has been to restore the suzerain power of the Mikado, consigned by the Shôguns to a forced seclusion,—and to give foreigners freer access and a wider influence in the country.

Russia also has a traditional policy inherited from Peter the Great, in which all Asia is concerned, and thus far it has been pursued with equal perseverance and success, while its influence is constantly felt over the whole of Asia and Europe. Though I believe, as I have elsewhere said, that the part which Russia has hitherto played in history, as well as the future which may hereafter be reserved for that empire, is more a matter of physical geography than of polity; a traditional policy may still be a motive power. The necessities of her situation—fast bound and frozen between two seas, with ice-locked harbours for nine months in the year—drove her people by a natural instinct southwards, to the open waters of the Bosphorus, the Persian Gulf, and the ports of the Pacific in the far East, as well as towards the rich valleys and more genial climes of Central Asia. But the desire for dominion and the lust of conquest must be taken into account also, because many elements combine to form such a traditional policy as the world attributes to Russia. France,

too, has a traditional policy, which has been pursued with varying success, but greatly to her cost of late. It has two main objects, often proclaimed by her rulers and statesmen. The first is power, to be purchased by the weakness and divisions of all adjoining states, as cynically avowed by Thiers and other leaders; and the second, the protectorate of the Roman Catholic religion all over the world.

It is this last pretension which brings France into the field of Asiatic politics. It is this which has brought her arms into the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and led to the conquest of a large territory in Tonquin. This, and no material interest in China, took an army of France to the gates of Peking in 1858 and 1860, in alliance with Great Britain. And, finally, it is this protectorate of the Roman Catholic Missions which at the present day constitutes one of the greatest difficulties in carrying out any European policy which shall rest on another and better basis than the inability of the Chinese to offer successful resistance—an unsatisfactory if not a precarious footing on which to place any national interests. China, too, has her traditions, and a policy founded upon them, of a far more determined and unvarying character than any of those enumerated. Indeed, of the vast continent of Asia, with its great diversity of races, and a population exceeding in number the aggregate of all the rest of the world, it may be truly said there is a traditional policy everywhere to be encountered by European States. The condition of the whole in this respect is very analogous to that of Japan under the rule of the Shôguns. The Asiatic, to whatever territorial division belonging, has always, in respect to European nations, held aloof when not under compulsion. There are affinities as well as antipathies among communities and races, as certainly as among individual members of each. One, indeed, of the greatest advantages possessed by the Russians over all other European States—quite independent of the autocratic

form of their government, and a military absolutism which renders such an empire especially adapted to the conquest and control of semi-barbarous nomades—is their Asiatic origin and type. Their ability and power to insure success in their self-imposed task is due to this, even more than to the power which military science, discipline and superiority of weapons must always give. Certainly in the first must be sought their special fitness and qualifications for the work so vigorously carried on in Central Asia.

In respect to other European nations the difference is very apparent. The Russians, in their first approaches, are no better liked than their neighbours, and are as vigorously resisted by the Kirghis and other tribes which people the plateaus and valleys of Central Asia from the Caspian to the steppes of Mongolia and the borders of China. But, the fighting over, they assimilate much more easily and naturally with their conquerors. The distinction between the Cossack and the Kirghis or Tartar and Mongol is not after all so great. They come many of them of the same stock, have led the same life and adopted similar customs. Even with the Chinese, notwithstanding their settled habits and widely different culture and civilization, I have been surprised to see how much more readily the Russian merchants fraternized and made themselves at home than other Europeans.

It is essential to bear these broadly-marked conditions in mind, for they underlie all that is shaping the future. This has been curiously exemplified in the recent history of the relations of the eastern half of Asia with European nationalities and powers. The whole of this great aggregation of territories has within the last three centuries fallen either under the sway or the influence of three great Powers—Russia, Great Britain and China. By conquest or inheritance it has fallen to them in no very unequal proportions. They are the three great Asiatic Powers—beside them are none other, though there are many of lesser significance or weight, neither

tributary nor under total subjugation. A glance at the map will show that, all things taken into account, there is no great disparity. Russia exceeds in territory, her empire stretching from sea to sea across the whole of Asia and Europe in the north. But in population Russia cannot compare with China, or with India; for the sterile steppes of Siberia, and the mountain ranges of the greater part of these northern regions, no less barren and snow-covered, render them unfit for the habitation of man. China has also vast tracts of steppes and sandy deserts, with equally barren mountain chains stretching over Mongolia and far into Central Asia, in the still claimed provinces of Eastern Turkestan. But China proper, with its eighteen provinces and 1,500 miles of seaboard extending into southern latitudes, not only possesses some of the most fertile lands in the world, and every variety of climate, but an industrious population numbered by hundreds of millions, before which the 70,000,000 of Russia shrink into very small proportions. The progress of the Chinese from the north-western corner of the wide dominions they now occupy seems almost incredible. They have spread with unceasing and resistless energy until they have not only filled China proper to overflowing, but made nearly all the states of the Indo-Chinese peninsula tributary, while the surplus population has sufficed to contribute a large contingent of colonists to the archipelago of the eastern seas. From the Philippines to the Australasian group in the south, the islands are peopled by her colonists, and the Chinese element and influence is everywhere present. While thus absorbing, or over-running everything before them in this direction, they have been spreading slowly but not less surely north and west of the Great Wall. I say surely, for nothing is more remarkable or characteristic than the tenacity of purpose and indomitable perseverance of this race. Where once they have taken up a position they rarely retire. They are thus gradually making

their way, and displacing the old Mongol population, as the French missionaries, and some of our own, have noted. It is scarcely more than a century since they conquered Thibet and Nepaul by hard fighting; and pressing on to Eastern Turkestan, made Yarkand and Kuldja, in Central Asia, the advanced posts of their empire. The Chinese are manifestly both a colonizing and a conquering race, constantly advancing and rarely receding; superior in many respects to all in contact with them; successfully asserting that superiority over Mongol, Tartar, and Turcoman alike; and in all ages proving themselves formidable antagonists and dangerous neighbours. It is only of late years that they have been pitted against European forces and a civilization of higher power than their own. Is it to be wondered at, that it required a succession of defeats and grievous losses of territory, as well as of *prestige* and absolute independence, before they could be convinced of the fact? Now they know it; and when Peking fell to the allied forces of England and France in 1860, the conviction for the first time, I believe, was fully borne in upon them, and the iron of their newly-forged fetters entered into their souls. They have since that hour had but one desire and one thought. They have followed the example of Prussia after Jena, and devoted all their intelligence and energy to create the means of offering effective resistance to the inroads and pretensions, and the many requirements of Western trade and Western powers, but more especially of Russia, Great Britain, and France, as those most obnoxious to them in their several aims and tendencies. Russia for her territorial encroachments and appropriations; Great Britain for her trade, and the restlessly aggressive spirit of her merchants; France for her missionary and Ultramontane policy. As to Great Britain, in possession of India, with its population of 180,000,000 and territory, we hold no second rank or place in Asia. Although inferior in the number of subjects to China, and in area to both it

and Russia, other conditions place our Indian empire on stronger, if not higher, ground than either; and the Chinese are aware of the fact. Events, however, are preparing beyond our Himalayan border, in Eastern Turkestan, at the present time which are calculated ere long to test the relative position and strength of each of these three great Asiatic powers, and may well create a deeper interest throughout Europe and the West, as to the policy they may severally adopt. Nor will this interest be diminished by the knowledge that in Turkestan and the country popularly known as that of the eight Mohammedan cities, of which Yarkand is the chief, two great representative religions of the East, the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, and the politics of the West are for the first time, it may almost be said, brought into the same field in a kind of triangular duel. Europe and Asia have met on this central ground, and although the original quarrel is purely Asiatic—a contest for territory and religious supremacy between the Chinese and their lapsed subjects of Turkestan—it will obviously be difficult for either Russia or Great Britain to be entirely neutral. They are certainly not disinterested spectators either of them. It may, in one sense, be matter of indifference to both Christian powers whether the Mohammedan or the Buddhist prevails, so far as the creeds are concerned, but it is not so on other grounds. Political and commercial interests are inseparably mixed up with this contest of creeds. The Chinese in the last century opened Turkestan freely to Khotan, and later, in 1860 and 1862, they gave certain commercial privileges to Russia also—rights of establishing factories or consulates at Chuguchak, Kuldja, and Kashgar among the rest. To the British, seeking to penetrate through the passes of the Himalayas to Central Asia for purposes of trade only, the Chinese, on the contrary, have always shown themselves hostile and obstructive, and when they subjugated Nepaul, in retaliation for a raid into Thibet in 1792, they

took the first opportunity of closing all the avenues into the latter country and to Central Asia in that direction. The Atalik Gazih has followed a very different course, and concluded a treaty with the Governor-General of India, giving free access on the most favourable terms. No doubt he will see the necessity of doing the same, if he has not already offered something more, to Russia. Two such powerful patrons as Great Britain and Russia may not be gainsaid, with a Chinese army on the eastern frontiers. But equal terms of competition in the trade of Central Asia is not what Russia desires. Wherever her influence prevails protective and prohibitory duties follow as a matter of course in favour of Russian produce. It might better suit Russia's policy therefore to see Chinese rule recovered in Eastern Turkestan under the old arrangement, by which Russia's industry was protected and British goods excluded. On the other hand, if Russia intervened to uphold the Mohammedan power in Yarkand, she might conciliate a large and not over-well-disposed Mussulman population in the newly-subjugated Khanates of Bokhara and Kokan. Such a policy might, it is true, breed dissension along the Russo-Chinese border, and the whole line of the Atlas range from Kiuldja to Kiachta and Urga—and would unquestionably be disliked at Peking. But Russia gives little heed to the wishes of those who rule there, and is tolerably independent of any action they are likely to take, however much they may feel aggrieved. What Great Britain may most fitly and wisely do in such circumstances is a very serious question. According to European international law, Yacoub Beg—though styled the "Ameer of Kashgar and Yarkand"—is still but a ruler *de facto*, and has none of the acknowledged rights of a sovereign either by hereditary descent or legal succession. We may feel perfectly justified in entering into provisional arrangements with the actual ruler of a country on our border, without recognizing his right to claim

our armed support as an ally. Nevertheless, looking to the exclusive and hostile tendency of Chinese policy, especially on these eastern limits of her empire, we may very well hesitate to acknowledge a right to possession after so long a period of inaction and abeyance. If the Chinese Government continues to show a determination to close all access to her western and southern territories—across the Himalayas through Nepal or Sechim to Thibet, or by the route from the Assam Valley into the Mishmi country, which communicates with Batang, a dependency of the rich and fertile province of Szechuen—and is equally bent on barring our road to Yunnan, either from Bhamo to Talifoo, an old-established trade route, or by any other more easy road, why should Great Britain submit to such restrictive and injurious policy? Existing treaties may not give such rights; but international law and usage among civilized nations acknowledge no absolute right of exclusion. On the contrary, any act of this kind is justly regarded as an evidence of enmity, if not an overt act of hostility, and the nation deliberately adopting such a policy must bear the responsibility and accept all the consequences. Hostility begets hostility, and injurious action along the whole of the Chinese inland borders cannot be compensated by a forced admission of a right of trade on the coast. The manifest contradiction between the two only tends to prove a total misapprehension on the part of China of the rights of nations in mutual intercourse.

Turning our attention from this western extremity of the Chinese Empire and their territorial claims to rule, and exclude us from trade or intercourse, to China Proper, with its treaty ports, it is necessary to understand what is now passing there, and the tendency as well as the aim of the progress observable. China, no doubt, has many griefs against western powers, and England perhaps at the head of them. It was the British who first forced her gates, and dictated a treaty on terms of equality, dealing a

death-blow at the pretensions of the emperor to superiority and supremacy over the rest of the world. They were British ships chiefly which brought opium to her ports, the first cause of war, and encouraged a national vice; although the traffic began under the Portuguese flag. In that first treaty with a foreign power are also to be found the clauses giving ex-territorial rights—an abiding evidence of the utter discomfiture of the Chinese. In that same treaty is a clause imposing upon them the duty of protecting missionaries, and of tolerating a creed which they are aware must be subversive in its influence. It required the calamities of a second and a third war, to impose upon them permanent legations at Peking, and with them a liability to interference and dictation both in their foreign policy and in the administration and government of the country. No doubt all these are so many grave sources of irritation and enmity, some of which may admit of mitigation, but hardly of removal. In all they see a danger or a menace, and a perpetual cause of humiliation and anger. Unfortunately some are in their nature irremovable, and others would require a concert of action and unanimity of feeling, as well as of interests, never yet attained among the treaty powers, and never likely, so far as past experience goes, to be secured in time to come. The ex-territorial privileges—the most grievous of all, I believe—are a source of difficulty and bitterness equally in Japan and China. Nor is it possible to get over the difficulty by any sudden withdrawal of such clauses in existing treaties. In our relations with Eastern states there must be some common principles of law and justice, as well as procedure, before Christian powers can consent to submit their subjects to the jurisdiction of native authorities. The first step in this direction has been taken in Egypt, and will shortly, it is hoped—notwithstanding some difficulties raised by France—be followed by the establishment of a modified code applicable to all foreigners, with such adoption of

mixed courts as may secure the equitable administration of justice, and adherence to the forms of procedure in use in Christian states. An attempt to take a step of this kind in China was made in 1869, when the revision of the British treaty was under discussion; and the consent of the Chinese Government was obtained to the preparation of a code, as a needful preliminary to any modification of the ex-territorial clauses; but as the convention never took effect, the whole matter fell through. Nothing however can be more essential with regard to the future, than a successful effort to grapple with this difficulty. Until it shall have been satisfactorily settled, indeed, it is vain to hope for increased facilities of inland trade and residence, or many other advantages, which our merchants deem essential to the full development of their trade. No diplomacy can avail to obtain such concessions while that obstacle remains; and if they could be wrung from either Japanese or Chinese Governments by *force majeure*, as were the original treaties—they would be rendered inoperative by covert means of resistance; while the sense of injury and humiliation, even now a motive and a power giving shape to all their attempts at progress, would be greatly intensified, and become an element of increased danger in a future anything but remote.

The chief causes of enmity which branch off in so many directions, may be briefly summed up under two heads in addition to those just specified. First, the fear of dismemberment, or, in the case of Japan, total absorption by the overshadowing power of Russia. Secondly, impatience at the pretension to dictate and otherwise interfere on the part of Foreign Powers with the affairs and policy of the empire. To protect themselves against the first, and be freed permanently from the second, there is no effort or sacrifice the ruling classes in both countries would not be willing to make. Trade, revenue, and everything else derived from foreign sources, they would lightly abandon. To these two ends, first and

principally, all their present efforts tend, and all progress is directed.

In the meanwhile we have to consider the influence these combined causes of irritation and hostility are exercising on those whose sway extends over such vast regions and races as Eastern Asia comprises. Japanese, Corean and Chinese, Mongol and Tartar, Cochin-Chinese, Siamese and Burmese, all are among the number of nationalities with which the West, now meeting in Central Asia, has relations of commerce and political intercourse. The Japanese and Chinese are both intently engaged in efforts to create dockyards and arsenals, build steamships of war, and organize armies on European systems, and with the best arms Europe can furnish. It is no secret that they have already made great progress in all these directions. Neither is there any doubt with what object they have entered on such costly enterprises, and accepted innovations so startling. They seek the power of defending their coasts and territories from the attack of European forces by sea or land; and to gain with this their lost freedom of action and immunity from foreign interference; The only other direction their progress has taken is in education; but education chiefly subsidiary to the first. China has, also organized by foreign agency her maritime customs, so far as foreign trade is concerned. The gain has been great both to foreign merchants and the Chinese Government. The latter have gained an assured and constantly increasing revenue, which is now upwards of 3,000,000*l.* sterling,¹ and an example of energy and integrity in the midst of administrations, fiscal and governmental, where the absence of these qualities is manifest. China has been fortunate in the head of this service, who, with rare administrative ability and energy, devotes himself conscientiously to develop the utmost efficiency in a staff of over 300 foreign employes. Mr. Hart, as Inspector-

¹ In 1872, the Customhouse reports give the amount in taels 11,678,635—say 3,892,878*l.*

General of Customs, receives but grudging recognition or praise from the mercantile communities in China, or the local press, partly, it may be assumed, because he is the representative of the Chinese Government, and partly also because a tax-gatherer is never popular; but they owe him much, and in many ways. If only for the extinction of all bribery and corruption, which at one time demoralized both the trader and the trade, the debt would be large. But light-houses of the most improved and costly kind, lightships, beacons, buoys, extend now along some 900 miles of coast and in several river courses, where, twenty years ago, there were none; and all have come into existence and are still increasing under his fostering hand. If the bar of the Shanghai be not dredged, or otherwise effectually dealt with, it is easy to lay the blame on the Chinese Government or their Inspector-General of Customs. But the difficulty and magnitude of such works must be duly considered. The total amount of tonnage dues collected in 1872 was 242,227 taels—say 80,742*l.*, a sum which will not go very far in new works of this magnitude, after providing for the maintenance of forty-four lighthouses and eight ships, twenty-six buoys and thirty-seven beacons. According to the last return which has been published, the total cost of collection in this well-organized service does not exceed seven per cent.,¹ which, compares favourably with India, where it is over seven. Considering the cost of living in China, the want of permanence, or retiring pensions in the service, and the consequent high rate of salaries necessary to secure good and honest service, this result is highly creditable and satisfactory. If China contemplates extending the principle on which this service is organized to the native trade, and to the fiscal system of the country generally, a revolution would be effected that might shortly place the government at Peking in a position as to reve-

nue, such as they have never enjoyed since their history began. It would be a curious, though by no means unexampled result, of a desire to be strong in the field and ready for military achievements, either of conquest or defence,—if the reform of a whole fiscal and administrative system should be due to this cause.

Abbé Huc, a French Missionary long resident in China, and conversant both with the people and their language, had a vision of some such mighty host as Genghis Khan and Tamerlane poured from the steppes of Asia into Europe, again mustering,—not with spear and bow, but armed with breechloaders and cannon, and once more meeting the armies of the West in battle on their own territories. The description of what he dreamed as a possibility of the future will be found in his "*Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet et la Chine*"—one of the most interesting and instructive books of Eastern travel that has appeared in this century. I do not suppose that this clever writer and keen observer thought the days would return when "not a dog might bark in Asia or in Eastern Europe without Mongol leave," as Colonel Yule writes, or that Chaucer's half-told tale of Cambuscan would again have its application when

"At Sarra in the Londe of Tartarie
There dwelt a king that werried Russie;"

but Abbé Huc little foresaw, when he wrote his book in 1850, that dockyards, arsenals, foundries, and all the plant necessary for building and floating, and the sailors for navigating large class iron steamships, would actually be in full work in Chinese and Japanese hands in 1874! Conquest or aggression on Europe, save in so far as a policy of exclusion from Eastern ports and markets may be considered in that light, does not at present probably enter into their calculations. But not the less does the fact of a reaction, and a tendency to retort upon Western Powers the inroads which Chinese and Japanese, Tartar and Mongol races have suffered, appear plainly written

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¹ In 1872 the published returns show that the total collection was Haikwau taels 11,678,635, and the cost of collection was taels 748,600, or 6·41 per cent.

on the progressive steps they are now taking to borrow from the West the scientific appliances of war. The waves of conquest that have so often swept over Asia and Europe from these Eastern steppes in resistless strength, may not return, but something like a turning-point in the European movement upon Asia seems not far distant. Russia, it is true, is still advancing from the Caspian, and has lately established her power as far south as the river Attruck, and formed of the whole territory to the east of the Caspian a Russian province—planting herself on a third frontier of Persia, and receiving the submission of Turcoman tribes on that border. The battle of Kuhkovo, in the fourteenth century, was thought as important to the fortunes of Eastern Europe as were the battles of Chalons and Tours to those of the West—each marking the turning-point of the Asiatic movement upon Europe and the beginning of the return wave. So may the present prove to be the commencement of a new movement from the East—the western tide of conquest having spent its strength, while that of the opposite quarter is gaining volume and force.

Something akin to this would appear to be preparing in an industrial, if not in a military sense. We have been accused—by our superior powers of production, aided by rapid and great improvements in machinery—of robbing the great populations of India of their native manufactures, and pressing the whole of this multitude on to the cultivation of the soil as their only means of existence, thus reducing them to a lower standard of life and comfort. A similar accusation is in the thoughts of both Chinese and Japanese, and fully accounts for their uneasy jealousy at all our attempts to compete with their native industries by claiming increased facilities. Yet the time seems fast approaching when all the conditions may be reversed, and the populations of the East will supply the labour necessary to the employment of European capital and enterprise, which it may not much longer be possible to secure in the West. This idea is already taking

possession of the public mind, and finding expression in a leading journal, in which we are told that “Many manufacturers, it is believed, are still looking to India, China, and Japan as the sources whence alone any material competition can be expected sufficient to stimulate industry on the part of the European workman. It is admitted that the direct immigration of Eastern labour would never be successful; but a conviction is rapidly growing that European capital will soon be largely employed in establishing manufactories in the neighbourhood of the various Eastern ports where facilities may best be found for the production of all those numerous classes of goods for which the cost of freight to this country would form comparatively an insignificant item.”

These things are not without significance, and cannot be treated as of slight importance in the relations of Western Powers with the East, or with each other. The same fear and jealousy of powerful neighbours which so often in Europe has led to alliances offensive and defensive with a desire for greater strength and safety, and to consequent complications leading to war, is now being shown in Japan. Within the last year they have concluded two treaties—one with Russia, the Foreign Power whose aggressions they most fear, and the other with China. Let us see what a German, from an independent point of view, thinks of these important steps. In a recent work, entitled the *Russians in Central Asia*, by Friedrich von Hellwald, translated from “The German by Lieut.-Col. Thorgun, we are told that:—“The treaty of alliance and commerce concluded between Japan and China last year was very significant. The optimists of English diplomacy in Eastern Asia endeavoured to allay the excitement of public opinion by the assurance that it had in view only a harmless Treaty of Commerce. But such treaties may conceal more important political stipulations; the commercial treaty just concluded between Russia and Japan affords an example of the kind, as it has entirely the character of an offensive and defensive

alliance, which gives to Russia the right, in the event of any act of injustice being committed, or any disrespect shown by any third state against Japan, 'to use her good offices to settle the difference, and bring about an amicable arrangement.' By means of this highly important stipulation the full power of interfering in all the relations of Japan with the Western Powers is conceded to Russia, who is also bound to protect her against every violence which may be meditated against her by the ruler of the Indian and Chinese seas. To this, as a matter of course, is annexed a further article, by virtue of which, in case of a war between one of the contracting parties and a third Power, the other party is in duty bound to close forthwith its ports against all ships of that Power."

It is very doubtful whether these treaties were meant, by either Japanese or Chinese, to bear this construction. The clause in question was probably taken from an article introduced by the Americans in their treaty providing for the good offices of the United States, in the event of differences arising with any Foreign Power. But the interpretation opens out a vista of future complications which is anything but reassuring either for Japan or the Treaty Powers of the West. If China and Japan are to make common cause in any future quarrel with a Western Power, and Russia is also entitled to make that cause its own, or intervene as a belligerent when either are assailed;—and demand their participation in return, and the closing of the ports in a Russian war with Europe,—we shall plainly be entering upon an entirely new chapter in the history of Eastern relations. A shot fired on the banks of the Danube or the Rhine may have its echo on the Peiho and the Bay of Yedo, with Japanese and Chinese contingents sweeping the Pacific in concert with Russia as the answering signal. We have heard a good deal of brain-waves and vibrations across the globe, conveying mysterious notices of events in opposite hemispheres; but if anything so portentous as is here

contemplated were to be realized in the field of diplomacy and political action, the swift passage of the electric fluid along the telegraph wires from the capitals of Europe to Yedo and Peking, would reduce brain-waves to insignificance by comparison with the results of such state-craft. No doubt, assuming such treaties to exist with all the potential reach imagined by the German commentator, the reduction to practice must be subject to many contingencies, which would reduce the chances of actual results to a comparatively small numerical figure. Yet if we are at liberty to assume that these three powers—occupying nearly all the territory, and wielding all the material forces of Eastern Asia, exclusive of India, while one has in addition her capital and strategic base in Europe—have ever contemplated a combination of this nature, it is not beneath a statesman's care to include it as one of the elements in any problem touching Eastern progress and future policy.

As regards the Chinese empire, it is curious to contrast its actual and potential claims to respect, with the contemptuous kind of under-estimate it has long been the habit of Europeans to form. Yet this rests upon no better foundation than the very fallacious conceptions derived from the apparent inability of the Chinese, in all former wars, to resist European forces. Influences of very recent growth, however, are now in operation in Eastern Asia, which are rapidly bringing them and teaching them how to meet face to face with both the powers and requirements of Europe. A current is to be traced in the course of events, and "a stream of tendency," not safely to be overlooked. Whither this stream is tending, and to what ends, it is likely to be directed so far as existing Rulers, both in the East and the West, may have control, are questions full of interest, and worthy of serious study. The historian deals with the past, and traces the cause backward from known results. But the task of the diplomatist and the statesman is to reverse the process, and from the

study of causes in active operation, forecast the effects in the future and their influence on the course of affairs. Forces are certainly now at work which will tend greatly to modify the relations of Eastern Asia with Western States ; and it is quite possible those of the great powers with each other as a further consequence. Great and rapid changes are being effected in the social and political condition of the various populations occupying the region lying between the Caspian and the Japanese Seas ; as well as in Persia and Turkey,—joint occupants with Russia of all the western half of Asia. These are giving shape and direction to all Eastern progress, and clearly foreshadow a future very different from the past. Nor is it possible that such changes and progress can fail to have a direct bearing on the interests and the policy of western nations. It is to the action of these on the East that all eyes are directed among the Eastern ruling classes. Emperors and kings, sultans and khans, are all setting themselves to copy, and as far as may be to emulate Europe, in armaments, and military organization. There has been an English-speaking King of Siam ; and some of the more advanced countries—notably China and Japan—are showing a desire for the acquisition of the science and industrial arts of the West, as well as the language ; chiefly, perhaps, with a view to supplement the first. They seem to have learnt the lesson of western civilization, that knowledge is power, and are yet in some uncertainty as to the kind of knowledge which will be most desirable in itself, or serviceable to them. But they see clearly enough, at last, that our superiority in the art of war may have some connection with an equally real superiority in other directions, and it is the secret of our power which they are seeking. They anxiously desire to know in what the irresistible strength of the nations of the European stock mainly lies, and are very persistently and determinedly at work with that object.

Something has already been said on this head in reference to the steady progress which has been making since the

conclusion of the last war with England and France to supply this deficiency in China, and the short time actually required, if they choose to adopt the necessary means, to enable them to meet their enemies, from whatever quarter these may come,—with a bold front, and in formidable array. Where a population is to be counted by hundreds of millions, wanting in none of the material conditions of courage, strength, and amenability to discipline, it seems idle to dwell upon the obvious conclusion, that if a fleet of ironclads and an army larger than the greatest power of the West maintains, were required, the will of one man in Peking could as certainly call them into existence as Gengis Khan, Tamerlane, or Kublai Khan, who each in succession sent their conquering hosts across the whole breadth of Asia into the heart of Europe, conquered Russia, and raised a throne for the great Mogul in Delhi. Scarcely a century has passed since one of the present Manchu dynasty achieved nearly as great a feat in reducing to subjection Thibet (despite its mountain barriers), Turkestan with its warlike tribes, and Nepaul on our own borders. We are apt to imagine that China has no longer the means of conquest, or the desire ; that her rulers are effete, and her people effeminate, absorbed in peaceful pursuits, and incapable of being roused to warlike action. Yet such a conclusion is singularly at variance with what has been passing in China during the last quarter of a century. The Taeping rebellion raised vast bodies of armed men—Rebels and Imperialists—and however loosely arrayed or badly disciplined, they were led on to slaughter each other for more than ten years, to an extent far exceeding that of all the battle-fields from the Crimea to Sedan. The Nienfei since, and the Mohammedans in Yunnan and in the western provinces, for a time, it is true, set the whole power of a distracted and feeble government under a regency at Peking at defiance. But where are those now who held provinces in their grasp for so many years ? Defeated, ruined, and in great

part exterminated. Still, beyond the borders of the eighteen provinces of China proper, it is held by many, that the government is helpless, and without ambition to recover a lost territory. How far is this borne out by facts? Very recent telegraphic news gives the following intelligence respecting "Kashgar, China, and Russia," published in the *Times* from its Berlin Correspondent, under date June 1st:—

"Chinese troops have been stationed for some time past north and south of the Bogdo Bridge, threatening to invade Kuldja and Kashgar. These territories, formerly the westernmost provinces of the Celestial Empire, achieved independence during the revolutionary troubles of the last ten years. Kuldja was subsequently occupied by the Russians, but Kashgar remains independent. In view of the common danger threatening the new masters of the region, Russia is now preparing to concert measures of defence with the Ameer of Kashgar. The Chinese forces on the Kuldja and Kashgar confines are armed with European rifles."

It is a curious fact, illustrative of the tenacity of the Chinese, that the official lists of the establishment of the empire—issued quarterly, like our army lists,—continue to this day to assign to every one of their far-off jurisdictions its full complement of officers, the names of the occupants being also published in due form. Nor must it be imagined that the governing classes in China are unobservant of what is going on in the outer world, and among European states. On the contrary, it is very well known that they showed much interest in the war between Russia and the Allies, and later, in that which took place between France and Germany, and shaped their action by the results. The divisions among the principal states of the Western hemisphere, and the great diversity of aims and wishes, if not of interests, among the Treaty Powers, whose representatives are resident at Peking, form so unfrequent subject of congratulation among those highest placed in office,

in the perfect assurance that they will never cordially combine in any line of policy. Even in so simple a matter as the audience, it is generally reported, that the Chinese found it formed no exception to the universal rule. A clever and wily race of Asiatic politicians has European diplomacy at a great disadvantage under such circumstances; and no statesmen are better able to profit by it, and shape their course accordingly. If they cannot obtain advantages which they desire, they can very effectually play off one power against another to prevent any inconvenient pressure from the whole, for results particularly desired by one. They can close Thibet and Western China, and even Nepal on our borders, to our commerce from India—and they have done so very effectually; as no doubt they will bar the passage of the French into Yunan by the Tonquin river *Sankoi*, so recently explored from the gulf; and create impediments to any re-establishment of lines of intercourse and traffic from Mandalay and Bhamo to Talifoo, or any other point within their southern boundaries. These acts of authority and influence, even over the Indo-Chinese peninsula and our northern and eastern boundaries in India, keep us away from all but the coast line, and thus carry out a deliberate policy of exclusion so far as the interior of the empire is concerned. The actual benefit to China of such a policy may be doubtful, but in Chinese eyes it must have many recommendations, besides one great advantage. If they cannot keep out either Missionaries or Opium—in their eyes the two greatest enemies to the peace and welfare of the nation, the one introducing a principle of revolt subversive of the established rule, and the other debauching and impoverishing the people—they can at least render futile all our efforts to advance our commerce beyond the coast line, and one great river course. They can not only curtail our intercourse and influence in China, but, to a considerable extent, bar the extension of our trade into Central Asia. If ever they are animated by any other desire and

a larger policy, either the conditions already specified will have to undergo very serious modification in the sense desired by them, or their own views, which have shown no shade of variation for fifty years, must materially alter. Of the latter I see no prospect in the immediate future. Ex-territorial rights, religious propagandism more especially under French protection, and the importation of Opium—these are three subjects on which the Chinese anxiously desire some change, and they are little likely to rest until they have gained some satisfaction.

Other griefs no doubt they have, as already stated, the removal of which would be essential to any *entente cordiale*, if such a happy state of things could ever be anticipated! The Macao coolie trade, an injury to them, and a standing reproach to all Western powers, still exists; and until lately the Chinese Government could even point to Hong-Kong aiding and abetting the most nefarious traffic a civilized nation ever countenanced. Yet it continues, or did so till very recently, in violation of all treaties and international morality, in a little Portuguese colony on their own coast, because it is believed at Peking that all the Treaty Powers would make common cause if China were to put it down with a strong hand—in the exercise of an undoubted right, after having exhausted all diplomatic means of obtaining redress. Other causes of irritation and complaint in times past and present, in close connection with our colony of Hong-Kong, might easily be signalized, but it is not a very grateful task, and limited space precludes further details. All that is most important has been said, and the conclusion to be drawn from the whole may now be given in a few lines, the significance and importance of which must be left to the judgment of the reader.

The bitter memory of defeat and humiliation in the Chinese mind still continues. It has survived thirty years of commercial and diplomatic relations with little abatement, if any. The last defeat, in 1860, was more crushing than any which preceded; and their frame of

mind has been very much that of France after Sedan, and the treaty of Versailles which followed the capitulation of Paris. The rights of trade and diplomatic representation at Peking, extorted from them by force, have never been accepted in any other spirit. Ever-recurring causes of discussion, intervention, and occasional dictation, or interference with the internal administration of the empire, keep up a constant irritation. They feel that they are not masters in their own house, while foreign powers with a right of residence at Peking feel at liberty to discuss and disapprove of their policy. How much of this is unreasonable or unavoidable is not now the question, but how the present state of affairs is regarded by the Chinese. With such memories and sentiments, it is easy to understand how they feel their present position, and that the result should be what it is—unceasing effort to become strong enough to assert their entire independence. And this in the main, applies equally to the Japanese in their state of transition from an isolated Asiatic people to something of a cosmopolitan character—not yet defined. If we would see progress in a better sense, and with other objects than those which now almost exclusively occupy the two foremost nations of Eastern Asia,—we should be prepared to leave them free to choose their civilizing agencies, without control or dictation in any foreign interest. As free as was Peter the Great, when he first undertook the civilization of Russia by the employment of foreigners of every nationality and in all departments. The jealousies and susceptibilities of the different European powers accredited at his court were never allowed to embarrass or paralyze his action, as they have constantly been permitted to interfere with any freedom of choice or action in China and Japan. No European power ever thought of requiring Peter to select his generals, admirals, or engineers of other nations with reference to a favoured nation's claim, by which each claimed equal participation in the number of offices and appoint-

ments. On no other condition but unfettered freedom will either of these nations be induced to resort freely to the superior knowledge and aptitude of foreigners so essential to the successful development of their resources, and the improved civilization of the people. The introduction of railroads, telegraphs, mining operations, industrial enterprises, with the capital and machinery, as well as the superior direction of foreign agents, are all hopeless in China, while any pretensions of the nature here indicated are set up by the Treaty Powers. To this must be added unfettered freedom to adopt only what they themselves see the utility or desirability of for their own purposes. In this direction lies the best hope for them and for us. Under such conditions as these, I have no fear but that progress, of a humanizing and civilizing kind, will follow—if not as rapidly as we could desire, nor as certainly in a right direction, yet assuredly in a better spirit, and with truer and more pacific tendencies than any which under existing circumstances can possibly be anticipated. It is a very common mistake to consider the Chinese hopelessly anti-progressive and sluggish. Mr. Medhurst, one of our senior consuls in China, and a good Chinese linguist, said the other day, while advocating the establishment of a reading-room at Shanghai for the Chinese, "That they are wedded to their time-honoured customs and prejudices to such an extent as to make them slow to appreciate any innovation, especially when it approaches them from a foreign quarter, must at once be admitted. But this national peculiarity to a certain extent merits respect; and it at any rate augurs the possession of a stability of character which should offer a good groundwork on which to base the efforts of those who seek to combat these deep-rooted prejudices, and to introduce more enlightened ideas."

The experience of the past few years has, I think, satisfactorily proved that, notwithstanding this proverbial aversion to change, the Chinese do more or less readily accept an innovation when

they come to see in it practical results out of which they can work a benefit to themselves. Take, for instance, the passenger traffic upon the China coast, along the Yangtze, and even seaward in various directions. It is not so very long ago that a Chinaman, and still more a Chinese woman, would have hesitated to embark on board of a foreign vessel. Yet now our steamers' decks are crowded with a busy multitude of Chinese—men, women, and children—who gladly avail themselves of the increased speed and security which steam communication affords, as compared to their own slow and crazy craft. And not only commonplace passengers are seen to avail themselves of our improved means of locomotion, but officials even of the highest rank, to whom such a proceeding would have brought contempt, and possibly disgrace, in past years, are now known to travel in all directions by means of foreign steamers. In this connection I may mention the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company, which has been lately started under the most influential patronage, and promises to take an important place amongst the commercial companies of China.

These are telling facts, and similar experiences might be multiplied. The acceptance of carriages, for instance, in Shanghai—whole families, it is said, coming all the way from Foo-chow, some eighty miles, to secure the coveted drive in a foreign vehicle. The use of sewing-machines in every respectable tailor's shop, of moderator lamps, glass windows, and a host of other smaller articles, are all conclusive evidences of a readiness to adopt European ideas and inventions suitable to their wants. In Peking, "Bryant and May's" lucifer matches have entirely superseded the old flint and steel, and as I sailed down the Peiho in 1869 I was met by boatloads of this merchandize. If this one fact stood alone, I should not despair of the progress of civilization by the adoption of European innovations throughout the empire. The Chinese may not of themselves originate, or show much quickness in promoting plans to facilitate the advancement of Western civiliz-

ation; but with newspapers and periodicals now circulating in the Chinese language, and well supported by native readers, the process of conversion and education must go on, and each day will add something to an impetus already given. Let us hope that it may ultimately take a pacific, and not a purely belligerent, direction. It depends not a little upon the Western Powers themselves, and their repre-

sentatives, political and commercial, in China and Japan, whether the result shall be the development of mutual interests and goodwill—or the more or less rapid adoption of all the material elements of our strength and civilization, only to be turned against Western nations and enable the Chinese to fight them with their own weapons.

RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

AUTHOR'S NOTE TO "CHESHUNT ADDRESSES,"¹

BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

IN one of my addresses at Cheshunt College, I remarked¹ that "a very distinguished and excellent statesman had laid it down most strongly that it is absolutely incompatible with the idea of a Church to receive any appointment or influence from the hands of any one except the members of that Church. Here again," I added, "the Countess of Huntingdon comes to my assistance, because, by the constitution of Cheshunt College, her trustees, who are certainly not all of them members of the Church of England, are to bestow, at any rate in one instance, the patronage of the Church of England." It has been represented to me that in this passage I have done injustice to the eminent statesman to whom I referred. The passage which was chiefly in my mind when I spoke, was the Duke of Argyll's second speech, June 9, 1874:—"It is fatal not merely to a Church, but to any society, to introduce into it and confer powers of government upon those who do not belong to it, and who do not desire to belong to it." (P. 28)

It would appear, however, from the Duke's first speech, that this observation was intended to apply (not to "all powers of government" but) only to elections of ministers; and (not to "all who do not belong, or who do not desire to belong to it," but) only to "those who are its

avowed enemies." (P. 5.) This is best seen in a passage on p. 18: "To allow in a Church a liberty exercised by the members of hostile communions would be to introduce absolute confusion, incompatible with the very existence of any organized and constituted society—would deprive it of all terms of membership, and would allow the highest functions of the body to be exercised by those who not only do not belong to it, but who tell you that they never will belong to it, and that they desire its destruction."

According to the view which I urged in the address, and which I illustrated by the particular instance of the patronage exercised by the trustees of Cheshunt College, I think that it would in practice be difficult to define what bodies or individuals external to a Church would be regarded by it as "hostile," or "avowed enemies," and what would be regarded as simply "not belonging to it." Still, it is a distinction which ought not to have been overlooked. And I am rejoiced to find (with this reservation) that the views of the distinguished statesman which I ventured to criticise were not in this instance so far apart as I had feared from those which I had presumed to express; and which are, I would fain hope, not at variance with the general principles of which he has from time to time been the able exponent.

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine* for August 1874.

AGRICULTURAL UNIONISM.

MODERN trades-unionism has not yet existed long enough to enable any one to state even approximately what the ultimate outcome of its enormous power may be. That it has done much good upon the whole to the workmen is now pretty generally admitted ; but the good is by no means unmixed, and the wars which workmen not unfrequently wage against economic laws, and the natural consequences of trade fluctuations, threaten sometimes to be productive of serious disaster to the country. Of late, indeed, it has seemed to many, that unless trades-unionism could develop into a higher order of brotherhood and co-operation, it would tend more and more to become a war against the natural results of competitive free trade rather than against the undue influence of capital. The point is worth discussion, but at present I am desirous rather of dealing with the new phase of unionism, which the banding together of the agricultural labourers of England has brought to the front.¹

It must have been evident to many people from the first that a trades-union of labouring men, scattered over England, in small villages—of men who were very poor, very ignorant, and without many means of communicating with each other—presented a whole host of difficulties which artisans and workmen in towns and manufacturing centres have never had to face. These difficulties were of themselves sufficient, one would have thought, to have rendered any conception of the kind abortive from the first ; and I cannot but suspect that had the world been otherwise very busy at the time of the Welles-

bourne rising, the new-born agricultural union would, on these grounds alone, have had but a short shrift. If we had been at war, or if there had been great measures before Parliament stirring the minds of the people and keeping them awake, the strike in the Warwickshire village would have died miserably, as many a similar strike before has done. For this was not by any means the first uprising of labourers in England. Leaving Wat Tyler and Jack Cade out of sight, in modern days, and within men's memory, there have been agitations and movements here and there in England, notably at the time of the rage after the allotment panacea forty years or so ago ; men have risen here and there wildly, and demonstrated that without more means they could not live, and then, no redress being visible, have succumbed, and gone "quietly back to their work."

Nor were the labourers themselves by any means the first to face the problems besetting their condition. For years Canon Girdlestone has been ably and quietly endeavouring, in these columns and elsewhere, against not a little opposition, to carry out that policy to which the unions have been driven from almost the moment of their existence, and by a judicious application of the migration lever he has done not a little to raise the position of the men in his neighbourhood.² In many respects what he has done laid down the lines for action when the day came for the men to endeavour to take up the work for themselves on a large scale. His work, however, and all these stray sputterings of discontent, passed almost unnoticed by the world at large.

But the Wellesbourne labourers chose an opportune moment ; England was then

¹ For an admirable statement of the limits to trades-unionism as a beneficent force, see Professor Cairnes's new work : "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy Newly Expounded," part ii. chapter iii.

² See "The National Agricultural Labourers Union." *Macmillan's Magazine* for September 1873.

void of an excitement, and men's minds were open to look at this new wonder. The trader on notoriety—be he newspaper correspondent or earnest philanthropist—often does much good at such a time; he brings before the earnestly benevolent and freedom-loving much that they would not otherwise hear of, and he did good service to these poor people then. The labourers' union became a thing for all "advanced" persons to pet till it was in danger of being at one time coddled and belauded out of existence. Fortunately, perhaps, substantial support of another kind was accorded as well, and the working men thus got good rather than evil out of this notoriety. They were mostly sober, quiet people, and in no way inclined for revolution if they had their rights; therefore they thrived, the principles of unionism spread until almost all mid-England and most of the south were embodied in two vast corporations, the Federal and the National Labourers' Unions.

As every one knows, both these bodies became involved in a struggle with the employers of labour in the Eastern Counties in March of the present year, a struggle which has been carried on by the farmers with great bitterness for five months, and which the labourers, backed by the sympathy and subscriptions of an urban and trading public, almost wholly on their side, have maintained with great patience and resolution, growing bitter only as harvest came and passed, leaving them still without the looked-for victory.¹

In this strife the farmers have, from the first, been, on most points, clearly wrong. They locked out a few men to begin with, who struck work for an ad-

vance of wages at a week's notice—a space of time, be it remembered, identical with what a farmer is supposed to give to his men—and then, in order to stamp out this new pestilent dictator, proceeded to lock out all round hundreds of unionists as such, without having received any threat of strike or other provocation. They made a union themselves that they might destroy that of the labourers, and have almost uniformly treated attempts at compromise with abusive contempt. The farmers were wrong in this, and have continued wrong; but yet, in spite of all the money lavished upon the sustenance of the struggle by the men and their friends, the farmers may gain, if not the apparent victory, the substantial fruits of it.

It appears to me that those who ground hopes of permanent advantage to the agricultural labourer on trades-unionism as such are as likely to be deceived as the amiable and benevolent people who formerly thought that misery was to be averted from every rustic household by the allotment system; that a few rods or perches of land would keep the men from the parish. The powers which presented insuperable obstacles to the success of that scheme, hit the unions with tenfold force, and they are beset by others which threaten, as things go, to place the advantage of this battle in the long run always with the farmer. For one thing, as has been forcibly pointed out by Mr. Richard Jefferies, the labourer is being more and more met by the inroads of mechanical contrivances for doing his work, and these tend to lessen the demand for manual labour much more than they otherwise would, because the farming of England is, on the average, bad. I have wandered over many portions of it in recent years, and nothing has struck me more painfully than this fact. Great fields of rich soil everywhere lying in permanent pasture, instead of taking their place in a profitable system of rotation crops; fields that are occasionally tilled lying fallow, others, under crops, choked with weeds. All round London any one can see hundreds of such, though

¹ Since the above was written the executive committee of the National Union have passed a resolution which may be taken as a virtual expression of defeat in the Eastern Counties. It is to the purport that the Union can henceforth only assist labourers to migrate or emigrate, and that those electing to stay in the locked-out districts must lock out for themselves. This, coupled with the fact that the number on the pay-roll is reduced to one-half by migration, emigration, and return to work, is a very significant fact.

the country there might be tilled like a garden, at enormous profit. And as in the neighbourhood of London so elsewhere.¹ It is only here and there that what is rather grotesquely called "model farming" is to be found, and hence when we step from the exception to the rule, and find also that a prevalent notion that England should be a vast cattle pasture is more and more tending to throw land out of tillage, it becomes evident that any spread of the use of machinery helps to throw men disproportionately out of employment. Were it otherwise—did the machinery but prepare the way for the high tillage and minute care which rich land deserves, and will pay, or do the heavier work that needs to be done speedily, such as reaping, there would be work for more men rather than less, with every new advance towards its perfection. But rough, careless farm-

¹ The *Times* of August 1st contains an account of the farming of Mr. John Prout, of Blount's Farm, Herts, which is well worth studying, as showing what may be done with the land when a man is free to do with it as he likes. Mr. Prout bought the farm in 1861, and began systematically to apply the highest skill and the most powerful mechanical aids to cultivation in order to work up the clay soil of which it is composed to a high yielding power. The cultivation is almost exclusively grain, and consequently the same fields have been cropped for several years in succession with the same crop, and this the more that no portion of the land is ever left in summer fallow. Yet, so great is the yield, that at the recent sale of the standing crops—Mr. Prout does not harvest them himself—the price given averaged 10*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* per acre for wheat. For the last seven years the average gross return on the farm (450 acres) has been 4,619*l.*, yielding a net revenue of 1,134*l.*—less sundry general expenses—to represent profit on farmer's capital and proprietor's return for permanent improvements and rent. Mr. Prout, of course, has to pay no rent, and if he had, it is probable that such a state of things would not have been seen; for without either proprietary or tenant right he could not possibly have ventured to invest his capital so freely. The outlay for manual labour on this farm, and on that of Mr. Middleditch, of Blunsdon, Wilts, similarly worked, is comparatively very small, but affords no test of the results that might be expected to follow high farming generally, for the heaviest part of the work is done by those who purchase the crops. The uniform cropping also of necessity makes the labour less.

ing, which leaves the crops to come to maturity pretty much as they may when once they are in the ground; which pays no attention to weeds, to scientific manuring, to subsoil tillage, or to careful husbandry of any kind—can dispense with men in a great measure if a machine will roughly do the work. Hence this new agency from these old causes (which Mr. Jefferies does not mention), more than from any displacing power that machines really ought to have, is fighting against the labourer, instead of for him, making it difficult or impossible for him to hold his ground for long without either crowding into towns to stagnate, become pauperised, and die there, or fleeing out of the country.

And there is another and more abiding cause at work, against which Canon Girdlestone has had constantly to contend. Rural populations tend to stagnate. The love of a locality in which a man is born and brought up is naturally strong, and not the least so amongst the poor rustics. Family ties, too, hold firmer in, and movement is less facile between, country districts than from city to city, so that insensibly each village comes almost to have its own standard of wage, and nothing is more surprising than the varying rates of wages which often prevail in the same county at places within a few miles of each other. The enthusiasm of the union and the spread of education—rather a delusive thing the latter, I am afraid, with farmers for guardians and vestry, and the "third standard" of Lord Sandon—may help to counteract this tendency, but it is a strong one, and always works so as to neutralize attempts at uniformity and rule over wide areas. Connected with this, too, is the varying position of villages in different localities, through the individual action of proprietors of differing dispositions. One man is benevolent, and gives his labourers allotments at a liberal rent, while the proprietor of the next parish gives them nothing at all, but huddles them all into a close village, in pigsties sickening to think of. How is the union to deal with these varying conditions? Can it hope to deport the

whole population of the rotting village, and if not, how will any single thinning of it prevent a lapse into misery a few years hence? Or suppose that, on Sir Edward Kerrison's principle, such adjoining parishes are included in the same strike district, and that when one parish moves for an advance of wages justly its due, the next—which has nothing to complain of—must strike too, how is the justice of the measure to be adjusted? And it is a difficulty that does not end in parishes; it is incident to contiguous estates, and even farms in the same parish. To strike, farm by farm, may be unjust in one sense, and yet might be but simple fairness in another. These are but some of the peculiar difficulties, but they will suffice to show how hard a battle the labourer's is, and how even when he has beaten the farmer through friendly aid from without, he may be no nearer ultimate liberty and room to grow than when he began.

The labourers appear instinctively to feel this. Almost from the first their sheet-anchor has accordingly been emigration,—to move the men away from where wages were low either out of the district or out of the country, but chiefly, as time wears on, out of the country. Sometimes as many as 200 a week have been recently so removed in the lock-out districts, and the effort at depopulation continues. It is the policy of the unions to make stagnation and surplusage of labour impossible by denuding the country of men. Probably the policy is the only one they could adopt, and carried out persistently and with thoroughness it will certainly meet the evil. But I doubt whether it can be always so successfully applied as now, when once the heat of the battle is over. The men move abroad with comparative reluctance even now, clinging fast to the old place as they go, and there is no exodus going on such as stripped Ireland of hundreds of thousands. And unless the country becomes denuded of labour by this means through protracted conflicts—which may maintain the combative heat that gives courage—the

organization which has to rely upon depopulation for gaining its ends cannot be said to have made very much way yet.

The success of the labourers' combinations does not seem to me, therefore, that assured thing which many people declare it to be; and, sympathizing deeply as I do with their demands, I cannot disguise the fact that their efforts need other seconding than a supply of money to enable them to leave the country before they can hope to be the free, well-to-do people they want to be, and have every right to be. It appears little short of madness when we come to think of it, that men sincerely wishing well to this country should stand by applauding its denudation of the one class of men who are, above all others, vitally essential to its welfare. People talk often just now as if it did not matter much whether England was tilled or no, as if there were so many "granaries of the world," east, west, and south of us, that did every soul amongst us take to manufacturing or stock-jobbing, the people might still be fed just as cheaply as before. This is absurd. Push the dependence upon foreign food supply much further than it has gone, and our manufactures would be unable to stand the strain. The competition of the world is daily making us more dependent upon good husbandry in every sense; so that a bad harvest often hampers all our trade, and the exhaustion of our minerals, the increased difficulty of working the mines, or the derangement of the labour markets affecting our industries which is now so common, will all tend to increase that dependence. Yet we tamely stand by and see the very men on whom we most depend in the long run, going away to other lands by hundreds. According to the last census, there are about 760,000 able-bodied male labourers in England of five years old and upwards—3,000 of the number are under ten years; and were England cultivated as it ought to be, there would be abundant work for at least five times as many, in spite of the most profuse use of the most elaborate machinery

ever invented. Yet we are making haste to bid them begone; and the men are right in thinking that their only chance is in going so long as the land remains sealed from them like a game preserve.

This labourers' unionism is not a fight against capital in the ordinary sense, nor in reality a fight against farmers; it is a war with institutions, and on them it has as yet made no visible impression whatever. Nay, its seeming success as against the farmers is its worst feature, and has apparently turned aside its supporters' minds—if not those of its leaders—from the true issue; and the union is applauded while actually working to bring about the ruin of the country by seeking a triumph where no good is to be got out of it. Perhaps it is the way to bring us slowly round to other things; feudalism may ultimately get its death-blow through the movement and the success of the union, but it will be the success of emigration, not of asserted rights, that will bring that consummation. It appears to me that in their present warfare both farmers and labourers are fighting what is proving a losing battle for the country, and perhaps for themselves. If ignorance and prejudice had not so much to do in influencing their conduct, it might be possible for the farmers to see that their interest is identical with that of their labourers, instead of antagonistic thereto. Many of them, for one thing, are men originally of the same stock, and they ought to have drawn together instead of fighting each other to the death, for they both have a war to wage, not against men but against laws. Yet, the farmer is fighting for that feudalism which has many a time almost broken his back, which ties his hands now, as no manufacturer or tradesman would submit to have his tied, and which it is as much his true interest to put an end to as it is the proprietor's or labourer's, as fiercely as the labourer fights for freedom and the right to till a few acres of land if he can pay the rent for them. If, instead of acting thus, both classes had turned to the landlord and represented the true state of the case, there might

have been a victory indeed. The farmer should have said to his landlord: "Here are my labourers wanting more wages, and I cannot give them more. I know they want the money badly, but hampered as I am, I cannot afford it. I have no lease of my farm and must work it without much labour, for it would not pay me to put into the land what I may never take out. You give me no compensation for improvements, you pay me nothing for the thousands of wild animals which I feed for you most of the year off my crops, and unless you can make some change these men must starve."

That would have been but a very moderate statement of the case over nine-tenths of Mid-England, but it has not been made. The farmer has not sided with his labourer, but with his own prejudiced (unwitting perhaps, but none the less real) oppressor, the squire, and the prospect of the labourer conquering both is small indeed. He can only conquer by going away to the ends of the earth, never to return, but what that means for the country it would be hazardous to predict. Probably a further spread of the cattle-park system, and less wheat, or a declining population, stagnant manufactures, no men for the army, and the first steps to ruin. The crisis is a very grave one, and it is time for liberal politicians and patriotic statesmen of all shades of opinions to wake up to the fact. The struggle of the labourers has apparently removed men's minds for a moment from the great question of the future—the liberation of the land—as if they hoped that the labourer would solve it for them all; but he has done nothing towards it. Yet Joseph Arch is right; until the labouring man has a chance of tilling a bit of ground for himself, as well as the privilege of working for enough wage to keep body and soul together, there will be no permanent amelioration of his condition. The union cannot always hold up his head.

Meantime, while the labourer is vanishing because he cannot have land to till, landed proprietors in their

efforts to do their duty are sorely beaten back by the cottage difficulty. Some of them apparently think with Mr. Disraeli that they have triumphed when they can say that the cottages built in their villages have been built not by them but by speculators who "used bad materials." As things are, say they, no amount of wages which could reasonably be given would enable the labourer to pay 5 per cent. on the outlay on good cottage buildings, let alone paying for repairs; and what can poor proprietors do but let their poor people rot in hovels? Now if the land were free it is probable that this difficulty would soon vanish; but even as it is, did proprietors move in a less antiquated groove, or were they less affected by the pernicious notion that nothing pays like a big farm—that if a labourer had an acre or two of his own he would loaf on it like the Irish in Connemara, and leave the farmer in the lurch,—a thing Scotch cottars never did in the old days before sheep farms and deer forests swept them too off the face of the earth—the difficulty might be lessened greatly. The cottage would pay on the same principle that the farmhouse does if attached to land. An allotment holder usually pays at least 100 per cent. more for his ground than the farmer does, and it is extremely probable that the peasant who got one, two, or three acres with his house would pay still higher, so that this extra rent got for the land would more than counter-balance the deficient interest on the outlay on the house. Either so, or the better position of the tenant would make him

able to pay more than he can now for his accommodation. But this does not appear to be the opinion of landlords, and so labourers are huddled together in unwholesome villages and miserable huts; and against all these evils, and low wages, and farmers' foolish opposition, the unions struggle manfully, but they have not yet gained the outworks of the fortress, and their one great weapon, emigration, weakens them, as they draw nearer and nearer to a temporary success. The prospect is a dreary one. But for external support the Suffolk and Cambridgeshire battle would have been over long before it was, and the labourers beaten, and they are too slenderly provided to fight so always, or long at a time, while their victory under present conditions, if anything but the most fleeting, would in the end be the country's disaster.

Under all these circumstances, it may be doubted whether the high hopes which men hold of the labourers' union are likely to be gratified. It might be wiser to try and find other ways of helping them than unlimited subscriptions to enable them to leave the country. One thing is certain, their miseries have been very great in recent years, and in many places, unspeakably so. The nation dare not allow these to continue; but it is to the landlord, and not to the labourer or farmer, that it must learn to look for a remedy; meanwhile the farmer is hugging his own chains, and in his blindness putting away from himself a glorious chance of striking for his own freedom.

A. J. WILSON.

ON THE SEQUENCE "DIES IRÆ"

I.

IN the little town of Assisi, under the shadow of the Apennines, where the Tiber meets the Arno, there stands, on the Collis Paradisi the church of San Francesco, "*equus Crucifixi*." The traveller, tearing himself away from the contemplation of Giotto's representations of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, the loves of Christ's knights, descends along a flight of steps into a little chapel hewn out of the rock. There, under the altar, rest according to tradition, the bones of the son of Pietro de Bernardini, whose appearance was like that of the morning star piercing through the clouds.

One day during the first years of the thirteenth century a few monks were gathered within the church of "Our Lady of the Angels," since then better known as "La Portiuncula." They had met in obedience to the call of a man who seemed to them nothing more nor less than a messenger from Heaven. "Oh how wonderful was his beauty! how intense his splendour!" wrote his biographer, Thomas de Celano, three years after his death. The man who had inspired so strange an enthusiasm was Francesco, the preacher who had startled the inhabitants of Assisi a short time before, by his wildcry of repentance. As he stood there amidst his followers, clothed in a greyish-brown serge, with a cowl in the form of a cross, telling them in all simplicity, but with that eloquence which deep conviction ever imparts, that the words of their Divine Master had indeed a definite meaning, and ought to be understood literally—that the ideal was not something infinitely above them, and never to be reached, but that it was to be approached, and ought to form part of the reality; as he called upon them not to separate themselves from the world, but to move in

the midst of men as Christian knights doing battle for their Lord, and expressed his firm belief that the few now standing around him would one day swell into a mighty multitude—who can refuse to believe that his pale features reflected the light of heaven, and his face seemed to his followers like that of an angel?

With a feeling of relief, like one seeking shelter from the fierce sunlight, one takes refuge within the walls of that first Franciscan sanctuary. Around it rage strife and tumults seemingly endless, devastating the fairest portions of Italy. The war between the imperial power, as represented by Frederic II., and the Papal claims as set forth by Gregory the IX. and his successors; the struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines; and the bloody persecutions of the unfortunate Albigenses, fill the chronicles of the thirteenth century to overflowing. One reads how Frederic II. is accused of heresy, excommunicated, and deposed in a solemn council, and how, in despite of the Vatican he continues to reign. One gets wearied in poring over the account of the troubles, which do not end with the emperor's death, but continue during the long interregnum down to the end of the century, which closes as it began—in blood. But above the din one seems to hear the sweet bells of Francesco's convent calling the world to the worship of "the Mother of God"—that incarnation of gentleness and peace loved by the Franciscans from the very earliest moment of their history with an almost idolatrous adoration,—and involuntarily one feels soothed and at rest.

The name of the first disciple of Francis d'Assisi has been preserved. Bernardo de Quintavalle was the first to forsake all things and join himself to the "*pauperculus Christi*," as he has been called. Eleven others followed Bernard's example, and thus Francis d'Assisi, like

his Master, went through the land with twelve disciples. Some of those belonged to the lower classes, and were men of little or no culture ; but others, especially those that followed the first twelve, were men of good position and education. There were the celebrated Pacifico and Jacopone da Todi ; and above all Bonaventura, who owed his name to Francis himself ; for it is said that during a serious illness the saint was called in to pray for him, and finding after a few days his prayer answered, exclaimed, "O buona ventura!" whence the convalescent patient took his name. This may be true or not, but so much is certain, that Francis had reason to be thankful for the life spared to him. The breviliquium and tracts and poems of Bonaventura, the Plato of the century, with their profound learning and sweet mysticism, with their traces on every page of a powerful intellect and a heart rich in humility, devotion and love, stand out from amongst the mass of mediæval writings like the golden stars against the dark sky of night.

Amongst the first disciples there was also a certain Thomas, called, to distinguish him from another who bore the same name, Thomas de Celano. Celano, the native place of Thomas, is a small town in the further Abruzzo. Nothing is known of the youth of Thomas, or the circumstances that led to his joining the followers of Francesco. But for an incidental notice of Waddingus, the faithful historian of the Franciscan order, we should not have known that he was a disciple and friend of San Francesco himself. Not gifted with the knack of keeping himself always before the public, unable and unwilling to impress others with a sense of his greatness by dinning into their ears his estimate of himself, he would have had no chance of being remembered had he been born in the nineteenth century. As it was he narrowly escaped oblivion in the thirteenth. He was a quiet man, with observant habits, and given to study and meditation. You might no doubt have met him many an evening on the borders of the little lake plunged in

a deep reverie. He would not have struck you as anything remarkable : you would have said, here is a simple, unobtrusive man of a retiring disposition, caring for nothing but musty parchments, and dwelling for ever among the dead. And you would have been mistaken. Though unlike his neighbours—grown-up excitable children, reflecting every shade of passing emotion, reminding you of the East, to which many of them owed their origin—he was not devoid of feeling. Nay, he felt deeply. The spread of heresies, the torrents of blood that flowed on all sides imparted to his thoughts a hue of the sombrest kind. As he sat in the midst of his manuscripts—a bookworm without soul you would say—he brooded deeply over the corruption of the times, and bethought himself of means to counteract the evil. And when the voice of Francesco, like that of another Elijah, penetrated into his quiet recess, this gentle Elisha arose and followed the call.

He became the friend of San Francesco. No greater contrast can be thought of than between the impetuous, wild leader, and the modest, gentle follower. Yet there were deep spiritual affinities between the two, and the friendship on the part of Thomas de Celano ere long partook of the nature of a blind devotion. This man, who had not known what it was to love, loved his master with that calm, passionless love, which is the glory of the spirits made perfect.

Not many years after his acquaintance with Francesco we find him in Germany. The efforts made to found an order of the Franciscans in Germany proved at first a failure. But a second attempt was successful. Cesarius was appointed chief of the order there, and amongst those that accompanied him thither was Thomas de Celano. Here, within the quiet convent he found his true sphere of labour ; his was not a nature to do battle with the world. Francesco was one of those who encouraged study ; with great liberality of mind he spoke of the writings of the old pagans, telling his monks that their

works contained many good things, and that they ought to ascribe this not to paganism or to humanity, but to God Himself. Thomas applied himself with diligence to his studies, and the nine years spent by him in the German convents would have been among the happiest of his life had it not been for the sad tidings which came to him from Assisi. Cesarius returned to Italy after a short stay, having appointed Thomas as sole guardian of the convents] of Mayence, of Worms, and of Cologne. He had occupied this post for some years when he received the painful news of the death of Francesco. One evening in the chill autumn gloaming the saint had fallen asleep. In the very prime of his manhood he had died, a victim to the zeal which had given him no rest by day or by night, and which had made him a prey for death at the moment when other men begin to live. But if he had not lived long he had lived much, and before his death he had had the joy of counting his followers by thousands. Thomas received the message with resignation, and after three more years of unostentatious labours, he returned to Italy.

The year before his return¹ he commenced to write the life of his master and friend. The first biography was a short account of the life of Francesco, known as "*Legenda Gregorii IX.*," because it was written at the request of that Pope. It was sung in the choir, according to Waddingus. We can fancy the monks sitting in a row and chanting the recital of their master's words and works, like the Troubadours come from the gallant court of Provence to Italy to pour into the ears of the people the account of some hero strong in battle or mighty in love. We can fancy the look of rapture on their wan faces, or the grateful smile hovering on their lips, as the faithful twelve were reminded of some familiar word or deed of the hero who had led them in their battles and their victories. But this short biography of the saint was not deemed sufficient. Crescentius requested Thomas to write

another and fuller life of Francesco. He undertook the congenial task with enthusiasm. This biography is known under the name of "*Legenda Antiqua.*" It began with the words, *Placuit sancte universitati vestrae.* It contained the account of the life of Francesco—his sayings and works—and entered fully into the many miracles which were alleged to have occurred in the saint's lifetime. Bernardus de Bessa compressed this elaborate biography into a compendium.²

I have read the greater part of this biography, because I was anxious to get a glimpse of the character of Thomas de Celano. In the very best biography, where the biographer merges his individuality as much as possible in the person described, the author cannot help showing himself now and then from behind the scenes. I find in this life of San Francesco, by Thomas de Celano, an entire want of the critical spirit, for which I do not blame him, but his century. It is a chronicle—now and then well arranged, and often confused—of the saint's sayings and doings. But, on the other hand, what powers of observation, of taking in every detail, of storing up the merest trifle in the hope that it may be found useful! How irrepressible is this man's nature; how rich he is in love; how simple is his faith! The miracles of San Francesco—one is almost sorry in reading the naive and enthusiastic account to know that they are nothing but the children of faith, that they are as easily explained, and as much in accordance with laws, as the brilliant Fata Morgana, which reflects on the horizon of Reggio the glories of the coast of Sicily. Given a certain moral and intellectual atmosphere, a people, eastern or southern, in a state of infancy, where imagination and feeling exercise an almost supernatural power, and a man who, by some means or other, can impress the people around him with a sense of superiority, the wonder is not that numberless legends should spring up around him, but that he should be without them. And nothing is more

¹ A.D. 1230.

² Vide Waddingus in loco.

erroneous than to suppose that the birth of those legends takes centuries; they are born in a day—generally during the lifetime of the person whom they are supposed to glorify—and it takes ages to kill them. Three years after the death of Francesco, his intimate friend, Thomas de Celano, writes a life of his master, teeming from beginning to end with miracles, well attested and heartily believed in; little more than a hundred years after, Albizzi writes his curious "*Liber Conformitatum*," in which Francesco appears as another Christ; before the close of the fourteenth century La Portiuncula is the centre of devotion towards which thousands of pilgrims hasten from all parts of the land. To us in the nineteenth century there remains only one miracle: that Francesco, notwithstanding the many temptations in his way, should have remained as great and good as he undoubtedly was.

Besides the life of San Francesco, we are told by Waddingus, Thomas wrote three sequences. "*Thomas de Celano edidit sequentias tres: quarum prima incipit: Fregit victor virtualis; secunda: Sanctitatis nova signa; tertia: Dies iræ, dies illa.*" Notwithstanding all my endeavours, I am unable to find the first two. They would have been invaluable, as throwing much light on the person of Celano. But is there anything incredible in the fact attested by Waddingus and Albizzi,¹ that Thomas de Celano was the author of the "*Dies Iræ*"? He lived in a poetical atmosphere; the founder of the order was himself a poet, and some of his followers had not listened in vain to the strains of the Troubadours. The temper of Thomas de Celano, naturally not of a high poetical cast, received a powerful stimulus from his surroundings. We suppose we are right in our conjecture that he wrote this hymn towards the end of his life. The solitary student growing old, and bereft of the one person he had

loved, could not but feel his sadness increase as days and years passed on. Mixing little with the world around him, but hearing the gloomy reports of widespread evils, reading day by day the lives of the saints, and finding but little strength in himself to cope with evils that seemed so gigantic, he felt his courage give way. His heart became filled with unspeakable fears, and in an hour of inspiration, such as is but seldom vouchsafed to man, his pent-up feelings found vent in a cry of agony such as the world had never heard. All the colossal misery of the Middle Ages—revealing itself now and then in the panics which seized men, as they thought the day of judgment at hand, and culminating in the moral and physical ills of the fourteenth century—finds expression in the fierce cry of the Franciscan. The passionate love-songs of his fellow monks sink into silence, like the trill of the nightingale before the gathering storm-wind. The very sound of the words as one reads them strikes terror to the heart. No pen has ever described the awe of the day of judgment, the fear of the guilty soul, and the need of mercy, like that of Thomas de Celano. It is probable that he survived his hymn only a short time. The exact date of his death is unknown. The poet of the "*magna miseria*," may we not trust, has found "*magna misericordia*."

Before examining the hymn more closely there are one or two points of interest which deserve to be noticed. I trust I have shown sufficient reasons for believing that our hymn dates from the thirteenth century, and was written by one of the Franciscans. Waddingus himself mentions a rumour that the author of the hymn was one of the generals of the Franciscans: "*Licet alii eam tribuere velint Matthæo Aquaspartano, Cardinali ex Minoritis assumpto.*" By others the hymn was ascribed to the Dominicans, whose order numbered several poets during the thirteenth century. Some claimed its authorship for St. Bernard de Clairvaux, on the principle, I suppose, that to him that has shall more be given. Some claim for it

¹ Locum habet Celani de quo fuit frater Thomas, qui mandato apostolico scripsit sermone politico legendam primam beati Francisci, et prosam de mortuis quæ cantatur in Missa, *Dies Iræ*, dicitur fecisse. (Albizzi.)

an origin so far back as the seventh century, in the days of Gregory the Great, who was the author of eight hymns. But the rhyme shows distinct traces of the influence of the twelfth century; and it is, moreover, unlikely that so grand a poem should have remained unknown for so many centuries. Lastly, it is ascribed to Hämmerlein (Malleolus), who lived in Zürich during the fifteenth century. But since Albizzi, in his book written at the close of the fourteenth century, speaks of the hymn as well known, this opinion cannot be maintained. Nothing is more certain than that it dates from the thirteenth century, and both external and internal evidence point alike to the Franciscan.

If the authorship is a matter of dispute, so is the text. We are aware that some of our very best hymns are disfigured to an incredible extent by the boundless conceit, and the still more boundless ignorance, of modern compilers. The class of literary charlatans has unfortunately existed in all ages, and we need therefore not feel astonished that many attempts have been made to improve upon the original. The reader will have no difficulty in seeing that the structure of the verse after the seventeenth strophe is unlike that of the other parts of the hymn. This fact raises a doubt as to its original conclusion. The matter became still more complicated after the alleged discovery of a marble stone in one of the churches of Mantua, which contained the hymn ascribed to Thomas de Celano. On the marble of Mantua the hymn begins with the following verses:—

Cogita (quæso) anima fidelis
Ad quid respondere velis
Christo venturo de cœlis
Cum deprecatur rationem
Ob boni omissionem
Ob mali commissionem
Dies illa, dies iræ
Quam conemur prævenire
Obviamque Deo ire
Seria contritione
Gratiæ apprehensione
Vitæ emendatione.

And the last verse ran thus:—

Consors ut habitatis
Vivam cum justificatis
In ævum æternitatis.

It was but natural that the discoverer of this piece of marble should have supposed that the inscription contained the original. But those who do not belong to the fortunate class of discoverers will most probably come to the very opposite conclusion. They will think that the verses are very lame, and that they are a miserably weak introduction to a powerful hymn. They will be more inclined to believe that they contain the thoughts of one of the monks after reading the hymn; and they will see in them his attempt to scribble down an application for his own private use, and, as for aught I know he may have hoped, for the use of generations to come.

A version of the hymn was also found amongst the manuscripts of Malleolus. The hymn ends thus:—

O tu Deus majestatis
Alme condor trinitatis
Nunc conjunge cum beatis.

To me it seems probable that the additions in the version of Malleolus contain his pious reflections, and that they did not form part of the original; for I am inclined to believe that we have the original hymn in the Missale Romanum, but that, instead of the conclusion now in use, the hymn ended thus:—

Oro supplex et acclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis.

II.

WE may now for a moment look more closely at the hymn as it is found in the Missale Romanum. The prophet Zephaniah, in announcing the judgment of Jehovah against Judah for her sins, had thus described the day when the threat would be fulfilled: "That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm

against the fenced cities and against the high towers. And I will bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men." . . . "*Dies iræ, diēs illa.*" Like a peal of thunder rousing some unsuspecting person from his day-dreams, that day—the day of the Lord, known to Prophets, Evangelists, and Apostles—shall burst on the slumbering world. Humanity itself believes that, however long delayed, the day of judgment must come. David, with his intense consciousness of evil and guilt, speaks of righteousness and judgment. And his testimony is confirmed by the heathen world. In the Sibylline books,¹ to which the Middle Ages ascribe a remote and mysterious origin, the prophetesses paint again and again in the gloomiest colours at their command the impending catastrophe which shall involve the ruin of the world. More than once they describe their fears, and utter a prayer that they may escape from the general doom. A day looked forward to with such awe by the whole of humanity must indeed be terrible: "*Quantus tremor est futurus.*" The poet hears the trumpet as it sounds through the silent churchyard, calling the dead to life, and summoning them to appear before the Judge. He sees Him seated on His throne, gathering all the nations before Him, and looking at each individual with the eyes of fire, before which nothing is hid. Death itself is frightened as the graves are opened and its victims rise in obedience to the voice of One who is death's conqueror. And now the books are opened, the sentence is about to be read; but ere the words are spoken a sharp cry of agony bursts from the sinner's lips:—

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus
Cum vix justus sit securus.

The soul, stooping low in the very dust at the sound of that awful trumpet, which seems to seal its great and final doom, has yet strength enough to utter a sigh for mercy. The tremendous majesty of the Judge, which would lead to

everlasting despair, admits of a glimmer of hope, because the Judge is also the source of mercy:—

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me fons pietatis.

The soul throws itself on the mercy of the "*fons pietatis.*" There is a wonderful pathos about the appeal to the Divine love. The poet, who appears in the first part as the "*son of thunder,*" throwing every soul into the depth of trembling, now appears as a "*son of consolation,*" trying to heal the broken-hearted. What can be more touching than the way in which he reminds the Saviour of the labour it has cost Him to save a human soul:—

Quærens me sedisti lassus
Redemisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

But very soon it seems to him that the appeal for mercy will meet with no response. His guilt is very great, and the Judge, though inclined to mercy, must deal according to righteousness; what chance then of escape is there for a miserable sinner? He therefore pleads that his sins may be forgiven before the day of reckoning comes upon the world. He places himself like a criminal at the bar, confessing his guilt and beseeching his Judge to be merciful. And as he kneels in supplication a ray of hope lightens the darkness. Had not the Judge mercy on Mary Magdalene? Did He not forgive the thief on the cross? "*Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*"

But his struggles are not yet at an end. Whenever the thought of that "*day of wrath*" comes before him he feels overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and unworthiness, and it seems impossible to him that he should escape punishment; whenever the thought of the Saviour arises within him he feels encouraged to plead for mercy. This bitter conflict is long protracted; it rages violently throughout the latter part of the hymn. The character of Celano, naturally, as we have seen, timid and distrustful, reveals itself in all its humility. He has not shrunk

¹ Sibylli Orac. Ed. Sebastianus Castalio.

from self-examination, and he has courageously probed his wounds. He confesses his sins manfully, but he hesitates to believe that there is pardon for him. As the hymn draws to a close, the suppliant becomes more and more passionate in his entreaties. The terror of the scene increases the passion wherewith he prays that he may be saved from the everlasting flames, that he may be found among the sheep on the right hand, and not with the goats; that on the day when all evil-doers shall be confounded and consigned to the fire, his place may be among the blessed ones. Alas! he can find no rest. There remains nothing for him but to commend himself to God. On his bended knees, with a heart consumed by contrition, he leaves himself in God's hands. There is a note of peace at the end of the hymn, conjuring up vividly the vision of the day of judgment and the doubts and fears of the sinner. The cry of terror which, after it had passed the walls of the Franciscan convent, has found an echo in every sin-laden heart, which hundreds and thousands have repeated after the penitent monk was laid in his grave, seems at last to die away. Like a child falling asleep, wearied with crying, the soul sinks into slumber in the arms of her Redeemer.

Such is the hymn which Thomas de Celano wrote in his cell. It was the outpouring of the torrent of agitated feelings that tossed his heart hither and thither. It was the expression in words of what he had seen and felt many a time when outwardly he seemed calm. It was chanted most probably for the first time in the chapel of the convent; there was a weird music in the words, and the mere recitation would suffice to inspire the listeners with awe. But, as the hymn became known, the Church adopted it. It was too precious to be confined within a narrow space; it belonged to the Catholic Church, and was destined for the world.

Albizzi speaks of the "*Dies Iræ*" as "*prosa de mortuis quæ cantatur in Missâ*." Since the tenth century a kind of hymn had come into use which went

by the name of "Sequence." In the service of the Mass there is a portion which is called the "Graduale," on account of its being sung from the steps of the altar. The last note of the "Graduale," concluding with an "Alleluia," was generally sustained for an indefinite length of time, so as to convey to the listener the impression of a song of praise without end. The last syllable of the "Alleluia" was prolonged and sung with many modulations, according to the good pleasure of the officiating priest. In due time a hymn, to be sung by the choir, took the place of the protracted "Graduale." It was as it were the echo of the praises which had just resounded from the altar; it carried them from the "holy place" amongst the congregation, and prepared the people to listen joyfully to the "Gospel" which would soon be read, to be followed by a few short prayers, and the great act in which the adoration of the worshippers reached its climax.

But it is probable that the word was afterwards used in a wider sense and applied to other compositions from the fact of their being appended to the "Graduale." The "*Stabat Mater*" went by the name of "Sequence" and so did the "*Dies Iræ*." It was used on All-Souls' Day, and formed part of the service in the Mass for the Dead, where it comes after the "Tractus," which follows the "Graduale." It is hardly necessary to remark how suited the hymn of Thomas de Celano is to occasions like those. When the Church commemorates those members that have departed from the Church on earth to swell the vast congregation thronging the courts above; when she prays for their souls, that after all their wanderings, after all their struggles, trials and temptations, they may at last reach the haven of rest and be at peace—where could she find words to express her deep anxiety and passionate yearning for the salvation of her children like those of the trembling Franciscan? At that solemn hour—when, in the presence of death, the discordant voices of the world are hushed; when, amidst the silence of

the spectators, a human soul is hovering on the borders of a land dreadful because unknown; when this world seems an illusion, and earthly things have proved to be a bitter mockery—those terrible words seem to drive the nails into the coffin as it stands on the bier. But do they not also express the love which the mourners must ever feel for the departed? It finds renewed utterance in the words added by the Church in later days:—

Lacrimosa dies illa
Quæ resurget ex favillâ
Judicandus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus
Pie Jesu Domine
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

Our history would be incomplete did we not add a few words about the musical compositions called forth by this hymn. Was it sung at first to one of those Gregorian melodies which seem to breathe melancholy mingled with defiance?¹ Did it inspire any musician during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? Once arrived at Palestrina our difficulties are at an end. This great writer of Church music struck the keynote, which was soon taken up by a host of others. Astorga and Pergolesi found in their own experience the source of inspiration for the music of "The Requiem." The severe Durante and the light-hearted Jomelli, not to mention others, wrote music which shall continue to live so long as the love for the dead shall inspire a prayer on their behalf. But from among the mass of composers two men step forward to challenge all vain competition—Cherubini and Mozart.

Cherubini wrote two requiem-masses. His operas are well known; his masses are as grand in their way as his operas. The man who knew the world thoroughly, who had come into contact with men and women of all classes and ranks of society, who had had such great opportunities of observing life in every form, was well fitted to write its epitaph. "The Requiem" of Cherubini

¹ In Helmore's "Hymnal, noted," the "*Dies Iræ*" is set to an old Gregorian melody.

is pervaded by an air of deep tragedy. Life passes before us as it must have presented itself to the man who summed up the experience of King Solomon in the words: "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Gradually we watch it ebbing away; the hour is at hand when "the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." But on the rigid features there is an expression of peace which they had never known during the troubled existence on earth. Some one has well said, that listening to Cherubini's music one cannot help weeping, but that hearing "The Requiem" of Mozart one longs to die.

When Mozart wrote it his short glorious life was drawing to a close. His mind was filled with the gloomiest forebodings; he believed firmly that he "was writing this 'Requiem' for himself." His bodily weakness frequently interrupted his labours, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he took up again and again the pen which had fallen from his powerless hands. Once, we are told, when listening to the opening of the "*Lacrimosa*," he burst into tears.

Who that has ever heard Mozart's "Requiem" can possibly forget it? The "*Kyrie Eleison*" is dying away, when a wild chorus, descriptive of distress and turmoil, breaks on the stillness with the opening bars of the "*Dies Iræ*." Louder and louder grows the music till it reaches its climax of power in the "*Quantus tremor est futurus*." Then follows the sound of the trumpet, and the agony of the sinner at the thought that on that day the righteous shall scarcely be saved. Voices are heard now rising and falling, then once more gaining in strength, as if to express the feelings of the soul in its painful uncertainty, when all doubt suddenly comes to an end by the tremendous outburst: "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*." The awfulness of the last day dawns on us in all its vastness. But there rises, ere long, above the storm a sad beseeching voice: "*Salva me, fons pietatis*." The magnificent quartet, "*Recordare*," seems to

admit the soul within the precincts of heaven ; there is a wonderful peace in the movement as it lingers towards the end, and is followed by an outburst which once more brings before us the terrors of the day of judgment. And in the end we see the repentant soul bending low in prayer. The chorus which now follows is of great sweetness and tenderness. The "Lacrimosa" is a tearful farewell, with a sad smile to the world. It paints life in its manifold contrasts, waiting in vain for a power to blend it into harmony. But all earthly feelings

give way as the soul is seized for the last time by an unspeakable fear. A soft sigh, "*Huic ergo parce Deus,*" now escapes the soul, hanging between life and death. One sees the grave opened, one hears the dull sound of the earth falling on the coffin, and over the last remains there sounds in solemn music the "*Dona eis requiem,*" and the final "*Amen.*"

He that has heard Mozart's "Mass for the Dead" has listened to one of the most gigantic interpretations of the most gigantic hymn of the Middle Ages.

A. SCHWARTZ.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

I.—THE SETTLEMENT OF THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

WITH the cries, "Long Life to the King High Priest" (πολλὰ τὰ ἔτη τῷ ἀρχιερεὶ βασιλεῖ), "Long live the Pope King" (*Evviva Papa Rè*), the Synod of Constantinople, in the year of grace 448, received the rescripts of the Roman Emperor; and, in the year 1867, the Papalini amongst the Roman populace greeted the French regiments as they returned victoriously from Mentana.

For fifteen centuries Christendom has oscillated between the two ideas, or rather between the two aspects of the same idea, embodied in these two cries. Nor could it well be otherwise. The Fathers of the Church had hoped that as in the Divine Founder of Christianity two perfect natures, the divine and human, had been harmoniously blended into one, so, in the Christian body politic, the spiritual and secular would be ideally fused into a single *civitas Dei*; but this dream was not destined to be realized. The marriage between Church and State consecrated by the conversion of Constantine to Christianity bound together two incompatible natures. It could hardly be but that when the first glowing days of union had passed away, the one should endeavour to assert superiority over the other. As long as the "Holy" Empire lasted the struggle was carried on, theoretically at least, within one body, Emperor and Pope each claiming to be the ideal Head of the Christian Cosmos, each looking upon himself as invested with the prerogatives of a Divine commission, each describing himself as the Vicar of Christ. Had the dream of Justinian been realized, the Church would have become the handmaid of the State; had that of Hildebrand been fulfilled, the State would have become

the slave of the Church. But whilst nothing less than the permanent subordination of the one to the other seemed to afford the prospect of lasting peace, the rights each maintained coincided too exactly with the wants and necessities, the inward and outward conditions of man's nature, to enable either to win a decisive victory. Despite, therefore, the virtues and the vices, the wisdom and the folly, of individual Emperors and Popes, neither could permanently maintain the upper hand. As century followed century, the conflict was renewed with alternating success. Then came the great Rebellion of the Reformation, with its stream of new ideas and the creation of an ecclesiastical empire within the Empire; then the Council of Trent, with its would-be *modus vivendi* between the Catholic Church and the Catholic State; then the Treaties of Westphalia, with their truce between Catholics and Protestants; then the creeping paralysis of the Empire, and lastly its almost unnoticed death at the beginning of the century. But long before this final consummation the conflict had changed its original character. Guelphs and Ghibelins had ceased to be marshalled against each other upon the battle-field, and blood no longer flowed to settle questions of precedence between the representatives of Augustus and those of St. Peter. The struggle had assumed the less exciting form of a conflict of jurisdictions between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities within the several sovereign states into which Christendom had now branched off. The Church found herself called upon to deal with an entirely different set of persons and ideas, and with a wholly new theory of the State set up to oppose her. It was no longer the "divinity that doth hedge a king"

which confronted the Divine Lustre of the Bishop of Bishops, and which, boasting a common origin with the latter, constituted a rivalry between powers of like nature and pretensions. The "Divine Right" of the State of the eighteenth century was an abstract conception, whose hard features, had they been symbolized, would have borne a closer resemblance to those of the "Goddess of Reason" than to the mystic and spiritual ideal which glowed before the imagination of the Middle Age. The struggle thus became one between two incongruous forces, each occupying ground wholly removed from that occupied by the other, each speaking language incomprehensible to the other, each appealing to facts, conceptions, and trains of thought inaccessible to the other. Between the theory of the "Contrat Social" and that of an Infallible Church, divinely commissioned to order and regulate man's life here and hereafter, there was no single point of contact possible, and the conflict therefore assumed the character of the fabled fight between the Dog and the Fish. But there was this difference: that the one combatant, under some strange spell, as in a tale of sorcery, was doomed at times to return to the similitude of his adversary, and to exchange his element for that of his foe, and that, at such times, the conditions of the fight became restored altogether in favour of the one who retained his original nature and habits.¹ In other words, it seems to be an abiding law of man's nature, after periods of criticism and negation, and the endeavour to found new systems, Julian-like, to apostatize from the new faith, to return, as if in despair, to tradi-

tion and history, and to seek rest and solace in the associations of the past. At such periods of reaction the Papal hierarchy, with its magnificent tradition and its unbroken historical unity, becomes possessed of a ground of vantage which, if the Papal Court were as wise in great things as it is crafty in small, might have secured successes very different from any which it has hitherto been able to register.

By far the most important of these revivals in modern times, is that which occupies the quarter of a century which has now elapsed since the Revolution of 1848.

The reaction which followed the first French Revolution did no more than re-establish relations of outward decency between the Church and the State. The living generation was too deeply imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth century, too many interests had grown fat upon the spoils of ecclesiastical confiscations, the political changes that were being consummated were too absorbing, the Papacy itself was too much taken up with its personal misfortunes—to allow of any serious attempt being made to recall the great traditions of the past. In the minds of the majority of men the conflict had been definitely fought out, the Church had succumbed, and, for the future, clerics would have to accept their position as servants of the State, and modestly to keep in the background, not to offend the prejudices of a society content to tolerate but by no means inclined to cherish them. Who could then have believed, in noting the almost apologetic tone in which Schleiermacher was venturing to introduce religious subjects to the public of his day, that in little more than half a century a Pope would, amidst the applause of millions, have revived in an exaggerated form the pretensions of a Hildebrand or an Innocent, and that it would have become the all-absorbing task of a German Emperor to resist those pretensions? Would not a man have been held insane who should have predicted that a day would come when Germans would be excused who read

¹ A partial transfiguration of this kind, in which the State seemed almost bent on abjuring its specifically secular character, and ready to commit itself to the element monopolized by the Church, was witnessed when the Presidency of M. Thiers was exchanged for that of Marshal MacMahon. What would it have been if Henri V. had, last autumn, as there seemed a great probability of his doing, really mounted the throne of St. Louis, and the white flag with the fleur de lys had once more waved over the France of '89?

with self-complacent awe that strange prophecy in the "Divina Comedia," in which the heir of the Imperial Eagle is represented as trampling on the Roman Harlot and her Gallic paramour?¹

Yet, though we live and move and have our being in the very heat of this conflict, we are tempted to ask ourselves whether it be in fact a real struggle between beings of flesh and blood, or but a spectral contest between crowned phantoms and their attendant hosts, like that legendary battle fought out in the twilight over the plains of Châlons, between the ghostly warriors of Attila and Aëtius? Can we believe that at the railway speed with which we seem to be hurrying on towards a coarse materialistic future, time and space and public interest will be found for an earnest and real struggle between an ideal Church and an ideal State? Did the German Emperor therefore act wisely in taking the Vatican decrees *au sérieux*, and picking up the glove thrown down to him, or would it have been better to have allowed the reaction to die a natural death, and then to let the dead bury their dead? Is the conflict which has resulted from his picking up the glove likely to lead to a permanent settlement, and to end in the ecclesiastical lion lying down with the State lamb, or, is the present but one weary episode more in an unprofitable strife destined to be concluded before an empty gallery by a drawn game, or at best by a stalemate of one or the other of the adversaries?

We shall not venture to answer these questions; but certain it is that no answer can be given to them without a clear idea of the historical connection between present events and the previous phases of the relations between Church and State in Germany.

We propose, therefore, as a small contribution towards this end, to examine, in this and the following articles, the ecclesiastical laws lately enacted in Prussia, and known as the Falk Laws, as well as those passed by the German Empire, in their connection with the structural growth of Church and State in

¹ "Purgatorio," 33, 34.

Germany generally, and more particularly in the realm of the Hohenzollerns.²

The religious settlement of Germany dates back, as Dr. Manning, in his Essay on Cæsarism, very correctly remarks, to the Peace of Westphalia. That this settlement, however—considering the anathema launched against it by Innocent X., (the doctrines contained in which anathema, be it remembered, have become, by the decrees of the Vatican Council, binding on the individual conscience of every Catholic as an article of faith, not different in kind from belief in the Trinity or Incarnation)—should apparently meet with Dr. Manning's approval, is passing strange, and shows how far even the strictest adherents of the Vatican yet are from having learnt to adapt their language to the requirements of Infallibility.

The Peace of Westphalia, in so far as the settlement of religious differences was concerned, was, it must be remembered, not only an international instrument guaranteed by most of the great powers of Christendom, but likewise an organic statute, determining once for all the principles upon which ecclesiastical affairs were for the future to be ordained within the limits of the Empire. What those principles were may be thus shortly summed up:—

Whereas, before the Peace of Religion, of which the Treaties of Westphalia were the confirmation and ratification, the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Catholic Church had been *de jure* one and indivisible, together forming one body animated by one soul, the treaties aforesaid "established," *i.e.*, gave a legal *status* to, two Churches, the Catholic and the Protestant, and that in such wise that in regard to ecclesiastical property and to the public

² It must be remembered that the ecclesiastical conflict now raging in Germany, though indirectly affecting the whole of the empire, is *en première ligne* one between the Prussian State and the Roman See. The Falk Laws, so named from Dr. Falk, the present Prussian Minister of Public Worship, are specific Prussian laws: the legislation of the empire has had to be appealed to on such points only as have ceased to be within the competency of the local legislatures.

exercise of each religion (*publicum religionis exercitium*), a right involving the concurrence and co-operation of the State in enforcing the *jura externa* of the religion exercised, and therefore in determining the limits between the *jura externa* and the *jura interna*, the *uti possidetis* of the year 1624 was, *exceptis excipiendis*, to be maintained. Further, the settlement formally recognized the *Jus reformandi*, i.e., the right of determining which of the two religions should be the *established* one, as inherent in the territorial sovereign—that is to say, it invested, as against Cæsar and Realm (*Kaiser und Reich*), and in so far as the right was not limited by the *status quo* of 1624, the individual States of which the Empire was composed with a “chief power” in matters ecclesiastical analogous to that with which the 37th Article of the Church of England invests the Queen’s Majesty.

That the august Head of the Holy Roman Empire should have affixed his signature to an international instrument and an organic law embodying this principle, was the one great result purchased by all the blood shed during the Thirty Years’ War and the many wars which in the previous century had preceded it. The importance of the principle thus affirmed cannot be over-estimated, for it in fact signed the death-warrant of that other great principle on which Christendom had been built up, viz.: that all baptized persons together formed a community one and indivisible, in the totality of which alone, whether the right were exercised by the tacit consent of all, or by means of General Councils, or by the absolute dicta of the spiritual head of the community, the *Jus reformandi* could be conceived as residing. It was the principle of which the formula *Cujus regio ejus religio* was the legitimate, though mis-shapen offspring; and that a settlement consecrating such a principle should in the Bull *Zelo Domus* have been condemned as utterly null and void, as iniquitous, unjust, damnable, and accursed, and binding on no one, all oaths to the contrary notwithstanding

(*etiamsi juramento vallata sint*), was a necessary and logical consequence of the relation in which the new principle stood to the fundamental doctrine of the Catholic Church. We need not therefore wonder at the Bull, but we think that, under the circumstances, Dr. Manning might have been a little more charitable towards those unfortunate German Freemasons whose object he declares it to be to upset that settlement.

As regards the practical application of the *Jus reformandi* in the seventeenth century, it must be observed that it was in practice limited to the right of the territorial sovereign to determine which of the three confessions—the Catholic, the Augsburg, or the Reformed—should be recognized as the *established Church* of his territory, in so far always as this right was not barred by the *status quo* of 1624. Where in that year both Catholics and Protestants had enjoyed the right of exercising their religion, both Churches were established with a perfect equality of rights. Where the *status quo* of that year did not apply, Catholics in a Protestant State, and Protestants in a Catholic State, were tolerated, i.e., they were not, like Jews or heathens, to be subjected to civil disabilities, and were to enjoy the right of private devotion, but they were precluded from the *publicum religionis exercitium*. Persons who were neither Catholics, nor Lutherans, nor Reformed, had no legal *status* whatsoever. To all these provisions, it should be lastly noted, the hereditary dominions of the House of Austria formed the exception. Despite all the efforts of the Protestant negotiators, the Austrian Crown succeeded in securing to itself as a treaty right the precious prerogative of unlimited persecution.

In connection with this settlement there is a point which requires to be carefully noted, viz.: that the terms of agreement, which after due ratification became the organic laws of the Empire, were concluded between the Roman Emperor and the Realm, between the Kaiser on the one hand and the Reich on the other—whilst the Roman Pope remained a complete stranger to the

transaction. Thus, within the actual limits of the Holy Roman Empire, and under the hand and seal of a Roman Emperor, the portentous precedent was established of legislation upon ecclesiastical matters, and that upon the largest scale, being carried out unilaterally by the State, not only without the co-operation of the Bishop of Bishops, but in the teeth of his most violent *ex-cathedra* protests. If we ask how such a result was attainable, and how, with the Bull *Zelo Domus* confronting them, it was possible for the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy of Germany to live for two hundred years on the best of terms, not only with the State, which had so sacrilegiously ventured to take the management of the "religious question" into its own hands, but with the Roman Curia, which had so heartily cursed it for so doing, we hit upon the key-note of the present conflict. All this was possible because the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, however much it might be preached by individual Popes, however strong the party representing it in the Church might be, *had not been dogmatized*. The Church of Rome had not then lost the condition of its catholicity—comprehensiveness. The opinions contained in the Bull *Unam Sanctam* were not binding on the individual conscience of the Catholic bishop or priest as a dogma to be held at the peril of his soul. Bishops were still "free men," and had not as yet become the Pope's "men." As free men, it is true, they were bound religiously to observe the laws of the great spiritual commonwealth to which they belonged. But this was a very different thing from a slavish bowing down *ad nutum sacerdotis*, or a blind obedience to every word that fell from the lips of an omnipotent Over Lord. It had not yet been received as an article of faith that these words, whatever their purpose and import, whether breathing love and charity, peace and goodwill, or hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, were alike to be considered as the oracles of God! We cannot better realize the full bearings and portentousness of the Vatican decrees than by reflecting on the fact that

had they been the law of the Church in the seventeenth century, the Peace of Westphalia would have been impossible, and no *modus vivendi* could have been established between German Catholics and German Protestants, even after the unexampled horrors of the Thirty Years' War!

The practical application of the principles laid down in the Treaties of Westphalia determined once for all the ecclesiastical configuration of Germany, and has up to the present time impressed upon the great Teutonic commonwealth in the centre of Europe a character radically different from that which has gradually shaped itself in the so-called Anglo-Saxon branches of the same race. In England, religious liberty, combined with political liberty, has resulted in the unfettered growth of innumerable free religious associations side by side with the Established Church, and while maintaining the union between the latter and the State, has deprived the Church of all obligatory rights over the individual citizen. In America, the same combination has resulted in the realization of the essentially modern idea of the Free Church in the Free State. In Germany, the Reformation produced the exactly contrary effects, and instead of loosening the bonds between Church and State, riveted them more closely than they had ever been before. There religious liberty, under the formula of the *Jus reformandi*,—dissociated from political liberty and combined with the absolute form of government which stereotyped itself during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries throughout the territories of the Empire—resulted, as regards the Protestant territories, in the complete supremacy of the State over the Church. The right of private judgment vindicated by Luther was one to be exercised by the individual Christian within the Church, and was never looked upon as involving the privilege of secession from the Church and the formation of independent communities outside her pale. As a public corporation, the Church became part and parcel of the State, bone of its bone and flesh of its

flesh ; some Lutheran readings of the relations between the two going so far as to assign to the temporal sovereign a plenitude of episcopal authority over matters of faith (*Cæsaropapatus*) not very different from that claimed by the Pope over the Catholic community.

In the Catholic States the effects of the settlement were not so immediate or far-reaching, because, from the nature of the case, the relations between the Catholic Church and the Catholic State did not either directly or indirectly come before the forum of the contracting parties to the Peace of Westphalia ; nevertheless, the indirect influence of the ideas which pervaded the settlement did not fail to leave their mark even there, resulting in the development of the so-called "territorial system" which, culminating during the eighteenth century in the legislation of the Emperor Joseph, asserted the supremacy of the State over the entire province of the *jura externa* of the Church, included within those *jura* much which has always been claimed by Rome as exclusively belonging to the *jura interna*, and vindicated for the State the absolute right of determining the limits of its own jurisdiction.

It is in the States however in which by the *uti possidetis* of 1624 the two Churches were established with a perfect parity of rights, that we meet with the phenomena which, for our English eyes, it is the most difficult correctly to apprehend. The difficulty consists not merely in imagining the social aspect of a Catholic Establishment in the midst of a Protestant country and under a Protestant ruler, but in realizing all that such an Establishment means in a political society in which the union between the civil and ecclesiastical power is so close and intimate as it has become in Germany for the reasons above given.

Since the emancipation of the English Dissenters, the abolition of church rates and all the other measures by which non-members of the Church of England have been placed on a footing of civil equality with members of the Establishment, the omnipresent agency of the Church in the civil relations

of life has ceased to be a conception familiar to our minds. Indeed, from the fact that the Church in England does not necessarily fulfil any of the functions which it is optional for the State to fulfil, it bears the outward semblance rather of a *privileged* than of a State Church.

For the due comprehension, however, of the conflict between Prussia and the Vatican, it is absolutely necessary that we should duly realize all that an Establishment means, where the State has left it in the *sole possession*¹ of those optional functions ; and that we should keep steadily before our eyes the fact that by the settlement of the Peace of Westphalia two absolute powers—the Protestant State, with the *Jus reformandi* in its blood and in its marrow, and the Catholic Church, with its claim to Infallibility and to power derived directly from above—were by a solemn compact, guaranteed both nationally and internationally, bound not only to find a *modus vivendi* with each other, but the means of active and friendly co-operation in regard to all the functions aforesaid ; and, lastly, that until the great unsettlement of the Vatican Council these two powers did find not only this *modus vivendi*, but the means of this active co-operation.

In order to bring the nature of these relations vividly before the mind of the reader I will take one out of a hundred cases of such necessary co-operation, and to save space hereafter I will at once select the case of Education as the immediate cause of the conflict which led to the Falk Laws.

Compulsory education in denominational schools, *i.e.*, in so far as the Pro-

¹ At the time of the Vatican Decrees, and when the Falk Laws were passed, civil marriage and civil registry, except in the Rhine province, had not been introduced into Prussia : so that the Church was still the sole agent in regard to the three most important episodes in every citizen's life, *viz.*, his birth, his marriage, and his death. It was only this year that a bill was passed introducing civil marriage and civil registry throughout the monarchy. It is clear that this legislation should have preceded, not followed, the ecclesiastical legislature proper.

testant and the Catholic religions are concerned, in schools belonging to churches established on a footing of perfect parity, is, as everybody knows, a vital principle of the Prussian State. The clerical managers of a Catholic school therefore, conjointly with the possibly Protestant policeman, are between them bound by the laws of the realm to bring the Catholic youth to the national school, to seat him at his desk, and, if possible, to introduce into his head the lessons which are to teach him his duty towards God and man, towards the Church, and towards the State. Is it in the nature of things that the co-operation should stop there? and does it not necessarily involve some common agreement as to the lessons taught? Can it, for instance, be a matter of indifference to the State, which pays both the clerical catechizer and the policeman who furnishes the raw material to be catechized, which of the following propositions are contained in the lesson book?—

Firstly :—

“No power in any Pope or Council, or in any individual or body of men invested with authority in the Catholic Church, can make it lawful for a Catholic to confirm any falsehood by an oath; or dispense with any oath by which a Catholic has confirmed his duty of allegiance to his sovereign. . . . The allegiance which Catholics hold to be due and are bound to pay to their sovereign, and to the civil authority of the State, is perfect and undivided. They do not divide their allegiance between their sovereign and any other power on earth, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. . . . They declare that neither the Pope nor any other prelate or ecclesiastical person of the Roman Catholic Church . . . has any right, directly or indirectly, to any civil or temporal jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority within the realm, nor has any right to interfere directly or indirectly in the civil Government. . . . nor to oppose in any manner the performance of the civil duties which are due to the king. . . . nor to enforce the performance of any spiritual or

ecclesiastical duty by any civil or temporal means.”¹

“Catholics utterly renounce, reject, and abjure the opinion that princes excommunicated by the Pope and Council, or by any authority of the See of Rome, or by any authority whatever, may be deposed and murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatsoever. They declare their belief that no act in itself unjust, immoral, or wicked can ever be excused on the pretence that it was done for the good of the Church or in obedience to any ecclesiastical power, and that it is not an article of Catholic faith that the Pope is infallible. Nor are they bound to obey any order in its own nature immoral, though the Pope should issue such order; but, on the contrary, it would be sinful to pay any respect thereto.”²

Or, Secondly :—

“All Christians are as a necessary condition of salvation subject to the Roman Pontiff, to whom has been committed the power of both swords, of the temporal as well as the spiritual, and that in such wise that he wields the latter himself, and that the former must be wielded at his will and pleasure (*ad nutum et patientiam sacerdotis*) by the secular arm. The Christian community (i.e. all baptized persons throughout the world) form together one body with one Head, not two Heads, which would be a monstrosity, and that Head is the Pope. Hence, if the temporal power err, the spiritual power is appointed judge over it, and though this power be committed to a man, the power is not human but divine. The Pope can judge all men, but himself can be judged of none.”³

“The government of the whole world, not in spiritual matters merely, but in temporal, belongs to the See of Rome (*Dominus Petro non solum universam*

¹ “Declaratio episcoporum catholicorum vicariorum apostolicorum eorumque coadjutorum Magnæ Britannie, anno 1826.”

² “Declaratio Archiepiscoporum et Episcoporum Ecclesiæ Romanæ Catholicæ quæ est in Hiberniâ, anno 1826.”

³ From the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, appealed to by Dr. Manning as a “declaratory Act” of the Ultramontane Faith.

ecclesiam sed etiam seculum reliquit gubernandum).¹ Therefore the Pope has the right to interfere, both directly and indirectly, in the civil government of all Christian realms, and to oppose the performance of the civil duties which are due to the king. He has the power to depose kings, and to absolve subjects from their allegiance, and to dispense with oaths by which Catholics have confirmed their allegiance to their sovereign. He has likewise the power to dispense sovereigns from their oaths to maintain the liberties of their peoples.² *A fortiori*, therefore, all civil matters, which out of the fulness of their spiritual power Popes have at any time declared *ex cathedrâ* to belong to the domain of the Church, come within the supreme and exclusive jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff, to the absolute exclusion of all concurrent jurisdiction on the part of the State.³ The Infallible Pope, and he only, can determine what proportion of the civil rights of every citizen belong to Cæsar, and what proportion belong to himself. This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved."

It was towards a Church whose most orthodox Bishops and Archbishops could describe the doctrines held by them in the terms of the former propositions that the Germany of 1648 bound herself: it is by a Church whose sons, whether lay or clerical, are bound at the peril of their soul's salvation to hold the doctrines embodied in the latter propositions, that Germany has been confronted since July 1870.

The Falk legislation is an attempt, as far as Prussia is concerned, to meet the difficulties caused by this radical change in the conditions of the contract. To understand that legislation, therefore, it is necessary clearly to apprehend what these difficulties are in the con-

crete, and not to measure them by the canons of abstract theory.

The way in which English Protestants who take the part of the Vatican against Prussia meet the great central difficulty of this conflict of jurisdictions is by proposing disestablishment. Now, whether disestablishment and undenominational education may or may not at some future time become possible in Prussia is a question which need not here be discussed. To talk of either as a possibility *now* is to show a complete misapprehension of the structural conformation of Church and State in Germany, and therefore of the elementary conditions of the problem to be solved. To mention no other difficulty: How, with the perfect parity between the Catholic and Protestant Churches which, as shown above, has for two centuries formed the basis of the ecclesiastical structure of Germany, could the Catholic Church be disestablished without at the same time disestablishing the Protestant Church, and on what principle of justice could the Protestant Church be disestablished for the sins of the Vatican Council? This remedy of disestablishment, of the free Church in a free State, is the more strange when urged by the apologists of the Vatican, that it seems to imply that the alternative proposed is one which would be accepted by the latter, whereas the separation of the Church from the State is one of the heresies especially condemned in the Syllabus (§ 55), and against which Dr. Manning in his *Essay on Cæsarism* most vehemently protests.⁴

The indissoluble union between Church and State, with an infallible Pope, weighted with the infallibilities of all his predecessors, as sole and su-

¹ Innocent III., *Epistol. lib. ii. op. 209*, ad Patr. Constantinop.

² Boniface VIII. in the Bull *Unam Sanctam*; Paul IV. in the Bull *Cum ex apostolatus officio*; Sixtus V. in the Bull *Inscrutabilis*.

³ Confer Dr. Manning's *Essay on Cæsarism and Ultramontanism*, and his articles in the *Contemporary Review* for April and June.

⁴ "The political tendency of the whole world is towards 'Free Churches;' that is, to the desecration of the civil power by the rejection of the Church. The temporal sovereignty of the Supreme Pontiff has been violated on the plea that the civil and spiritual powers may be once more separated, not as Providence has ordained hitherto, but on the impossible theory of a free Church in a free State."—"Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," printed in *Times* of 24 December, 1873.

preme judge of the relations between the two, and therefore invested with an absolute legislative, judicial, and executive authority over some of the most important of the civil relations of life; such is not only the claim put forward by the Vatican, and served upon the representatives of the civil power—whether Protestant or Catholic—throughout the world, but it is the *dogma* which every Vatican Catholic is bound to believe, and therefore to do his utmost to assert in practice. Will any one say that an infallible remedy has yet been found to meet this danger of Infallibility?

Italy, it is true, has boldly proclaimed the principle of the Free Church in the Free State, and has handed over the whole of her clergy and episcopacy to the tender mercies of the Vatican; but what has been her reward? A stereotyped anathema; a chronic state of excommunication; the complete estrangement of the national Church from the aims and objects of the national life; the inability of any Italian to give both to God the things that be God's, and to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's.

But in Italy, owing to the *tabula rasa* created by the revolution, there was at least the possibility of attempting a great innovation of this kind. In Prussia the conditions necessary to the attempt are wanting. There, after two centuries of successful *volò episcopari* on the part of the State, the relations between the latter and the established churches have been compacted into solid masonry, which dynamite might perhaps burst, but which cannot be displaced by ordinary tools. Prussia could not allow the Catholic Church to denationalize itself, even if it wished to do so, for the Catholic Church in Prussia is not a bondman in the land of Egypt which can without more ado be dismissed into the wilderness. It is the twin brother of the Protestant Establishment, enjoying equally with the latter all the rights and privileges of citizenship, and therefore bound to fulfil the duties of citizenship. What those duties are, what are the nature and character of the allegiance

owed to the State, can be determined by the State alone, and can never be left to the discretion of a foreign prince, even if his head be adorned by a triple crown. Prussia, therefore, has no alternative left but to follow the great precedent of the Westphalian settlement, and to determine for herself what the future relations between Church and State shall be.

The only alternative, that of determining those relations by a mutual agreement between the spiritual head of the Catholic Church and the temporal sovereigns of the territories of which the faithful are denizens, has been once for all cut adrift by the Vatican Council. By deifying one of the contracting parties, the mutuality which constitutes the essence of all human contracts has been irrevocably destroyed, and the unilateral precedent of the Peace of Westphalia has imposed itself for all future time as an iron necessity.

Whether Prussia has set the right way to work to perform the task imposed on her—whether the Falk Laws are the best laws for that purpose—above all, whether the spirit in which these laws have been applied is a right spirit is a totally different question, with which we are not now concerned. All we wish at present to make clear is, that, given the historical antecedents of Germany and Prussia, Prussia had no choice but to attempt by internal legislation to meet the dangers which the Vatican Council has spread in her path and that of all other modern States.

We have in the present article shown of what nature was the settlement of the Peace of Westphalia, and how by it the Catholic and Protestant Churches were established and solidly built up into the fabric of the State. We shall endeavour in the following articles to describe more particularly how the relations between Church and State developed themselves in Prussia until the great unsettlement of the Vatican Council; and we shall lastly examine the Falk Legislation, and see how far it is calculated to remedy the consequences of this unsettlement.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1874.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.¹

IF the man to perpetuate whose memory we have this day raised a statue had been asked on what part of his busy life's work he set the highest value, he would undoubtedly have pointed to his voluminous contributions to theology. In season and out of season, he was the steadfast champion of that hypothesis respecting the Divine nature which is termed Unitarianism by its friends and Socinianism by its foes. Regardless of odds, he was ready to do battle with all comers in that cause; and if no adversaries entered the lists, he would sally forth to seek them.

To this, his highest ideal of duty, Joseph Priestley sacrificed the vulgar prizes of life, which, assuredly, were within easy reach of a man of his singular energy and varied abilities. For this object he put aside, as of secondary importance, those scientific investigations which he loved so well, and in which he showed himself so competent to enlarge the boundaries of natural knowledge and to win fame. In this cause, he not only cheerfully suffered obloquy from the bigoted and the unthinking, and came within sight of martyrdom; but bore with that which is much harder to be borne than all these, the unfeigned astonishment and hardly disguised contempt of a brilliant society, composed of men whose sympathy and esteem must have been most dear to

him, and to whom it was simply incomprehensible that a philosopher should seriously occupy himself with any form of Christianity.

It appears to me that the man who, setting before himself such an ideal of life, acted up to it consistently, is worthy of the deepest respect, whatever opinion may be entertained as to the real value of the tenets which he so zealously propagated and defended.

But I am sure that I speak not only for myself, but for all this assemblage, when I say that our purpose to-day is to do honour, not to Priestley, the Unitarian divine, but to Priestley, the fearless defender of rational freedom in thought and in action: to Priestley, the philosophic thinker; to that Priestley who held a foremost place among "the swift runners who hand over the lamp of life,"² and transmit from one generation to another the fire kindled, in the childhood of the world, at the Promethean altar of Science.

The main incidents of Priestley's life are so well known that I need dwell upon them at no great length.

Born in 1733, at Fieldhead, near Leeds, and brought up among Calvinists of the strictest orthodoxy, the boy's striking natural ability led to his being devoted to the profession of a minister of religion; and, in 1752, he was sent to the Dissenting Academy at Daventry—an institution which authority left undisturbed,

¹ An Address delivered on the occasion of the presentation of a statue of Priestley to the town of Birmingham, August 1, 1874. With some additions.

No. 180.—VOL. XXX.

² "Quasi cursores, vitæ lampada tradunt."
LUCR. *De Rerum Nat.* ii. 18.

though its existence contravened the law. The teachers under whose instruction and influence the young man came at Daventry, carried out to the letter the injunction to "try all things: hold fast that which is good," and encouraged the discussion of every imaginable proposition with complete freedom, the leading professors taking opposite sides; a discipline which, admirable as it may be from a purely scientific point of view, would seem to be calculated to make acute, rather than sound, divines. Priestley tells us, in his "Autobiography," that he generally found himself on the unorthodox side: and as he grew older, and his faculties attained their maturity, this native tendency towards heterodoxy grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He passed from Calvinism to Arianism; and finally, in middle life, landed in that very broad form of Unitarianism, by which his craving after a credible and consistent theory of things was satisfied.

On leaving Daventry, Priestley became minister of a congregation, first at Needham Market and secondly at Nantwich; but whether on account of his heterodox opinions, or of the stuttering which impeded his expression of them in the pulpit, little success attended his efforts in this capacity. In 1761, a career much more suited to his abilities became open to him. He was appointed "tutor in the languages" in the Dissenting Academy at Warrington, in which capacity, besides giving three courses of lectures, he taught Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and read lectures on the Theory of Language and Universal Grammar, on Oratory, Philosophical Criticism, and the Civil Law. And it is interesting to observe that, as a teacher, he encouraged and cherished in those whom he instructed, the freedom which he had enjoyed, in his own student days, at Daventry. One of his pupils tells us that—

"At the conclusion of his lecture, he always encouraged his students to express their sentiments relative to the subject of it, and to urge any objections to what he had delivered, without reserve. It pleased him when any one commenced such a conversation.

In order to excite the freest discussion, he occasionally invited the students to drink tea with him, in order to canvass the subjects of his lectures. I do not recollect that he ever showed the least displeasure at the strongest objections that were made to what he delivered, but I distinctly remember the smile of approbation with which he usually received them: nor did he fail to point out, in a very encouraging manner, the ingenuity or force of any remarks that were made, when they merited these characters. His object, as well as Dr. Aikin's, was to engage the students to examine and decide for themselves, uninfluenced by the sentiments of any other persons."¹

It would be difficult to give a better description of a model teacher than that conveyed in these words.

From his earliest days, Priestley had shown a strong bent towards the study of nature; and his brother Timothy tells that the boy put spiders into bottles to see how long they would live in the same air—a curious anticipation of the investigations of his later years. At Nantwich, where he set up a school, Priestley informs us that he bought an air-pump, an electrical machine, and other instruments, in the use of which he instructed his scholars. But he does not seem to have devoted himself seriously to physical science until 1766, when he had the great good fortune to meet Benjamin Franklin, whose friendship he ever afterwards enjoyed. Encouraged by Franklin, he wrote a "History of Electricity," which was published in 1767, and appears to have met with considerable success.

In the same year, Priestley left Warrington to become the minister of a congregation at Leeds; and, here, happening to live next door to a public brewery, as he says:—

"I at first amused myself with making experiments on the fixed air which I found ready made in the process of fermentation. When I removed from that house I was under the necessity of making fixed air for myself; and one experiment leading to another, as I have distinctly and faithfully noted in my various publications on the subject, I by degrees contrived a convenient apparatus for the purpose, but of the cheapest kind.

"When I began these experiments I knew very little of *chemistry*, and had, in a manner, no idea on the subject before I attended a

¹ "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Priestley," by J. T. Rutt. Vol. i. p. 50.

course of chemical lectures, delivered in the Academy at Warrington, by Dr. Turner, of Liverpool. But I have often thought that, upon the whole, this circumstance was no disadvantage to me; as, in this situation, I was led to devise an apparatus and processes of my own, adapted to my peculiar views; whereas, if I had been previously accustomed to the usual chemical processes, I should not have so easily thought of any other, and without new modes of operation, I should hardly have discovered anything materially new."¹

The first outcome of Priestley's chemical work, published in 1772, was of a very practical character. He discovered the way of impregnating water with an excess of "fixed air," or carbonic acid, and thereby producing what we now know as "soda water"—a service to naturally, and still more to artificially, thirsty souls, which those whose parched throats and hot heads are cooled by morning draughts of that beverage, cannot too gratefully acknowledge. In the same year, Priestley communicated the extensive series of observations which his industry and ingenuity had accumulated, in the course of four years, to the Royal Society, under the title of "*Observations on Different Kinds of Air*"—a memoir which was justly regarded of so much merit and importance, that the Society at once conferred upon the author the highest distinction in their power, by awarding him the Copley Medal.

In 1771, a proposal was made to Priestley to accompany Captain Cook in his second voyage to the South Seas. He accepted it, and his congregation agreed to pay an assistant to supply his place during his absence. But the appointment lay in the hands of the Board of Longitude, of which certain clergymen were members; and whether these worthy ecclesiastics feared that Priestley's presence among the ship's company might expose his Majesty's Sloop *Resolution* to the fate which aforetime befell a certain ship that went from Joppa to Tarshish; or whether they were alarmed lest a Socinian should undermine that piety which, in the days of Commodore Trunnion, so strikingly characterised sailors, does not appear; but, at any rate, they objected to Priestley

"on account of his religious principles," and appointed the two Forsters, whose "religious principles," if they had been known to these well-meaning but not farsighted persons, would probably have surprised them.

In 1772, another proposal was made to Priestley. Lord Shelburne, desiring a "literary companion," had been brought into communication with Priestley by the good offices of a friend of both, Dr. Price; and offered him the nominal post of librarian, with a good house and appointments, and an annuity in case of the termination of the engagement. Priestley accepted the offer, and remained with Lord Shelburne for seven years, sometimes residing at Calne, sometimes travelling abroad with the Earl.

Why the connection terminated has never been exactly known; but it is certain that Lord Shelburne behaved with the utmost consideration and kindness towards Priestley; that he fulfilled his engagements to the letter; and that, at a later period, he expressed a desire that Priestley should return to his old footing in his house. Probably enough, the politician, aspiring to the highest offices in the state, may have found the position of the protector of a man who was being denounced all over the country as an infidel and an atheist somewhat embarrassing. In fact, a passage in Priestley's "Autobiography" on the occasion of the publication of his "Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit," which took place in 1777, indicates pretty clearly the state of the case:—

"(126) It being probable that this publication would be unpopular, and might be the means of bringing odium on my patron, several attempts were made by his friends, though none by himself, to dissuade me from persisting in it. But being, as I thought, engaged in the cause of important truth, I proceeded without regard to any consequences, assuring them that this publication should not be injurious to his lordship."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that his lordship, as a keen, practical man of the world, did not derive much satisfaction from this assurance. The "evident marks of dissatisfaction" which Priestley says he first perceived in his

¹ "Autobiography," §§ 100, 101.

patron in 1778, may well have arisen from the peer's not unnatural uneasiness as to what his domesticated, but not tamed, philosopher might write next, and what storm might thereby be brought down on his own head; and it speaks very highly for Lord Shelburne's delicacy that, in the midst of such perplexities, he made not the least attempt to interfere with Priestley's freedom of action. In 1780, however, he intimated to Dr. Price that he should be glad to establish Priestley on his Irish estates: the suggestion was interpreted, as Lord Shelburne probably intended it should be, and Priestley left him, the annuity of 150*l.* a year, which had been promised in view of such a contingency, being punctually paid.

After leaving Calne, Priestley spent some little time in London, and then, having settled in Birmingham at the desire of his brother-in-law,¹ he was soon invited to become the minister of a large congregation. This settlement Priestley considered, at the time, to be "the happiest event of his life." And well he might think so; for it gave him competence and leisure; placed him within reach of the best makers of apparatus of the day; made him a member of that remarkable "Lunar Society," at whose meetings he could exchange thoughts with such men as Watt, Wedgwood, Darwin, and Boulton; and threw open to him the pleasant house of the Galtons of Barr, where these men, and others of less note, formed a society of exceptional charm and intelligence.¹

¹ See "The Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck." Mrs. Schimmelpenninck (*née* Galton) remembered Priestley very well, and her description of him is worth quotation:—"A man of admirable simplicity, gentleness and kindness of heart, united with great acuteness of intellect. I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I remember that, in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manner, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mæcenas; even as a child, I used to feel, when

But these halcyon days were ended by a bitter storm. The French Revolution broke out. An electric shock ran through the nations; whatever there was of corrupt and retrograde, and, at the same time, a great deal of what there was of best and noblest, in European society shuddered at the outburst of long pent-up social fires. Men's feelings were excited in a way that we, in this generation, can hardly comprehend. Party wrath and virulence were expressed in a manner unparalleled, and it is to be hoped impossible, in our times; and Priestley and his friends were held up to public scorn, even in Parliament, as fomenters of sedition. A "Church-and-King" cry was raised against the Liberal Dissenters; and in Birmingham it was intensified and specially directed towards Priestley by a local controversy, in which he had engaged with his usual vigour. In 1791, the celebration of the second anniversary of the taking of the Bastille by a public dinner, with which Priestley had nothing whatever to do, gave the signal to the loyal and pious mob, who, unchecked, and indeed to some extent encouraged, by those who were responsible for order, had the town at their mercy for three days. The chapels and houses of the leading Dissenters were wrecked, and Priestley and his family had to fly for their lives, leaving library, apparatus, papers, and all their possessions, a prey to the flames.

Priestley never returned to Birmingham. He bore the outrages and losses inflicted upon him with extreme patience and sweetness,² and betook himself to London. But even his scientific col-

Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief in the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of the truth held in its vitality."

² Even Mrs. Priestley, who might be forgiven for regarding the destroyers of her household gods with some asperity, contents herself, in writing to Mrs. Barbauld, with the sarcasm that the Birmingham people "will scarcely find so many respectable characters, a second time, to make a bonfire of."

leagues gave him a cold shoulder ; and though he was elected minister of a congregation at Hackney, he felt his position to be insecure, and finally determined on emigrating to the United States. He landed in America in 1794 ; lived quietly with his sons at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where his posterity still flourish ; and, clear-headed and busy to the last, died on the 6th of February, 1804.

Such were the conditions under which Joseph Priestley did the work which lay before him, and then, as the Norse Sagas say, went out of the story. The work itself was of the most varied kind. No human interest was without its attraction for Priestley, and few men have ever had so many irons in the fire at once ; but though he may have burned his fingers a little, very few who have tried that operation have burned their fingers so little. He made admirable discoveries in science ; his philosophical treatises are still well worth reading ; his political works are full of insight and replete with the spirit of freedom ; and while all these sparks flew off from his anvil, the controversial hammer rained a hail of blows on orthodox priest and bishop. While thus engaged, the kindly, cheerful doctor felt no more wrath or uncharitableness towards his opponents than a smith does towards his iron. But if the iron could only speak !—and the priests and bishops took the point of view of the iron.

No doubt what Priestley's friends repeatedly urged upon him—that he would have escaped the heavier trials of his life and done more for the advancement of knowledge, if he had confined himself to his scientific pursuits and let his fellow-men go their way—was true. But it seems to have been Priestley's feeling that he was a man and a citizen before he was a philosopher, and that the duties of the two former positions are at least as imperative as those of the latter. Moreover, there are men (and I think Priestley was one of them) to whom the satisfaction of throwing down a triumphant fallacy is as great as that

which attends the discovery of a new truth ; who feel better satisfied with the government of the world, when they have been helping Providence by knocking an imposture on the head ; and who care even more for freedom of thought than for mere advance of knowledge. These men are the Carnots who organize victory for truth, and they are, at least, as important as the generals who visibly fight her battles in the field.

Priestley's reputation as a man of science rests upon his numerous and important contributions to the chemistry of gaseous bodies ; and to form a just estimate of the value of his work—of the extent to which it advanced the knowledge of fact and the development of sound theoretical views—we must reflect what chemistry was in the first half of the eighteenth century.

The vast science which now passes under that name had no existence. Air, water, and fire were still counted among the elemental bodies ; and though Van Helmont, a century before, had distinguished different kinds of air as *gas ventosum* and *gas sylvestre*, and Boyle and Hales had experimentally defined the physical properties of air, and discriminated some of the various kinds of æiform bodies, no one suspected the existence of the numerous totally distinct gaseous elements which are now known, or dreamed that the air we breathe and the water we drink are compounds of gaseous elements.

But, in 1754, a young Scotch physician, Dr. Black, made the first clearing in this tangled backwood of knowledge. And it gives one a wonderful impression of the juvenility of scientific chemistry to think that Lord Brougham, whom so many of us recollect, attended Black's lectures when he was a student in Edinburgh. Black's researches gave the world the novel and startling conception of a gas that was a permanently elastic fluid like air, but that differed from common air in being much heavier, very poisonous, and in having the properties of an acid, capable of neutralizing the strongest alkalies ; and it took the

world some time to become accustomed to the notion.

A dozen years later, one of the most sagacious and accurate investigators who has adorned this, or any other, country, Henry Cavendish, published a memoir in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," in which he deals not only with the "fixed air" (now called carbonic acid or carbonic anhydride) of Black, but with "inflammable air," or what we now term hydrogen.

By the rigorous application of weight and measure to all his processes, Cavendish implied the belief subsequently formulated by Lavoisier, that, in chemical processes, matter is neither created nor destroyed, and indicated the path along which all future explorers must travel. Nor did he himself halt until this path led him, in 1784, to the brilliant and fundamental discovery that water is composed of two gases united in fixed and constant proportions.

It is a trying ordeal for any man to be compared with Black and Cavendish, and Priestley cannot be said to stand on their level. Nevertheless, his achievements are not only great in themselves, but truly wonderful, if we consider the disadvantages under which he laboured. Without the careful scientific training of Black, without the leisure and appliances secured by the wealth of Cavendish, he scaled the walls of science as so many Englishmen have done before and since his day; and trusting to mother wit to supply the place of training, and to ingenuity to create apparatus out of washing tubs, he discovered more new gases than all his predecessors put together had done. He laid the foundations of gas analysis; he discovered the complementary actions of animal and vegetable life upon the constituents of the atmosphere; and, finally, he crowned his work, this day one hundred years ago, by the discovery of that "pure dephlogisticated air" to which the French chemists subsequently gave the name of oxygen. Its importance, as the constituent of the atmosphere which disappears in the processes of respiration and combustion, and is restored by green

plants growing in sunshine, was proved somewhat later. For these brilliant discoveries the Royal Society elected Priestley a Fellow and gave him their medal, while the Academies of Paris and St. Petersburg conferred their membership upon him. Edinburgh had made him an honorary doctor of laws at an early period of his career; but, I need hardly add, that a man of Priestley's opinions received no recognition from the universities of his own country.

That Priestley's contributions to the knowledge of chemical fact were of the greatest importance, and that they richly deserve all the praise that has been awarded to them is unquestionable; but it must, at the same time, be admitted that he had no comprehension of the deeper significance of his work; and, so far from contributing anything to the theory of the facts which he discovered, or assisting in their rational explanation, his influence to the end of his life was warmly exerted in favour of error. From first to last, he was a stiff adherent of the phlogiston doctrine which was prevalent when his studies commenced; and, by a curious irony of fate, the man who by the discovery of what he called "dephlogisticated air" furnished the essential datum for the true theory of combustion, of respiration, and of the composition of water, to the end of his days, fought against the inevitable corollaries from his own labours. His last scientific work, published in 1800, bears the title, "*The Doctrine of Phlogiston Established, and that of the Composition of Water Refuted.*"

When Priestley commenced his studies, the current belief was, that atmospheric air, freed from accidental impurities, is a simple elementary substance, indestructible and unalterable, as water was supposed to be. When a combustible burned, or when an animal breathed in air, it was supposed that a substance, "phlogiston," the matter of heat and light, passed from the burning or breathing body into it, and destroyed its powers of supporting life and combustion. Thus, air contained in a vessel in which a lighted candle had

gone out, or a living animal had breathed until it could breathe no longer, was called "phlogisticated." The same result was supposed to be brought about by the addition of what Priestley called "nitrous gas" to common air.

In the course of his researches, Priestley found, that the quantity of common air which can thus become "phlogisticated," amounts to about one-fifth the volume of the whole quantity submitted to experiment. Hence it appeared that common air consists, to the extent of four-fifths of its volume, of air which is already "phlogisticated;" while the other fifth is free from phlogiston, or "dephlogisticated." On the other hand, Priestley found that air "phlogisticated" by combustion or respiration could be "dephlogisticated," or have the properties of pure common air restored to it, by the action of green plants in sunshine. The question, therefore, would naturally arise—as common air can be wholly phlogisticated by combustion, and converted into a substance which will no longer support combustion, is it possible to get air that shall be less phlogisticated than common air, and consequently, support combustion better than common air does?

Now, Priestley says that, in 1774, the possibility of obtaining air less phlogisticated than common air had not occurred to him.¹ But in pursuing his experiments on the evolution of air from various bodies by means of heat, it happened that, on the 1st of August, 1774, he threw the heat of the sun, by means of a large burning glass which he had recently obtained, upon a substance which was then called *mercurius calcinatus per se*, and which is commonly known as red precipitate.

"I presently found that, by means of this lens, air was expelled from it very readily. Having got about three or four times as much as the bulk of my materials, I admitted water to it, and found that it was not imbibed by it. But what surprised me more than I can well express, was that a candle burned in this air with a remarkably vigorous flame, very much

like that enlarged flame with which a candle burns in nitrous air, exposed to iron or lime of sulphur; but as I had got nothing like this remarkable appearance from any kind of air besides this particular modification of nitrous air, and I knew no nitrous acid was used in the preparation of *mercurius calcinatus*, I was utterly at a loss how to account for it.

"In this case also, though I did not give sufficient attention to the circumstance at that time, the flame of the candle, besides being larger, burned with more splendour and heat than in that species of nitrous air; and a piece of red-hot wood sparkled in it, exactly like paper dipped in a solution of nitre, and it consumed very fast—an experiment which I had never thought of trying with nitrous air."²

Priestley obtained the same sort of air from red lead, but, as he says himself, he remained in ignorance of the properties of this new kind of air for seven months, or until March 1775,³ when he found that the new air behaved with "nitrous gas" in the same way as the dephlogisticated part of common air does; but that, instead of being diminished to four-fifths, it almost completely vanished, and, therefore, showed itself to be "between five and six times as good as the best common air I have ever met with."⁴ As this new air thus appeared to be completely free from phlogiston, Priestley called it "dephlogisticated air."

What was the nature of this air? Priestley found that the same kind of air was to be obtained by moistening with the spirit of nitre (which he terms nitrous acid) any kind of earth that is free from phlogiston, and applying heat; and consequently he says, "There remained no doubt on my mind but that the atmospherical air, or the thing that we breathe, consists of the nitrous acid and earth, with so much phlogiston as is necessary to its elasticity, and likewise so much more as is required to bring it from its state of perfect purity to the mean condition in which we find it."⁵

Priestley's view, in fact, is that atmospheric air is a kind of saltpetre, in which the potash is replaced by some

¹ "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," vol. ii. p. 31.

² "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," vol. ii. pp. 34, 35.

³ Ibid. p. 40. ⁴ Ibid. p. 48. ⁵ Ibid. p. 55.

unknown earth. And in speculating on the manner in which saltpetre is formed, he enunciates the hypothesis, "that nitre is formed by a real *decomposition of the air itself*, the *bases* that are presented to it having, in such circumstances, a nearer affinity with the spirit of nitre than that kind of earth with which it is united in the atmosphere."¹

It would have been hard for the most ingenious person to have wandered further from the truth than Priestley does in this hypothesis of his—and though Lavoisier undoubtedly treated Priestley very ill, and pretended to have discovered dephlogisticated air, or oxygen, as he called it, independently, we can almost forgive him when we reflect how different were the ideas which the great French chemist attached to the body which Priestley discovered.

They are like two navigators of whom the first sees a new country, but takes clouds for mountains and mirage for lowlands; while the second determines its length and breadth, and lays down on a chart its exact place, so that it, thenceforth, serves as a guide to his successors, and becomes a secure outpost whence new explorations may be pushed.

Nevertheless, as Priestley himself somewhere remarks, the first object of physical science is to ascertain facts, and the service which he rendered to chemistry by the definite establishment of a large number of new and fundamentally important facts, is such as to entitle him to a very high place among the fathers of chemical science.

It is difficult to say whether Priestley's philosophical, political, or theological views were most responsible for the bitter hatred which was borne to him by a large body of his countrymen,² and

¹ "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," p. 60. The italics are Priestley's own.

² "In all the newspapers and most of the periodical publications I was represented as an unbeliever in Revelation, and no better than an atheist."—*Autobiography*, Hutt. vol. i., p. 124. "On the walls of houses, &c., and especially where I usually went, were to be seen, in large characters, 'MADAN FOR

which found its expression in the malignant insinuations in which Burke, to his everlasting shame, indulged in the House of Commons.

Without containing much that will be new to the readers of Hobbes, Spinoza, Collins, Hume, and Hartley, and, indeed, while making no pretensions to originality, Priestley's "Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit," and his "Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity Illustrated," are among the most powerful, clear, and unflinching expositions of materialism and necessarianism which exist in the English language, and are still well worth reading.

Priestley denied the freedom of the will in the sense of its self-determination; he denied the existence of a soul distinct from the body; and as a natural consequence, he denied the natural immortality of man.

In relation to these matters English opinion, a century ago, was very much what it is now.

A man may be a necessarian without incurring graver reproach than that implied in being called a gloomy fanatic, necessarianism, though very shocking, having a note of Calvinistic orthodoxy; but, if a man is a materialist; or, if good authorities say he is and must be so, in spite of his assertion to the contrary; or, if he acknowledge himself unable to see good reasons for believing in the natural immortality of man, respectable folks look upon him as an unsafe neighbour of a cash-box, as an actual or potential sensualist, the more virtuous in outward seeming, the more certainly loaded with secret "grave personal sins."

Nevertheless, it is as certain as anything can be, that Joseph Priestley was no gloomy fanatic, but as cheerful and kindly a soul as ever breathed, the idol

EVER; DAMN PRIESTLEY; NO PRESBYTERIANISM; DAMN THE PRESBYTERIANS,' &c., &c.; and, at one time, I was followed by a number of boys, who left their play, repeating what they had seen on the walls and shouting out, 'Damn Priestley; damn him, damn him, for ever, for ever,' &c. &c. This was no doubt a lesson which they had been taught by their parents, and what they, I fear, had learned from their superiors."—*Appeal to the Public on the Subject of the Riots at Birmingham*.

of children; a man who was hated only by those who did not know him, and who charmed away the bitterest prejudices in personal intercourse; a man who never lost a friend, and the best testimony to whose worth is the generous and tender warmth with which his many friends vied with one another in rendering him substantial help, in all the crises of his career.

The unspotted purity of Priestley's life, the strictness of his performance of every duty, his transparent sincerity, the unostentatious and deep-seated piety which breathes through all his correspondence, are in themselves a sufficient refutation of the hypothesis, invented by bigots to cover uncharitableness, that such opinions as his must arise from moral defects. And his statue will do as good service as the brazen image that was set upon a pole before the Israelites, if those who have been bitten by the fiery serpents of sectarian hatred, which still haunt this wilderness of a world, are made whole by looking upon the image of a heretic, who was yet a saint.

Though Priestley did not believe in the natural immortality of man, he held with an almost naive realism, that man would be raised from the dead by a direct exertion of the power of God, and thenceforward be immortal. And it may be as well for those who may be shocked by this doctrine to know, that views, substantially identical with Priestley's, have been advocated, since his time, by two prelates of the Anglican Church: by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in his well-known "Essays,"¹ and by Dr. Courtenay, Bishop of Kingston in Jamaica, the first edition of whose remarkable book "On the Future States," dedicated to Archbishop Whately, was published in 1843 and the second in 1857. According to Bishop Courtenay,

"The death of the body will cause a cessation of all the activity of the mind by way of natural consequence; to continue for ever UNLESS the Creator should interfere."

¹ First Series. "On Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion." Essay I. Revelation of a Future State.

And again:—

"The natural end of human existence is the 'first death,' the dreamless slumber of the grave, wherein man lies spell-bound, soul and body, under the dominion of sin and death—that whatever modes of conscious existence, whatever future states of 'life' or of 'torment' beyond Hades are reserved for man, are results of our blessed Lord's victory over sin and death; that the resurrection of the dead must be preliminary to their entrance into either of the future states, and that the nature and even existence of these states, and even the mere fact that there is a futurity of consciousness, can be known *only* through God's revelation of Himself in the Person and the Gospel of His Son," p. 389.

And now hear Priestley:—

"Man, according to this system [of materialism], is no more than we now see of him. His being commences at the time of his conception, or perhaps at an earlier period. The corporeal and mental faculties, in being in the same substance, grow, ripen, and decay together; and whenever the system is dissolved it continues in a state of dissolution till it shall please that Almighty Being who called it into existence to restore it to life again."—*Matter and Spirit*, p. 49.

And again:—

"The doctrine of the Scripture is, that God made man of the dust of the ground, and by simply animating this organized matter, made man that living percipient and intelligent being that he is. According to Revelation, *death* is a state of rest and insensibility, and our only though sure hope of a future life is founded on the doctrine of the resurrection of the whole man at some distant period; this assurance being sufficiently confirmed to us both by the evident tokens of a Divine commission attending the persons who delivered the doctrine, and especially by the actual resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is more authentically attested than any other fact in history."—*Ibid*, p. 247.

We all know that "a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;" but it is not yet admitted that the views which are consistent with such saintliness in lawn, become diabolical when held by a mere dissenter.²

² Not only is Priestley at one with Bishop Courtenay in this matter, but with Hartley and Bonnet, both of them stout champions of Christianity. Moreover, Archbishop Whately's essay is little better than an expansion of the first paragraph of Hume's famous essay on the Immortality of the Soul:—"By the mere light of reason it seems difficult to prove the immortality of the soul; the arguments for it are commonly derived either from metaphysical

I am not here either to defend, or to attack Priestley's philosophical views, and I cannot say that I am personally disposed to attach much value to episcopal authority in philosophical questions; but it seems right to call attention to the fact, that those of Priestley's opinions which have brought most odium upon him, have been openly promulgated, without challenge, by persons occupying the highest positions in the State Church.

I must confess that what interests me most about Priestley's materialism, is the evidence that he saw dimly the seed of destruction which such materialism carries within its own bosom. In the course of his reading for his "*History of Discoveries Relating to Vision, Light, and Colours*," he had come upon the speculations of Boseovich and Michell, and had been led to admit the sufficiently obvious truth that our knowledge of matter is a knowledge of its properties; and that of its substance—if it have a substance—we know nothing. And this led to the further admission that, so far as we can know, there may be no difference between the substance of matter and the substance of spirit ("*Disquisitions*," p. 16). A step further would have shown Priestley that his materialism was, in substance, very little different from the Idealism of his contemporary, the Bishop of Cloyne.

As Priestley's philosophy is mainly a clear statement of the views of the deeper thinkers of his day, so are his political conceptions based upon those of Locke. Locke's aphorism that "the end of government is the good of mankind," is thus expanded by Priestley:—

"It must necessarily be understood therefore, whether it be expressed or not, that all people live in society for their mutual advantage; so that the good and happiness of the members, that is, of the majority of the mem-

bers, or moral, or physical. But it is in reality the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, that has brought *life and immortality to light*." It is impossible to imagine that a man of Whately's tastes and acquirements had not read Hume or Hartley, though he refers to neither.

bers, of any state, is the great standard by which everything relating to that state must finally be determined."¹

The little sentence here interpolated, "that is, of the majority of the members of any state," appears to be that passage which suggested to Bentham, according to his own acknowledgment, the famous "greatest happiness" formula, which by substituting "happiness" for "good," has converted a noble into an ignoble principle. But I do not call to mind that there is any utterance in Locke quite so outspoken as the following passage in the "*Essay on the First Principles of Government*." After laying down as "a fundamental maxim in all governments," the proposition that "kings, senators, and nobles" are "the servants of the public," Priestley goes on to say:—

"But in the largest states, if the abuses of the government should at any time be great and manifest; if the servants of the people, forgetting their masters and their masters' interest, should pursue a separate one of their own; if, instead of considering that they are made for the people, they should consider the people as made for them; if the oppressions and violation of right should be great, flagrant, and universally resented; if the tyrannical governors should have no friends but a few sycophants, who had long preyed upon the vitals of their fellow-citizens, and who might be expected to desert a government whenever their interests should be detached from it; if, in consequence of these circumstances, it should become manifest that the risk which would be run in attempting a revolution would be trifling, and the evils which might be apprehended from it were far less than those which were actually suffered and which were daily increasing; in the name of God, I ask, what principles are those which ought to restrain an injured and insulted people from asserting their natural rights, and from changing or even punishing their governors—that is, their servants—who had abused their trust, or from altering the whole form of their government, if it appeared to be of a structure so liable to abuse?"

As a Dissenter, subject to the operation of the Corporation and Test Acts, and as a Unitarian, excluded from the benefit of the Toleration Act, it is not surprising to find that Priestley had very definite opinions about Ecclesiastical Establishments; the only wonder is

¹ "*Essay on the First Principles of Government*." Second edition, 1771, p. 13.

that these opinion were so moderate as the following passages show them to have been :—

"Ecclesiastical authority may have been necessary in the infant state of society, and, for the same reason, it may perhaps continue to be, in some degree, necessary as long as society is imperfect ; and therefore may not be entirely abolished till civil governments have arrived at a much greater degree of perfection. If, therefore, I were asked whether I should approve of the immediate dissolution of all the ecclesiastical establishments in Europe, I should answer, No. . . . Let experiment be first made of *alterations*, or, which is the same thing, of *better establishments* than the present. Let them be reformed in many essential articles, and then not thrown aside entirely till it be found by experience that no good can be made of them."

Priestley goes on to suggest four such reforms of a capital nature :—

"1. Let the Articles of Faith to be subscribed by candidates for the ministry be greatly reduced. In the formulary of the Church of England, might not thirty-eight out of the thirty-nine be very well spared ? It is a reproach to any Christian establishment if every man cannot claim the benefit of it who can say that he believes in the religion of Jesus Christ as it is set forth in the New Testament. You say the terms are so general that even Deists would quibble and insinuate themselves. I answer that all the articles which are subscribed at present, by no means exclude Deists who will prevaricate ; and upon this scheme you would at least exclude fewer honest men."¹

The second reform suggested is the equalization, in proportion to work done, of the stipends of the clergy ; the third, the exclusion of the bishops from Parliament ; and the fourth, complete toleration, so that every man may enjoy the rights of a citizen, and be qualified to serve his country, whether he belong to the Established Church or not.

Opinions such as those I have quoted, respecting the duties and the responsibilities of governors, are the common-places of modern Liberalism ; and Priestley's views on Ecclesiastical Establishments would, I fear, meet with but a cool reception, as altogether too conservative, from a large proportion of the lineal descendants of the people who

taught their children to cry "Damn Priestley ;" and, with that love for the practical application of science which is the source of the greatness of Birmingham, tried to set fire to the doctor's house with sparks from his own electrical machine ; thereby giving the man they called an incendiary and raiser of sedition against Church and King, an appropriately experimental illustration of the nature of arson and riot.

If I have succeeded in putting before you the main features of Priestley's work, its value will become apparent, when we compare the condition of the English nation, as he knew it, with its present state.

The fact that France has been for eighty-five years, trying, without much success, to right herself after the great storm of the Revolution, is not unfrequently cited among us, as an indication of some inherent incapacity for self-government among the French people. I think, however, that Englishmen who argue thus, forget that, from the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, to the last Stuart rebellion, in 1745, is a hundred and five years, and that, in the middle of the last century, we had but just safely freed ourselves from our Bourbons and all that they represented. The corruption of our state was as bad as that of the Second Empire. Bribery was the instrument of government, and peculation its reward. Four-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons were more or less openly dealt with as property. A minister had to consider the state of the vote market, and the sovereign secured a sufficiency of "king's friends" by payments allotted with retail, rather than royal, sagacity.

Barefaced and brutal immorality and intemperance pervaded the land, from the highest to the lowest classes of society. The Established Church was torpid, so far as it was not a scandal ; but those who dissented from it came within the meshes of the Act of Uniformity, the Test Act, and the Corporation Act. By law, such a man as Priest-

¹ "Utility of Establishments," in "Essay on First Principles of Government," p. 198. 1771.

ley, being a Unitarian, could neither teach nor preach, and was liable to ruinous fines and long imprisonment.¹ In those days, the guns that were pointed by the Church against the Dissenters were shotted. The law was a cesspool of iniquity and cruelty. Adam Smith was a new prophet whom few regarded, and commerce was hampered by idiotic impediments, and ruined by still more absurd help, on the part of government.

Birmingham, though already the centre of a considerable industry, was a mere village as compared with its present extent. People who travelled went about armed, by reason of the abundance of highwaymen and the paucity and inefficiency of the police. Stage coaches had not reached Birmingham, and it took three days to get to London. Even canals were a recent and much-opposed invention.

Newton had laid the foundation of a mechanical conception of the physical universe: Hartley, putting a modern face upon ancient materialism, had extended that mechanical conception to psychology; Linnæus and Haller were beginning to introduce method and order into the chaotic accumulation of biological facts. But those parts of physical science which deal with heat, electricity, and magnetism, and above all, chemistry, in the modern sense, can hardly be said to have had an existence. No one knew that two of the old elemental bodies, air and water, are compounds, and that a third, fire, is not a substance but a motion. The great industries that have grown out of the applications of modern scientific discoveries had no existence, and the man who should have foretold their coming into being in the days of his son, would have been regarded as a mad enthusiast.

In common with many other excellent persons, Priestley believed that man is capable of reaching, and will eventually attain, perfection. If the temperature of space presented no obstacle, I should be glad to entertain the same idea; but judging from

the past progress of our species, I am afraid that the globe will have cooled down so far, before the advent of this natural millennium, that we shall be, at best, perfected Esquimaux. For all practical purposes, however, it is enough that man may visibly improve his condition in the course of a century or so. And, if the picture of the state of things in Priestley's time, which I have just drawn, have any pretence to accuracy, I think it must be admitted that there has been a considerable change for the better.

I need not advert to the well-worn topic of material advancement, in a place in which the very stones testify to that progress—in the town of Watt and of Boulton. I will only remark, in passing, that material advancement has its share in moral and intellectual progress. Becky Sharp's acute remark that it is not difficult to be virtuous on ten thousand a year, has its application to nations; and it is futile to expect a hungry and squalid population to be anything but violent and gross. But as regards other than material welfare, although perfection is not yet in sight—even from the mast-head—it is surely true that things are much better than they were.

Take the upper and middle classes as a whole, and it may be said that open immorality and gross intemperance have vanished. Four and six-bottle men are as extinct as the dodo. Women do not gamble, and talk modelled upon Dean Swift's "Art of Polite Conversation," would be tolerated in no decent kitchen.

Members of the legislature are not to be bought; and constituents are awakening to the fact that votes must not be sold—even for such trifles as rabbits and tea and cake. Political power has passed into the hands of the masses of the people. Those whom Priestley calls their servants have recognized their position, and have requested the master to be so good as to go to school and fit himself for the administration of his property. No civil disability attaches to any one on theological grounds, and the highest offices of the state are open to Papist, Jew, or Secularist.

¹ In 1732 Doddridge was cited for teaching without the Bishop's leave, at Northampton.

Whatever men's opinions as to the policy of Establishment, no one can hesitate to admit that the clergy of the Church are men of pure life and conversation, zealous in the discharge of their duties, and, at present, apparently, more bent on prosecuting one another than on meddling with Dissenters. Theology itself has broadened so much, that Anglican divines put forward doctrines more liberal than those of Priestley; and, in our state-supported churches, one listener may hear a sermon to which Bossuet might have given his approbation, while another may hear a discourse in which Socrates would find nothing new.

But great as these changes may be, they sink into insignificance beside the progress of physical science, whether we consider the improvement of methods of investigation, or the increase in bulk of solid knowledge. Consider that the labours of Laplace, of Young, of Davy, and of Faraday; of Cuvier, of Lamarck, and of Robert Brown; of Von Baer, and of Schwann; of Smith and of Hutton, have all been carried on since Priestley discovered oxygen; and consider that they are now things of the past, concealed by the industry of those who have built upon them, as the first founders of a coral reef are hidden beneath the life's work of their successors; consider that the methods of physical science are slowly spreading into all investigations, and that proofs as valid as those required by her canons of investigation, are being demanded of all doctrines which ask for men's assent; and you will have a faint image of the astounding difference in this respect between the nineteenth century and the eighteenth.

If we ask what is the deeper meaning of all these vast changes, I think there can be but one reply. They mean that reason has asserted and exercised her primacy over all provinces of human activity: that ecclesiastical authority has been relegated to its proper place; that the good of the governed has been finally recognized as the end of government, and the complete responsibility of governors to the people as its means; and that the dependence of natural phenomena in general, on the laws of action of what we call matter has become an axiom.

But it was to bring these things about, and to enforce the recognition of these truths, that Joseph Priestley laboured. If the nineteenth century is other and better than the eighteenth, it is to him and to such men as he, that we owe the change. If the twentieth century is to be better than the nineteenth, it will be because there are among us men who walk in Priestley's footsteps.

Such men are not those whom their own generation delights to honour; such men, in fact, rarely trouble themselves about honour, but ask, in another spirit than Falstaff's, "What is honour? Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday." But whether Priestley's lot be theirs, and a future generation, in justice and in gratitude, set up their statues; or whether their names and fame are blotted out from remembrance, their work will live as long as time endures. To all eternity, the sum of truth and right will have been increased by their means; to all eternity, falsehood and injustice will be the weaker because they have lived.

T. H. HUXLEY.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE Daly establishment had been reduced since the beginning of the winter by the defection of two English servants whom Mrs. Daly had brought to the new house with her, and who had been frightened away early in the year by the loneliness of Eagle's Edge and the miseries of the famine year. An anxious consultation with Ellen over ways and means had induced Pelham to persuade his mother not to replace them till the times improved, so that the kitchen regions were now only tenanted by one old woman and a girl and boy, over whose doings Ellen was obliged to exercise active supervision to prevent her mother's notions of comfort and propriety from being outraged a dozen times a day. She made a hasty incursion into the back premises before she opened the door to Pelham and the guests he was bringing with him; called old Bridget from telling her beads in the chimney corner, and summoned Patsy and Kathleen from a flirtation in the wash-house, to attend to the business of the evening. Then she went to the front of the house and stood in the porch, holding up the stable lantern, by whose light Patsy had been doing his courtship, as a beacon to assist the visitors in their progress from the yard where they had dismounted, through the straggling wind-grieved shrubs, and up the broken path to the front door. The scene had greatly changed since she had looked from the same spot in the morning. The clouds, which had lain then like silver ridges in the western sky, making a shining background for the Maam Turks to rear their dark heads against, had now spread over the whole horizon, and,

swooping down the sides of the hills, filled the valley with wreaths of mist and slanting sheets of rain. It was like looking down into a chaos of seething elements, smoke and water curdled confusedly together, while the solid features of the landscape loomed through, ghost-like and dim, as if they were taking uncertain shape for the first time from the boiling caldron of creation. Ellen was well used to the rapid changes of weather peculiar to the country, and could see almost as much to admire in the mountains when they were wrapt in rain as when they slept in peace with the sunshine on their heads. But the effect on a stranger's eyes of the mountain farmhouse seen in such a storm was not cheerful.

One pair of eyes on which the lighted porch loomed as a goal, to be reached through the blinding rain barrier, grew very dark and pitiful as they looked, taking mental note of all the accessories of the picture, and putting them aside for future consideration, while their owner cautiously picked his way through the rain pools and stones of the path.

"Yes, it is a horribly melancholy place for them to live in; you are quite right, Lesbia, we ought to try and tempt them away whenever we can."

By this time the murmur of voices close at hand had reached Ellen's ears, and she descried through the gloom two figures, one wearing a habit and lady's hat, and neither as tall as Pelham, pushing their way between the wet overhanging shrubs. Heedless of rain and soaked gravel she ran forward to meet them.

"Is Pelham with you? Has anything happened? Speak low, the window is open, and mamma is listening," she cried, holding out a hand vaguely

towards the two, without any spoken greeting. John Thornley took the hand in his, and felt how cold and trembling it was.

"Pelham is in the yard holding his horse while Patsy puts ours into the stables, and nothing whatever is the matter," he said. "Do you never mean to see me all the rest of your life Miss Daly, without suspecting me of being the bearer of bad news? I am afraid you must hate the sight of me."

Ellen did not suppose that it mattered much to him or anybody else whether she did hate the sight of him or not; and she was too busy greeting Lesbia to have an answer ready for this remark.

"Dear Babette, how kind of you to find your way out here in such weather. Your habit must be soaked through. Come in quickly, to the kitchen fire first if you don't mind, while I prepare mamma to see you, and tell her that Pelham is safe. It is very silly to be so nervous, I know, but I believe fear is catching, and you can't be surprised that mamma should have a dread of sudden news."

"I did not say I was surprised," put in John blankly, wondering what unlucky spirit of *mal à propos* always made him say something to Ellen Daly that sounded like censure.

He chose to feel too much snubbed to come forward uninvited into the circle of firelight in the kitchen towards which Ellen dragged Lesbia, but stood leaning against the door-post, dripping little pools of water from his macintosh on to the floor, and watching what went on within, while Ellen thrust Lesbia down into the three-cornered chair by the hearth, and proceeded to lift off the heavy cape of her habit, and deal with the wet knots and tangles of her hat-strings and veil. He was so absorbed in looking, that when she darted into a dark corner and reappeared with a heavy wooden pail of peat sods in her hands, he let her drag it across the kitchen and land it safely in front of the fire before he had presence of mind to come forward with offers of help. When he did make his way to the hearth, he

stood looking at the peat pail with such an expression of horror that Ellen could not help laughing in his face, as she rubbed away the red ridges the iron handle had left on her fingers.

"You carried that great heavy thing all that distance yourself," he said.

"Yes, I did; I don't remember that you helped me, Mr. Thornley," she answered gaily.

"You might have asked me; I was there."

"Yes, you were there, but to tell you the truth I did not want your help. If you mean to go on wearing your wet coat I had rather you stood in the passage and let it drip there, instead of just in front of the fire, where I shall have to kneel soon to make the toast."

"John, I do believe you are half asleep," said Lesbia; "you have no idea how stupid you look standing up in your dripping overcoat."

John took off his overcoat, and planted himself in front of the peat-pail, but was not quick enough to secure the peat tongs, with which Ellen proceeded to pile up the fire.

"Show me the place where this has to be carried back," he demanded when she had finished her task.

"It is not going to be put back in its place just yet; there must be a fire lighted in the room where Lesbia will have to sleep to-night; and as Kathleen has evidently quite lost her wits at the sight of visitors, and Patsy is in the stables, and Bridget laying the cloth in the dining-room, I think the shortest way will be to do it myself."

"No, I shall do it."

"You! the notion of an Englishman knowing how to lay a *peat* fire!"

"You must really let me."

"I'll be much obliged to you, Mr. Thornley, if you'll carry the pail across the passage, but after that you had better come back here and sit by the fire with Lesbia till your rooms are ready."

She took up a lamp and the peat-tongs, and led the way across the passage into a bedroom, and he followed;

but when he had deposited his burden and received her smile of thanks and little nod of dismissal, he could not make up his mind to leave her. She thought him somewhat stupid and tiresome for standing upright by the chimney-piece while the fire-lighting business progressed, his helpless hands hanging down, or making vague dashes to reach her things she did not want, or drag the peat pail into corners where it was not required to be.

If he really cared particularly to study the art of piling peat-sods scientifically, she thought he need not have chosen to do it in wet clothes, in a cold room; and that there was no occasion to look so profoundly melancholy over the lesson.

"There," she said, arising from her knees when she had applied the match, and the little tongues of flame were shooting gaily from fibre to fibre of the carefully arranged cone of sods, "do you think you shall know how to do that another time?"

"I can't imagine how you come to know how to do it," he answered, as his eye fell on the white taper fingers that had been so busy, and then travelled upwards to the fair, soft, delicately-tinted face.

"I will explain the mystery if you like, though it involves a revelation which Pelham and my English cousins consider very humiliating to Connor and me. We, both of us, passed the first years of our lives in a mountain cabin. Mamma had always very delicate health, the country did not agree with her, and papa insisted on our being sent out to nurse, as used to be the fashion for everybody in our rank of life in this part of the world when papa was young. I was left long enough with my foster-mother to remember the cabin life perfectly; and I know two or three things, besides how to build up peat-fires, that you will never know if you live to be a hundred, and study all the books in the world. One is, exactly how it feels to run about barefoot on a turfy mountain side on a spring morning early, and how

delicious potatoes dipped in egg-noggin taste when you come in afterwards and sit on the cabin step, with the sweet peat-smoke curling round you—a sensible Connaught pig munching the parings at your side, and a brood of downy little goslings stumbling over your feet. You would not think the peasants such savages for living in the way they do, if you happened to know how pleasant all that is."

"I can't promise to be an immediate convert to the convenience of pig-haunted cabins, but I give in about the peat-smoke from this night. I promise to find it the most delicious scent in the world, and to like no fire so well as a peat fire."

"You must have been very cold when you came in then," exclaimed Ellen, surprised. "You shall have time for the good impression to be confirmed, for now, as you have borne my first humiliating confession so well without any of the triumph over me I expected, I will tell you something else. This is *your* fire I have been lighting. I sent old Bridget to make up one for Lesbia when I looked into the dining-room just now to speak to mamma. This room and fire are for you."

She looked up playfully into his grave face, and was puzzled to meet no responsive smile of thanks, no glance up, even of the eyes that had sought the ground when she began to speak.

She could not guess that he was afraid to look up or speak, because the thought that she should have acted servant to him was more than his reverential chivalrous heart, that knew itself hid under such a cold crust of reserve could bear.

When the door closed behind her he crossed his arms on the chimney-piece, and leaning his head on them and staring down at the fire, saw it all over again. One by one the rapid changes in the face, which he now acknowledged to be the dearest face in all the world to him, rose up before his eyes and photographed themselves in his memory, so as never to be forgotten again. The patient weariness that was

now the prevailing expression 'when the face was at rest (he had not failed when she was kneeling by the fire and looking down to observe the red lines round the eyes that told of recent tears), the flicker of amusement that brought light and life back to the countenance at once, the playful curl of defiance on the smiling lips, the glow of interest when speaking; lights and shades that followed each other as quickly as the shadow and sunshine on the mountain sides on a windy day, and had the self-same magical glamour of beauty about them. He tried hard to find something to criticize, to satisfy his conscience as to his loyalty to his old ideals. Bride would not have stood there and talked, and shown her thoughts to a comparative stranger, without any special reason for doing so; the little excitement of an unexpected influx of visitors would not have changed her mood from a tearful to a talkative one all at once. Could there be worth or persistence in feelings that followed each other so lightly? Was there not a want of dignity in such easy communicativeness shown indifferently to every one; for it was no special mark of friendliness to himself, he perfectly understood. He tried to think he did not like it—that a person of such a nature could have no confidence to give that would be of any value; nothing in her to make real intimacy worth striving for—but it would not do, he could not wish any change in her. She was just herself, she had got into his heart and he must worship her. Why should not the lily open out its leaves and show all its golden heart? The sun and the wind that visited it might be dazzled by its white sheen and the lustre of gold in its depths, but its proud, pure head held itself unsullied and apart, however many gazers came.

What nonsense comparisons are. John caught himself up, ashamed and annoyed at the extravagances into which his thoughts were rising. He had schooled himself all his life against exaggeration, or excess of feeling of any kind. Heavy responsibilities laid on

No. 180.—VOL. XXX.

him had sobered him early; he had been used to say that in his life he had never had, and hoped never to have, time for sentiment. Sober duties that had to be met with well-regulated energies and sober judgment, had succeeded each other too rapidly to leave him any interval for dreaming; and of all kinds of dreams he was most resolute against love dreams. If he ever fell in love, he had meant it to be with such sober certainty of fitness and possibility as would provide against the waste of energy, thought, and life, that he held to be the worst result of disappointment in such a matter.

And now that it had come, in a very different guise to any he had intended, was there still time to turn it away? Did he wish to turn it away? His thoughts flew back through the events of the last eight months, since the autumn evening when Ellen and Connor had appeared suddenly at Castle Daly, concentrating all their joys and sorrows into a bitter-sweet draught which his spirit seemed to taste. His first amused distant admiration, and Bride's disdain of it. The pitifulness of that night in Dennis's cabin, when the playful girl he had half-admired, half-feared, had seemed to him transformed into an angel of consolation and strength. The long dumb pain of seeing her grief through the dreary weeks that followed, and having to stand quite apart from it, feeling every tear of hers he saw fall like a weight on his heart, and possessing no power to comfort. The meetings since they had left Castle Daly; the senseless keen pangs of mortification at heedless little words and phrases, that perhaps were not meant to carry any pain with them; the equally senseless keen pleasure called up by smiles or thanks, or sentences of acquiescence in something he had said, which reasonably could not be made to bear the weight of signification attributed to them at the time. The underlying satisfaction that through all the winter had been the secret spring of his content, arising from the fact that unknown to herself, he was protecting her and hers, standing every

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day between them and a great flood of calamity, that would overwhelm them but for his unmeasured exertions and watchfulness. Ah, yes! and that was the consideration which must determine his course. The question no longer was—whether or not this love would end in his own good and well-being. He had made himself necessary to them—to her; and as long as she had no one else to look after her interests and protect her, he would not desert his post, let the pain be what it would to himself. When his thoughts reached this point, John raised his head from his arms, drew a long breath, and began to move about the room and get ready for dinner. If Ellen had passed a rubicon, and taken a resolution that rainy afternoon, so had he; he looked the future in the face, and with his eyes open accepted a love which he had very little hope would ever bring joy into his life. He did not say to himself that there are some sorts of pain better than joy, or some sorts of giving that transcend taking a millionfold, and that life is indeed more than meat; for he had not come yet to give such clear account to himself of what was working within him; but he felt the calm and strength that a deliberate putting away of self-seeking always brings with it.

Ellen, meanwhile, had really thrust aside all sad thoughts, in the bustle and actual hard work that under present circumstances an unexpected inroad of visitors to such a house entailed. When Lesbia had been taken to her room, and furnished with a change of dress—the selection of which from Ellen's wardrobe had given rise to a good deal of chatter and reference to old times between the two girls—Ellen returned to the kitchen, and found Pelham standing by the fire, with an expression of much anxiety, mingled with a certain triumph, on his handsome face. She lifted up her hands with pretended amazement and horror at his doings.

"I would not have believed it of you, Pelham! You to have been guilty of the indiscreet Irish hospitality of bringing hungry visitors to a house where there

is not a scrap of food for them to eat. Yes, it is true, there is no use in your turning pale now, or grumbling at me, for I can't help it. Our tiresome hens are not laying as well as they did, and I gave away two eggs this morning for a girl that is dying, and I must keep all I have left for mamma, so there is absolutely nothing in the house but some bread and the leg and wing of a chicken that old Bridget has fricasseed for your dinner, and that you must eat on pain of breaking mamma's heart. What could you be thinking of, to expose our famine Castle to such keen eyes as those I have shut up in the panelled bedroom over there? I should not have expected it of you."

"Well, there is a boy now at the door. I made them ride on as we passed through Lenane, and went into the market to see if I could get hold of anything. There was not a bit of meat to be had; but I secured a white loaf and some cakes—the last bit of bread there was in the town; and I bought some decent fish that I spied in a tub by a cabin door, and that a woman told me she had caught out of the creek this morning in her petticoat. It's a poor kind of fish, I'm afraid; but it will be something to eat. I had it put into a basket, and hired a boy to run after us with it, and he has just arrived."

"How clever of you, Pelham; you are worth a hundred of Connor and me for foresight. I suppose these purchases will have made a great hole in next week's allowance, and some one will have to pinch for them; but, never mind, we won't grudge. We'll have two dishes on the table, and piles of toast, and for four or five hours we'll fancy ourselves in the land of plenty again. I'll do my best with the fish to make it pass for a dainty, and I don't suppose either of the Thornleys has much discernment. I should be quite easy if I were sure it was last year's little Babette who was going to sup with us; I could make her think we were having a picnic, and enjoying ourselves immensely; but you know there is a degree of uncertainty in that quarter now. I left little Babette

in my room, dressing in my old pink silk, that she used to covet rather last year; but it may be the great heiress, Miss Maynard, who walks into the dining-room."

"I don't at all know what you mean. I have never seen anything of the difference you speak of."

"No, I dare say not; you are too snubby yourself ever to be snubbed; but what induced you to invite them here, and why did they come?"

"I met them on the road between Good People's Hollow and Lenane. They had been spending the morning with Anne O'Flaherty, and said that they had intended to call on our mother, but had been detained at the Hollow, discussing relief measures with Anne. It was raining fast, and Eagle's Edge was nearer than the Castle, so I proposed that they should come on with me and stay the night. I hardly expected they would have consented; but Thornley said that he had business to speak to me about—and I certainly thought that she—that he, I mean—in point of fact, that both of them rather caught at the idea of coming here."

"Ah, I wonder if she can have heard." The words escaped from Ellen's lips involuntarily, and then a look of perplexity crossed her face, and she stopped short.

"What is the matter? What do you suppose she can have heard?"

"Nothing—nothing!—don't look at me like that, Pelham; you know I say silly things often."

He came close to her, and detained her when she would have escaped, by holding her wrists tightly, looking down into her changing face, with eyes full of dark fire.

"Yes, yes!—but silly or not, I choose to hear this!—What have you got in your mind? You have no business to have suspicions of *her* that you are ashamed to speak out."

"No, I know I ought not. Dear Pelham, I so hate myself for being such a sieve, that I should like to bite my tongue out. It was only that I had a letter from Connor this afternoon, and

I wondered whether by chance she could have heard anything that made her want to talk to me about him."

"By chance! I wish by chance you would give a straightforward answer. How could Miss Maynard possibly know anything about a letter of yours that only arrived this afternoon? You don't mean to insinuate, do you, that she and Connor correspond?"

"No—of course not. Please, let me go, Pelham; I know I am very silly—I wish I could hold my tongue."

"That is not the chief thing to be wished; what I wish is that you would not concoct mysteries. I don't know what it is between Connor and you that makes you always seem to be living in a web of plots. I suppose you like it; but it is perfectly hateful to me to live among people whose doings I can't understand; and I beg, that at all events, you won't draw into your mysteries those who naturally prefer straightforward ways. At least, don't insinuate stratagems that don't exist, as if you could not believe in such a thing as a truthful person."

The indignant tones and looks were very hard to bear; the colour flew to Ellen's face, and an eager vindication of her own straightforwardness rose to her lips. Then she remembered Connor's letter, and the secret sympathy she had that afternoon resolved to give to him and his friends. "I have crossed the Rubicon now, and I don't think you are the girl to shrink from any consequences you may have to face on my account." The inevitable concealments, —the having to seem a traitor to household confidence, would be to her the worst of these consequences; but since she had resolved to run such risk, the best homage she could pay to truth would be not to attempt any self-justification just then. The indignant flush faded out of her face, as Pelham continued to look at her, and tears slowly welled up and drowned the anger in her eyes. She felt very unhappy and helpless, but there was nothing to be said: Pelham relaxed his hold on her wrists.

"You think me very savage," he said,

"and I suppose I am. Ellen, I am sorry I have made you cry. I did not think you cared enough for anything I said for that; but I have so much distrust and dislike shown to me out of doors, that I can't help feeling it hard when you and Connor put such a mist of secrecy between us, that I don't know whether you are sympathising with my enemies or my friends."

"Oh, Pelham, how could we sympathise with enemies of yours?"

"The Thornleys are my only friends, and my friendship with them is counted as a crime by the stupid people here, who, because they choose to believe that our father met his death in Thornley's stead, transfer to him all the horror due to the actual murderer."

"No, not all the horror; you would not say so if you knew more about it."

"There now, another mystery."

"Pelham, I can't help it; if people tell me secrets that have life and death in them; I can't betray unhappy wretches that trust me."

"Perhaps not; but you can help giving all your sympathy to the wrong side. You ought to acknowledge that the Thornleys are behaving nobly, and to be indignant at the monstrous ingratitude shown to them. I say nothing about their generosity to us, though I wonder where you can think we should be without it; but just consider what a sacrifice they have made in staying through this miserable winter at Castle Daly, toiling night and day, and spending their money to feed a set of people who have no claim on them whatever, and who give them nothing but hatred and misconception in return for their charity. Why does not your sense of justice stir itself on their side?"

"Lesbia is liked—the people are grateful to her."

"She can't separate herself from her brother; she is not content to be adored by his haters."

"Oh, Pelham, no more can I separate myself from my brothers. You don't know how hard it is when there is so much sorrow on every side, that one feels as if one's heart were being

torn to pieces every minute. I can see your hardships at all events, if I can't care as much as I ought for Mr. Thornley's, and I promise you now to be just to your friends, and to stand up for them to the extent of my little power. Indeed, I did not mean to make you suspect Lesbia of anything underhand. You misunderstood me there. Dear Pelham, let us be happy this one evening—forget that I vexed you, dear, and let us all be happy together this once. I want so to have one happy evening, we have been sad so very long." She threw her arms round his neck as she spoke, and tried to draw his face down to hers. The muscles of his countenance relaxed, but he held his head rigidly upright.

"You can be unhappy and happy when you please then?"

"No, you uncompromising creature; but to night I could be a little happy if you would let me. I don't know how, but I think some fresh light has come into the house since morning. It won't last long, there is so much to quench it; but let us bask in it for an hour or two. Someone is thinking kind thoughts of us somewhere to-night, and the warmth of them trembles round us."

"I don't understand such nonsense as that. Shall you?"—(hesitating)—
"Shall you?"—(with a great effort)—
"Are you going to read that letter of Connor's to Miss Maynard?"

"No, that I am not; I shall not think of doing such a thing. Pelham, you may say what you like about my secrets, I can't defend myself; but one thing you must believe about me—that my secrets are not of that kind that I would ever be a clandestine go-between in the way you are thinking of. No, not even for Connor."

Then the stiff neck bent, and the kiss of forgiveness was given, with a warmth and tenderness of brotherly affection that Ellen had never before experienced from him.

Decidedly it should be a very happy evening.

The first thing that Lesbia did when Ellen left her alone to put the finishing

touches to her toilet, was to thrust her hand into the pocket of the wet riding-habit that hung against the wall, and draw out a somewhat-soiled and crumpled envelope, directed to herself, and still unopened. A lame man-servant, who had come forward to help her to mount her horse at the gate of Happy-go-Luck Lodge, had thrust it into her hand as he placed the reins between her fingers, accompanying the action with a look of such reverential admiration towards herself, and a gesture of such cunning caution towards John, that Lesbia could not feel as much offended at the liberty so taken as she believed she ought to have been. Bride was always warning her against allowing herself to be looked upon by the poor people round her, as a possible source of favour independent of John; but what was the use of being an heiress—of all the money and power being really hers—if the luxury of dispensing patronage was altogether to be denied her, and no one was so much as to know that she was the real queen? Lesbia believed the paper to be a petition, which she resolved at least to examine herself before referring it to the proper authority, till she brought the writing within the glow of the peat-fire and the light of the flickering candles, stuck on the high chimney-piece, that left the ends and corners of the large wainscoted room to dimness and shadows; then, glancing down upon it, she started, and threw herself into the low straw chair Ellen had drawn in front of the fire, with an exclamation between amazement and dismay. Yes, certainly, this sending her a letter privately by a servant's hand, and such a queer-looking, familiar, lame servant too, was a great liberty for Connor Daly to take. What would Bride and John say? What strong disapproval would breathe from all the grave lines of Bride's face when she heard! how satirical John would be! and how disagreeably their opinion of her easy deceivableness and vanity would creep out! What ought she to do? Give it to Ellen unopened, and beg her to re-

turn it to her brother? That would be the truly dignified maidenly course which neither John nor Bride could find a word to say against. And yet—and yet, Lesbia's eyes turned again to the bold curves and flourishes in her name written on the envelope, and all at once the objects surrounding her faded away, and a very different scene came up. The dusty panes of the little conservatory at Whitecliffe and the straggling branches of sweet-briar tapping them, on a windy summer day—herself seated on the stone steps, leading from the house, with Mrs. Maynard's week's mending scattered round her, and an envelope with this same handwriting on it in her hand. What a strange whirl of feeling she had been in when she opened and read that letter. It had seemed like a voice calling her from the shores of an old country which she was in the act of leaving for something new. And now, the new did not look altogether so glorious, and the old was beginning to have a glow of tender recollections round it—not regret, that would be too ridiculous, but an enveloping sentimental haze, as of being hung round with all sorts of pleasant possibilities, which actual experience had robbed of a good deal of their charm.

“Mavourneen wears the poorest gown.”

John might say what he liked about fortune-hunters, but that was written about her when it was only too true.

If she dare show that to Bride. Bride would have to acknowledge that it was not *only* being an heiress that made people think her charming.

“My thoughts are born in chains; they move
All round and round her in one groove,”

that was the sort of thing real love was, Lesbia supposed. She leaned her dimpled chin on her hand, and looked fixedly at the fire. Brother's and sister's love—of whose satisfactions she had had such beautiful dreams when she had lived a little forlorn waif in her aunt's house—was not like that; or, at all events, it was her thoughts that were expected to be born in chains, and to move round

and round John and Bride in that deep groove of duty and self-culture and intellectual occupation which they prescribed; and which certainly had a great deal of sameness and dreariness in it. If any other gayer privileges or more dazzling homage belonged of right to her youth and her heiress-ship—and, yes, her beauty—her two conscientious guardians seemed determined not to let her know it. Could anything be strong enough to break through the brazen tower of proprieties and cautions they had built round their poor little Cinderella princess? Was there any knight at hand bold enough or strong enough to pierce even a small chink and let a breath of fresh air and a little music of flattery in? The handsome knight, with the dark eyes that looked quite unutterable things, seemed to be more anxious than even the guardians to keep every chink of the tower in good repair. It might be gratifying to see him ride round and round, not able to keep away, though too spell-bound to challenge an entrance. But surely the spell ought to be broken some time, some kind of a catastrophe, some new element introduced into the scene, might be desirable. Life was too short now for enchantments to be allowed to last through a hundred years, and it was quite in accordance with all the old stories that letters should come to imprisoned princesses in unorthodox ways. A lame, slipshod servant, or a talking bird, it did not much matter which was the postman. Lesbia had broken the seal and abstracted the letter from the envelope before her thoughts reached this point, and now, while the candles, which had flickered in the draughty, ill-built room down to their sockets, were giving out their last rays, she read:—

“Oh, say, doth any flower blow
Meet to adorn my lady's brow?
The rose is pale with envy grown
To watch the tints her cheeks upon,
And with her beauty to compare
The virgin lilies shamèd are;
Nor can she grace or sweetness get
From hyacinth or violet.
But though the flower doth not live
Which to her charms fresh charm can give,

Her beauty yet such power shall show,
To scorn the high and raise the low,
That worn by her this shamrock twine,
Shall seem an aureole divine.”

Lesbia turned the leaf, and a little garland of shamrocks, crushed, but still green, fluttered out on the hearth. She stooped and picked it up, and with rather trembling fingers—for just then there came a rap at the door, and she heard Ellen's voice summoning her to tea—she twisted the leaves in among the braids of her hair, which, in spite of Ellen's patient drying, clung in wet coils round her head.

She had not read the verses calmly enough to gather their meaning fully; but it was something flattering, about her being fairer than all the flowers in the world, and this green crown was a badge of sovereignty, and it was pleasant to wear it. How nice it was to be as beautiful and charming as the writer of these verses found her. And how cross of John and Bride to be always trying to persuade her that she was nothing but a sadly undereducated little girl, whom no one would notice if she were not an heiress. As she crossed the room, she stopped before a cheval glass in a corner to interrogate it as to what verdict it had to give between the two contradictory opinions. The fitful light of dying candles and ruddy-peat fire, with the dark background of gloom in the far corners of the room, gave the effect of looking down into mysterious depths at the fairy-like figure that seemed to be rising out of a sea of darkness and red fire. Long trailing pink robes hiding all but the points of the tiny feet,—a small flushed face above,—eyes like dark diamonds,—red lips that trembled into loveliest curves of pleasure as the eyes looked,—delicate black brows,—a crown of soft dusky hair with points of green showing in it. Lesbia turned away, quite satisfied to bring that answer into the next room with her.

Eagle's Edge was an irregularly built one-storied house, with no passage but the central hall; the bedrooms, and sitting-rooms all opening into one another. Lesbia had only to turn the

handle of her bedroom door to find herself among the party assembled round the supper-table. The room looked cheerful enough just then, in the glow of lamp-light and fire-light, with the table drawn cosily in front of the hearth, and a circle of animated faces assembled round it. Mrs. Daly invited Lesbia to a seat between herself and Pelham. Even she for once looked happy. The evening was always her best time. The contrast between the anxiety of the day and the satisfaction of having her son safe by her side within sight and touch, was so great as to raise her naturally depressed spirits to a degree of cheerfulness she had not often known in more tranquil days; and to-night the sight of the well-filled table, and of Ellen and Pelham partaking freely, of such fare as there was, the little excitement, too, of showing hospitality again, all helped to swell the measure of her content and make her positively gay. Gracious looks and words from her seemed to mean more and gave far greater pleasure than other people's graciousness. Lesbia felt a flutter of gratification and pride when she found herself addressed kindly again and again, and when once or twice her replies called up on her hostess' face the rare beautiful smile that Mr. Daly had prized so highly. John observed the unusual attention bestowed on Lesbia, and cast one of his quick criticizing glances that way. What could he be thinking of, Babette wondered. A provoking consciousness tingled into her face under his eyes, and she felt as if the shamrock wreath in her hair was pushing itself into undue prominence, and the note in her pocket burning her, almost as if she feared he could read it through the folds of the pink silk.

It was not like the merry evenings of last summer, when Lesbia had come into the Dalys' house after a picnic or a sail, to join in the evening meal, and had been thankful to sit in the background under Ellen's wing, listening to the extravagant mirth and wild jokes Mr. Daly and Connor originated. There would never be mirth like that among them again; yet they

were far from a silent party; and once or twice Ellen caught herself up in the midst of a hearty laugh, startled by the thought that it was the first time gay talking and laughter had been heard in that house since they came to live there, and wondering what the dingy old walls thought of the sound.

When the meal was over and the table pushed back into the dim, half-lighted region of the wide room, the party drew their chairs in a circle round the hearth, and the conversation gradually took a graver tone. Lesbia went round and seated herself by Ellen, perhaps with an idea of disarming John in case he should be disposed to criticize the amount of low-toned talk she and Pelham had indulged in at intervals during supper time—perhaps from a secret persuasion that the folds of pink silk and peach-bloom cheeks, and brilliant eyes that had looked at her from the depths of the mirror, would be seen to greatest advantage from the other side of the hearth-rug, with the fire-light playing on them. Not that she was so wholly occupied with these as to fail to notice one or two things that passed on the opposite side of the fire, and to be touched by them in a region of her heart which the surface-flutter of self-occupation and vanity had not yet invaded. She saw the wistful looks Mrs. Daly turned on her son when John began to talk business with him, and she admired the patient tact with which Pelham replied to all the querulous objections her anxiety prompted her to make to every plan that involved a lengthened ride, or a late return home in the evening; not arguing or giving way, but soothing her by reassuring explanations, and sometimes when explanations seemed only to aggravate the nervous terror, by a caressing hand laid on her shoulder, and a word or two of remonstrance in a tone that had a touch of authority in it.

"I can't help it, mother; I have got this business to do, and you would not have me always idling in the house, would you?"

"I ought not to expect it of you;

but, oh ! Pelham, if you knew what I suffer when you are away, if you would but remember——.”

“I never forget it, mother.”

The words were spoken low, but Lesbia heard them and noticed that Pelham took his mother's trembling hand in his as he spoke, and gently stroked the thin fingers, till the nervous twitching in them ceased, and Mrs. Daly was content to lie back in her chair silent while the rest of the discussion went on ; finding a certain peace in the strength of will that checked the unreasonable exactions she could not herself control. Her son managed her better than her too yielding husband had done, and gave her over-busy heart more rest. John thought, with livelier gratitude than he had ever felt before, of Bride's self-control, that through anxious months had saved him from having to add the harass of constant recollection of fears at home to the harass of distressing business abroad. Lesbia softly put up her hand, and disengaged the sham-rock wreath from her hair, and looked with a sigh into the fire as she wondered, vaguely, whether it would be nicer to be loved by a person who could put his admiration for you into verses that people would talk about, or by one who could hardly say in so many words whether you were pretty or not, yet, who did the sort of things that made people trust and look up to him. Before she had come to any conclusion on this delicate question, the silence that had fallen on the group when the business discussion closed was broken by John's turning to Mrs. Daly, and preferring the request which had, he said, brought him and Lesbia to Eagle's Edge that evening. He was obliged, he explained, to go up to London on business connected with his literary occupations, and must remain in town part of the summer ; he wished to take Bride with him, as her health had been rather failing lately, and she dreaded the spring winds ; but Lesbia was anxious to remain at Castle Daly a little longer, till he and Bride had taken a house somewhere in London

and were settled for the season. If Mrs. Daly would consent to stay for a few weeks at Castle Daly, and take charge of Lesbia till he could return and take her to England, it would be doing them all a great kindness.

John hesitated a good deal over the wording of his request, as if he had not quite realized how great a favour he was asking, till he found himself picking out words for it, with Mrs. Daly's dignified figure before him and Ellen's questioning eyes reading his face as he spoke. He wished they would not keep him waiting so long for an answer. Pelham had looked pleased, even eager, for the first moment, and then came the gradual stiffening of features and figure, which John, from the last eight months' experience, had learned to recognize as the attitude he took when he was considering how most effectually to quench an offer of help or kindness that he looked upon as an attempt at patronage. Lesbia proved a better ally in the difficulty than he had expected : she crossed the hearth-rug, and, seating herself on a foot-stool at Mrs. Daly's feet, touched the folds of her dress to draw her attention.

“It would be coming back to your own house, you know, dear Mrs. Daly, with only me in it, and I would try not to be in the way ; you were so kind to me last spring that I hoped you all liked me a little.”

It was Babette who was speaking now, not Miss Maynard—the timid, coaxing, humble little Babette, of whom John and Bride only had occasional glimpses. Still there was no answer, only a deepening of the frown of pain on Mrs. Daly's brow.

Lesbia went on as if she were talking to herself. “Castle Daly is a great deal nearer Ballyowen than Eagle's Edge ; when John goes there to attend the relief committee, or for any other business, he is home again by five o'clock. I ride there and back with him several times a week ; and when he is likely to be detained till after dark, Bride and I drive into the town and bring him

back in the carriage ; we like it so much better than waiting at home."

Mrs. Daly's eyes, which had hitherto been staring at some imaginary distance over Lesbia's head, suddenly came to life again, and looked down into the glowing little face upturned to hers : it was only for half a second that the two pair of eyes met, for Lesbia's curled black lashes swooped down and hid hers instantly ; but there was time for some lightning current of electrical fellow-feeling to pass between the two, which made their owners secret allies from that time forth.

Mrs. Daly's manner changed instantly. She sat upright in her chair, turned her face towards John Thornley, and signified her acceptance of his invitation with frank and cordial thanks.

"It would be an effort," she acknowledged, to visit her old home under the altered circumstances, but the pleasure of being of use to such good friends would overweigh any pain. She was glad the plan had been thought of, and agreed to it joyfully.

Pelham's objections were all overruled, and he soon let it be seen that his opposition had not arisen from any personal dislike to the visit ; only Ellen remained silent, and no one but John noticed the perplexed expression that deepened on her face, as she sat apart looking steadily into the fire while the others discussed details.

"I am afraid you don't like the prospect of going back to Castle Daly," he said, at last.

"No, I don't," rousing herself with a great sigh, and turning her face towards him. "Of course I don't like going back there now ; but that is not what I was thinking of. Just now it does not seem much to matter what one likes or dislikes."

"I wish I had consulted you and found out your wishes before I spoke to other people."

"Yes, I wish you had ;" then, seeing an expression of surprise on his face, "you think me very selfish, don't you, for wishing that I could have put a stop to a plan that pleases mamma?"

"I think you see some objections un-

known to the rest of the family, and I am hoping that you mean to tell them to me."

"You could not do me any good."

"You can't tell the help I might be till you have tried."

A smile as at some very incongruous idea flitted across Ellen's face, and she said, hastily, "*You*—but indeed you are the very last person." Then, seeing how his countenance fell, she added, "I did not mean it unkindly ; I don't doubt your kindness ; only that in the particular difficulty I was thinking of just then, you are the last person whose help I could ask."

"I wish you would make the experiment."

Ellen shook her head, and turned again towards the fire.

"Can't you trust me?"

He was grieved when she looked at him again, to see that she had been winking away tears.

"I think I had better hold my tongue, I so often say more than I mean when I do speak. I was accused to-day of making mysteries, and that came of talking. When one can't tell the whole truth, it's better, I find, to say nothing, even if it leaves one with ever so heavy a weight of responsibility on one's mind."

"I am sorry you have responsibilities you don't share with any one ; it ought not to be."

"I can't help it."

"The truth is, you are working too hard. The work that has to be done is trying enough to tough, resolute people, and you identify yourself too much with the sufferers ; you let them drag upon you. I am glad you are obliged to go away."

"I am only one person, and it's hundreds who want me here."

"They won't be neglected, there will be just as much given away. Does not that satisfy you?"

"You should not ask me, because I told you I could not explain my real difficulty to you."

"I am afraid it comes from a consciousness that you have been too indulgent. Indeed, I was preparing to bring an instance before you of the way

you are imposed upon. Do you know what became of that half-crown which you, in spite of our rule against giving money, bestowed on Mary Joice a week ago?"

"Yes, just as well as I see you do. She told me how she spent it this morning herself."

"I hope you were properly angry. Come now, won't you allow that this instance of the harm that comes of breaking rules ought reasonably to reconcile you to giving up the management of such impracticable people as Mary Joice into stricter hands? When a whole neighbourhood is in a state of starvation, is it right to trust one silly woman with a sum of money that would have fed herself and all her neighbours for a week?"

"On Indian meal."

"Yes, on Indian meal. More substantial fare, at all events, than Mary Joice's half-crown's-worth of holy water."

"Mary Joice bought something else with her half-crown, Mr. Thornley—something that she showed me this morning in her eyes—she bought hope with it, and I don't grudge her my last penny for that. It will make your Indian meal go a great deal further."

"Such pitiable folly! You would not encourage people to comfort themselves with false hopes, would you?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would not; you are a sensible person, and really wish to know all the disagreeable things that may possibly happen to you in your life. You would not thank any one, I suppose, for helping you over a very hard time by giving you a gleam of happy possibility that was not sure to come true."

A week or two ago he would have said *No* decidedly; but, looking into her face, a doubt seized him; he was not sure that he might not come to the point of infatuation of wishing those lips not to put an end to groundless hopes.

Mrs. Daly rose to say good-night a few minutes later. While she was exchanging last words with Pelham and Lesbia, John, who by a law of his nature gravitated towards anything readable there might be in any room he was in,

spied out Connor's newspaper which Ellen thought she had hidden away among the litter of her work-table, and began to read it, guided in his selection of passages by the emphatic lines that scored the pages. He was just going to burst out in energetic expressions of dislike to what he read, when his attention was caught by some fainter marks that lay thickest in one corner of the paper, and raising it to the light he discovered what they were—large heavy blots of tears that someone had shed while reading. The pain that shot through him like a knife at the thought of whose tears they were, was not altogether the pain of pity; there was a mixture of indignation in it, against the influence, whosever it was, that recklessly exposed so sensitive a heart to such fruitless emotion. Ellen came back after accompanying her mother to her bedroom to wish him good-night, while he was still looking blankly at the blisters on the paper, not reading any words, seeing nothing but the ragged blotches hardly yet dry. She was not very well pleased to observe what he had got hold of.

"I suppose it is just impossible to keep a man's hands from a newspaper," she said; "I thought I had put that one out of sight."

"I beg your pardon, then, for disturbing it, it is best out of sight. You pain yourself by reading such worthless productions. I would not let you if I could prevent it."

"No more than you would let Mary Joice buy holy water."

"This is a much more serious question. Look here," he said, pointing to a sentence in the speech Connor had scored. "It is not water they are talking of buying their vain hopes with, but blood. Have you read that? I don't want to make you needlessly anxious, but you must not encourage anyone you care for to identify himself with such sentiments as these. Do you realize the danger? It is absolute treason they are talking; and wild words in a time like this are too horribly mischievous to be overlooked. If you have any influence still with your brother

Connor, keep him from connecting himself with these madmen. He used to send verses to this newspaper, did he not? Pray warn him."

"Unfortunately, to warn Connor against principles or people because they are dangerous, would be the very way to make him cling more closely to them."

"At least, don't you encourage him in his infatuation by showing him sympathy."

"Give me back my paper, please, Mr. Thornley. We shall not get any nearer agreeing about this if we talk till midnight. You are very much in earnest in wishing to rob Mary Joice and me of the poor little gleams of hope we are trying to live by. You would throw as black a shadow over us as Lac-na-Weel throws on Eagle's Edge, if we listened to you."

"If I could shelter you from false hopes and the bitter disappointment that must come of them, I should not mind your calling me a shadow now."

Ellen looked up, surprised at the earnestness of his tone; and Lesbia laughed—she was a little afraid of her clever, satirical brother, and that anyone should presume to argue with him was a triumph for her.

"I will risk the bitter disappointment, and go on hoping for Ireland and her heroes as long as I can, I think," said Ellen; "for here is a token of hope lying at my feet." She stooped and picked up the shamrock wreath that Lesbia had let fall.

"See, this must have dropped out of the folds of the newspaper that came from Dublin. I recognize Connor's handiwork here. It is meant for me to wear, and shows that I am to put the Green above the Red, at all events."

"It does not belong to you, it is Miss Maynard's," said Pelham, who had just joined the group; "she wore it in her hair at tea-time."

"Yours, Lesbia!—but where did you find it? It must have dropped from Connor's newspaper. I don't believe anyone but he would have patience to make such wreaths."

"Yes, where did you find it, Lesbia?"

repeated John, who had noticed the sudden rush of colour that suffused Lesbia's face when Pelham spoke.

"What does it matter where I found it?—it is only a little, crushed, faded thing." And Lesbia snatched the wreath hastily from Ellen's hand and threw it on the fire.

There was a little blank space of silence, while Lesbia kept her averted eyes steadily fixed on the green wreath, that would not smoulder all at once into blackness on the peat-sod where it fell, but curled up its leaves and showed all the careful plaiting and tying of the tiny stalks beneath. Pelham sent distrustful glances at Ellen, who stood with brows knitted in thought, and John took in the disturbance on all their faces with much surprise. He spoke first.

"I don't mean any disrespect to the shamrock," he said, "but if I were you, young ladies, I think I would avoid either wearing it or burning it just now, when people may be disposed to put more meaning on your doing so than would be convenient."

"I am sure I don't care what meaning anyone puts on what I do," cried Lesbia, struggling out of her confusion to meet all the looks turned on her, with an air of petulant defiance.

"But if people were tempted to suspect a mystery that you could explain by a single straightforward word," said Pelham, in a low voice, coming up close to her, and trying to catch her eye again as he spoke, "you would explain, would you not?"

She put out her hand to wish him good-night without looking up. "I am sure I don't know what we are all talking about; we meant to say good-night half an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE rain had ceased by eleven o'clock, and John Thornley and Pelham turned out to smoke a cigar in the garden before going to bed. Neither was in the mood for conversation, and Pelham, after venting some grumbling against mystery-mongers, retired to the house, but John lingered full half-an-hour

longer. The peat-fire Ellen had lighted was waiting for him in his room ; but in spite of his promise to like peat-smoke for the rest of his life, he found the fresh, soft air more soothing and fitter for bringing his thoughts into order. The heavy clouds had broken up into great silver-edged continents and islands, separated by deep seas of blue, through which the full moon sailed majestically, and into which, while John looked, Lac-na-Weel lifted his head bare. The rest of the valley and the lower hills lay in patches of cold, misty light and dark shadow. John, with his mind fixed on the events of the evening, saw all without noticing any particular feature of the scene, till his attention was drawn to a small moving light, a yard or two from the garden, that seemed to hover over a cutting in the bog. Was it a Will-o'-the-wisp light? or had he not been half unconsciously watching it for some time receding slowly into the distance till it stopped there? His curiosity became roused at last to the point of throwing away his cigar, vaulting over the low garden wall, and walking towards the appearance. Once across the road he was in uncut bog-land, and his feet sank deeper and deeper in the wet spongy turf at every step. He was just beginning to remonstrate with himself on his folly in pursuing Friar's lantern into a swamp, when a sound of voices reached him ; he strode on another yard, gaining firmer footing on the top of a little knoll, and then he could see plainly. There was a cutting in the bog, five or six feet deep, some distance before him, skirted at the sides by little piles of turf ; and, partly hidden by these piles, partly showing plainly in the moonlight, he perceived two figures—a woman with a cloak over her head, and a man, deeper in the shadow, who, as far as he could make out, was crouching or kneeling before her. While he looked, the woman stooped as if to speak to her companion, and in raising her head again the cloak fell down to her shoulders, and a streak of moonlight displayed a mass of golden braids that could belong to nobody but

Ellen Daly. At the same moment the wind brought again a murmur of voices : a guttural, moaning sound, and then the clear, sweet tones he would have known among a thousand. One step more forward, and he could have distinguished the words,—but he could not bear the thought of spying upon her. He folded his arms and stood still, determined to wait where he was for the chance of being wanted, but to approach no nearer. He waited some time in the cold, long enough to come to the conclusion that if Irishmen had courage and determination to match those of Irish girls, the schemes of Connor's friends need not be desperate after all.

Ellen would have cut shorter the conversation she was engaged in, and suffered more trepidation while carrying it on, if she had known who was watching. The expedition itself was one to which she had become accustomed, having undertaken it every two or three days for the last six weeks, but to-night it brought her a painful shock of surprise and pain. She had crossed the strip of bog-land quickly, knowing by experience how to avoid the swampiest spots ; and having reached the stacks of peat-sods, she put her heavy basket and the lantern down on one of them, and called, softly, "Molly ;" there was an instant's delay, and then a bent, wasted figure, that looked like a mass of moving rags rather than a man, crept from the dark shadow of the cutting. Ellen recoiled a few steps, with a gesture that even in the dim light expressed shuddering horror and avoidance of what she saw. The man gave a faint moaning cry, as of a creature struck in the extremity of pain, and, throwing himself on his knees, crept after her and clutched the skirt of her dress with both hands ; then lifting his right hand towards the light, he cried, with a little sob of excitement and exultation in his weak voice—

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, look, I've done it. I always tauld them I would ; and no one will ever dare to say again that it was my hand fired the shot that killed Squire Daly ; for would it not have withered black before it could have touched a thread you wore!"

Ellen hesitated a moment, and then, throwing back the cloak so as to show her face, she stooped towards the crouching figure at her feet and held out her hand.

"There," she said, "it is not enough to touch my clothes; but I don't think you will dare clasp that, if yours has his blood upon it."

"It has not, God hear me!" said the man. "But any way, I'm a sinner, and not fit to touch your hand, Miss Eileen. I'll tell ye the whole of it now as I would to a priest. The lot fell on two of us for the job we had to do that night, but it was a boy from another part of the country that fired the shot that killed him. We were behind the wall that skirts the road at that end of Lac-na-Weel pass, you know of; and when we heard horses' hoofs we got ready. The moon was under a cloud just then—bad luck for ever to it for the same. Dark as it was, I saw, and dropped my gun; but the other boy, who did not know either of the gentlemen by sight, was too quick for me. He got away to his own people, who have no grudge agin him for the mistake, but I can't get away. The neighbours protected me and hid me at first, as they were bound to do, but now they all turn agin me and hate me, for they think that night's work brought the curse, or keeps it on us; and indeed, why would not it be so? It would not be much to starve meself, but it's them that belongs to me—the mother, and the wife, and the childer—that cry out for help, for bit nor sup, not a drop of cauld water, will any hand give us but your own."

"Why did you come here to-night instead of Molly? It is much less safe, and I had rather see her."

"It's a turn of the faver that's on her, and my wife is that wake wid nursing the baby and starving, that she could not have crawled the length of the way in a month, or I would not have come. I'll not come again—we can die, all of us, since you don't belave me, and the sight of me hurts yer eyes."

"I do believe what you have told me, Dennis; but I can't forget that if another person had ridden along the road that night you would have been a murderer;

and I am afraid you have not repented of your intended crime—that you hate your enemy in your heart still; that is why I drew my hand back, why I cannot offer to touch you again."

A dark, wild look convulsed the man's face, upturned and white in the moon-light.

"Miss Eileen, I do hate him. I would not have been as I am now if he had let me alone."

"You can't tell that, Dennis. Does not being hated by your neighbours unjustly yourself make you feel how unjust it is to hate Mr. Thornley as you do?"

"Why would it, then?"

A puzzled, helpless expression came into the eyes that were raised towards her face, and with the pity it brought, a sudden recollection flashed into Ellen's mind. He was right: it was not experience of hatred but of love that was needed to extinguish hate.

"Dennis, I have forgotten something," she said. "I have a message to give you. When my father lay dying, he told me to tell you, if I ever saw you again, that he forgave you his death. He must have recognised you when you lifted him up and carried him into your cabin. But he avoided mentioning your name, and only made me understand."

The man, who had never let go his hold on Ellen's dress, now relaxed his grasp, and sank down to the ground in a heap, hiding his face in the earth and moaning.

"He thought I did it, then; he thought I did it. He died wid that in his mind. I that he'd been generous and good to all his life, and that would have died for him."

"But he forgave you—he sent you a message; and, Dennis, though it tears my heart still to talk of that night, I will tell you something more. He said he was glad you had killed him instead of Mr. Thornley—that the other murder would have been the greater crime; and now, knowing that, don't you think you owe it to him, and to us who have been robbed of him, to put all evil intentions out of your heart against the man whose life he was glad to purchase with his own? It would be killing my father

twice over to touch him now. You must promise me, Dennis."

Ellen stooped as she finished speaking, and held out both hands to lift the prostrate man from the ground.

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen," he groaned out, resuming his kneeling posture at her feet, "I'll not decave you any more than I would a priest. I had it in my heart to be revenged wid the last grain of strength that was in me. I meant to have gone to-morrow to the valley by the Holy Well and turned Lac Fecheen¹ against him in the name of the devil, and then I'd have had him in my power, and it would not have been many days atther that before I'd have waylaid him somewhere, and he would not have escaped me that time. I meant to have done for him before I died; but now I'll die like a dog, laying him that's wronged me to prosper—to plase you."

"Like a Christian, Dennis, to obey God."

"Eh, I will, or I'll bring your father's double curse down on me from heaven, you think."

"People don't curse up in heaven, Dennis, but you would cut yourself off from him for ever, and from our Lord, who died forgiving. There, give me your hand, and we will kneel down and say the Lord's prayer together, and I'll take that as your solemn promise that you'll never undertake anything to any one's hurt again."

They knelt down on the grass side by side, and Ellen slowly repeated a Pater Noster, pausing every now and then, and looking steadily at her companion's face, to make sure that his lips formed the words after hers. She did not feel any fear or any sense of the strangeness of the situation; she was wholly absorbed in the consciousness of being engaged in a momentous struggle, spirit with spirit, which involved the saving of a fellow-creature's life, perhaps, by God's help, the rescue of a soul from the dominion of evil. She was too deeply in earnest to have a thought to spare for personal fear. It was only when the effort was over, and, having risen from her knees and dismissed Dennis with the basket

¹ The stone of fate.

of provisions she had brought for his family she stood watching his figure receding across the bog, that she was aware of the extreme exhaustion such a contest leaves. Her limbs were trembling so that she could scarcely support herself, and the distance that stretched between the spot where she stood and the house seemed interminable. It did not lessen her agitation, that, when she had dragged herself beyond the shelter of the turf-stacks, she perceived the dark outline of Mr. Thornley's figure upright and motionless on the knoll between her and the house. She had to stand still to control the beating of her heart, and to keep herself from fainting, and then she perceived that he was moving forward, coming to meet her; and the anxiety that seized her to increase the distance between him and Dennis as much as possible gave her strength to quicken her steps. He had determined to meet her in quite a commonplace way, and leave it to her to explain the occasion of her late walk if she pleased.

"I took you and your lantern for a Will-o'-the-wisp, Miss Daly," he began, "and as I have always been ambitious of making the acquaintance of that historical personage, I followed you. Not beyond that knoll, though. When my Jack-o'-lantern resolved itself into a lady with a lantern I stopped."

She longed to ask him if he had recognized any one but herself, but the words she tried to form died away in gasps on her lips. Shocked at the state of agitation he found her in, he drew her hand within his arm without another word, and walked on for some distance, supporting her as much as she would let him, and carefully avoiding so much as a glance at her face.

When they were entering the house he spoke again: "Miss Daly, if I had any authority over you I would not let you do such things as this—no, not if the alternative was half the people in the neighbourhood starving."

"How shocking," she said, in a voice that trembled still. "But you are not thinking of what you are saying. You don't know what I have seen and heard to-night."

"You ought not to be exposed to such sights and sounds. I am more glad than I can say that you are leaving this place for a time; if it had not been so settled, I should have been obliged to tell your brother about this."

"I would never have forgiven you if you had."

"That would have been very hard to bear, but it would not have been so bad as your hurting yourself. You must not think that you are the only person in the world that can make sacrifices, or that no one is ever to make them for you."

They had entered the house now by the back door. The place was silent, but not quite dark; there was a rush candle burning in a niche by the door, and the glow of the embers made twilight still in the low-raftered kitchen. John Thornley led Ellen in there and drew a chair forwards towards the fire, into which she was glad to let herself sink. The shuddering horror and faintness, which she had been struggling against ever since Dennis left her, came upon her again in full force, now that the goal she had fixed her mind on attaining was reached. She could only cover her face with her hands and give way to the trembling that shook every limb. "Don't mind," she managed to whisper softly between the spasms of shuddering, "don't call anyone, don't let mamma be frightened, I shall be better soon. It was just seeing—" And again the dark wild face rose up before her, and overpowered her with horror; the wasted, feverish hand which to her thoughts would look blood-stained, clutched hers, and again she seemed to be battling with the power of an evil purpose, and imploring heavenly aid to exorcise it. Gradually the paroxysm of nervous terror passed away, and a sense of peace and victory came, restoring her to full self-possession. She uncovered her face and leaned back quietly in her chair to rest before she rose to go to her room.

John Thornley had had the tact to leave her alone to recover, and had employed himself in putting fresh sods on the fire and coaxing them to a blaze.

"Can I get you anything now?" he asked, coming nearer when she looked up.

"I don't want anything, thank you. I am quite well now, and will wish you good night and go back to mamma's room. She likes me to keep about as long as Pelham is up, and to see that all is safe before I go to bed; but she will expect me now it is getting late."

"Your mother is exaggeratedly anxious about Pelham's safety; but how is it that she lets you run such risks? I can't understand your being allowed to expose yourself to danger without anybody's interfering to prevent it."

"But there is no danger for me, it is you that don't understand the difference between one person and another here. I run no risk. It was not fear that made me so silly just now, it was only the pain of something I had to do."

"You must never do such a thing again."

"I don't suppose I shall ever need to do it; but oh, you don't know how thankful I am that I did go out to-night."

She had only been thinking hitherto of the evil deed that had been averted; now, as she looked up into John Thornley's face, a more definite image came. It was this man's life that had been, as it were, given to her that night. She had saved him from a treacherous enemy who had planned his murder. And he stood there looking at her with an expression of devotion in his eyes almost as if he understood that he owed his life to her. Something in his face, at that moment, recalled to her mind an expression she had once noticed in Bride Thornley's eyes while she was looking at her brother, and the remembrance of the sister's affection for her brother raised her own thankfulness to vivid joy. It was well, it was well indeed, to have saved the life of a person who was so much loved—it must be worth saving. From this time the brother and sister would have a new interest for her; she should never look at either of them again without a renewal of this moment's joy and thankfulness.

John saw the glow of feeling dawn

and brighten in her face, restoring colour and life to it. Her eyes, full of happy light, met his without a shade of embarrassment or self-consciousness in them as she wished him good night. He did not at all understand what the look, so simple and so fervent, meant, but it thrilled him to the bottom of his heart with happiness. If he never got another such look, he thought, he could live on the recollection of this to the end of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"How will it look to them, do you suppose, Bride?"

The Thornleys were momentarily expecting their guests, the late owners of the house, for the first time their visitors in it; and during the last half hour John had severely tried Bride's patience by fidgeting about the library and drawing-room, spying out and quarrelling with all the little added touches of ornament which Lesbia, to the yet greater trial of her patience, had spent the entire morning in devising and carrying into effect.

She looked up a little sharply from her work, when John addressed her.

"My dear John, how can I tell? If your and Lesbia's principal anxiety about the house is that it should look homelike to the Dalys, you should have thought of that before the new furniture was brought in. It is quite impossible, I assure you, now, whatever you do or undo, to bring back the old look.

"If my experience is any rule for them, and I think it is," said Anne O'Flaherty, who was seated on the other side of Bride's work-table, in the recess of the newly thrown-out bay window, "the completeness of the change will be a great relief. They are just now dreading a stirring up of old memories, but when they are once shut into the house, the surprise of its transformation will drive other thoughts away, and they will be spared pain. I doubt whether I could have borne to spend so many hours here, as I have done this winter, or whether you would have found my head so clear for business,

as you are pleased to say it is, if I had not found the sight of your grandeur and luxury very hostile to dreams of old times."

"Luxury you do call it, then?" cried John; "and that is just the impression I rebel against creating. To say nothing of the absurdity of sober caterpillars like ourselves turning into gaudy butterflies, there is the bad taste of our doing it in such a time as this. It will look very heartless to some people."

"There is nothing absurd in caterpillars turning into butterflies that I ever heard of," remarked Bride, dryly; "and as to the house, you agreed with me that Lesbia should have her own way about furnishing it. What has happened to alter your opinion since?"

"One does not set up to be infallible, I suppose," said John, turning away; and Bride's eyes, that had been raised to his with a keen question in them, fell back on her work.

In a minute or two Anne O'Flaherty came round to Bride's side of the work-table, and put an arm across her shoulder, while she leaned over her and discussed the measurements of the poor-garments they were making together; and Bride looked up at her, gratefully willing that she should perceive, and sympathise with, the discomfort which so small an approach to altercation between herself and John caused her.

This was one of the results of that winter's troubles, the springing up of a warm friendship between these two women, who had neither of them been much thrown in the way of feminine companionship before, and who had sufficient unlikeness in their characters to have begun their acquaintance with considerable mutual repulsion. Hard work for other people, and the daily witnessing of suffering they were equally anxious to alleviate, had been the bond that had drawn them near enough to look through the outworks of unlikeness, and discern the wide meeting-ground of agreement behind.

Anne, the more sympathetic and deep-sighted of the two, had found a yet closer tie between herself and her new

friend. She had made a mistake when she said that she had passed much of her time at Castle Daly that winter without being tempted to recur in her thoughts to old times. There had been a good deal of retrospect in her moods, but it had not been the old places that had called it back; it was the subtler interest of living over again through sympathy some of the mental conflicts she had carried on in the same spot years before. The circumstances had been different, but the training through which Bride Thornley was passing was the same—the training of having to sit still and see the person she loved best in the world, to whom her sympathy and companionship had hitherto seemed all-sufficient, drawn away from her towards a more absorbing love, leaving her to stand alone in the old place. There had been a time of such withdrawal of old-accustomed affection in Anne's life; she knew the signs of the sufferings it caused and their dangers. She knew that women to whom Providence appoints a solitary lot, have to come, when early ties are broken up, to a turning point in life, when the prospect of being henceforth first to no one—second, or perhaps nothing at all, to those they have loved best—has to be faced, and that the manner in which this crisis is met, determines generally whether they are to sink or rise for ever in the scale of being—sink to a level of narrower interests, of pettier loves and cares, and hates, than belong to ordinary womanhood, or rise to an outlook of far-reaching sympathies and capacity for unthanked service that endows them with a foretaste of the selfless joys of the angels. Having passed through such a valley of humiliation herself, and come out at the right end, Anne was glad to be at hand to give such little aid as an understanding onlooker knows how to offer silently to a fellow-traveller on her way.

Bride Thornley had no idea that the struggles of her soul were in any way open to her friend; they had never exchanged a word that seemed to bear on the subject, but she had a sense of being

comprehended and helped that was comfortable.

The mere touch of Anne's hand soothed her irritability just now, and helped her, when John came back to their side of the room, to resume the conversation without that note of sharpness in her voice that had driven him away.

"I believe we have done nothing but make mistakes all through," he began again. "It is all incongruous. My eyes are open to-day, and I see the hideousness of our doings. I wish we could conjure everything back to look as it did four months ago."

"Oh, John, and don't I wish I could conjure everything *not to look*, but to be, with ourselves as it was four years ago?"

"I don't say that."

"I do; I quite agree with my namesake, Bridget Elia, in thinking that being well off is a very uninteresting state of things, and in longing for the good old times again when we were poor and enjoyed ourselves. Have you ever read Elia's delicious essay on old china, Anne? Yes?—then I can make you envy us. John and I were as poor once as Elia and Bridget in their good old times. Like them, we two used to lengthen out the times of old hats, and coats, and bonnets (don't I hold some of them dear in my memory,)! that we might buy books and prints with the money that ought to have gone in new ones. That lovely old Morghen print of the Madonna à la Seggiola cost John the wearing a napless hat and me the going without gloves a whole year. The evening we hung it up in its shabby frame over our chimney-piece in our dark London lodging, we read that essay together over our tea, and we walked about (or at least I did) on mental stilts for days after, hardly knowing whether we were not Charles Lamb and his sister instead of ourselves, or, at all events, feeling as if they were hailing us as congenial spirits from somewhere. Now we have come down to wearing superfine broadcloth and fresh silks, and moving about among furniture that have no-

thing whatever to do with each other, and scarcely more with ourselves, since the furniture came by waggon-loads from Dublin shops that we don't even know by sight."

"That's just what I am complaining of," struck in John. "It's an upholsterer's house—not ours. We have turned the place into a mere warehouse."

"Not quite that," said Anne, looking down the long room lined with bookshelves to the vista of conservatory beyond; "but I am of opinion myself that it takes at least a hundred years and the influence of a generation or two to make a big place into a family house. One or two people can turn a small house or a few rooms into a congruous shell for themselves in a few years; but if you want to fill a large space you must take time to grow into it."

"After all," said Bride, with a sigh, "it does not greatly concern us. We are only here for a time, taking care of Lesbia's house till the right guardian comes. In a few years we shall hang up our Madonna again over some chimney-piece somewhere, and set about secreting a suitable shell for ourselves. John will never be allowed to wear shabby coats and hats again; he is too well-known a person now, and his work is too well paid. But if he marries, and I find myself a supernumerary in the establishment, I shall let myself gradually sink or rise into congenial shabbiness again. No one will mind."

She looked at her brother as she finished, anxious to read by the expression of his face what he thought of the picture she had drawn. She was quite sure, by the far-away look in his eyes, that a vision of the new home was before him, but if there was any expression on his face it was one of annoyance.

"Of course it will come to something of the kind in a year or two," he said. "But you need not trouble yourself with so many suppositions, Bride. When you and I settle to our life work in some London home, there is no likelihood whatever of your not being first in it." He had asked himself and an-

swered, that not for any consideration in the world, if he had the power, which he never should have, would he bring Ellen Daly to pine in such a cage.

"Where is Lesbia?" he asked. "I hope she means to be in the way when our guests arrive."

"No fear but she will, she feels the dear importance of acting hostess far too deeply to miss any of its duties. I wish it had not happened to occur to her that the best way of doing honour to her guests is to receive them with great state. I can say nothing to dissuade her from her elaborate preparations, for Mrs. and Miss Daly are much more her friends than mine, and she professes to know their taste."

"She may be right about Mrs. Daly," said Anne. "She is used to a good deal of formality."

"But," hesitated John, "there are other members of the family very unlike her, to whom the old ways of the house seemed to belong."

"If you are thinking of Ellen, I believe you may trust to her seeing nothing for the first hour beyond my face. It was certainly a very good thought, your starting off this morning to fetch me. I wonder how you came to have it."

"Ah! there," cried John, "there are the carriage-wheels, and the commotion that announces an arrival at Castle Daly is beginning. Now, Bride."

"No, no, John, you forget; you and I are to keep in the background; it is Miss Maynard's house, and there she is, coming down stairs to receive her visitors. Let her enjoy herself. She has been three-quarters of an hour dressing for the situation. But how is this? I left her arraying herself in her newest Paris costume, and she appears in one of the old despised Whitecliffe dresses. What is the child thinking of?"

"If Connor Daly were coming, a caprice like that would make me anxious," whispered John to Bride, as they stood in the library doorway and watched Lesbia's progress down the hall; "but as it is only Pelham, who takes no more notice of Babette than if she were a

doll, we must put it down to sheer love of change."

"Why not to more refinement of feeling than we gave her credit for?" returned Bride. "She is quite pale with excitement, poor child. The Dalys were kind to her in her Cinderella state, remember. I am glad she felt at the last moment that she could only welcome them in her old Whitecliffe attire."

After all the anxiety of the three hosts to do the honours of their house gracefully, the most prominent part in the welcoming fell to Anne O'Flaherty's share. Mrs. Daly put up her heavy crape veil when she saw Anne waiting in the hall, and hurried towards her, her poor pale face so working with emotion, that when they met she could only throw herself into Anne's arms and sob on her shoulder. It was just there that Anne had stood to receive her when she had entered the house a bride with her husband twenty-five years before. She had been jealous of her influence then, anxious to put an end to her intimacy in the house, for fear it should interfere with her own rights; but now, how wretched the old barriers and heartburnings looked when they two stood the only companions left who could enrich each other with recollections of what *he* had said and done in the old days. All misconceptions fell before that thought, and they felt that, whatever had gone before, it is people of the same generations who in great sorrows and losses can best comfort each other.

Ellen stood by, full of joy at the unexpected warmth of her mother's manner to Anne, and content to wait her turn till Mrs. Daly had turned to Lesbia with apologies for her emotion. Then she seized Anne's hands.

"How much better than I had hoped—how good of you to come here."

"I did not come—I was brought," Anne said; and on this hint Ellen all at once remembered her real hostess, and turned to Bride blushing and eager to make up for her own and her mother's remissness.

"We are so grateful to you for having such a kind thought."

"Not to me—for I hadn't it," said Bride, bluntly; it went against the grain to give the explanation, but honesty obliged. "It was my brother, who went to Good People's Hollow this morning without saying a word to anybody, and brought her away almost by force."

Ellen did not feel disposed to offer a third time the thanks that had been twice rejected, but she looked up at John as she passed him to go up stairs with the light of the pleasant surprise still glowing on her face.

"It was very clever of you, do you know?" she said confidentially. "I begin to think that in emergencies you are the person who knows the right thing to do."

Begin to think! The sentence sounded audacious to Bride, but it was quite enough to make John feel foolishly happy all the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Daly did not come down stairs again, and escaped the pang of seeing little Lesbia occupy her old place at the head of the dinner-table, and Ellen was so engrossed in hearing news of the Hollow from Anne, that she hardly noticed where any one sat. It was quite otherwise with Pelham. The prospect of returning to Castle Daly as a visitor had not troubled him beforehand. He had been to the house several times since his father's death, and the changes in it were quite familiar to him. Yet it was he who was the real sufferer on that first evening of the old possessors sitting as guests in the family rooms. He was the person to whom the trial brought all, and more than all the bitterness that might have been anticipated from it. It was he who, in every morsel of food that passed his lips, ate the bitter bread of exile and humiliation. He had not cared for the old home as the others had cared for it; there had been times when he had despised it, and after his long absences in England hated to come back to it; yet, even then, there had lurked at the bottom of his heart a certain pride and joy in the feeling that it was his; that it belonged to

him as unalterably as the sun to the sky. Visions of his early days came back to him that evening, with the hazy glory hanging round them that belongs to half-remembered childish scenes — of the days when he used regularly to be mounted on his father's shoulder, after breakfast, to make his morning rounds with him to the stables and dog-kennels, and when a babyish whim of his always found a dozen dependents eager to carry it out: of the times when he rode through the villages on the estate on his pony by his father's side, and the people pressed out of the cabins to look at him, and call down blessings on his head. He had felt like a prince then; it had been nothing to him then that his subjects were in rags, and the grandeur and state had all been slipshod. It was the worst part of his pain now that the discovery and the consequent contempt had come later, for it made him feel as if his present sense of loss and longing was a punishment—a wierd sort of revenge which one part of himself was taking on the other. If he had always been loyal to his own, he fancied he could have let it go with more inward dignity. At least, he should not have felt the present appearance of the house, realizing as it did his discontented dreams in past times of what it ought to be, such a bitter mockery as he felt it now—a Tantalus vision put so close to him, that it seemed as if the least movement of his hand would grasp it, and yet utterly beyond his reach. For a few moments in the course of the evening Pelham tried to turn the pain out of his mind by giving himself up to a day dream. He was not much addicted to day-dreaming, but just now the vision seemed made to his hand, and instead of inventing anything he had only to forget. He was sitting a little apart from the rest of the party, in a window-recess of the well-lighted, tastefully-furnished drawing-room. Bride Thornley was playing soft music on the grand-piano at the far end of the room. Anne O'Flaherty and Ellen occupied a sofa by the fire; and Lesbia Maynard, in her old pink muslin dress, of Whitecliffe memories, sat meekly on a stool

at their feet. It might have been last year, or rather one of his visions of last year, realized by an enchanter's wand. This was home; his father's house, to which he was heir; not as it ever had been, but as he used to see it sometimes in his thoughts, while he dreamed of the day when he would ask a certain little penniless girl to share it with him. It was his taste and care that, for her sake, had brought together all the comforts and elegances he saw round him. She was on a visit to his father and mother, and to-morrow he was going to speak to her and tell her of his love. She would lift up her dark eyes surprised and grateful; a low hesitating voice would answer sweetly. She would think only of him; but he should look round proudly, glad to have so much to offer—such a worthy casket to enshrine his pearl. That was such a natural reading of the picture his eyes rested on; to make it real, so little undoing, so little forgetting was needed, that in spite of all the pain the reaction would be sure to bring, Pelham let his thoughts stand still before it, to contemplate it a little while.

“Mr. Daly”—the voice of which he had been dreaming, just as soft and meek as he had been fancying it, woke him from his reverie. Lesbia had left her footstool, and tripped across the room to the window recess—“Mr. Daly, I want you to come into the conservatory to look at some new plants I have just had sent from Dublin, and advise me about placing them.”

The dream fell shattered into a thousand pieces, and Pelham got up to follow her with an inward groan, feeling as if every nerve of his body had been bruised and wounded in the concussion of the fall.

Lesbia paused once or twice in her progress across the drawing-room, to draw his attention to objects they were passing. “That picture over the sofa was my present to John and Bride at Christmas. It is a Landseer. They fell in love with it when it was exhibited in London years ago, and when I read in the *Art Journal* that it was again to be sold, I secured it for them. Was

not I lucky? That mosaic table, with the doves, and the marble statuette of Psyche, belonged to my great uncle, and came to me from Florence after his death. You must come a little this way to see the Psyche to advantage. Some people think it very beautiful—John does."

Young Mr. O'Roone, when Lesbia had introduced him to the Psyche a few days before, had found something flattering to insinuate about the disadvantage that marble Psyches were under when animated ones stood near. Lesbia could not help wondering whether any thought of the kind would by chance occur to Pelham Daly, and she stole a glance from under her eyelashes to see if there were any trace of it in his face. He was not looking at the Psyche with any favour, but neither was he looking at her. Lesbia was not quick enough to read the sensitive pained pride his carefully-composed features expressed, but she felt chilled and mortified, just as she had often felt at Whitecliffe in the early days of her acquaintance with the Dalys, when Connor and Ellen made much of her in their impulsive wild way, and the standing aloof of the dignified elder brother gave her the impression that she was to blame somehow, and had committed herself to something silly. She felt just as she had often felt then, that she could not bear to come to the end of the evening without having gained some little token of homage from the quarter whence it was hardest to win, to restore her self-complacency. They had to pass through a vestibule, connecting the drawing-room with the conservatory, that had lately been decorated and furnished with orange-trees in tubs.

"Look there," said Lesbia, standing still before one of these, and pointing upward to a moth-eaten stuffed elk's head surrounded with a decoration of rusty spears and old double swords that occupied one side of the wall. "Those curious old things were left behind in the hall when the old furniture was taken away, as not worth moving. I had them taken down carefully, and put up here after this wall was painted,

because I thought your mother, all of you perhaps, valued them—and it is nice to keep something that was here before. How do you think the old elk's horns and the armour look among my orange trees?"

"Very much out of place and very shabby, I think they look," said Pelham. "You had much better turn them out after their original owners; if the poor things could speak they would remonstrate on the cruelty of being put up in their old places to act as foils to new importations. I pity them myself."

"I thought you would like it," Lesbia said, timidly. "We are only tenants here, you know, and your people have lived in this castle for hundreds of years. When you come back here to live——"

"I never shall. I know now that it is impossible. The misfortunes of this year are too overwhelming to leave us any hope of making head against them. We must go down. Let every scrap and shred of a memory of us be put away; it is the best thing that can happen. I stay in this neighbourhood at present for my mother's sake and for Ellen's, but I hate it. If I could, I would go away to the furthest part of the earth and struggle to forget all here as hard—as hard as a swimmer struggles who is fighting for his life."

The words were spoken low, but Lesbia looked up frightened at the vehemence with which they came out, and at the sort of angry light in the eyes that were fixed on the mouldy relics far above her head.

"Would you really wish to forget everything quite?" she said. There was the appealing, injured baby-look in her eyes that used to come in Whitecliffe days, when Wattie tore her dress or Bobby pinched her, the sight of which had made Pelham tingle with indignation and desire to interfere in her behalf often and often. He caught the look as he was turning to walk away, but it did not stop him—it was only another sting added to the multifarious pains of the evening. He had wakened from his dream with a start of fear at something most repugnant to his pride,

which such dreaming might bring him near, and the only thing to be done was to shake himself roughly free from every trammel of illusion. The bell rang for evening prayers just then, and Bride, as she came forward towards the upper end of the room from the piano, happened to observe Lesbia's entrance from the conservatory, and was surprised and a good deal amused at the dignified height to which she had drawn her small head, and the air of general proprietorship of the whole house with which she seated herself by John's side at the reading table while the servants filed in. Lesbia was unusually talkative when, after prayers, she and her guests stood in a group together discussing plans for the next day, and surprised Bride again by the sharp tone in which she contradicted some assertion of Pelham Daly's, and her pertness to John when he came to the snubbed young man's rescue, and tried to prove to her that she was in the wrong. Bride thought she had cured Lesbia of Missish airs caught from Aunt Joseph; and was dismayed at a relapse on this first occasion of her being thrown with old acquaintances again.

But her chief surprise came later in the evening, when on going, as was her custom, to take a last look at her sister asleep in bed in the room next her own, she discovered that the round rosy cheek she stooped to kiss was wet with tears, so were the soft dark curls that strayed on the pillow. Greatly disturbed, Bride put down the candle and knelt by the bed. The child crying herself to sleep in her own beautiful prosperous home—what could it mean? She lingered a moment, hoping that the heavy wet lashes would be lifted up, and that her sister finding her near would confide to her the trouble, whatever it was, that weighed on her mind. She had reason to suspect that the sleep was only pretended; but the appearance of unconsciousness was persevered in, the eyelids remained tightly closed, and she had to

get up and go away unsatisfied. At all events, little Lesbia's troubles could not lie very deep, Bride said to herself; and she hoped it might be other people's sorrows, not her own, that had called forth the tears. She herself had knelt long that night thinking of their guests, and praying that the widow and orphan son and daughter who had come back to a home desolate for them might be comforted. She had had to struggle hard with her heart as she prayed, lest a grudging reservation should creep in respecting a compensation which she believed to be awaiting Ellen, and which in her thoughts so far surpassed her loss that it was difficult not to envy instead of pitying her. She had tried to pray: "Let all the treasure of the thoughts and tender love of the heart in which I have reposed so long be made over to her, to comfort and enrich her life for ever; and let me learn how to be poor in earthly love;" and she had succeeded at last in winning the glow of disinterested love, and the peace that comes to those who arrive at hating their lives and finding them again. The sight of little Lesbia's tears seemed a rebuke to her for her struggles. They no doubt had welled forth freely; without any self-regarding reflections or far-seeing grudges; from pure pity and tenderness, showing how near the child's heart is to God. Before she fell asleep Bride took herself severely to task for having ever looked down on little Lesbia. It did not occur to her to suspect that any other struggle with chilled affection, except of the kind she knew, could be going on near her. Her experience of sorrow had all been in one direction, and she was not fanciful. If it had been Connor with his winning ways, and openly-shown preference for Lesbia, who had come to the house that day, she might have been suspicious; but to suppose that her little sister could cherish a secret regard for one who seemed to avoid rather than seek her, would have been an outrage to her sensitive proud maidenliness.

To be continued.

SCHOLARS AND FRIARS:

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ECCLESIASTICAL STRIFE.

ABOUT a year ago the University of Paris acquired an ephemeral importance in the eyes of politicians. The still waters of its history were harassed by greedy theorists, whose drag-nets were at work night and day in the search for facts of some educational importance, wherewithal to garnish parliamentary repasts and regale political adherents. During this hour of turmoil, the dilettante historian packed up his rod and line, and sighed to think that his quiet haunts were mobbed by a crew of grasping statisticians, whose noisy labours were incompatible with his meditation and tranquil sport. They are gone, however; the tumult has subsided, and the waters have settled down into their wonted somnolence, so that he may return to ply his rod, secure at least of obtaining some dainty prize, rejected as worthless by these utilitarian fishermen. Fact, perhaps, has been exhausted, but fancy and romance remain, and these latter only it is our province to discover.

It may seem absurd to look for romance in the clumsy Latin of Duboullay, or the antiquated French of his translator Crevier, in whose dry analysis history is so mummified, that it would seem to crumble at a touch; and, indeed, neither of these authors rises above the level of pedantic archaeologists, wanting the *naïveté* of the early chroniclers, and equally innocent of the philosophic insight of modern historians. Nevertheless, they tell a plain story plainly, and leave its illustration and enlivenment to others. It is the object of this essay to extract from their works the subject-matter of a real historical romance, and present it to the reader in a more modern dress. Not for its general historical importance, nor yet for its importance in the history of

education, has this subject been chosen, but simply because it presents an attractive study of human passions drawn out and characterized with dramatic exactness, the whole action dividing itself into acts and scenes while centering continually round a few principal figures. We see exhibited in this drama ambition developing in slow stages of worldliness and hypocrisy out of the most intense and heartfelt humility; grasping at power, at first cautiously, then with an utter disregard for appearances—as it were, first lifting, then flinging away the cloak;—jealousy and mutual distrust brought into collision within the narrow limits of the university; oppression on the part of the friars, supported by the Church, which ought to have been neutral; stubborn resistance on the part of the scholars; passionate appeals to unjust judges, and stout demands for liberty. There is a climax and an anti-climax:—oppression gains the day, but spends its strength upon the effort, and justice follows with limping steps to overtake the guilty and pull down the mighty from his seat.

Before the curtain rises, however, let us compare the position of the students and the friars¹ at Paris previous to their struggle for supremacy. Paris, that is, intellectual Paris (the university is not mentioned till about 1208), had grown up in the tenth and eleveth centuries, gradually swelling its numbers, and extending its influence, until in the twelfth it was the intellectual heart of Europe, which gathered in the

¹ I have called the two parties students (or scholars) and friars. Of course the friars were students also, but as regular ecclesiastics they kept aloof from the secular students who really formed the university, and are always called 'the students' or 'the scholars' of Paris.

warm blood of science and learning, to send it rushing forth again through all the arteries and veins, rousing the distant and torpid members of Christendom with its quick and continuous pulsations. In the thirteenth century the university life became fixed and formal, the students grouped themselves according to the nature of their studies, degrees were given and officers elected, the whole forming an intellectual guild, self-governing, and self-organizing. This could not take place without exciting the jealousy of watchful neighbours; the Provost of Paris discovered within his jurisdiction this *imperium in imperio*, the Chancellor of Notre Dame felt a like loss of authority, and these two combined to harass, and almost succeeded in destroying the new university. But justice was on the side of the students, and after a sharp contention, resulting in what is known as the Great Secession of 1228-31, the university was finally re-established on a still firmer basis, its jurisdiction secured, and its relations to the provost and chancellor established by law. So things continued in peace and harmony, till the sudden rise of the mendicants caused a new danger to the university from within, as formidable as that which she had already combated from without.

In the history of the Latin Church previous to the Reformation, there is no period so intensely interesting as that which saw the rise of the mendicant orders. It seemed as if carnal Rome had renewed her spiritual life, and struck out a new path, which might lead to eternal dominion over the minds of men. Religion had become the neglected privilege of an aristocracy. Innocent III. was himself the great aristocrat, and his clergy, if they preached at all, addressed themselves only to hearers of gentle blood. All above this level were faithful to Rome, but there seems much reason to believe that all, or nearly all, below it were rapidly sinking into heresy. The Dominicans and Franciscans appeared on the scene just in time to arrest the progress of decay. They came declaredly to preach the

gospel to the poor, not arrayed in scarlet and fine linen, like the Papal envoys, but humbled in dust and ashes. So striking was the contrast, so sudden the awakening of humanity to a sense of amazement at the state of things revealed in the Church, that the mendicants rose as if by magic to the highest place in the estimation of mankind. The history of the university shows the effect of this sudden advancement upon men prepared for the scorn rather than the admiration of the world. When the mendicants first came to Paris (about 1220 A.D.) it was in the guise of humble applicants for favour; they did not ask to be allowed to compete for honours or offices, they merely begged for the crumbs of learning that fell from the scholars' tables. To such men the university gladly opened her arms; both orders were received, and houses were bestowed upon them by pious benefactors. They applied themselves to study with all the ardour of men who had renounced the world—but even in study the snares of the world beset them. Mediæval universities were eminently calculated to vitiate the character of clever students, and beget in them a love of display. The schools of disputation encouraged wit and learning, but their effect upon the mind was essentially dangerous to the heart. Within the circle of the university, moreover, there were distinctions coveted by scholars, the doctor's degree, the proctorship and the office of rector, all objects of contention to violent and hostile factions, and it would have been strange indeed if the mendicants had kept their hearts pure in this dangerous atmosphere, with all the *irritamenta* of ambition at work around them.

We cannot be astonished therefore to hear that in ten short years after the arrival of these humble friars at Paris, ambition and pride were found lurking beneath the black cloaks of the preachers and the grey hoods of the minorites. They aspired to professorial chairs, though it was only by violence to their oaths that they could accept the ordinary degrees. Nor were they content

with aspiring to equality: they wished to uproot secular instruction altogether, to monopolize the honours of learning, and alone dominate the schools. In 1244 the Dominicans had obtained a bull from Innocent IV. ordering the university to admit them to a share of its academic honours. But there was still an obstacle in the path; they could not, in accordance with their vows, apply for degrees—how were they to obtain them otherwise? For five long years the representatives of the friar-preachers besieged the pontifical throne with a petition that degrees might be lawfully forced upon deserving members of their order. Innocent was deaf to these appeals, and his sudden decease was attributed by the superstitious to the malignancy of the Dominicans, so that ‘Save us from the prayers of the preachers,’ became a by-word with their enemies. The university was jealous of her rights, and with good reason. The Dominicans had seized their opportunity during the secession, and in collusion with the Papal legate had established a chair of theology. To this act they had without difficulty obtained the consent of the Chancellor and Chapter of Notre Dame. The university on its return to Paris, after the short exile of the secession, was still embroiled with the Church, and was not in a position to notice this flagrant usurpation. Not long after the Dominicans established a second chair of theology, and upon these two chairs they placed Albert the Great and Hugh of St. Cher, whose talents and world-wide celebrity attracted crowds of students, and augmented the glory while adding to the numbers of the preaching fraternity. The Franciscans were not slow in imitating this example. Alexander Hales, the great English theologian, was already a doctor of some standing when he suddenly embraced the profession of St. Francis. With the oath of humility fresh upon his lips he opened his class-rooms as before, and none dared oppose this act on the part of so famous a teacher. Thus the Franciscans also acquired a chair of theology.

The secular members of the university were in dismay. Of the twelve chairs in theology, three had always belonged to the canons of Notre Dame, one to each of the regular brotherhoods affiliated to the university, the Val des Ecoliers, the Cistercians, the Præmonstratensians, and the Trinitarians. Of the remaining seven chairs three were now appropriated by the mendicants alone, and only two remained for secular students. A complaint was heard that theology was in danger of being totally neglected by the seculars, owing to the absence of those rewards of learning which stimulate application and encourage talent.

The doctors of theology assembled to discuss this serious matter, and very wisely decided that thenceforth no body of regulars belonging to the university should have more than one professor's chair. It was easier to judge, however, than to execute judgment. The Dominicans refused to yield up their second chair. This happened in 1252. In 1253 a circumstance occurred which embittered the contest and hastened a catastrophe. Some students had been seized and imprisoned by the royal archers for engaging in a street fray. A ‘cessation of lectures’ was secretly proposed as the surest means of vindicating the privileges of the university. The design was acceptable to all save only the two Dominican doctors and the Franciscan, who not only put their veto on the measure, but even revealed the intentions of the university to the outer world. Now though secrecy of debate was not enjoined by law, it was an established custom, and those who violated it were considered enemies to the intellectual republic. The university was in great wrath, and in order to censure as strongly as possible such a breach of etiquette, a decree was proposed and carried, declaring that for the future no one should be made master of arts, until he had sworn to accept the solemn conclusions of the assembled body as determined by the votes of a majority, and to keep their deliberations a profound secret. To this new law the

Dominicans assented, but with the irritating proviso, 'so long as the conclusions contain nothing unlawful for a friar-preacher to comply with.' The university lost patience. It cut off the Dominicans from all connection with its own body, and deprived their two professors of the theological chairs. Such was the declaration of war.

Soon after this, the imprisoned students (in whose behalf the 'cessation' had been declared) having been restored to liberty, the university reopened her class-rooms and returned to her labours. But the Dominicans meanwhile had slandered her at court and to the Pope. Alfonso of Poitiers, who was Regent during the absence of St. Louis on his first crusade, was persuaded to refrain from interfering, while Innocent IV. was so far wrought upon, as to command the temporary restoration of the Dominicans as members of the university, pending the trial of their cause by arbitration. A war of chicanery and abuse, in which the subtle friars seem to have far excelled their opponents, occupied the interval between these appeals and the papal judgment. Innocent appointed arbiters, but the wily Dominicans wearied him with unfounded objections against all whom they thought adverse to their cause, until he had given them a judge after their own hearts in Luke, canon of Notre Dame. Luke was no sooner assured of his powers by letters from Rome, than without so much as giving due warning to the university, he declared the masters of arts of that body suspended from their functions, and published this insulting notice in every parish church of the capital. The university treated his measures with silent contempt. It had already lodged an appeal against him at Rome, suspecting his partiality towards the friars, and was now anxiously awaiting the result. There followed a short period of expectation, during which the two parties insulted each other with malignant ingenuity, and even resorted to occasional acts of violence. Each sought to gain friends: the mendicants continued to

enlist in their cause the sympathies of the court, while the university sent circular letters to all the bishops of France, imploring the aid of some as old members of its body, of all as natural enemies to the upstart and ambitious mendicants.

At this critical moment an event occurred which weighed down the balance in favour of the mendicants. Innocent IV., once their closest ally, but of late inclined to check them in the career of worldly ambition upon which they were so clearly entering, died suddenly and left his place to be filled by Alexander IV. (1254). The new Pope did not hesitate to disclose his partiality for the friars: his first act was the repeal of a decree by which Innocent had subjected them to episcopal control: every other measure of this pontiff was similarly in their favour: he became their tool, almost their slave.

But if the friars thus found a leader capable of wielding even the thunders of the Vatican, the scholars also found a puissant champion to maintain their cause and encourage them in a bold stand against Papal oppression. This champion was the celebrated William of St. Amour, native of the village of that name in Franche-Comté, and Doctor of Theology, one of the few secular doctors. He was the author of a work entitled, 'The Perils of the Last Times,' speciously professing to be a denunciation of the new heresies rife in Europe, but really a covert though unmistakable satire upon the mendicant fraternities. His accusations breathed all the bitter spirit of personal hostility, and could not but reach their true aim in the consciences of the friars themselves. Not content with thus attacking them, he ventured to ridicule and condemn the first principle of their order—the profession of mendicancy itself. It is hardly necessary to say that this attack was fraught with personal danger to the writer, as any condemnation of mendicancy was a reflection upon the Popes who had favoured it, and more especially upon Alexander, who showed

such open partiality to the two orders. Crevier charges St. Amour with falsity in veiling his sentiments by giving his accusations a pretended aim while none could fail to see their real bearing. The very thinness and transparency of the veil is his excuse. We can only wonder at the daring of a man who should thus, even indirectly, wage war upon the spoilt children of the Papacy. St. Amour certainly combined the fox with the lion, but no deceit at least can be charged on a man who could so boldly maintain his doctrines in the face of his enemies, and we cannot forget that this 'falsity' of St. Amour was necessary to save both him and his partizans from certain destruction.

The friars seized the opportunity of their favour in the eyes of Alexander to demand the condemnation of St. Amour's book. But the university could retaliate in kind. Unfortunately for the friars a work had appeared accredited to one of their own order, which was thrust upon the Pope for condemnation at the same time as 'The Perils.' Dean Milman has so thoroughly explained the circumstances which produced and disseminated the 'Eternal Gospel' of Abbot Joacchin and the 'Introduction' to that work, and has so fully discussed their authorship, that it is hardly necessary here to dwell upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that though the Franciscans alone were intimately associated with this book and its doctrines, the Dominicans also were not free from some taint of Joacchinism, and their enemies took prompt advantage of the circumstance. Throughout the contest between the university and the mendicants, these two works, 'The Perils of the Last Times' and the 'Introduction to the Eternal Gospel' are continually reappearing.

With the year 1255 appeared a celebrated bull of Alexander IV., by means of which he hoped to place the heel of the mendicants upon the head of the university. It is known as the bull *Quasi Lignum*. The decree cutting off the Dominicans from the university was annulled, and the chancellor was

authorized to grant licences (that is, licences to teach, or degrees) to all whom he should consider worthy of the honour without distinction of seculars and regulars. Nor was this all: not only were the Dominicans to receive degrees without hindrance, but they were even to create as many chairs of theology as they should think fit. The 'cessations' of the university, moreover, were only to be declared when the measure had received the assent of a majority of three-fourths in each faculty. The power of vetoing cessations was thus handed over to the mendicants, who would always be able to muster at least a strong minority, if not a majority, in the faculty of theology, and thus hamper every act of the university. Lastly, the papal commissioners were authorized to pronounce excommunication upon every member of the university who should refuse to accept the decision of the Pope.

In order to elude this heavy blow the scholars had recourse to a clever artifice. Pretending that they had by common consent severed the ties which bound them in a community, they met the papal commissioners with smiling faces, and informed them that the university had ceased to exist; it was no longer possible to admit the Dominicans, for the body corporate was defunct. We can imagine the vexation of the commissioners whose bulls of excommunication, being made out against students of the university, were now merely waste paper. The spiritual thunders shook the air in vain: there were no longer any members of the university to suffer excommunication.

Of course such a farce, though it served the purpose in baffling the commissioners, was naturally played out very soon; the scholars wished to exclude the friars, but they were not prepared to retire from the scene and leave the work of reconstructing the university to their enemies. Accordingly, while many of the masters left Paris as if on secession (it happened to be vacation time, and the act might serve to frighten lovers of the university with that idea, while it was really the natural thing to do), those

who remained, acting individually and entirely on their own responsibility, wrote a long letter to the Pope complaining of his unjust partiality to the mendicants. They did not write as members of the university, but very plainly stated the impossibility of their remaining to study in Paris unprotected by those privileges of which the bull *Quasi Lignum* had robbed them. 'Our cessations alone,' they said, 'assure the redress of injustice, and if this decree be carried out, even these are no longer available. The faculty of theology, composed almost entirely of the canons of Notre Dame and of the regular fraternities, has no feeling for the wrongs of artists [members of the faculty of arts] who are for the most part solitary exiles in a strange country. They thwart all our plans, and if this law be observed will be able to veto every one of our measures. Thus are we led like sheep to the slaughter.' The writers then hint at a secession, but evidently for the sake of effect only; they knew better than to leave another gap for the mendicants to creep in by; they even kept their class-rooms open, acting however entirely as individuals. The Dominicans meanwhile also kept their class-rooms open, and even celebrated the promotion of their members to the degree of doctor with some pomp; the ceremonial, be it observed, was conducted under the supervision of a band of royal archers, lest the jealous scholars should interfere.

It is at this crisis that William of St. Amour comes into prominence as the champion of the scholars. He had returned from Rome, where he had presented to Alexander the complaints of the university, and was now in Paris, exposed to all the malignant fury of the mendicants. They first brought him before the tribunal of his diocesan for some petty charge which was easily refuted. Then followed a more odious attempt. He was charged before the Bishop of Paris with having read in several assemblies of friends and pupils a libel defamatory of the Pope. William appeared to answer the bishop's

summons, but his false accuser did not venture to confront him. The bishop, a friend of the mendicants, hesitated about pronouncing his acquittal; but William cleared himself on oath, supported by no less than 4,000 students, his compurgators, and was at last solemnly absolved from the charge.

These ill-concerted and fruitless attempts by the friars to defame their opponents could only serve to discredit their own cause. The fortunes of either party kept shifting continually; but it was not the fault of Alexander if every blow sustained by the Dominicans was not lightened in its effect, every misfortune to the scholars aggravated. When the 'Introduction to the Eternal Gospel' was condemned, the Bishop of Paris, who had been appointed to publish its condemnation, was exhorted to spare the feelings of the Dominicans even by a negligent discharge of his duty; when 'The Perils' were condemned, their condemnation was to be trumpeted from the altar of every parish church. The Pope himself continued to aim fierce blows at the recalcitrant students. He enjoined the chancellor to deny the 'licence' to all who had refused to accept the bull *Quasi Lignum*. Three new bulls insisted even upon excommunication, suspension, and deprivation of benefices for all who refused to accept the decree admitting the mendicants to the university, and among them William of St. Amour is specially mentioned. The pretence of the scholars, that they no longer formed a university, was too shallow to be retained, nor was it again revived.

But all these bulls came to nothing, a new power having appeared to stem the torrent of papal indignation. Louis IX., who had returned from his first disastrous crusade, took the affair into his own hands, and determined to decide the question at home, without further reference to the Vatican. Louis loved learning, and could not but look with favour upon the university; but he loved religion more than learning, and in his eyes the mendicant fraternities represented religion better than any

other body in the Church. With him piety was a consuming passion, which blinded his bodily eyes and perverted his reason; so that, convinced from the experience of early years of the excellence of the mendicants, he could neither see nor realise their falsity and worldliness. But the corrective to this unreasoning piety in the mind of Louis was his love of justice. He seems to have dreaded interfering personally in a question which so deeply interested his ruling passion and appealed to his unreasoning instincts. Instead therefore of acting as arbiter himself, he summoned a council of the Gallic Church to appoint arbiters, whose decision upon the question should be final. With this the question takes a national turn: the opposition of reason to dogma is involved in a truly national opposition to foreign dictation even on spiritual questions.

Observe how deftly St. Amour turns to his profit this new sentiment; the fox and the lion uniting in his subtle though courageous policy. Warned that an attack would be made upon him by the friars in a church where he was expected to preach, he went there armed to the teeth, not with carnal but with spiritual weapons, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, the Holy Scriptures themselves. From the pulpit he read a long list of the errors imputed to him, and denied each separately, taking his audience to witness the truth of his assertions. He then confirmed the statements made in his polemical work, by scriptural proofs. "He had no bishop's mitre, or crozier, or ring," he said, "to be authority and warrant for his doctrine, and for that reason he had brought with him the Holy Scriptures themselves, in order to prove from them the truth of all he had averred concerning 'The Perils of the Last Times.'" Thus did he defy his adversaries, and they made no attempt to answer the challenge. He felt no doubt that French sentiment was on his side, and he did not hesitate, though with great danger to himself, thus to assume the leadership of all who were prepared to resist papal dictation.

Meanwhile the arbiters appointed by the council, the Archbishops of Bourges, Sens, Rheims, and Rouen, declared the following award:—The Dominicans were to keep their two chairs, but on no account to create another; they were thenceforth to be a distinct and separate body, unconnected with the university. The university, on her part, was to make no law injurious or insulting to the Dominican scholars. But such an accommodation failed to please either party; it was as if two hostile armies had been left in possession of a country and told not to fight. Moreover, this award as the act of a national council, in direct opposition to the bull *Quasi Lignum*, was insulting to the Pope's authority, and whichever side was discontented would not fail to question its validity. Nor was the Pope slow to express his indignation. Three bulls came forth in quick succession to traverse judgment. One warned the university that she was already under excommunication, while attempting to soothe her by attributing her crime (in accepting this decision), wholly to the influence of evil-minded men—such as St. Amour. The Pope was jealous of Louis' council, and felt that it would not be safe to threaten very harshly at such a critical moment, when the university might once for all revolt from his authority and place itself under the Gallican Church. Another bull was addressed to the bishops of France, chiding them for their ill-feeling towards the mendicants. The third urged Louis to interfere personally on behalf of the friars.

These bulls had all been sent out during the session of the council, but before the actual award of the arbiters was made known at Rome. A new bull (dated June 10th, 1255) severely reprehended the four archbishops for their judgment, reproved the Dominicans for acceding to it, and commanded them, nothing loth, to disavow the act. Moreover, it distinctly declared four principal members of the university to have lost their privileges; these were William of St. Amour, Otho of Douay,

Nicholas of Bar, and Christian of Beauvais. 'If these men,' says the bull, 'persist in their wickedness, they must be driven out of the kingdom.' Crevier notes the peculiar turn of expression by which the Pope bids King Louis see to the execution of this sentence; he is to do it 'for the remission of his sins.' St. Louis was too wise, however, to become the mere tool of Rome; rather than admit that the Pope possessed any temporal sovereignty in France (which would be implied in an act of banishment carried out at the Pope's command), he was content to rest neutral, even where his beloved mendicants were concerned. But if he would not execute the Pope's orders in banishing St. Amour and the others from France, in order to show his interest in the cause, he sent St. Amour's book to Alexander that it might receive a full and final condemnation at Rome. No sooner were the scholars acquainted with this fact than they hastened to send a copy of the Eternal Gospel to Rome for a similar purpose; they even appointed to the office of carrying it the four proscribed Doctors (St. Amour, Otho, Nicholas, and Christian), in company with their ex-rector and a theologian of some note, as if to show how completely the university, its officials and dignitaries, were associated in the cause of St. Amour. The choice of colleagues for their champion, however, proved unfortunate, as the sequel will show.

St. Amour and his colleagues arrived at Rome too late to defend 'The Perils;' the Dominicans had outstript them, and done the business out of hand. Hugh of St. Cher, one of the order, and the cardinal most in favour with Alexander, had acted as judge, jury, and witness all in one, and pronounced a solemn verdict of guilty. 'The Perils' were already burnt, and their ashes scattered to the four winds.

And now the representatives of the university were in Rome, face to face with their arch-enemy; the result of a long, stubborn, and so far by no means unsuccessful struggle, depending upon their firmness and sagacity; liberty

of thought, the honour of Paris and of the Gallican Church, their own fame, and the future prosperity of those whom they represented, all depending upon them and the support they should give to their undaunted, unwavering leader, St. Amour. Yet, as if the only object of their mission had been to exalt still more the fame of their heroic colleague, at this critical moment St. Amour's three comrades deserted him. Otho, Christian, and Nicholas, terrified apparently at the thought of their own rashness, and quailing in the awful presence of the Pope, shamefully deserted their champion and recanted. In the presence of St. Cher and another cardinal, they took an oath to observe every article of the *Quasi Lignum*, especially that concerning the readmission of the Dominicans; they condemned 'The Perils,' retracted its doctrine concerning mendicancy, and declared themselves innocent of having ever agreed with its author in stigmatizing the friars as false preachers and Antichrists.

Abandoned by his friends, assailed on all sides by malicious accusers, and alone as it were in the enemies' camp, St. Amour nevertheless stood firm. Not only did he refuse to retract, he even dared openly to defend the statements which had entailed so much danger on his person and to his cause. He never lost his head for a moment. Threatened, bullied, and cross-questioned by domineering adversaries, he retorted upon them their own accusations, and while explaining the sentiments of his book as referring only to heretics, he suggested that if the mendicants charged him with reviling them, it was because they knew themselves to be guilty and felt the justice of the accusation. His enemies could not entrap him into a single compromising admission. They were fairly baffled, and the Pope could only warn the university anew against any attempt to slander or vilify the mendicants. St. Amour escaped, unhurt and uncondemned.

Possessed with the dauntless spirit of their champion, the university refused

to listen to any terms from the Pope. Bull followed bull, but all in vain. The last of these (dated 1257), is addressed to St. Louis, and after totally annulling the award of the arbiters, urges the king to employ his temporal power in behalf of the mendicants, of whom it speaks in terms of unmeasured eulogy.

Meanwhile the three delegates of the university had returned to Paris, but St. Amour, who was ill, and perhaps unfit to renew the battle, was resting in his native Franche-Comté.¹ A Papal Bull had forbidden his entrance into France, and he was, perhaps, awaiting the decision of the French king as to its validity. Their champion thus removed, the Pope now thought to try milder measures with the refractory students. He assured them that St. Amour was banished, not as the representative of their cause, but as author of 'The Perils.' A similar policy of conciliation was adopted by the Dominicans; they prayed the Pope to raise the excommunication which still weighed upon the university, and Alexander promised consent to this request, on condition that the offenders should promise to obey the *Quasi Lignum* and burn their copies of 'The Perils.'

The university might well have repeated the well-known saying, 'Preserve us from the prayers of the preachers!' Her hour was come. The retirement of St. Amour seemed to have completely unnerved her. Two crushing blows followed in quick succession, and the opposition of the students was beaten down. First, they had to listen in passive humiliation and disgust to the public retraction of Otho, Nicholas, and Christian, which these apostates were compelled to renew in Paris with every circumstance of indignity. Then followed the unwelcome admission of Aquinas and Bonaventura, the one Dominican, the other Franciscan, to the degree of Doctors of Theology, a distinction which had been often claimed by them, and which the university, yielding to strong moral

pressure, was compelled to accord. Their admission to degrees was the more galling, as it actually conferred an honour upon the university. It was the last drop of bitterness in the cup; the enemies of the university had not only obtained success, they even seemed to have deserved it. Aquinas and Bonaventura hardly needed university degrees, however, to improve their title to general respect. 'N'auroient ils mieux faits,' says Crevier, quoting from the Abbé Fleuri, 'de se contenter d'être doctes sans être si jaloux du titre de Docteur.'

The *Quasi Lignum* was now pressed upon Paris with a heavy hand. The mendicants were triumphant; the schools were open to them, and their savants almost alone sustained the honour of Parisian learning. Albert the Great, Alexander Hales, Thomas of Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Bonaventura, —all these names, the most celebrated of the age in literary circles, were claimed by the orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Ambition had reached its goal, and might turn round complacently to survey the course it had accomplished. But no sooner had fortune's wheel raised the friars to the summit of prosperity, than its ceaseless motion began to carry them down again as surely, if not as rapidly, as it had lifted them up.

At first the secular students could only snarl and growl at the hated intruders; they dared not openly attack them, but harassed them with petty annoyances. If the mendicants appeared at an assembly, the seculars would begin to question received dogmas of the Church, and the friars, fearful of compromising themselves in the eyes of the Pope, would retire precipitately; or the recall of St. Amour would be suggested, and such ominous clamour arose when this subject was introduced, that the mendicants dared not stay to face the menaces of their furious fellow-students. Moreover, although the friars had been admitted to the university, they were only admitted to the faculty of theology, and even in

¹ Franche-Comté was at that time a part of the German Empire.

this faculty they seem to have been out-voted by the ordinary clergy, who detested them, and were quite ready to act with the students against them. As early as 1260 we find a decree, declaring that for the future in all assemblies and other ceremonies the Dominicans should take the last place; that is, rank below all the other components of the university body—a bitter tribute to their profession of humility. Perhaps in this case the Franciscans did not act with the Dominicans. We know that at the close of the thirteenth century the two orders were at open war as Thomists and Scotists, and they probably carried the sentiments of their philosophical debates into the assembly. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Moreover, the two potentates most favourable to the friars were removed at this critical time. Louis IX. died in 1270, and with him died away that extravagant admiration of the mendicant fraternities which his example had propagated. Alexander IV. had died in 1261, and his successors failed to show the same warmth in the cause.

So things went on, the balance inclining more and more in favour of the students, until it was precipitated by the breach with Rome in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Then Philip the Fair appealed to the university against Boniface. Popular feeling was in favour of the monarch, the secular students were all for his cause, and the friars failed to make their voices heard. A short, sharp struggle, between France and Rome ended in the utter prostration of the Papacy. The next Pope was Clement V., a Frenchman, and the slave of Philip. The Church was completely humbled, lay-supremacy had begun, the crusades and all such outbursts of religious enthusiasm were a thing of the past, and, for a time, France was given over to the rule of sophists, legists and economists. It is not astonishing, therefore, to find this opportunity chosen by the students for a final

triumph over their ecclesiastical opponents. In 1318, a measure was passed by which the old decree was enforced, forbidding entrance to the governing body to all who had not previously sworn observance to the statutes and customs, and taken an oath not to reveal the subject of deliberations. After a futile resistance, the mendicants, no longer supported by Papal aid, yielded the point, and were thus reduced to the position which they had previously occupied.

Thus ended the memorable struggle. Never again did the mendicants rise from their prostrate condition. It is unnecessary to pursue their history further, ending, as it deserved, in even greater humiliation. We hear of their being driven through the streets by infuriated mobs, and pelted with stones and mud by the poor,—the poor, to whom their especial mission had been directed, and who now reviled them for neglect of the task. Had not ambition corrupted them, they might have revolutionized society, and been the precursors of a far gentler and more spiritual Reformation than that of the sixteenth century; but when the salt had lost its savour, how could it preserve the world?

Meanwhile, what had become of St. Amour? Many attempts were made to restore him to the university, but in vain. Alexander IV. was always his bitter enemy; Clement IV., more merciful, treated him to kind words, but held out no hope of ultimate pardon and reconciliation to the author of 'The Perils.' St. Amour died in 1272, in his native Franche-Comté. He was the idol of the university and of all Paris, and his epitaph is to be found in the well-known words of the Romaunt:—

'Estre banny de ce royaume
A tort, com' fut maistre Guillaume
De Sanct Amour, qu' hypocrisie
Fit exiler par grand' envie.'

GEORGE L. B. WILDIG.

ON MR. SWINBURNE'S "BOTHWELL."¹

THE stately line which closed *Chastelard*—

"Place for my lord of Bothwell next the queen"—

pointed to the next episode in the great drama of Mary Stuart. The growing complication of incidents after Mary was fired with hatred towards Darnley and passion for Bothwell makes the effective treatment of the period between the murder of Rizzio and the flight of the Queen over the Border, much more difficult. The plot and counterplot of the rival factions, the play of diplomatic intrigue between France and England, the rapid kaleidoscopic shifting of the situation, the multitude of the actors, are elements which render the attainment of dramatic concentration of interest a fact that demands consummate grasp of poetic conception. There is almost a superfluity of figures of the first degree of prominence, when we think, besides Mary herself, of John Knox, of Murray, of Bothwell—all of them commanding personages. No doubt, the intense and superlative interest that attaches to the Queen, throws even massive figures like Knox and Bothwell into the second place, and thus helps the poet in the harmonious grouping and subordination of his characters. Mr. Swinburne's strength and sweep of imagination have carried him triumphantly over this fundamental obstacle, and the triumph is all the greater and more remarkable because he is as much scholar as poet. He has first set himself to master the reality of the situation as a historian would master it. Historic truth with Mr. Swinburne marks the limits of dramatic effect. A poet with less of the student's conscience in him might have been content to labour the two heroic figures of Knox and the Queen,

and then to leave the nobles in mere sketchy outline. Mr. Swinburne has treated his subject in a more thorough and serious spirit. He has read his authorities as carefully as the dullest of us poor prose-writers could do; and he has read them to true purpose. The actual record of history at once bounds and informs every part of the dramatic conception. And this is in small things as in great; in details of time and place, no less than in the large presentation of the actors. The reader of Knox's *History of the Reformation*, if he remembers it well enough, may be surprised to find the very words of the old writer flowing into the verse of the new:—

"Cowper Moor,
Saint Johnston, and the Craggs of Edinburgh,
Are recent in my heart."

To this historic conscientiousness is no doubt due the tragedy's great length, to which so much objection has been made. We are quite of opinion that the objection, so far as it goes, is a good and well-grounded one. The first scene of the fifth act, where Morton and Maitland debate the manifold issues of policy which the Queen's captivity at Lochleven presses upon the nobles, is an illustration of the extreme to which, as it seems to us, Mr. Swinburne's carefulness has sometimes made him push historic elaboration. But though to point out the length of the tragedy is the first criticism, and one which any listless, or captious, or stupid reader may make, it is in the highest degree both indolent and ungenerous to let it be our last criticism as well as our first. No lover of serious work will acquiesce in leaving the matter there. So much of the profoundest artistic sincerity as Mr. Swinburne shows in *Bothwell* deserves and will find hearty recognition from all who have a care for the preservation

¹ Bothwell: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1874.

of force, exaltation, and reality in our imaginative literature.

It is a great thing that a writer should take himself and his art *au sérieux*. The very excesses to which this may lead a man are infinitely less mischievous than those which come of his suffering himself to be spoiled and pampered by his public, or on the other hand of his indulging in all the grotesque perversities that come into his head by way of defying his public. In the one case, we do at least secure the best results of the writer's strength, whether great or small; in the other two cases, strength is frittered away by all manner of alien thought and dividing purpose. Mr. Swinburne is devoted to his art for its own sake—for its beauty and music, the variety of its impression, the fine perfection of its forms. He has spared no toil in seeking devices for the enrichment of his work, and yet this scholarly and painstaking and very admirable habit never for an instant checks the full breath of his inspiration. Throughout this long drama we know not whether to admire more the sumptuousness and dexterity of the workmanship, or the amazing poetic vigour which surrounds the work with an unbroken atmosphere of the largest imaginative effects. Mr. Swinburne sometimes exults too much in his prodigious and hardly rivalled mastery over his instrument; and there are passages in *Bothwell* as elsewhere in his poetry, where his eager and impetuous rejoicing in the wings of his words carries him beyond just measure and proportion. Such passages in his lyrics will occur to even those readers who most warmly admire their rich and curiously varied music. This wonderful exuberance produces still less satisfactory effects in the dramatic than even in the lyrical form. When the poet is carried by the heat and rush of his versification into passages of thirty or forty lines long without the pause of a full stop, panting readers toil after him in vain. It seems to us to demand more than a reasonable closeness of attention, to thread one's

way easily through the passage of which the following lines form only a part:—

“And rather by our mean
Would they procure her slaying than by their
own
Make swift the death which they desire for
her,
And from our hands with craft would draw it
down
By show of friendship to her and threat of
arms
That menace us with mockery and false fear
Of her deliverance by their swords, whose
light
Being drawn and shining in our eyes should
scare
Our heart with doubt of what might fall if
she
Stood by their help rekingdomed, and impel
Even in that fear our hands to spill her blood
That lag too long behind their wish, who
wait
Till seeing her slain of us they may rise up
Heirs of her cause and lineage, and reclaim
By right of blood and justice and revenge,
The crown that drops from Stuart to Hamil-
ton
With no more let or thwart than a child's life
Whose length should be their pleasure.”

Yet even in a passage like this, which seems to us viciously encumbered in its structure, any one who has ever tried to reproduce those effects in sustention of language in which the great prose-writers of the seventeenth century were such masters, will know how to appreciate and admire the infinite skill, as well as the strong nervous impetus, which carry the composer successfully through all these mazes and involutions. When we consider how strongly the tide in modern style, alike in prose and verse, sets in the other direction towards the short sentence, sometimes mutilated into a mere snap, we may the more readily forgive even the excess of sustention and the over-fulness of sonority in some of these pages. Literary style is one of the most unfailing keys to the secret of a generation's moral temper. Our short sentence is the symbol of a hasty and impatient time. To unfold in a single sentence not only the main proposition but all the qualifications that limit and define its scope, implied both such a full and completed grasp of the thought, and such firm and worthy patience in setting it forth, as could

only be supported by deep respect for truth, and deep sense of the writer's own responsibility in expounding it aright. And the old style, in the hands of the best masters, correct without being meagre, many-jointed without being clumsy, long and sustained without being intricate or confused, if it implied gravity and patience and mastery of thought in the writer, summoned the reader to raise himself to the same level of energy and interest. Those who know our literature best, and have thought most carefully about the relative worth of the qualities that underlie all good literature and spring from it, do well in commending the young writer to make a study of the greater authors of the seventeenth century. And we may now point to many a scene in *Bothwell*, this product of our own century, as an excellent study for any who would learn more of the immense strength and richness and capabilities of the noble English tongue, than can be gathered from the thin and slipshod stuff which passes for a style among too many of our moderns.

However men may judge *Bothwell* as a whole, everybody will count the discourse of Knox in the fourth act (pp. 405—417) a masterpiece of the highest poetic eloquence. It seems to us too long for its place, or any place, in a drama. A speech of some four hundred lines could not be borne in representation, and representation after all is the true test of all dramatic propriety. The longest speech in Shakspeare does not, we fancy, exceed seventy-five or eighty lines; and Knox's harangue to the people is five times as long as that. It is really a dramatic poem in itself, and the reader will not do ill to study it as that; it bears such detachment. Apart, then, from its place in the tragedy, no more magnificent piece of versification has been composed in our time, and it will rank among the highest achievements of true poetic declamation in our literature. Only those who have seriously tried to handle language as the sculptor deals with marble, or the composer with musical sound,

will fully seize the consummate power of such a passage as that where Knox describes the fate of Chastelard and of Rizzio.

"So they twain
Perished; and on men meaner far than these
When this queen looked, how fared they?
folk that came
With wiles and songs and sins from over sea,
With harping hands and dancing feet, and
made
Music and change of praises in her ear—
White rose out of the south, star out of France,
Light of men's eyes and love! yea, verily,
Red rose out of the pit, star out of hell,
Fire of men's eyes and burning! for the
first
Was caught as in a chamber snare and fell
Smiling, and died with Farewell; the most fair
And the most cruel princess in the world—
With suchlike psalms go suchlike souls to God
Naked—and in his blood she washed her feet
Who sat and saw men spill it; and this reward
Had this man of his dancing. For the next,
On him ye know what hand was last year laid,
David, the close tongue of the Pope, the hand
That held the key of subtle and secret craft
As of his viol, and tuned all strings of state
With cunning finger; not the foot o' the king
Before God's ark when Michal mocked at him
Danced higher than this man's heart for confidence
To bring from Babylon that ark again
Which he that touches, he shall surely die,
But not the death of Uzzah; for thereon
God's glory rests not, but the shadow of death,
And dead men's bones within it: yet his trust
Was to lift up again and relume
The tabernacle of Moloch, and the star
Of Remphan, figures which our fathers made,
That such as he might go before, and play
On timbrels and on psalteries and on harps,
On cornets and on cymbals; and the Lord
Broke him; and she being wroth at God took
thought
How they that saw might call his place of
death
The breach of David, and her heart waxed hot
Till she should make a breach upon his foes
As God on him."

Here is music, flexibility, strength, elevation, sustention, and the finest fusion of history in poetic eloquence. It is a new demonstration of the resources of our language, when they are explored and mastered by a man of imaginative genius, who adds to genius the gifts and the industry of the true literary scholar. After the death of Théophile Gautier, a memorial volume

of verse was published, containing commemorative pieces by some of the friends of that most exquisite and gracious of poets, beginning with Victor Hugo, the acknowledged master of them all. Among the contributors was Mr. Swinburne, who sent not one but four sets of verses, each in a different tongue, and each marked by an admirable finish. To be a poet at all is much, but to be able to play the poet in English, in French, in Greek, and in Latin, shows a degree of literary accomplishment and implies an amount of patient study and labour which would be a distinction in the merest Dryasdust and pedant. Apart from all the other functions of the poet, this also belongs to him—to make style richer and stronger; and Mr. Swinburne's scholarly respect for his art and the language which is its medium, ought to give him much valuable power in this region. Hitherto his defect, to which we have already pointed, has been in the direction of uncontrolled exuberance. And a mischievous effect has followed in the appearance in one or two quarters of a rank, over-coloured, affected, and generally detestable kind of prose, which Mr. Swinburne himself has far too fine a taste not to condemn, but for which, nevertheless, he has been in some degree responsible. *Bothwell* ought to act in the other direction, and teach the greatness of such qualities as weight, firmness, gravity, in all diction whether prosaic or poetic. The sustained cadences of many of these splendid periods, vibrating as they do with the pulses of a sonorous energy, that is always a poetic energy, are full both of delight and instruction for the lover of noble expression. We feel the fervid glow as of Milton's grave and majestic muse in such lines as these:—

“Nay, for ye know it, nor have I need again
To bring it in your mind if God ere now
Have borne me witness; in that dreary day
When men's hearts failed them for pure
grief and fear
To see the tyranny that was, and rule
Of this queen's mother, where was no light
left
But of the fires wherein His servants died,

I bade those lords that clave in heart to
God
And were perplexed with trembling and
with tears
Lift up their hearts, and fear not; and they
heard,
What some hear no more, the word I spake
Who have been with them, as their own
souls know,
In their most extreme danger; Cowper
Moor,
Saint Johnston, and the Craggs of Edin-
burgh,
Are recent in my heart; yea, let these know
That dark and dolorous night wherein all
they
With shame and fear were driven forth of
this town
Is yet within my mind; and God forbid
That ever I forget it. What, I say,
Was then my exhortation, and what word
Of all God ever promised by my mouth
Is fallen in vain, they live to testify
Of whom not one that then was doomed to
death
Is perished in that danger; and their foes,
How many of these hath God before their
eyes
Plague-stricken with destruction! lo the
thanks
They render Him, now to betray His cause
Put in their hands to stablish; even that
God's
That kept them all the darkness through
to see
Light, and the way that some now see no
more,
But are gone after light of the fen's fire
And walk askant in slippery ways; but ye
Know if God's hand have ever when I spake
Writ liar upon me, or with adverse proof
Turned my free speech to shame; for in my
lips
He put a word, and knowledge in my heart
When I was fast bound of His enemies'
hands
An oarsman on their galleys, and beheld
From off the sea whereon I sat in chains
The walls wherein I knew that I there bound
Should one day witness of Him; and this
pledge
Hath God redeemed not?”

We know not if it has been given to any previous poet to unite this facility in blank verse with Mr. Swinburne's lyric power—such power, for instance, as shows in the French song that Mary sings under the casement of Darnley lying on his bed of doom (p. 215). Mr. Swinburne seems to have the skill of the Elizabethans, and of that master of the epic measure who came after them, in moulding the dramatic line to

all soft as well as severest effects. For instance, compare with the austerity of the passage we have just quoted, this from the lips of the captive Queen at Lochleven :—

"Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain, and thought
To be into the summer back again
And see the broom glow in the golden world,
The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk
And all things come and gone yet, yet I find
I am not tired of that I see not here,
The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,
And the hours that hum like fire-flies on the hills
As they burn out and die, and the broad heaven,
And the small clouds that swim and swoon
i' the sun,
And the small flowers."

The serious action of the tragedy is constantly relieved by picturesque glimpses such as this (p. 123) :—

"The moon
Is seasonable and full : see where it burns
Between the bare boughs and the broken tombs
Like a white flower whose leaves were fire :
the night
Is deep and sharp wherein it hangs, and heaven
Gives not the wind a cloud to carry, nor
Fails one faint star of all that fill their count
To lend our flight its comfort."

Or in Bothwell's account of his ride through the sullen muttering multitudes in the streets of Edinburgh (p. 277) :—

"And those within the gates
Hurtled together with blind cries and thrusts,
But at my sight fell silent as a sea
Settling, that growls yet with the sunken wind."

And there is exquisite music in this line (p. 496) :—

"The wind is loud beneath the mounting moon,
And the stars merry ;"

Or here (p. 197) :—

"His shrunk eyes were stark with fright
That like a live thing shuddered in his hair."

These fine glimpses of poetic phrase seize even a languid reader, who may find the elaboration of many of the

speeches excessive, just as Marlowe's violence, for instance, is forgiven for the sake of some strong or lovely line, or superbly coloured piece of imagery, such as—

"The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,"

from *Faustus* ; or this :

"O thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

or this from the *Jew of Malta* :—

"Like the sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings."

And who does not willingly resist the tediousness of many a page in *Paradise Regained*, in the chance of coming upon such a line as that which paints the Oriental in the streets of old Rome ?—

"Dusk faces in white silken turbans clad."

Some of Mr. Swinburne's imagery is not unworthy to be compared with that of these great masters 'of the mighty line.' It is full of force and strong colour, and it is not jarred by any of those falsenesses or incongruities which mar the imagery of poets of a less certain hand. And when he chooses, Mr. Swinburne can show the gift of condensation. Thus Hay of Talla marvels how Mary can endure to lie in the chamber under Darnley's the night before he is to be slain (p. 217) :—

"She has the stouter heart.
I have trod as deep in the red wash o' the wars
As who walks reddest, yet I could not sleep
I doubt, with next night's dead man overhead."

One may wish that such terseness as that of this last line had been more common in the play. True pomp of diction, of which Mr. Swinburne is emphatically a master, and which we prize all the more because it is so rare in our hurried days, is not inconsistent with firm-handed condensation, and it is matter of regret that Mr. Swinburne's eager and strenuous flight has so often carried him away from this truth.

One of the most striking passages in the tragedy, alike for the vividness of its imagining and the strong sustention of picturesque description is Darnley's strange and terrible dream (pp. 222—5). It abounds in the most striking effects of weird colour and a ghostly realism. To quote a portion would be to spoil it; its singular power lying in the imaginative vehemence which carries the poet through so complex and difficult a legend, with an unfaltering congruity that fascinates the reader with wonder and horror, as it might have fascinated Nelson, who heard the dream from Darnley's lips. One or two strong and energetic lines in it are too marked by alliteration:—

"Through their breach
Swarmed in the dense surf of the dolorous
sea."

"For all these cried upon me that mine ears
Rang and my brain was like as beaten brass
Vibrating."

"Then mine ill spirit of sleep
Shifted and showed me as a garden walled,
Wherein I stood naked, a shipwrecked man,
Stunned yet and staggered from the sea, and
soiled

With all the weed and scurf of the gross wave
Whose breach had cast me on that shore."

It is only pedantry and folly, or else mere ignorance of the practice of our greatest poets, that makes critics pretend to exclude alliteration from the list of permitted artifices; but it is obviously possible to multiply alliterative effects beyond the limits of a pure taste, and in some instances, if not even in the above extracts, we venture, with all deference for Mr. Swinburne's surpassing feeling for right and wrong in the *technique* of his art to think that he has used this artifice too unsparingly, *e.g.*:—

"Where lives are as leaves wavering in a
wind," (p. 248.)

"That was not fooled of fortune nor of fire,"
(p. 248.)

"To peer and pasture, track and tread upon,"
(p. 63.)

The greatest poets have, no doubt, left lines as disagreeably and as meaning-

lessly alliterative as these, but they must surely be pronounced blemishes.

Let us turn from the literary to the dramatic quality of the tragedy. We make no apology for having taken the literary quality first, for in truth style is the expression of the spirit of literature, and the way in which it is followed by the author and accepted by his readers marks the moral qualities of an epoch. And the literary interest of such a performance as *Bothwell* is to a scholar hardly less than its dramatic interest. Yet its dramatic interest is of a lofty and genuine kind. It seems to us to be unequal. The first half, ending with the striking scene of the meeting of Bothwell and the Queen by Darnley's bier (Act iii. Sc. 2) has a vividness, a rapidity of movement, a variety, a fire of action which are less stirring in the second half, although this portion includes the two fine battle pieces of Carberry Hill and Langside. In fact, the absence of the figure of Darnley from the second portion in some way accounts for this. Mr. Swinburne has dealt with this luckless person with consummate dramatic skill. It was essential to make Darnley a fool, and yet if he were made a mere fool, the tragedy would lose height and dignity of interest. He must be a fool with such singularity of foolish quality that we may understand how Mary hates as well as despises him, and may feel something that shall not be indifference, when the poor wretch comes to so deadly an ending. Mr. Swinburne has undoubtedly succeeded to a very surprising degree in this difficult achievement, and has made of Darnley so curious and original a personage that, as we have said, his disappearance from the movement of the drama marks a sensible loss in the variety of its energy. The very manner of his bodily presence is made very real to us:—

"Pale

As one half drunken, stammering as in wrath,
With insolent forehead and irresolute eyes,
Between false fear and shameful hardihood,
With frontless face that lied against itself,
And trembling lips that were not yet abashed
For all their trembling," (p. 136.)

Or in this other line of terrible force
(p. 163):—

"With his lewd eyes and sodden sidelong face."

His hurry, shrillness, vanity, cowardice, silly ambition, instability, wantonness, all shift and change and come each after other with a vivacity and a reality which make of this poor figure a something genuinely dramatic, a creation clothed with the liveliest interest, and that an interest thoroughly proper for tragedy. The weakness of Darnley, made so specific and individual as it is by the skill of the poet, stands in a relief that is not without a certain subtle element of horror, to the fiery resolution of the Queen, the grave, long-headed cunning of Bothwell, and the unscrupulous statecraft of the nobles. It is this sight of the inevitable doom of the sorry witting with such merciless hunters as these on his track, which renders his personality sufficiently tragic, and makes the reader follow the many windings of the game with the interest that belongs to every game where man is stalked by the destiny of character, his own and others'. The first and second Acts bring all this out with most excellent adroitness. The scenes between Mary and Darnley in the first Act (*e.g.* Sc. iii. p. 53), where the Queen mocks and gibes at her futile lord, are full of the keenest zest and relish. At the end of this act Rizzio is murdered, and Mary vows that she will lay up against her heart the worthier wisdom than of words which his assassins have taught her. In the second Act a different note is heard in Mary's words with the miserable Darnley. Her dexterous humility assumed to urge him into breaking with those who had been his stronger fellows in the plot against Rizzio (pp. 94—199), tells us before he has left her presence of the vengeance soon to smite him. The deadly, unrelenting, deep-eyed dissimulation of the Court of Catherine of Medici shows in the air, when Mary, after making sure of Darnley, summons Morton and Ruthven, and assures them of her forgiveness. There is a fine example of dramatic *εἰρωνεία* in this speech (p. 114).

Indeed the scene as a whole is one of true dramatic power—Mary's humble professions of pardon and good faith, the sage caution and misgiving of the lords, and the eager futilities of Darnley. Other scenes follow with a similar play, deepened in interest by the rise of Mary's passion for Bothwell, in whom she finds all those qualities of strong and resolute manhood that are wanting in Darnley:—

"Here is man indeed,

Not fool or boy! . . .
How fairer is this warrior-face, and eyes
With the iron light of battle in them left
As the after fire of sunset left in heaven
When the sun sinks, than any fool's face made
Of smiles and courtly colour," (p. 151.)

Of this, perhaps, before we reach the first parting between the two after the rout of Carberry (Act iv. Sc. iii.) we have something too much; but in the earlier scenes it is natural enough and fitting, and the intensity of Mary's feeling for Bothwell sheds a kind of hot glow, both over the poor babbling days of Darnley, and over the plot for destroying him. The end of the second Act, from Scene xvii., where Darnley comes to Kirk of Field, is worked out with a skill and power, alike literary and dramatic, for which hardly such regal praise as Mr. Swinburne is generously wont to lavish on his poetic brethren or masters could be deemed too high. Some of the finest dramatic qualities are to be found within these forty pages (202—240). First, there is the quick and vivid dialogue between Darnley as he lies sick in his chamber, and Robert Stuart, who comes to warn him of the mischief that is afoot. While they talk, the Queen sings in the garden beneath—a song that has a sting in it for Darnley's heart, for it is the song which Rizzio sang when the assassins burst in upon him. Then there is a second most ingenious dialogue in which Mary extracts from Darnley's weakness and braggart vanity what it is that Robert Stuart has told him to move him so. And the scene closes with a French lyric of supreme grace and beauty. Follows a scene of Bothwell

and his allies, and a fine soliloquy (p. 219)—indeed, the one piece, if we must confess all, in which Bothwell rises to the pitch of poetic nobility we crave in so heroic a figure, even if it be a figure stained by crime and violent deeds. While Bothwell sees to the laying of the train, Robert Stuart comes to reproach Darnley for betraying his warning to the Queen, and we hear once more, and for the last time, Darnley's strange fence of craven fear and stuttering braggadocio. The catastrophe hurries on. The Queen comes to bid Darnley good-night, and while they talk the noise is heard of the men who strew the gunpowder in the chamber underneath. Mary lingers for a moment gazing over Edinburgh :—

"The town looks like a smoke whose flame is out,
Deformed by night, defaced and featureless,
Dull as the dead fume of a fallen fire.
There starts out of the cloud a climbing star,
And there is caught and slain.

Darnley. Why gaze you so ?

Queen. I looked to see if there should rise again
Out of its timeless grave the mounting light
That so was overtaken."

Then she reminds him, "'Twas just this time last year David was slain," and quits his room, leaving him in distracted wonder and affright. He takes his book of Psalms and reads the Psalms for the day (February 9, 1567); they can give him but sorry comfort :—

"This is a bitter writing where he saith
How in his prayer he mourns, and hath his heart
Disquieted within him ; and again,
The fear of death is fallen upon him, see,
And fearfulness and trembling, as is writ,
Are come upon him, and an horrible dread
Hath him o'erwhelmed : O that I had,
saith he,
Wings like a dove ! then would I flee away
And be at rest : would get me then far off
And bide within the wilderness, it saith,
I would make haste to escape." Lo, here
am I,
That bide as in a wilderness indeed
And have not wings to bear me forth of fear.
Nor is it an open enemy, he saith,
Hath done me this dishonour : (what hath put
This deadly scripture in mine eye to-night ?)
For then I could have borne it ; but it was

Even thou, mine own familiar friend, with whom
I took sweet counsel ; in the house of God
We walked as friends. Ay, in God's house
it was
That we joined hands, even she, my wife
and I,
Who took but now sweet counsel mouth to mouth
And kissed as friends together. Wouldst thou think,
She set this ring at parting on my hand
And to my lips her lips ? And then she spake
Words of that last year's slaughter. O God,
God,
I know not if it be not of Thy will
My heart begins to pass into her heart,
Mine eye to read within her eye, and find
Therein a deadlier scripture."

And so, with a few more powerfully wrought lines, the curtain falls on Darnley's piteous horror, and we know the end. If Mr. Swinburne had lived two hundred years ago, this would be universally placed among the most effective passages in the English drama. No doubt, history had made an intensely impressive situation ready to his hand ; but these situations which are so strong in themselves are precisely the most difficult to handle, because art demands that new strength shall be added to the reality.

We have no space to follow the poet through the three remaining Acts, though they well deserve analysis. They are, as it seems to us, too prolonged, and the dialogue too much elaborated. But they contain their full share of striking and animated work. For instance, the scene, to which we have already referred, of Bothwell and Mary by the bier of Darnley (pp. 249—253); the scene where Mary first feels the iron of her new lord set its cold edge on her own will (pp. 324—332); Bothwell's terrible night vision of the dread fate that awaits both him and Mary in the long years (pp. 346—348); the energetic dialogue and description at Carberry Hill (p. 357 and following); Knox's harangue to the people of Edinburgh, of which we have already spoken ; the scene between Mary and the Lords at Lochleven, containing the strong consonantal line, "No, let

some Flodden sword dip in my blood" (p. 481).

We are inclined to agree with Lord Houghton that towards the closing scenes Mr. Swinburne makes Mary rather too vehement and over fierce. She pours forth her torrent of fiery menace with some excess of repetition. As a whole, however, Mr. Swinburne's conception of the heroine of his drama is marked both by great power and great subtlety. Her shifting moods are described with a certain eagerness of relish; her mockeries are made so dainty, her anger so keen and poignant, her passion so hot, her bravery so open, her sense of all delights of nature and of music so exquisite. Of Darnley and of Knox we have already spoken, and we may only add of Knox that some of those who have studied the old prophet's character, while admitting to the full the worthiness of Mr. Swinburne's conception of it, think that he should have done some justice to Knox's sense of humour.

Of *Bothwell* we have said that he somewhat lacks poetic nobility. Perhaps, however, the dramatic necessities of the situation, no less than regard for historic correctness, made this inevitable. It is a cardinal element in Mary's sin-

gular nature, that what attracts her in *Bothwell* is his brute vigour, his rough mastery, his untempered manhood. To have added a single tint of sentimental or meditative quality to this grim and intractable figure, would have had the effect of making Mary's passion for him, if not exactly less intelligible, at any rate less consistent with her almost animal craving for a lover with iron force and the fire of battle in his veins. If *Bothwell*, then, repels us by his something of ruffianism, that is only the better reason why he should have fascinated Mary Stuart.

And so for the present we leave "The most fair and the most cruel princess in the world." Mary Beaton's words of second sight, which close the play in a melodious foreboding line—"But I shall never leave you till you die"—seem to announce a completion of what will be a truly striking trilogy, in the final tragedy of *Fotheringay*.

The impression made by *Bothwell* as a whole, we must leave to readers to describe for themselves. The idle question whether it will satisfy posterity or not, we leave to posterity. It is enough, meanwhile, to have pointed out some of the fine and masterly poetic qualities in which it abounds.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

LUCIE DUFF GORDON was the only child of John and Sara Austin. Her grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Austin, of Creeping Mill, in Suffolk, was a remarkable man, of sturdy good sense and great vigour. He gave all his children a first-rate education. The wisdom and vehement eloquence of Mr. John Austin, author of the "Province of Jurisprudence," made Lord Brougham say, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst nor I should have been Chancellor;" and the beauty and talent of his wife imparted to a life of narrow means and incessant labour the attraction and elegance of the best society. Mr. John Austin had served in the army, and was in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. He was called to the bar, and in 1819 married Sara, the youngest daughter of John Taylor, of Norwich. They lived in Queen Square, Westminster, almost next door to the house belonging to Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and their windows looked into the garden [of Jeremy Bentham. These were the most intimate friends of John Austin; and here it may be said the utilitarian philosophy of the nineteenth century was born. Bentham's garden was the playground of Lucie Austin and the young Mills; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison.

Here in Queen Square was born, June 24th, 1821, Lucie, the only child of John and Sara Austin. She was a puny infant, and could scarcely breathe when she came into the world. The surgeon, Maudsley, took her on his knees, and brought her to life by sheer skill in nursing and giving play to the lungs. He afterwards used to boast of the exploit, and call her his child.

Lucie Austin's chief playfellows were

her first-cousin Henry Reeve, and "Bun Don" (Brother John), as she called the late great philosopher, John Stuart Mill. She grew in vigour and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

It was, I think, in 1826, that the Austins first went to Germany. He had been nominated Professor of Civil Law in the new London University, and he went to Bonn to prepare himself in the law school there. As their residence in Germany was of some duration, Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language.

Her education was of the most random character. She read everything. She lived in a world of fairies and elves. But she had little regular instruction, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. I believe she went for a short time to a mixed school of boys and girls, kept by a Dr. Biker, at Hampstead, where she learnt Latin.

It would not be easy to say how Lucie Austin acquired her correct and vigorous style and nice sense of language. It was hereditary rather than implanted. But from her earliest years she was accustomed to hear the best of conversation; the Mills, the Grotes, the Bulls (Charles and Arthur), the Carlyles, the Sterlings, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Rogers, Jeremy Bentham, and Lord Jeffrey, were the most intimate friends of the family; and "Toodle," as she was called, was a universal favourite. Once staying at a friend's house, and hearing their little girl rebuked for asking questions, she said, "*My* mamma never says, 'I don't know,' or, 'Don't ask questions.'"

In 1836, Mr. Austin was appointed a commissioner at the Island of Malta, and his wife accompanied him. It was thought undesirable to take a girl of

fifteen to a hot climate; and she was then for the first time sent to school at Clapham, with a Miss Sheperd. She must have been as great a novelty in the school as the school-life was to her, for with a great deal of strange knowledge she was singularly devoid of many of the rudiments of ordinary instruction. She wrote well already at fifteen, and corresponded a good deal with Mrs. Grote. The following is one of her first letters from school :—

November 6th, 1836.

As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Sheperd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would, so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas I find myself at twelve miles off, within a little at least. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or, *au pis aller*, that you will write me a note, letter, or what you will; so long as it is from you I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you; and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas, for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her, as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

At sixteen she determined on being baptized and confirmed as a member of the Church of England (her parents and relations were Unitarians). Lord Mont-

eagle was her sponsor, and I believe this step was chiefly owing to his influence and that of his family, with whom she was very intimate, in spite of her Radical ideas. She thus mentions the event in a letter, remarkable for a young girl :—

BROMLEY, February 20th, 1838.

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think with many I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt; but with the "fear of God" before my eyes I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to others' rule; but my own heart tells me I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more, and I expect and pray, if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed to my present opinions will ultimately re-

joice in their influence upon my character and conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could tend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings."

In 1838 Lucie Austin's parents returned from Malta, and she began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her; many new acquaintances mingled with them, as the Austins had become *habitués* of Lansdowne House. Here they met Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, who at once became attracted by the mother, and deeply attached to the daughter. They used to walk out together, as she was left much to herself, and had no companions. One day Sir Alexander said to her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied, with characteristic straightforwardness, by the monosyllable, "Yes," and so they were engaged. At this time she translated and published Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," the only literary work she did before her marriage, which took place in Kensington old church, on the 16th of May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember with interest the beauty of the young pair. They took a house in Queen Square, Westminster, No. 8, with a statue of Queen Anne at one end, just opposite the house of Sir Benjamin Hawes.

The talent, associated with the beauty, sincerity, and utter unaffectedness, of Lady Duff Gordon, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom, alas, have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Montague, Dickens, Thackeray, Elliot Warburton (who was burnt in the *Amazon*), Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Kinglake, and Henry Taylor were *habitués*, and every foreigner of talent and renown looked

upon the Duff-Gordon house as a centre of interest. I remember when a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke walking up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with now and then a Latin quotation. He was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast, and mixed up all languages into a compound of his own. When Monsieur Guizot escaped from France, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square. Soon after their marriage my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to Mrs. Austin:—

Our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's *atelier*, where we saw his "Hunnenschlacht," his "Tollhaus," a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last, but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of "Reineke Fuchs," for which I could have worshipped him. The "Lion's Court," the "Cock accusing Reineke to the King," "Reineke keeping School for the Rabbits," and "Reineke stellte sich fromm" (over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down), were finished; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see Reineke's face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners—in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings which might have been Hogarth's, and this Reineke in quite another style; besides which he is a beautiful portrait-painter. We were amused by a bookseller, into whose shop we went to buy the Gospel of the Life of Maria. He had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's "Leben Christi." Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added, in a most confidential tone, "Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg!" His face was inimitable,

and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

In 1842 their eldest child was born, and in 1844 Lady Duff Gordon published her translation of Meinhold's "Amber Witch," and of the "French in Algiers." The year after she translated Feuerbach's "Remarkable German Crimes and Trials."

In 1846 my father had the cholera very badly, and Lord Lansdowne, ever thoughtful and kind, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn. Thence my mother wrote :—

RICHMOND, *August 1846.*

Here we are in the most perfect of villas ; were the weather but tolerable it would be a paradise, but, alas ! November could not be more cold, damp, and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. [Lady Charlotte Lindsay] at Petersham, all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation master in London this year again, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Lord Lansdowne was here for a day in passing through London, and he was "so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed." Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, and Landseer and Eastlake.

The most amusing book this year is Ford's "Handbook of Spain," one of the "Red Murrys." It is written in a style between "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book—so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. How I envy you Munich. If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl ; and look at Albrecht Dürer's pale, beautiful face in the gallery, and *grüss* him for me—so sweet and so sad, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair.

This house is Bowood on a dimi-

nished scale. Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady and himself a great butler.

"Hassen el Bakkeet" was quite a feature of the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had taken him in from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. She took care of him, and he devoted himself to her and still more to the eldest child, whose constant playmate he was. Mr. Hilliard, the American author, was much shocked at seeing Hassan come into the dining-room with the baby in his arms. The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, with good wages. His mistress advised him to accept the place, upon which he fell on his knees and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away, as he said, "5*l.* a year with you are sweeter than the 12*l.* a year he offers." He was then twelve.

He associated himself entirely with the family. On the birth of a son he said triumphantly to all callers, "We have got a boy." One evening when Prince Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner, Hassan announced gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the Prince."

Poor Hassan caught cold at Weybridge, and died about 1849 ; and never was a servant more regretted.

In 1847 Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon translated together Ranke's "History of Prussia," and wrote the "Sketches of German Life."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend, William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. During the riots in 1848 the men came to protect their "Lady." She thus describes the night of the 10th of April :—

I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle preparing for our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had

here last night. All was quiet. We had supper—cold beef, bread, and beer, with songs, sentiments, and toasts, such as “Success to the roof we are under,” “Liberty, brotherhood, and order.” Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five o’clock this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonderstruck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good humour; and Alick came home at midnight, and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny we shall send books for the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternize. I shall send cravats as a badge to the “Gordon Volunteers.” We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop. Indeed, I think, one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six feet high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, would have scattered them. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would “just suit the ‘lazy set.’”

The Austins had taken a long, low, rambling old house at Weybridge in Surrey, where we used to spend the summer months; but the house was too small for two families, and in the spring of 1851, my father took a house at Esher, about four miles from Weybridge, where they lived until my mother’s health made it necessary for her to leave England. The following extracts from letters to a valued and intimate friend will tell of her life better than I can:—

WEYBRIDGE, 17th October, 1850.

I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for M.’s health. He is very well and immensely tall. I still like my *campagnarde* existence of all things; it just suits my laziness and my children’s health and happiness. Alick, too, looks

ten years younger than he ever did in London.

I have set up a working man’s library and reading-room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think; they all like it much; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business, and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here; at any rate it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don’t know any news to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

ESHER, May 1st, 1851.

When I received your letter of 20th January, I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks, sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge, immediately after nursing the children through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square, and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice old-fashioned house, on the top of a high hill, close to Claremont, which joins our garden and field, and where beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them.

I am still very weak, but very busy getting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet, even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar or “bag full of anything,” when it arrives, but I am uneasy about it, as I fear it has been made into grog on board ship; it is, however, not needed to sweeten our remembrance of you. My library at Weybridge was very successful. I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

My father is not well; I think he is

much aged of late. Lord Langdale's death affected him terribly, and our leaving Weybridge was a great annoyance to him; but the house was impossibly small.

ESHER, 20th July, 1851.

I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you; how I wish it could be done *vivâ voce* instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper. *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. To-day I ought to be dining at Senior's (where Alick is spending some days), but I feel too low and exactly what is called "not up" to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy, and warm, and pretty. We have a kind of half project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling, at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. I continue to like Esher very much; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Kinglake has given Alick a great, handsome chestnut mare, so he is well-mounted, and we ride merrily.

ESHER, 18th August, 1851.

'Twill indeed be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months; but then there's the going back again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot—92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips the painter lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time. I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat in Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs. I like my

rural existence better and better: the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever. I expressed such glee and exultation at the idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathise. Phillips talked of jealousy, and Tom Taylor muttered something about a "hated rival." Meanwhile all send friendly greeting to you.

ESHER, 15th June, 1854.

Now for news. Alick is very well, and extremely portly and dignified looking. I am rather better, but quite old, and my hair quite grey.

Last Thursday we went to E——'s wedding, and all went off like the end of a novel. Everybody made pretty speeches; bride and bridegroom looked equally lovely, and we "blessed them unawares," and threw white satin slippers after them instead of old shoes.

We have just finished translating a book of Moltke's, a Prussian major, on the Russian campaigns of 1828—29, very interesting, especially now that all the world is thinking and talking of the war.

I saw the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 10th, which was a fine sight as far as the building and the crowd went, but a very ridiculous ceremony. I wish I were with you enjoying some heat. I am now poking the fire, at noonday, on the 15th June, and have rheumatism so that I can hardly write at all. I shall leave Alick to finish this tiresome yarn, as he may have some news to tell you, which such a country mouse as I cannot.

Our dear old house at Esher was nothing very remarkable in itself, having been, I believe, an inn, with a small cottage near. The space between the two had been built over and made the dining-room and drawing-room, L shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china, and the pretty garden sloped upwards from the back of the house to Claremont Park palings. The view from the front windows was beautiful; the "sluggish

Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of the boat, on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees, with which the river abounds. Once we lost all our wine, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in very deep water, while Ary Scheffer, who was staying at Escher to paint Queen Marie Amélie's portrait, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful—over endless commons, through large covers and green, shady lanes, and in the fir-wood behind Claremont, with its small lake called the Black Pool in the centre. It was near this lake that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my waterproof to put under the Prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing the Comte de Paris carried up to the house. The Princes always sent to tell us of the meets of their harriers, and we had famous runs in the cramped country about; small fields, big fences, and large water jumps in the low-lying land near the river. They were most popular with everybody, and they well deserved it, being kind, courteous and amiable to all.

In the autumn of 1854 we all went to Paris, where my mother often saw Heinrich Heine, the poet. The following letter has already been published in Lord Houghton's monographs:—

My husband tells me that you wish to have my recollections of poor Heine when I last saw him. I had known him about twenty years ago as a child of ten or eleven at Boulogne, where I sat next him at *table d'hôte*. He was then a fat, short man, short-sighted, and with a sensual mouth. He heard me speak German to my mother, and

soon began to talk to me, and then said, "When you go back to England you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." I replied, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, watersprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, who was diligently taking three sea-baths a day, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the watersprites brought him greetings from the "Nord See." He since told me that the poem "*Wenn ich an deinem Hause*," etc., was meant for me and my "*braune Augen*." He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories and been so kind to me, and so sarcastic to every one else.

I never saw him again till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor, and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told "*Mährchen*" years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident, and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Lady Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Lady Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, "with sugar and spices so sweet," while after her decease, "the parson licked up the rest." This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evi-

dently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin, white fingers, and exclaimed, "Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!" He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as "die kleine Lucie" had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, "Dass ist schön; es bekommt Einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben." I took my husband to see him, and we bid him good-bye. He said that he hoped to see me again, ill as he was; he should not die yet.

Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows:—

"Hoch geehrte grossbritannische Göttin Lucie,—

"Ich liess durch den Bedienten zurück-melden, dass ich, mit Ausnahme des letzten Mitwochs, alle Tage und zu jeder beliebigen Stunde bereit sey, your Godship bey mir zu empfangen. Aber ich habe bis heute vergebens auf solcher himmlischen Erscheinung gewartet. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, dem armen Schatten in den Elisäischen Feldern! Lassen Sie mich nicht zu lange warten. Anbey schicke ich Ihnen die vier ersten Bände der französischen Ausgabe meiner unglückseligen Werke. Unterdessen verharre ich Ihrer Göttlichkeit,

"Unterthänigsten und ergebensten Anbeter,

"HEINRICH HEINE.

"N.B. The parson drank the gruel water."

No. 180.—VOL. XXX.

I went immediately, and climbed up stairs to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said, "Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickte mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterb Ich bald." I said, "Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael aussehen können? Das war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden." He answered, "Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unaussehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz verzüglich Freunde—dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere." I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest

vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings—a tone of vigorous protest and disgust of mob-tyranny, past, present, and future; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings; and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say “*Lebewohl auf ewig*,” or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as “*ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel*,” to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the “*bösen französischen Gedanken*.” When he spoke German to me he called me “*Du*,” and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which Germans use to a child; in French I was “*Madame*,” and “*Vous*.”

It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended “*la vieille gaieté Française*,” but he said, “*Oui, c’est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c’était une gaieté un peu bête*.” He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that nation who “sit in the scorner’s seat;” whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with “*des larmes dans la voix*.” He also talked a good deal

about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope, and trust would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad pale face and eager manner of poor Heine.

My mother’s health got worse and worse, and after trying Ventnor for two or three winters, she was advised to go a long sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. She went out in 1860 in a sailing vessel. Her letters from thence have been published, and show the kindly nature and large-minded humanity which characterised her. In 1862 she returned rather better, but was persuaded to go to Eaux Bonnes, which did her great harm; from there she went to Egypt, and at first the fine dry climate seemed to arrest the progress of the malady. Her letters will tell of her life there better than I can, and will show why the Arabs still speak of her with such love and reverence. She returned to England once to see her family and her old friends, and my father went to visit her at Cairo. In 1866 she was very much altered by illness, but the old charm of manner, the eloquent talk, and the sympathy with everybody and everything oppressed by suffering, still remained.

In 1867, through the kindness of Nubar Pasha, I was enabled to go up the Nile in a government steamer, and say goodbye to my mother prior to quitting Egypt for good. My husband and I left Cairo late in February, and stuck on various sand-banks as the river was very low. On our arrival at the different coaling stations and stopping places, the villages seemed almost deserted, and there was very little food to be bought. Our servant, Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a government steamer, were supposed to be people who would

be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that to rights. So Mohammed tumbled over the steamer's side, and swimming like a fish, went ashore, and, cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he entered the next village, where we were to anchor, and proclaimed that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt el Kebeer," the great lady (as the Arabs called my mother), who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. From that time we had no more difficulties about food, save to make the people take money. In Egypt it is wonderful how fast news travels. In many places we found people waiting with presents of milk and Arab bread, fowls and eggs. One had been cured by the "Sitt el Kebeer," another had a cousin to whom she had been kind, to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Keneh having ridden on to announce the glad tidings to my mother; and the Ulema actually sent the religious flags to decorate her house and meet us. The sakkas (water-carriers) had sprinkled a path for us from the river's bank to her house, and there was general rejoicing in the little village. Of course all the notabilities of the place came to have a look at the "Howagar" (gentleman, really merchant), and the daughter of the Sitt; and we had endless salaaming to do. The bedaweess came and did fantasia under the balcony, galloping round, their lances stuck in the ground, and shouting wildly. They insisted too on accompanying us to the tombs of the kings in the valley opposite, and the ferryman would not let us pay him for taking us across the river.

Then we had to dine with Selem Effendi, the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon. My husband

on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern bearers. As we passed the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us; and some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

We had a most elaborate dinner of many courses, all very good, but very odd; and we made no end of pretty speeches to each other; and then we had chibouques and coffee, and the Maohn's wife actually came in and sat with us, notwithstanding the presence of the "Howagar." He belonged to the "Sitt el Kebeer," that was enough. We remained three days at Luxor, and then went up to Assouan, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same love and reverence shown her. We went to Philae, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philae, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On our return to Thebes, my mother hoped to find her own boat, which was let to some friends, and to be able to have the loan of it for two days, so as to go down the river with us as far as Keneh, and then sail back. But the "Urania" had not arrived, and we were much disappointed at having to give up our proposed trip, when a Nubian trader, who had heard from our crew that the "Sitt el Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt el Kebeer," who during the cholera had saved a nephew of his who was passing by on his boat, and had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused unless the man would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-ala-Noor" (another name

they called my mother—"Light from the light"), but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah, did not care for his goods one para; that the "Sitt" had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one; but that he was a "meskeen" (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present.

So we started next morning for Keneh in the steamer, towing the boat behind us. Half the population of Luxor came to say good-bye, and every one brought a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter; one had baked specially during the night in order to give us fresh bread. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf gave me some beautiful antiquities, and a Copt, Teodoros, whose little boy my mother had nursed and taught to write and read English, wanted me to take an alabaster jar, out of atomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given me Scarabæi and other things, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some months after, worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board. He became a great pet and a regular fighting ram in Alexandria, and went out with the horses in the morning to bathe in the sea. I bought her another lamb at Keneh, and sent it back by my mother.

At Keneh, the Maohn sent his donkey splendidly caparisoned, with a sais, for my mother, and insisted on giving us an entertainment. First a dinner, excellent but endless, and afterwards the two famous dancing-girls, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, danced and sang for us. Zey-

neb was very pretty, had a lovely figure, and was very fascinating in manner and voice.

The most amusing mistake occurred here. I had always heard the Maohn spoken of as "Oum Azeen," and addressed him so all dinner time with great civility. I saw Omar laugh behind my mother, and at last he said to me, "Oh, Sitt, that is not his name, but people call him so for laughing. 'Oum Azeen' means 'mother of beauty,' and seest thou not that he is ugly, and has but one eye?" I was dreadfully put out, and did not know how to get out of my blunder; but Saeed Ahmad, with true Arab politeness, pretended not to have perceived anything. We rode back to the boat with great state, and next morning we left my mother, to return to Cairo, while she sailed back to Thebes.

The last two years of my mother's life were a long struggle against deadly disease, but her kindness to, and interest in, the poor people who were devoted to her never flagged. My brother was with her, and my father and I were going out to Egypt when we suddenly received the news of her death on the 14th July, 1869, at Cairo. She had wished to die and be buried "among my own people," as she said, at Thebes, where the Sheykh had prepared her tomb among those of his own family, who descend from the Prophet. Feeling, however, that she would not be able to go back to Thebes, she gave orders to be buried as quietly as possible in Cairo, where she lies in the English cemetery.

With all her old friends the memory of her talent, perfect simplicity, and almost Quixotic siding with those in trouble or oppressed, joined to singular beauty and great power of language, will remain; saddened by the recollection of the dire malady which forced her to leave home and friends, and called forth the almost Roman stoicism with which she bore very great pain uncomplainingly, and always found means to do good to all around her.

JANET ROSS.

THE FOOL OF FIVE FORKS.

HE lived alone. I do not think this peculiarity arose from any wish to withdraw his foolishness from the rest of the camp, nor was it probable that the combined wisdom of Five Forks ever drove him into exile. My impression is that he lived alone from choice—a choice he made long before the camp indulged in any criticism of his mental capacity. He was much given to moody reticence, and, although to outward appearances a strong man, was always complaining of ill health. Indeed, one theory of his isolation was that it afforded him better opportunities for taking medicine, of which he habitually consumed large quantities.

His folly first dawned upon Five Forks through the post-office windows. He was for a long time the only man who wrote home by every mail, his letters being always directed to the same person—a woman. Now it so happened that the bulk of the Five Forks correspondence was usually the other way; there were many letters received—the majority being in the female hand—but very few answered. The men received them indifferently, or as a matter of course; a few opened and read them on the spot with a barely repressed smile of self-conceit, or quite as frequently glanced over them with undisguised impatience. Some of the letters began with "My dear husband," and some were never called for. But the fact that the only regular correspondent of Five Forks never received any reply became at last quite notorious. Consequently, when an envelope was received bearing the stamp of the "Dead Letter Office" addressed to the Fool, under the more conventional title of "Cyrus Hawkins," there was quite a fever of excitement. I do not know how the secret leaked out, but it was

eventually known to the camp that the envelope contained Hawkins's own letters returned. This was the first evidence of his weakness; any man who repeatedly wrote to a woman who did not reply must be a fool. I think Hawkins suspected that his folly was known to the camp, but he took refuge in symptoms of chills and fever which he at once developed, and effected a diversion with three bottles of Indian chologogue and two boxes of pills. At all events, at the end of a week he resumed a pen, stiffened by tonics, with all his old epistolatory pertinacity. This time the letters had a new address.

In those days a popular belief obtained at the mines that luck particularly favoured the foolish and unscientific. Consequently, when Hawkins struck a "pocket" in the hill-side near his solitary cabin, there was but little surprise. "He will sink it all in the next hole," was the prevailing belief, predicated upon the usual manner in which the possessor of "nigger luck" disposed of his fortune. To everybody's astonishment, Hawkins, after taking out about eight thousand dollars and exhausting the pocket, did not prospect for another. The camp then waited patiently to see what he would do with his money. I think, however, that it was with the greatest difficulty their indignation was kept from taking the form of a personal assault when it became known that he had purchased a draft for eight thousand dollars in favour of "that woman." More than this, it was finally whispered that the draft was returned to him as his letters had been, and that he was ashamed to reclaim the money at the express office. "It wouldn't be a bad speculation to go East, get some smart gal for a hundred dollars to dress herself up and represent that hag, and jest

freeze on to that eight thousand," suggested a far-seeing financier. I may state here that we always alluded to Hawkins's fair unknown as "The Hag," without having, I am confident, the least justification for that epithet.

That the Fool should gamble seemed eminently fit and proper. That he should occasionally win a large stake, according to that popular theory which I have recorded in the preceding paragraph, appeared also a not improbable or inconsistent fact. That he should, however, break the faro bank which Mr. John Hamlin had set up in Five Forks, and carry off a sum variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and not return the next day and lose the money at the same table, really appeared incredible. Yet such was the fact. A day or two passed without any known investment of Mr. Hawkins's recently-acquired capital. "Ef he allows to send it to that hag," said one prominent citizen, "suthin' ought to be done! It's jest ruin' the reputation of this yer camp—this sloshin' around o' capital on non-residents ez don't claim it!" "It's settin' an example o' extravagance," said another, "ez is little better nor a swindle. This mor'n five men in this camp thet, hearin' thet Hawkins hed sent home eight thousand dollars, must jest rise up and send home their hard earnings, too! And, then, to think thet that eight thousand was only a bluff, after all, and thet it's lyin' there on call in Adams and Co.'s bank! Well! I say it's one o' them things a vigilance committee oughter look into!"

When there seemed no possibility of this repetition of Hawkins's folly, the anxiety to know what he had really done with his money became intense. At last a self-appointed committee of four citizens dropped artfully, but to outward appearances carelessly, upon him in his seclusion. When some polite formalities had been exchanged, and some easy vituperation of a backward season offered by each of the parties, Tom Wingate approached the subject:

"Sorter dropped heavy on Jack Ham-

lin the other night, didn't ye? He allows you didn't give him no show for revenge. I said you wasn't no such d—d fool—didn't I, Dick?" continued the artful Wingate, appealing to a confederate.

"Yes," said Dick, promptly. "You said twenty thousand dollars wasn't goin' to be thrown around recklessly. You said Cyrus had suthin' better to do with his capital," superadded Dick, with gratuitous mendacity. "I disremember now what partickler investment you said he was goin' to make with it," he continued, appealing with easy indifference to his friend.

Of course Wingate did not reply, but looked at the Fool, who, with a troubled face, was rubbing his legs softly. After a pause he turned deprecatingly toward his visitors.

"Ye didn't enny of ye ever hev a sort of tremblin' in your legs—a kind o' shakiness from the knee down? Suthin'," he continued, slightly brightening with his topic, "suthin' that begins like chills, and yet ain't chills. A kind o' sensation of goneness here, and a kind o' feelin' as if you might die sudden! When Wright's Pills don't somehow reach the spot, and Quinine don't fetch you?"

"No!" said Wingate, with a curt directness, and the air of authoritatively responding for his friends. "No, never had. You was speakin' of this yer investment."

"And your bowels all the time irregular?" continued Hawkins, blushing under Wingate's eye, and yet clinging despairingly to his theme like a shipwrecked mariner to his plank.

Wingate did not reply, but glanced significantly at the rest. Hawkins evidently saw this recognition of his mental deficiency, and said, apologetically, "You was saying suthin' about my investment?"

"Yes," said Wingate, so rapidly as almost to take Hawkins's breath away—"the investment you made in——"

"Rafferty's Ditch," said the Fool, timidly.

For a moment the visitors could only stare blankly at each other. "Rafferty's

Ditch," the one notorious failure of Five Forks! Rafferty's Ditch, the impracticable scheme of an utterly unpractical man; Rafferty's Ditch, a ridiculous plan for taking water that could not be got to a place where it wasn't wanted! Rafferty's Ditch, that had buried the fortunes of Rafferty and twenty wretched stockholders in its muddy depths!

"And that's it—is it?" said Wingate, after a gloomy pause. "That's it! I see it all now, boys. That's how ragged Pat Rafferty went down to San Francisco yesterday in store clothes, and his wife and four children went off in a kerridge to Sacramento. That's why them ten workmen of his ez hedn't a cent to bless themselves with was playin' billiards last night and eatin' isters. That's whar that money kum frum—one hundred dollars—to pay for thet long advertisement of the new issue of Ditch stock in the *Times* yesterday. That's why them six strangers were booked at the Magnolia Hotel yesterday. Don't you see—it's thet money—and thet Fool!"

The Fool sat silent. The visitors rose without a word.

"You never took any of them Indian Vegetable Pills?" asked Hawkins timidly of Wingate.

"No," roared Wingate, as he opened the door.

"They tell me that took with the Panacea—they was out o' the Panacea when I went to the drug store last week—they say that, took with the Panacea, they always effect a certing cure——." But by this time Wingate and his disgusted friends had retreated—slamming the door on the Fool and his ailments.

Nevertheless in six months the whole affair was forgotten, the money had been spent—the "Ditch" had been purchased by a company of Boston capitalists, fired by the glowing description of an Eastern tourist, who had spent one drunken night at Five Forks—and I think even the mental condition of Hawkins might have remained undisturbed by criticism, but for a singular incident.

It was during an exciting political campaign, when party feeling ran high,

that the irascible Captain McFadden, of Sacramento, visited Five Forks. During a heated discussion in the Prairie Rose Saloon words passed between the Captain and the Hon. Calhoun Bungstarter, ending in a challenge. The Captain bore the infelix reputation of being a notorious duellist and a dead shot; the Captain was unpopular; the Captain was believed to have been sent by the opposition for a deadly purpose, and the Captain was, moreover, a stranger. I am sorry to say that with Five Forks this latter condition did not carry the quality of sanctity or reverence that usually obtains among other nomads. There was consequently some little hesitation when the Captain turned upon the crowd and asked for some one to act as his friend. To everybody's astonishment, and to the indignation of many, the Fool stepped forward and offered himself in that capacity. I do not know whether Captain McFadden would have chosen him voluntarily, but he was constrained, in the absence of a better man, to accept his services.

The duel never took place! The preliminaries were all arranged, the spot indicated, the men were present with their seconds, there was no interruption from without, there was no explanation or apology passed—but the duel did not take place. It may be readily imagined that these facts, which were all known to Five Forks, threw the whole community into a fever of curiosity. The principals, the surgeon, and one second left town the next day. Only the Fool remained. *He* resisted all questioning—declaring himself held in honour not to divulge—in short, conducted himself with consistent but exasperating folly. It was not until six months had passed that Colonel Starbottle, the second of Calhoun Bungstarter, in a moment of weakness superinduced by the social glass, condescended to explain. I should not do justice to the parties if I did not give that explanation in the Colonel's own words. I may remark, in passing, that the characteristic dignity of Colonel Starbottle always became intensified by stimulants, and that by the same pro-

cess all sense of humour was utterly eliminated.

"With the understanding that I am addressing myself confidentially to men of honour," said the Colonel, elevating his chest above the bar-room counter of the Prairie Rose Saloon, "I trust that it will not be necessary for me to protect myself from levity, as I was forced to do in Sacramento on the only other occasion when I entered into an explanation of this delicate affair, by—er—er—calling the individual to a personal account—er! I do not believe," added the Colonel, slightly waving his glass of liquor in the air with a graceful gesture of courteous deprecation—"knowing what I do of the present company—that such a course of action is required here. Certainly not—sir—in the home of Mr. Hawkins—er—the gentleman who represented Mr. Bungstarter, whose conduct, *ged*, Sir, is worthy of praise, blank me!"

Apparently satisfied with the gravity and respectful attention of his listeners, Colonel Starbottle smiled relentingly and sweetly, closed his eyes half dreamily, as if to recall his wandering thoughts, and began:—

"As the spot selected was nearest the tenement of Mr. Hawkins, it was agreed that the parties should meet there. They did so promptly at half-past six. The morning being chilly, Mr. Hawkins extended the hospitalities of his house with a bottle of Bourbon whisky—of which all partook but myself. The reason for that exception is, I believe, well known. It is my invariable custom to take brandy—a wine-glassful in a cup of strong coffee, immediately on rising. It stimulates the functions, sir, without producing any blank derangement of the nerves."

The barkeeper, to whom, as an expert, the Colonel had graciously imparted this information, nodded approvingly, and the Colonel, amid a breathless silence, went on:

"We were about twenty minutes in reaching the spot. The ground was measured, the weapons were loaded, when Mr. Bungstarter confided to me

the information that he was unwell and in great Pain! On consultation with Mr. Hawkins, it appeared that his principal in a distant part of the field was also suffering and in great Pain. The symptoms were such as a medical man would pronounce 'choleraic.' I say *would* have pronounced, for on examination, the surgeon was also found to be—er—in Pain, and, I regret to say, expressing himself in language unbecoming the occasion. His impression was that some powerful drug had been administered. On referring the question to Mr. Hawkins, he remembered that the bottle of whisky partaken by them contained a medicine which he had been in the habit of taking, but which, having failed to act upon him, he had concluded to be generally ineffective, and had forgotten. His perfect willingness to hold himself personally responsible to each of the parties, his genuine concern at the disastrous effect of the mistake, mingled with his own alarm at the state of his system, which—er—failed to—er—respond to the peculiar qualities of the medicine, was most becoming to him as a man of honour and a gentleman! After an hour's delay, both principals being completely exhausted, and abandoned by the surgeon, who was unreasonably alarmed at his own condition, Mr. Hawkins and I agreed to remove our men to Markleville. There, after a further consultation with Mr. Hawkins, an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, honourable to both parties, and governed by profound secrecy, was arranged. I believe," added the Colonel, looking around and setting down his glass, "no gentleman has yet expressed himself other than satisfied with the result."

Perhaps it was the Colonel's manner, but whatever was the opinion of Five Forks regarding the intellectual display of Mr. Hawkins in this affair, there was very little outspoken criticism at the moment. In a few weeks the whole thing was forgotten, except as part of the necessary record of Hawkins's blunders, which was already a pretty full one. Again, some later follies con-

spired to obliterate the past, until, a year later, a valuable lead was discovered in the "Blazing Star" Tunnel, in the hill where he lived, and a large sum was offered him for a portion of his land on the hill-top. Accustomed as Five Forks had become to the exhibition of his folly, it was with astonishment that they learned that he resolutely and decidedly refused the offer. The reason that he gave was still more astounding. He was about to build!

To build a house upon property available for mining purposes was preposterous; to build at all with a roof already covering him, was an act of extravagance; to build a house of the style he proposed was simply madness!

Yet here were facts. The plans were made, and the lumber for the new building was already on the ground, while the shaft of the "Blazing Star" was being sunk below. The site was, in reality, a very picturesque one—the building itself of a style and quality hitherto unknown in Five Forks. The citizens, at first sceptical, during their moments of recreation and idleness gathered doubtfully about the locality. Day by day, in that climate of rapid growths, the building pleasantly known in the slang of Five Forks as "the Idiot Asylum," rose beside the green oaks and clustering firs of Hawkins's Hill, as if it were part of the natural phenomena. At last it was completed. Then Mr. Hawkins proceeded to furnish it with an expensiveness and extravagance of outlay quite in keeping with his former idiocy. Carpets, sofas, mirrors, and finally a piano—the only one known in the county, and brought at great expense from Sacramento—kept curiosity at a fever heat. More than that, there were articles and ornaments which a few married experts declared only fit for women. When the furnishing of the house was complete—it had occupied two months of the speculative and curious attention of the camp, Mr. Hawkins locked the front door, put the key in his pocket, and quietly retired to his more humble roof, lower on the hill-side!

I have not deemed it necessary to indicate to the intelligent reader all of the theories which obtained in Five Forks during the erection of the building. Some of them may be readily imagined. That "the Hag" had by artful coyness and systematic reticence at last completely subjugated the Fool, and that the new house was intended for the nuptial bower of the (predestined) unhappy pair, was of course the prevailing opinion. But when, after a reasonable time had elapsed, and the house still remained untenanted, the more exasperating conviction forced itself upon the general mind that the Fool had been for the third time imposed upon. When two months had elapsed and there seemed no prospect of a mistress for the new house, I think public indignation became so strong that had "the Hag" arrived, the marriage would have been publicly prevented. But no one appeared that seemed to answer to this idea of an available tenant, and all inquiry of Mr. Hawkins as to his intention in building a house and not renting or occupying it, failed to elicit any further information. The reasons that he gave were felt to be vague, evasive, and unsatisfactory. He was in no hurry to move, he said; when he *was* ready, it surely was not strange that he should like to have his house all ready to receive him. He was often seen upon the verandah of a summer evening smoking a cigar. It is reported that one night the house was observed to be brilliantly lighted from garret to basement; that a neighbour, observing this, crept toward the open parlour-window, and, looking in, espied the Fool accurately dressed in evening costume, lounging upon a sofa in the drawing-room, with the easy air of socially entertaining a large party. Notwithstanding this, the house was unmistakably vacant that evening, save for the presence of the owner, as the witness afterwards testified. When this story was first related, a few practical men suggested the theory that Mr. Hawkins was simply drilling himself in the elaborate duties of hospitality against

a probable event in his history. A few ventured the belief that the house was haunted; the imaginative editor of the *Five Forks Record* evolved from the depths of his professional consciousness a story that Hawkins's sweetheart had died, and that he regularly entertained her spirit in this beautifully furnished mausoleum. The occasional spectacle of Hawkins's tall figure pacing the verandah on moonlight nights lent some credence to this theory, until an unlooked-for incident diverted all speculation into another channel.

It was about this time that a certain wild, rude valley, in the neighbourhood of Five Forks, had become famous as a picturesque resort. Travellers had visited it, and declared that there were more cubic yards of rough stone cliff and a waterfall of greater height than any they had visited. Correspondents had written it up with extravagant rhetoric and inordinate poetical quotation; men and women who had never enjoyed a sunset, a tree, or a flower—who had never appreciated the graciousness or meaning of the yellow sunlight that flecked their homely doorways, or the tenderness of a Midsummer's night, to whose moonlight they bared their shirt-sleeves or their *tulle* dresses—came from thousands of miles away to calculate the height of this rock, to observe the depth of this chasm, to remark upon the enormous size of this unsightly tree, and to believe with ineffable self-complacency that they really admired nature. And so it came to pass that, in accordance with the tastes or weaknesses of the individual, the more prominent and salient points of the valley were christened, and there was a "Lace Handkerchief Fall," and the "Tears of Sympathy Cataract," and one distinguished orator's "Peak," and several "Mounts" of various noted people, living or dead, and an "Exclamation Point," and a "Valley of Silent Adoration." And in course of time empty soda-water bottles were found at the base of the cataract, and greasy newspapers and fragments of ham sandwiches lay at the dusty roots of giant trees. With this, there were frequent

irruptions of closely-shaven and tightly-cravated men and delicate, flower-faced women in the one long street of Five Forks, and a scampering of mules, and an occasional procession of dusty brown-linen cavalry.

A year after "Hawkins's Idiot Asylum" was completed, one day there drifted into the valley a riotous cavalcade of "schoolmarms," teachers of the San Francisco public schools, out for a holiday. Not severely-spectacled Minervas and chastely armed and mailed Pallases, but, I fear for the security of Five Forks, very human, charming, and mischievous young women. At least, so the men thought, working in the ditches and tunneling on the hill-side; and when, in the interests of science and the mental advancement of juvenile posterity, it was finally settled that they should stay in Five Forks two or three days for the sake of visiting the various mines, and particularly the "Blazing Star" Tunnel, there was some flutter of masculine anxiety. There was a considerable inquiry for "store clothes," a hopeless overhauling of old and disused raiment, and a general demand for "boiled shirts" and the barber.

Meanwhile, with that supreme audacity and impudent hardihood of the sex when gregarious, the schoolmarms rode through the town, admiring openly the handsome faces and manly figures that looked up from the ditches or rose behind the cars of ore at the mouths of tunnels. Indeed, it is alleged that Jenny Forester, backed and supported by seven other equally shameless young women, had openly and publicly waved her handkerchief to the florid Hercules of Five Forks—one Tom Flynn, formerly of Virginia—leaving that good-natured but not over-bright giant pulling his blonde mustaches in bashful amazement.

It was a pleasant June afternoon that Miss Milly Arnot, principal of the primary department of one of the public schools of San Francisco, having evaded her companions, resolved to put into operation a plan which had lately sprung up in her courageous and mischief-loving fancy. With that wonderful and mys-

terious instinct of her sex, from whom no secrets of the affections are hid and to whom all hearts are laid open, she had heard the story of Hawkins's folly and the existence of the "Idiot Asylum." Alone, on Hawkins' Hill, she had determined to penetrate its seclusion. Skirting the underbrush at the foot of the hill, she managed to keep the heaviest timber between herself and the "Blazing Star" Tunnel at its base, as well as the cabin of Hawkins, half-way up the ascent, until, by a circuitous route, at last she reached, unobserved, the summit. Before her rose, silent, darkened, and motionless, the object of her search. Here her courage failed her, with all the characteristic inconsequence of her sex. A sudden fear of all the dangers she had safely passed—bears, tarantulas, drunken men, and lizards—came upon her. For a moment, as she afterwards expressed it, "She thought she should die." With this belief, probably, she gathered three large stones, which she could hardly lift, for the purpose of throwing a great distance; put two hair-pins in her mouth, and carefully readjusted with both hands two stray braids of her lovely blue-black mane which had fallen in gathering the stones. Then she felt in the pockets of her linen duster for her card-case, handkerchief, pocket-book, and smelling-bottle, and finding them intact, suddenly assumed an air of easy, ladylike unconcern, went up the steps of the veranda, and demurely pulled the front door-bell, which she knew would not be answered. After a decent pause, she walked around the encompassing verandah examining the closed shutters of the French windows until she found one that yielded to her touch. Here she paused again to adjust her coquettish hat by the mirror-like surface of the long sash window that reflected the full length of her pretty figure. And then she opened the window and entered the room.

Although long closed, the house had a smell of newness and of fresh paint that was quite unlike the mouldiness of the conventional haunted house. The

bright carpets, the cheerful walls, the glistening oilcloths were quite inconsistent with the idea of a ghost. With childish curiosity she began to explore the silent house, at first timidly—opening the doors with a violent push, and then stepping back from the threshold to make good a possible retreat; and then more boldly, as she became convinced of her security and absolute loneliness. In one of the chambers, the largest, there were fresh flowers in a vase—evidently gathered that morning; and what seemed still more remarkable, the pitchers and ewers were freshly filled with water. This obliged Miss Milly to notice another singular fact, namely, that the house was free from dust—the one most obtrusive and penetrating visitor of Five Forks. The floors and carpets had been recently swept, the chairs and furniture carefully wiped and dusted. If the house *was* haunted, it was possessed by a spirit who had none of the usual indifference to decay and mould. And yet the beds had evidently never been slept in, the very springs of the chair in which she sat creaked stiffly at the novelty, the closet doors opened with the reluctance of fresh paint and varnish, and in spite of the warmth, cleanliness, and cheerfulness of furniture and decoration, there was none of the ease of tenancy and occupation. As Miss Milly afterwards confessed, she longed to "tumble things around," and when she reached the parlour or drawing-room again, she could hardly resist the desire. Particularly was she tempted by a closed piano, that stood mutely against the wall. She thought she would open it just to see who was the maker. That done, it would be no harm to try its tone. She did so, with one little foot on the soft pedal. But Miss Milly was too good a player, and too enthusiastic a musician to stop at half measures. She tried it again—this time so sincerely that the whole house seemed to spring into voice. Then she stopped and listened. There was no response—the empty rooms seemed to have relapsed into their old stillness. She stepped out on the verandah—a woodpecker re-

commenced his tapping on an adjacent tree, the rattle of a cart in the rocky gulch below the hill came faintly up. No one was to be seen far or near. Miss Milly, reassured, returned. She again ran her fingers over the keys—stopped, caught at a melody running in her mind, half played it, and then threw away all caution. Before five minutes had elapsed she had entirely forgotten herself, and with her linen duster thrown aside, her straw hat flung on the piano, her white hands bared, and a black loop of her braided hair hanging upon her shoulder, was fairly embarked upon a flowing sea of musical recollection.

She had played perhaps half an hour, when, having just finished an elaborate symphony and resting her hands on the keys, she heard very distinctly and unmistakably the sound of applause from without. In an instant the fires of shame and indignation leaped into her cheeks, and she rose from the instrument and ran to the window only in time to catch sight of a dozen figures in blue and red flannel shirts vanishing hurriedly through the trees below.

Miss Milly's mind was instantly made up. I think I have already intimated that under the stimulus of excitement she was not wanting in courage, and as she quietly resumed her gloves, hat, and duster, she was not perhaps exactly the young person that it would be entirely safe for the timid, embarrassed, or inexperienced of my sex to meet alone. She shut down the piano, and having carefully reclosed all the windows and doors, and restored the house to its former desolate condition, she stepped from the veranda and proceeded directly to the cabin of the unintellectual Hawkins, that reared its adobe chimney above the umbrage a quarter of a mile below.

The door opened instantly to her impulsive knock, and the Fool of Five Forks stood before her. Miss Milly had never before seen the man designated by this infelicitous title, and as he stepped backward in half courtesy and half astonishment she was for the moment disconcerted. He was tall, finely formed, and dark-bearded. Above cheeks a

little hollowed by care and ill-health shone a pair of hazel eyes, very large, very gentle, but inexpressibly sad and mournful. This was certainly not the kind of man Miss Milly had expected to see, yet after her first embarrassment had passed, the very circumstance, oddly enough, added to her indignation, and stung her wounded pride still more deeply. Nevertheless the arch hypocrite instantly changed her tactics with the swift intuition of her sex.

"I have come," she said with a dazzling smile, infinitely more dangerous than her former dignified severity, "I have come to ask your pardon for a great liberty I have just taken. I believe the new house above us on the hill is yours. I was so much pleased with its exterior that I left my friends for a moment below here," she continued artfully, with a slight wave of the hand, as if indicating a band of fearless Amazons without, and waiting to avenge any possible insult offered to one of their number, "and ventured to enter it. Finding it unoccupied, as I had been told, I am afraid I had the audacity to sit down and amuse myself for a few moments at the piano—while waiting for my friends."

Hawkins raised his beautiful eyes to hers. He saw a very pretty girl, with frank, grey eyes glistening with excitement, with two red, slightly freckled, cheeks glowing a little under his eyes, with a short scarlet upper lip turned back, like a rose leaf, over a little line of white teeth, as she breathed somewhat hurriedly in her nervous excitement. He saw all this calmly, quietly, and, save for the natural uneasiness of a shy, reticent man, I fear without a quickening of his pulse.

"I knowed it," he said, simply. "I heer'd ye as I kem up."

Miss Milly was furious at his grammar, his dialect, his coolness, and still more at the suspicion that he was an active member of her invisible *claque*.

"Ah," she said, still smiling, "then I think I heard *you*—"

"I reckon not," he interrupted gravely. "I didn't stay long. I found

the boys hanging round the house, and I allowed at first I'd go in and kinder warn you, but they promised to keep still, and you looked so comfortable and wrapped up in your music, that I hadn't the heart to disturb you, and kem away. I hope," he added, earnestly, "they didn't let on ez they heerd you. The ain't a bad lot—them Blazin' Star boys—though they're a little hard at times. But they'd no more hurt ye then they would a—a—a cat!" continued Mr. Hawkins, blushing with a faint apprehension of the inelegance of his smile.

"No! no!" said Miss Milly, feeling suddenly very angry with herself, the Fool, and the entire male population of Five Forks. "No! I have behaved foolishly, I suppose—and if they *had* it would have served me right. But I only wanted to apologize to you. You will find everything as you left it. Good day!"

She turned to go. Mr. Hawkins began to feel embarrassed. "I'd have asked ye to sit down," he said, finally, "if it hed been a place fit for a lady. I oughter done so eny way. I don't know what kept me from it. But I ain't well, Miss. Times I get a sort o' dumb ager—it's the ditches, I think, Miss—and I don't seem to hev my wits about me."

Instantly Miss Arnot was all sympathy—her quick woman's heart was touched.

"Can I—can anything be done?" she asked, more timidly than she had before spoken.

"No!—not unless ye remember suthin' about these pills." He exhibited a box containing about half a dozen. "I forget the direction—I don't seem to remember much, any way, these times—they're 'Jones's Vegetable Compound.' If ye've ever took 'em ye'll remember whether the reg'lar dose is eight. They ain't but six here. But perhaps ye never tuk any," he added, deprecatingly.

"No," said Miss Milly, curtly. She had usually a keen sense of the ludicrous, but somehow Mr. Hawkins's eccentricity only pained her.

"Will you let me see you to the foot of the hill?" he said again, after another embarrassing pause.

Miss Arnot felt instantly that such an act would condone her trespass in the eyes of the world. She might meet some of her invisible admirers—or even her companions—and, with all her erratic impulses, she was nevertheless a woman, and did not entirely despise the verdict of conventionality. She smiled sweetly and assented, and in another moment the two were lost in the shadows of the wood.

Like many other apparently trivial acts in an uneventful life, it was decisive. As she expected, she met two or three of her late applauders, whom, she fancied, looked sheepish and embarrassed; she met also her companions looking for her in some alarm, who really appeared astonished at her escort, and, she fancied, a trifle envious of her evident success. I fear that Miss Arnot, in response to their anxious inquiries, did not state entirely the truth, but, without actual assertion, led them to believe that she had at a very early stage of the proceeding completely subjugated this weak-minded giant, and had brought him triumphantly to her feet. From telling this story two or three times she got finally to believing that she had some foundation for it; then to a vague sort of desire that it would eventually prove to be true, and then to an equally vague yearning to hasten that consummation. That it would redound to any satisfaction of the Fool she did not stop to doubt. That it would cure him of his folly she was quite confident. Indeed, there are very few of us—men or women—who do not believe that even a hopeless love for ourselves is more conducive to the salvation of the lover than a requited affection for another.

The criticism of Five Forks was, as the reader may imagine, swift and conclusive. When it was found out that Miss Arnot was not "the Hag" masquerading as a young and pretty girl, to the ultimate deception of Five Forks in general and the Fool in particular, it

was at once decided that nothing but the speedy union of the Fool and the "pretty schoolmarm" was consistent with ordinary common sense. The singular good fortune of Hawkins was quite in accordance with the theory of his luck as propounded by the camp. That after "the Hag" failed to make her appearance he should "strike a lead" in his own house, without the trouble of "prospectin'," seemed to these casuists as a wonderful but inevitable law. To add to these fateful probabilities, Miss Arnot fell and sprained her ankle in the ascent of Mount Lincoln, and was confined for some weeks to the hotel after her companions had departed. During this period Hawkins was civilly but grotesquely attentive. When, after a reasonable time had elapsed, there still appeared to be no immediate prospect of the occupancy of the new house, public opinion experienced a singular change in regard to its theories of Mr. Hawkins's conduct. "The Hag" was looked upon as a saint-like and long-suffering martyr to the weaknesses and inconsistency of the Fool. That, after erecting this new house at her request, he had suddenly "gone back" on her; that his celibacy was the result of a long habit of weak proposal and subsequent shameless rejection, and that he was now trying his hand on the helpless schoolmarm, was perfectly plain to Five Forks. That he should be frustrated in his attempts at any cost was equally plain. Miss Milly suddenly found herself invested with a rude chivalry that would have been amusing had it not been at times embarrassing; that would have been impertinent but for the almost superstitious respect with which it was proffered. Every day somebody from Five Forks rode out to inquire the health of the fair patient. "Hez Hawkins bin over yer to-day?" queried Tom Flynn, with artful ease and indifference, as he leaned over Miss Milly's easy chair on the veranda. Miss Milly, with a faint pink flush on her cheek, was constrained to answer "No." "Well, he sorter sprained his foot agin

a rock yesterday," continued Flynn, with shameless untruthfulness. "You musn't think anything o' that, Miss Arnot. He'll be over yer to-morrer, and meantime he told me to hand this yer booky with his re-gards, and this yer specimen!" And Mr. Flynn laid down the flowers he had picked *en route* against such an emergency, and presented respectfully a piece of quartz and gold which he had taken that morning from his own sluice-box. "You musn't mind Hawkins's ways, Miss Milly," said another sympathizing miner. "There ain't a better man in camp than that theer Cy Hawkins!—but he don't understand the ways o' the world with wimen. He hasn't mixed as much with society as the rest of us," he added, with an elaborate Chesterfieldian ease of manner; "but he means well." Meanwhile a few other sympathetic tunnel-men were impressing upon Mr. Hawkins the necessity of the greatest attention to the invalid. "It won't do, Hawkins," they explained, "to let that there gal go back to San Francisco and say that when she was sick and alone, the only man in Five Forks under whose roof she had rested, and at whose table she had sat"—this was considered a natural but pardonable exaggeration of rhetoric—"ever threw off on her; and it shan't be done. It ain't the square thing to Five Forks." And then the Fool would rush away to the valley, and be received by Miss Milly with a certain reserve of manner that finally disappeared in a flush of colour, some increased vivacity, and a pardonable coquetry. And so the days passed; Miss Milly grew better in health and more troubled in mind, and Mr. Hawkins became more and more embarrassed, and Five Forks smiled and rubbed its hands, and waited for the approaching *dénoûment*. And then it came. But not perhaps in the manner that Five Forks had imagined.

It was a lovely afternoon in July that a party of Eastern tourists rode into Five Forks. They had just "done" the Valley of Big Things, and, there being one or two Eastern capitalists

among the party, it was deemed advisable that a proper knowledge of the practical mining resources of California should be added to their experience of the merely picturesque in nature. Thus far everything had been satisfactory; the amount of water which passed over the Fall was large, owing to a backward season; some snow still remained in the cañons near the highest peaks; they had ridden round one of the biggest trees, and through the prostrate trunk of another. To say that they were delighted is to express feebly the enthusiasm of these ladies and gentlemen, drunk with the champagne hospitality of their entertainers, the utter novelty of scene, and the dry, exhilarating air of the valley. One or two had already expressed themselves ready to live and die there; another had written a glowing account to the Eastern press, depreciating all other scenery in Europe and America; and under these circumstances it was reasonably expected that Five Forks would do its duty, and equally impress the stranger after its own fashion.

Letters to this effect were sent from San Francisco by prominent capitalists there, and under the able superintendence of one of their agents, the visitors were taken in hand, shown "what was to be seen," carefully restrained from observing what ought not to be visible, and so kept in a blissful and enthusiastic condition. And so the graveyard of Five Forks, in which but two of the occupants had died natural deaths, the dreary, ragged cabins on the hill-sides, with their sad-eyed, cynical, broken-spirited occupants, toiling on, day by day, for a miserable pittance and a fare that a self-respecting Eastern mechanic would have scornfully rejected, were not a part of the Eastern visitors' recollection. But the hoisting works and machinery of the "Blazing Star Tunnel Company" was—the Blazing Star Tunnel Company, whose "gentlemanly superintendent" had received private information from San Francisco to do the "proper thing" for the party. Wherefore the valuable heaps of ore in the company's works were shown, the oblong

bars of gold—ready for shipment—were playfully offered to the ladies who could lift and carry them away unaided, and even the tunnel itself, gloomy, fateful, and peculiar, was shown as part of the experience; and, in the noble language of one correspondent, "the wealth of Five Forks and the peculiar inducements that it offered to Eastern capitalists, were established beyond a doubt." And then occurred a little incident which, as an unbiased spectator, I am free to say offered no inducements to anybody whatever, but which, for its bearing upon the central figure of this voracious chronicle, I cannot pass over.

It had become apparent to one or two more practical and sober-minded in the party that certain portions of the "Blazing Star" Tunnel—owing, perhaps, to the exigencies of a flattering annual dividend—were economically and imperfectly "shored" and supported, and were consequently unsafe, insecure, and to be avoided. Nevertheless, at a time when champagne corks were popping in dark corners, and enthusiastic voices and happy laughter rang through the half-lighted levels and galleries, there came a sudden and mysterious silence. A few lights dashed swiftly by in the direction of a distant part of the gallery, and then there was a sudden sharp issuing of orders and a dull ominous rumble. Some of the visitors turned pale—one woman fainted!

Something had happened. What? "Nothing"—the speaker is fluent but uneasy—"one of the gentlemen in trying to dislodge a 'specimen' from the wall had knocked away a support. There had been a 'cave'—the gentleman was caught and buried below his shoulders. It was all right—they'd get him out in a moment—only it required great care to keep from extending the 'cave.' Didn't know his name—it was that little man—the husband of that lively lady with the black eyes. Eh! Hullo there! Stop her. For God's sake!—not that way! She'll fall from that shaft. She'll be killed!"

But the lively lady was already gone. With staring black eyes, imploringly

trying to pierce the gloom, with hands and feet that sought to batter and break down the thick darkness, with incoherent cries and supplications, following the moving of *ignis fatuus* lights ahead, she ran, and ran swiftly! Ran over treacherous foundations, ran by yawning gulfs, ran past branching galleries and arches, ran wildly, ran despairingly, ran blindly, and at last ran into the arms of the Fool of Five Forks.

In an instant she caught at his hand. "Oh, save him!" she cried; "you belong here—you know this dreadful place; bring me to him. Tell me where to go and what to do, I implore you! Quick, he is dying. Come!"

He raised his eyes to hers, and then, with a sudden cry, dropped the rope and crowbar he was carrying, and reeled against the wall.

"Annie!" he gasped, slowly, "is it you?"

She caught at both his hands, brought her face to his with staring eyes, murmured, "Good God, Cyrus!" and sank upon her knees before him.

He tried to disengage the hand that she wrung with passionate entreaty.

"No, no! Cyrus, you will forgive me—you will forget the past! God has sent you here to-day. You will come with me. You will—you must—save him!"

"Save who?" cried Cyrus hoarsely. "My husband!"

The blow was so direct—so strong and overwhelming—that even through her own stronger and more selfish absorption she saw it in the face of the man, and pitied him.

"I thought—you—knew—it!" she faltered.

He did not speak, but looked at her with fixed, dumb eyes. And then the sound of distant voices and hurrying feet started her again into passionate life. She once more caught his hand.

"O Cyrus! hear me! If you have loved me through all these years, you will not fail me now. You must save him! You can! You are brave and strong—you always were, Cyrus! You will save him, Cyrus, for my sake—for

the sake of your love for me! You will—I know it! God bless you!"

She rose as if to follow him, but at a gesture of command she stood still. He picked up the rope and crowbar slowly, and in a dazed, blinded way that, in her agony of impatience and alarm, seemed protracted to cruel infinity. Then he turned, and raising her hand to his lips, kissed it slowly, looked at her again—and the next moment was gone.

He did not return. For at the end of the next half-hour, when they laid before her the half-conscious, breathing body of her husband, safe and unharmed but for exhaustion and some slight bruises, she learned that the worst fears of the workmen had been realized. In releasing him a second "cave" had taken place. They had barely time to snatch away the helpless body of her husband before the strong frame of his rescuer, Cyrus Hawkins, was struck and smitten down in his place.

For two hours he lay there, crushed and broken-limbed, with a heavy beam lying across his breast, in sight of all, conscious and patient. For two hours they had laboured around him, wildly, despairingly, hopefully, with the wills of gods and the strength of giants, and at the end of that time they came to an upright timber, which rested its base upon the beam. There was a cry for axes, and one was already swinging in the air, when the dying man called to them, feebly,

"Don't cut that upright!"

"Why?"

"It will bring down the whole gallery with it."

"How?"

"It's one of the foundations of my house."

The axe fell from the workman's hand, and with a blanched face he turned to his fellows. It was too true. They were in the uppermost gallery, and the "cave" had taken place directly below the new house. After a pause the Fool spoke again more feebly.

"The lady!—quick."

They brought her—a wretched, faint-

ing creature, with pallid face and streaming eyes—and fell back as she bent her face above him.

“It was built for you, Annie, darling,” he said in a hurried whisper, “and has been waiting up there for you and me all these long days. It’s deeded to you, Annie, and you must—live there—with *him*! He will not mind that I shall be always near you—for it stands above—my grave!”

And he was right. In a few minutes later, when he had passed away, they did not move him, but sat by his body

all night with a torch at his feet and head. And the next day they walled up the gallery as a vault, but they put no mark or any sign thereon, trusting rather to the monument that, bright and cheerful, rose above him in the sunlight of the hill. And they who heard the story said: “This is not an evidence of death and gloom and sorrow, as are other monuments, but is a sign of Life and Light and Hope; wherefore shall all know that he who lies under it—is what men call a Fool!”

BRET HARTE.

THE POOR WHITES OF INDIA : A FEW WORDS REGARDING THEM.

IN the early part of last month, an article appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, headed, "The Poor Whites of India," in which attention was drawn to the increase which has taken place of late years in the number of Europeans of the lower classes in India, and to the inadequacy of the provision which is made for the education of their children, as well as for the children of the large mixed population, commonly described as East Indians, but more properly as Eurasians, which has been one of the results of the various European settlements in that country. It is stated that the railways in Bengal alone support between 5,000 and 6,000 Europeans, including women and children, and that the European and Eurasian population of that Presidency alone numbers 83,935 souls, of whom it is alleged that a large proportion are sunk in the depths of poverty, misery, and vice. A melancholy description is given of the condition of the Eurasians. It is asserted that the lower classes of Eurasians, or half-castes, as they are designated in the article, "lead the life of pariah dogs, skulking on the outskirts between the native and the European communities, and branded as noxious animals by both ;" while "in a higher class the lads pick up a living as menial servants or on the river or wharfs, but constantly lose their places from drunkenness, and are reduced to starvation and the gaol." An extract is made from some remarks on the subject written by the Archdeacon of Calcutta, in which it is alleged that "for this vast accumulation of beings bearing English names and nominally professing the Christian faith, no adequate provision is made, by which they can obtain sufficient education to enable them to earn an honest livelihood. The system of public instruction in India

was framed for natives, and not for Europeans or half-castes. The latter may starve, or beg, or steal and go to gaol." Further on it is stated that "the highest authority on the subject [who this may be, does not appear] declared in India six weeks ago, that with the exception of two small schools, throughout all Bengal, with its population of 83,000 Europeans and half-castes, he knows of the establishment of no school within the last fifteen years suited to their needs and requirements."

The article ends by contrasting the expenditure which is incurred by the Indian Government in the education of natives with the small sums which it spends on the education of Europeans and Eurasians. The conclusion which it draws is, that "a miserable population of Europeans and half-castes is growing up in that country, unable to earn their bread, ignorant of the rudiments of their religion, a scandal to the white colour, and with the sole career before them of the house of correction and the gaol."

A day or two after the appearance of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the subject was taken up in an editorial in the *Times*, in which the statements made in the evening journal form the text for a series of remarks very similar in their tenor to those we have just quoted ; the only difference being, that while the one journal implies that the Government are to blame for the condition of educational destitution in which the classes referred to are said to be sunk ; the other deems the evil to be incurable, holding that "to tax the natives, in order to provide the Eurasians or the floating crowd of immigrant Europeans with educational advantages would be hardly just, even if it were possible."

There can be no question that there is much that is lamentable in the condition of considerable numbers of the various mixed populations of India, whether of British, or of Portuguese, or of Dutch, or of French extraction; and that here and there melancholy instances occur of persons of pure European extraction being found in a state of misery and degradation, which, however deplorable in the purlieus of Houndsditch and Whitechapel, is politically a greater evil in a country where every Englishman is looked upon more or less as a representative of the ruling race. With the expansion of public works and commercial enterprises of various kinds, the number of lower class Europeans who are at any time liable to be cast loose on society has largely increased; so much so, that special enactments have had to be passed to enable the Government to deal with European vagrancy, and to deport at the public expense those who are unable or unwilling to earn a decent livelihood. But admitting all this, we cannot but think that the picture drawn in the two articles in question is in some respects too highly coloured. In the first place, the numerical strength of those classes of the population to which the remarks of the writers are in any way applicable, is greatly overstated. It is apparently forgotten, that among the 83,935 persons who are said to compose the European and Eurasian population of Bengal, there is included the whole of the European soldiery who garrison the provinces forming that extensive Presidency, who with their wives and families probably compose not less than two-thirds of the population in question, and who, whether as regards their housing, or their food, or their means of obtaining spiritual instruction and education for their children, are—nowadays, at all events—amply cared for by the State. In the regimental schools on the plains, and in the Lawrence Asylums at the hill stations, a very efficient provision is made for the education of the children of our European soldiers.

From the remainder of the population referred to there must be deducted the clergy, the members of the civil service, the officers of the native army, the members of the mercantile community, of the bar and other professions, and the numerous subordinate *employés*, European and Eurasian, holding remunerative employment in the various departments of the State and in the service of the railway and other public companies and of private firms, before we come to the residuum to which the remarks in question are more or less applicable; a residuum which doubtless numbers several thousands, and represents a lamentable mass of ignorance and misery and vice, but which cannot truly be said to constitute a large proportion of the entire European and Eurasian population of India.

And even as regards this residuum, the statements which we have quoted, and especially those which imply a direct charge of neglect on the part of the Indian Government, must be accepted with a considerable amount of qualification. It is not the fact that the duty of providing suitable means of education for the poorer classes of its European and Eurasian subjects has been ignored by the Government of India. From a report which has recently been printed, we learn that that Government annually spends 23,050*l.* in aiding European and Eurasian schools for the children of the civil population. Of this sum 10,470*l.* is spent in the presidency of Bengal, 4,300*l.* in Madras, 4,000*l.* in Bombay, 1,050*l.* in British Burmah, and 2,860*l.* in the two native states of Mysore and Hyderabad. This expenditure represents about one-twenty-seventh of the whole expenditure incurred by the State in the education of the entire civil population of India and Burmah, whereas the whole European and Eurasian population, including the soldiery, is probably less than one in a thousand of the entire population. We have not before us all the returns of the last Indian census, but from those of Madras and of the provinces subject to the Lieutenant-Governor of

Bengal, it appears that in the one case the Europeans and Eurasians, including military, numbered only 41,011 out of a population of 31,597,872; and in the other, only 40,846 out of a population of 66,856,859. In Madras, on the 31st of March 1873, there were 4,856 European and Eurasian pupils—or more than one in nine of the entire European and Eurasian population of the Presidency, including the military—on the rolls of schools connected with the department of public instruction, which, be it observed, takes no cognizance of the European regimental schools. For Bengal, in the report to which we have just now alluded, the average attendance is given at 3,542; but this is exclusive of the number of Eurasian pupils attending schools designed principally for natives, which is not inconsiderable; for it is a mistake to suppose that the schools of the latter class are not in some degree resorted to by Europeans and Eurasians. One of the most distinguished graduates of the Madras University was a Eurasian, who had received his education in the Presidency College—an institution specially organized for the instruction of natives. At the same time we fully admit that wherever the number of Europeans and Eurasians is sufficiently large to justify the establishment of a school for their special benefit, it is very desirable that this should be done, and it has been done to a very much greater extent than could be inferred from the sweeping statements with which we are now dealing. The real facts of the case are presented in considerable detail, though on a few points the information is admitted to be incomplete, in the report to which we have alluded, and which was submitted to the Government of India last year by Mr. A. J. Lawrence, a nephew of the Sir Henry Lawrence, the founder of the Lawrence Asylums for soldiers' children. Mr. Lawrence was appointed in 1871 as a member of a commission nominated by the late Lord Mayo to inquire into and report on the condition of the several Lawrence Asylums throughout India; and in the latter part of that year, having been de-

puted by his colleagues on the commission, which held its sittings at Simla, to visit and report on the asylums in the other Provinces and Presidencies, he was instructed by the Government of India to extend his inquiries to all the existing schools for Europeans. The report, which was the result of these instructions, deals with Eurasian as well as with European schools, and contains very full particulars of all the schools regarding which Mr. Lawrence was able to obtain information. The following paragraphs, with which the report opens, afford an emphatic contradiction to the charge of neglect on the part of the Government:—

“From the times of our earliest connection with India the Government has lent substantial assistance to all schools designed for the amelioration of the condition of our poorer countrymen. At first day-schools were established in connection with the Settlement Churches; these grew into, or were followed by, institutions where orphans and indigent children of the civil population were boarded, clothed, and taught. The chief of these were the Free schools in Calcutta and the Educational Society's schools in Bombay, while in Madras the civil orphanages provided for those who were ineligible for the benefits of the military male and female asylums.

“In the course of years more ambitious institutions were founded in Calcutta, Madras, and at Lucknow, while on the western coast the schools at Byculla, Bombay, long continued without rivals.

“To all these institutions, excepting only the Martinières at Calcutta and Lucknow, and the Doveton College at the former place, the State gave efficient aid.

“This was done on no fixed principle, but as applications were made, and according to the merits of each case.”

The report then describes the action taken by Lord Canning at the instance of Bishop Cotton, which resulted in a considerable expansion of the aid granted by the Government, in the establishment of the schools, known as Bishop Cotton's Schools, at Simla, Nagpore,

Bangalore, and Poona, and in the formation of Diocesan Boards of Education in each of the three Presidencies, which, though not, apparently, as well supported or as active as they might have been, have been of some use in promoting education among the lower classes of the European and Eurasian communities. The report points out the merits and demerits of the various schools, and makes suggestions for their improvement, including a recommendation which, we imagine, is not likely to be carried out—that a Central Board of Education, unconnected with the Department of Public Instruction, should be established by Government at each of the Presidency towns, which should have control over all the non-military schools for Europeans and Eurasians within their jurisdiction. It shows that while, here and there, there are errors of management, unthrifty expenditure, a tendency to organize the schools with too little reference to the needs and requirements of the poorer classes, yet on the whole a great deal of good work is being done, susceptible doubtless of much improvement and of considerable extension, but amply sufficient to dispel the notion that the subject is one which is regarded as of secondary importance by the Government of India or by the provincial authorities. In Bengal, to which the remarks we have quoted at the beginning of this paper are more particularly intended to apply, there certainly would seem to have been hitherto less cordial co-operation between the officers of the Department of Public Instruction and the managers of the schools than is the case in Madras and Bombay. There is also, apparently, in the former Presidency a want of sufficient co-operation between the managers of the various schools, and consequently a defective system of grading; so that the higher schools and the lower schools do not help each other as much as they might under a better system—as, for instance, they do at Madras, where, as Mr. Lawrence observes, “the schools are more or less graded, are on a system, and work together,” where “the wants of

the poorer classes are cared for, and although under independent committees, the schools are all examined and reported on by the Education Department.” But these are matters which only require to be brought prominently under notice, as has now been done in Mr. Lawrence’s report, in order to the application of a remedy. The most important point is the question of funds, and especially of funds for the maintenance of suitable schools for the poorest classes. The only form in which the Government can contribute, is in the form of “grants in aid.” This they are doing, and are prepared to do, with a liberality suited to the requirements of the case; but in many localities the contributions of private individuals, and of congregations, are not as liberal as they ought to be. Only a few days ago we read in a Madras newspaper that there was imminent danger of certain schools connected with St. Matthias’ Church in Vepery—one of the localities most densely populated by poor Eurasians—being closed owing to want of funds. When the Diocesan Board of Education of Madras was established in 1861, it was hoped that it would receive a large measure of support from the European community of the presidency. So far, this expectation has not been fully realized. The funds at the disposal of the Board have hitherto been less than they ought to have been, and have been contributed by a comparatively small number of persons; and the same, we apprehend, has been more or less the case in the other Presidencies. The matter is one which commends itself to the attention of all who are interested in the well-being of India, and in the progress of Christianity in that land.

As Dr. Arnold wrote to Fox, the Masulipatam Missionary, in 1841, there is no more important work to be done, by those who are interested in the success of Christian Missions, than “to organize and purify Christian Churches of whites and half-castes.” As Bishop Cotton wrote nineteen years later, “It is nothing less than a national sin to neglect a class who are our fellow-

Christians and fellow-subjects, whose presence in India is due entirely to our occupation of the country, and who, unless real efforts are made for their good, are in great moral and spiritual danger."

We have endeavoured to show that, so far as education is concerned, this duty is now largely recognized, and that whatever shortcomings there may be, are not due to indifference on the part of the Government of India, or on the part of the Local Administrations. What is now needed is a more practical and complete recognition of this duty by the well-to-do members of the Christian community, whether in India or in this country. It is an object on which benevolent persons in England might well bestow their charity, and probably would do so, if a Society were formed for the purpose of drawing attention to the subject and of receiving contributions. But it is on the upper classes of the Christian community in India that the duty mainly devolves—on the members of the civil and military services, on the merchants and lawyers and planters, on the wealthier Eurasians,—all of whom directly benefit by our possession of India, and are bound to do what in them lies to promote the welfare of their poorer co-religionists.

It is the fashion to stigmatize the Eurasians as inheriting the vices of both the parent races, and the virtues of neither. This stock phrase, which, like most epigrams, contains a mixture of truth and error, is reproduced in one of the two articles to which we have alluded; but whatever may be its applicability to those sections of the Eurasian population who have commenced and gone through the battle of life under every conceivable disadvantage, there is abundant evidence of the benefit which those among them who have been more

fortunately circumstanced, are capable of deriving from a sound system of education. No one who has been at the head of a large office in India, where, especially in the Presidency towns, the Eurasians are employed in considerable numbers as clerks, can have failed to recognize the excellent business habits of many of this class, the unfailing courtesy, the patience, the industry, the honesty, and in many cases the acute intelligence, which they bring to bear upon their duties. And among the comparatively limited number who have attained to higher positions, whether as public servants or as clergymen, or in trade, there are men who would do credit to any race, who command the respect and esteem of all who know them, and who, when they read the remarks to which we have drawn attention, and especially those in the first of the two articles, cannot fail to experience a sense of injustice at the sweeping condemnation, which, without allowing for a single exception, has been passed upon the community to which they belong. Those who remember the Eurasian clergyman who for several years ministered in the Fort Church at Bangalore, exercising an influence for good over the European soldiers which but few British chaplains have been able to exert, and others who witnessed the firmness and tact with which, in more recent years, a Eurasian deputy-collector and magistrate discharged his duties among the by no means easily satisfied coffee-planters of Wainâd, will readily bear out our assertion, that there is nothing in the Eurasian nature which precludes the expectation that, in their case, education will develop many of the qualities which people in India are accustomed to regard as belonging exclusively to the ruling race.

A. J. ARBUTHNOT.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

II.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA UP TO 1850.

THE ecclesiastical policy of Prussia, or, to speak more correctly, of the House of Hohenzollern, is marked by three well-defined characteristics:—1. Toleration in matters of faith. 2. Intolerance of any encroachment by the Church on the domain of the State. 3. A high-handed assertion of the right of the latter to determine for itself and without asking anybody's leave, what matters belong to the civil, and what to the spiritual power. In other words:—1. Respect for the *Jura Interna* of the Churches established within the realm. 2. Supremacy of the State over the *Jura Externa*. 3. The right of the State to determine the line of demarcation between the two.

Vaticanism, on the other hand, claims for the Roman See, and for its occupant of the time being, supreme authority over the entire Christian community throughout the world: authority immediate as regards matters spiritual; mediate as regards matters secular. *Dominus Petro non solum universam ecclesiam, sed etiam seculum reliquit gubernandum.* The Pope is the Vicar of Christ; the temporal sovereign is the Vicar of the Pope. To the Roman See has been committed the power of the two swords, the spiritual and the temporal, the first to be wielded by himself, the latter at his bidding by the temporal prince. The Pope is the sun which rules the day, the temporal prince is the moon that rules over the darkness of the night; and as the moon derives its light from the sun, so the temporal prince derives his authority from the Pope. This is the mediæval conception of the Papal authority as it was understood and described by Innocent III., and thundered forth with all the pomp and circumstance of an utterance *ex cathedra* by Boniface VIII., in the

Bull *Unam Sanctam*.¹ At all periods of its existence, this doctrine met with the utmost opposition, not only from kings and emperors, but from the most learned and the most orthodox of Catholic theologians. It was reserved to our own day to see it raised by the Vatican Council to the rank of a dogma binding upon the individual conscience. That a dogma of this kind is absolutely incompatible with any and every form of government excepting the theocratic, is self-evident; and that the mere assertion of the principle excludes the notion of a *modus vivendi* between Church and State, is equally self-apparent. Consequently, Vaticanism has placed the Roman See in an attitude of active or passive antagonism to every government of Christendom, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. By cursing modern society, it has placed itself outside the pale of society, and the latter must take its measures accordingly.

It is true that Dr. Manning, in addressing Protestants, as he has lately done in his articles in the *Contemporary Review*, carefully keeps these facts from sight, and claims for Ultramontanism no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church, and by English Non-conformist sects. In a letter to the *Times* of the 26th of August, he even goes so far as to repudiate the idea of having said that the Pope is the supreme ruler of the world, as if this were an idea repugnant to common sense, add-

¹ How exactly the doctrine of the Vatican Council tallies with the mediæval conception will best be seen from the following passage in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the official organ of the Curia, of the 18th March, 1871, which will also serve to show how different is the language of Vaticanism at Rome from what it is at Westminster. "The Pope is the supreme judge of civil laws. In him the two Powers, the spiritual and the temporal, meet in a single point, for he is the Vicar of Christ, who is not only Perpetual High Priest, but also King of Kings and Lord of Lords. . . . The Pope, in virtue of his high office, stands on the summit of both Powers."

ing, with singular *naïveté*, that when Ultramontanism is in question common sense is rarely to be trusted. On the other hand, when addressing Catholics, Dr. Manning assigns to the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which claims for the Roman See the supremacy over the world in its crudest form, the character of a declaratory act of the Ultramontane faith.

We leave to Dr. Manning the task of reconciling these contradictory statements with that literary good faith (to appeal to no higher standard) which we think we have a right to demand at the hands of an Englishman who uses the public press of England as a vehicle for his opinions. For practical purposes we are quite content to take Dr. Manning's definition of Vaticanism as it stands in the letter above quoted, viz.: as a dogma according to which the Pope has a supreme, and therefore an exclusive jurisdiction in faith and morals, *i.e.*, possesses legislative and judicial supremacy, not only over matters connected with man's relations towards God and the invisible world, but over the whole sphere of men's moral relations towards each other. Subtract from the sum total of relations which make up the modern State, all those which have an ethical bearing on man as a social and political being, hand these over to the discretion of an absolute and irresponsible spiritual head, and there would remain as the constituents of the Civil Power, a sheriff and hangman to carry out the orders of the Holy Office, a post-office, a telegraph board, and some kind of official machinery for controlling railway accidents. We were going to add a sanitary board, but we remembered in good time that every modern epidemic has been claimed by the organs of the Vatican press as a judgment on mankind for its disobedience to the Holy See.¹ Banks, exchanges, and all establishments connected with finance, would as a matter of course belong to the

sphere of the Spiritual Power, the determining of the rate of interest on money having always been claimed as one of its prerogatives by the Curia. Such are some of the absurdities which follow from the dogmatizing of Ultramontan-ism; but, as Dr. Manning very justly observes, when Ultramontanism is in question, common sense is rarely to be trusted.

Non-Vatican Catholics—under which name I by no means refer exclusively to the so-called Old Catholics, but to the great mass of Catholics who have not identified themselves with the St. Ignatian section of the Roman Catholic Church—have always admitted the concurrent jurisdiction of the State in regard to the *Jura externa*; have regarded the *Jura interna* as determined once for all by the creeds and the tradition of the Church; and, with respect to the slippery border-land between the two, on which as long as Church and State continue to exist there will always be a rivalry between the civil and the spiritual power—we mean questions connected with marriage, education, and the like—have, whilst rejecting the theory of the absolute supremacy of the State, yet always urged the necessity of finding a *modus vivendi* between the two jurisdictions.

The characteristics above enumerated as those peculiar to the policy of the Hohenzollerns, all of which have strongly marked the present conflict, will suffice to show that it is a mistake to confound, as is frequently done in England, the present Prussian legislation with that of Henry VIII. The Tudor king asserted the *jus reformandi*, *i.e.*, the Prerogative of the Crown to determine the *faith* of the Lieges, in its crudest form, himself turning Creed-maker, and combining with the kingly office that of a Doctor of theology. The Hohenzollerns, on the other hand, alone of the German princes, and that as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, rejected the theory of the *cujus regio ejus religio*, and gave an example of toleration far in advance of the spirit of their times. When the Elector Sigismund, in 1614, from having been a Lutheran went over to

¹ The relations between the Papal See and the medical profession are best illustrated by a Bull of Pius V. and successive constitutions of the Church, by which doctors are *ipso facto* excommunicated who go on paying professional visits to patients who have omitted to send for a confessor.

the Reformed Church, he left his subjects in undisturbed possession of their Lutheran establishment. Thus at a time when the princes of the empire were in the full exercise of the *jus reformandi*, as yet unfettered by the *status quo* of 1624, and exercised it so ruthlessly that in some parts of Germany whole populations had to change their religion several times in the course of a few years, according as the sovereign embraced the one or the other confession, the margrave of Brandenburg elected, of his own free will, to rule over an establishment of which he was not himself a member. As, however, according to the Lutheran theory, he was not the less invested, in virtue of his temporal office, with episcopal jurisdiction over the Church established in his realm, and as the Hohenzollerns were never coy in asserting the prerogative of the Crown, there grew up a polity the essential conditions of whose structure involved the characteristics above given, and of which it could be emphatically said that it was "one body with one head, not two heads, which would be a monstrosity," but "that head" the King. To these structural conditions of the realm of the Hohenzollerns must be further added the strong sentiment of the educational prerogative of the State inherent in German Protestantism, and especially powerful in the Reformed Church to which the Hohenzollerns went over.

The Peace of Westphalia left the dominions of the margraves of Brandenburg almost wholly within the zone won by the Reformation, so that the double establishment—the Catholic and the Protestant—only became an important feature of the State after the conquest of Silesia by Frederick II. Were space available, a study of the great king's ecclesiastical policy would be very instructive for the purposes of the present inquiry. Nowhere do the three characteristics come out more strongly than in the drastic rescripts in which, with the precision and unerring instinct of a man who thoroughly knows his own mind and what is the point for which he is making, the king sketches with his own pen the great architectural lines on

which Church and State were thenceforth to be built up. Two instances must suffice to give an idea of what he understood by the *externa* and the *interna* of religion.

The Pope having given a dispensation to a mixed marriage on the condition that the children should be all brought up in the Catholic faith, the king writes thus:—"We are not minded to allow the Roman Pope one whit more than any other Puissance to make laws and ordinances for our Silesian subjects touching matters which, like the education of children, clearly belong to the domain of our Police, least of all laws which shall in any way affect that liberty of conscience which we have graciously accorded to our subjects. We therefore, out of the fullness of our Sovereign Power, utterly break and annul the Papal dispensation aforesaid on account of the conditions thereunto annexed."

On another occasion one Berkmeier, who had contracted an uncanonical marriage and been visited by spiritual censures in consequence, having applied to the king for redress, received the following answer:—"By refusing absolution and the sacrament to the said Berkmeier, they (the Dominicans) have not encroached upon our prerogative in the matter of matrimonial dispensations. All they have done has been to keep the Petitioner out of the enjoyment of certain rights which he has himself forfeited with his eyes open by contracting a marriage forbidden by the Roman Church."

It should be observed that in many of his ordinances Frederick II. forestalled the present legislation, which thus in some ways is only a return to the traditions of the Prussian State, *e.g.*, in establishing a right of appeal from the spiritual to the civil courts with a regular mode of procedure; in the restriction of the spiritual tribunals to any but spiritual pains and penalties; in the prohibition by which members of clerical orders were prevented from placing themselves under Foreign Provincials; in the enactment of a special oath of allegiance from the Silesian

clergy ; in the exclusion of all foreigners from Silesian benefices ; in the prohibition to study at foreign universities, and the like.

It was in the reign of Frederick the Great's successor that the first attempt was made to *codify* the relations between Church and State, and thus not only to bring them on to the *terra firma* of Statute Law, but to systematize them according to certain general principles.

The Prussian Code (*Das allgemeine preussische Landrecht*) is for Prussia what the Code Napoléon is for France : one of those great landmarks in the history of a nation, in which at a given moment the accumulated wisdom or unwisdom, as the case may be, of a people is crystallized into an abiding shape, and imposes itself tyrannically on all future generations. For us, who know nothing of the laws by which we are governed, and who, if we did know anything about them, would find it very difficult to trace the general principles which hold them together, it is almost impossible to realise how great in the life of a people is the educational importance of a Code. Such a Code, containing in a form accessible to all, not merely the laws under which they live, and in accordance with which they must shape their lives, but the principles from which these are derived, becomes after a few generations part of the moral and intellectual tissue of a nation ; and any violent or even *brusque* departure from the spirit of such a Code can never be ventured upon with impunity. It will be seen that the Prussian legislation of 1850 involved an inconsiderate departure from the principles of the *Landrecht*, and that this in a great measure accounts for the violence of the reaction embodied in the present laws.

The Prussian Code, like all the intellectual products of the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, is marked by its colour-blindness to the facts and traditions of history ; by its supercilious treatment of usages and customs ; and by its enthusiasm for abstract principle and theory. J. J. Rousseau's "Contrat

Social" is still, as it were, in the air, and is being precipitated over a great portion of the civilised world, in the shape of positive enactment.

This feature is especially striking in the articles which treat of the relations between Church and State. Of the historical pretensions of the Church of Rome, of the treaties of Westphalia which determined the relations between the various confessions, of the *Jus reformandi* and the *Jus episcopale*, we find not a word, but instead thereof the impassive abstraction of a provokingly rational State calmly conscious of its absolute supremacy, and convinced that this supremacy, if wielded according to the dictates of right reason, and the unerring instincts of the Law of Nature, can be made a perfect instrument for securing a maximum of human happiness.

Face to face with this abstract State, we find certain abstract religious societies, "which in all matters which they have in common with other civil societies must order their affairs according to the laws of the State." (§ 27.)¹

The most absolute liberty of conscience is guaranteed to the individual citizen. "No man may be disturbed on the score of his religious opinions, or made to give an account of them, or held up to ridicule in connexion with them, far less persecuted." (Cf. §§ 1, 2, 4, 7.)

It is only "when two or three are gathered together" that the omnipresence of the State is felt. "Inhabitants of the State may together combine for the purposes of private devotion" (§ 10), but in doing so, unless they belong to one of the established churches, they fall into the category of private societies, and as such must obtain the licence of the government, and remain bound by the laws touching private societies.

Religious societies are divided into two principal categories :— Church Societies (*Kirchen Gesellschaft*) and spiritual societies (*Geistliche Gesellschaft*).

¹ The §§ given in the text are those of Part II., Title XI. (Theil II. Titel XI.) of the *preussisches allgemeine Landrecht*.

The established churches, *i.e.*, the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed, are "privileged" species of the genus Church Society, and as such enjoy special advantages, their priests, ministers, and other officials having the status of "mediate" *employés* of the State.

It is in the first three sections of the chapter on Church Societies (§§ 13, 14, 15) that we are able to appreciate the true spirit of the Code in religious matters, and by the light of this knowledge to understand public opinion as it exists in Prussia on the relations between Church and State, as distinct from English opinion on such questions—by which Prussian public opinion, and not by our own, it should always be remembered, the Falk laws have to be judged.

They are as follows:—

§ 13. Every Church Society is bound to teach its members reverence for the Divine Being, obedience to the laws, fidelity to the State, and to instil amongst its members sound moral opinions.

§ 14. Religious doctrines which run counter to the above may not be taught in the State, nor may they be spread abroad either by word of mouth or in popular writings.

§ 15. The State alone has the right, after due inquiry, to condemn such doctrines and to prohibit their promulgation.

If we compare these articles, as well as those previously quoted respecting the absolute freedom of conscience to be accorded to the individual citizen, with the following passages from the chapter headed "De la Religion civile" in the "Contrat Social" we shall see how close is the affiliation of ideas between the two, and we shall obtain a correct notion of the kind of polity which the Vatican with its revival of mediæval supremacy has challenged to single combat:—

"Les sujets ne doivent compte au souverain de leurs opinions qu'autant que ces opinions importent à la communauté. Or, il importe bien à l'Etat que chaque citoyen ait une religion qui lui fasse aimer ces devoirs ; mais les dogmes

de cette religion n'intéressent ni l'Etat ni ses membres qu'autant que ces dogmes appartiennent à la morale et aux devoirs que celui qui la professe est tenu de remplir envers autrui. Chacun peut avoir au surplus telles opinions qu'il lui plaît sans qu'il appartienne au souverain d'en connaître. . . .

"Il y a donc une *profession de foi purement civile* dont il appartient au souverain de fixer les articles, non pas précisément comme dogme de religion, mais comme sentiments de sociabilité, sans lesquels il est impossible d'être bon citoyen ni sujet fidèle. . . ."

"Les dogmes de la religion civile doivent être simples, en petit nombre, énoncés avec précision, sans explication ni commentaire. *L'existence de la Divinité puissante, intelligente, bienfaisante, la vie à venir, le bonheur des justes, la sainteté du contrat social et des lois* : voilà les dogmes positifs. Quant aux dogmes négatifs, je les borne à un seul, c'est l'intolérance : elle rentre dans les cultes que nous avons exclus."

This idea of a *civil faith*, "not precisely as a religious dogma, but as a sentiment of sociability," as that with which alone the State need concern itself in connexion with Church Establishments, runs through the whole of the numerous sections of the *Landrecht* on ecclesiastical affairs.

It especially manifests itself:—

1. In the strict prohibition of anything like theological excess.

"No ecclesiastical society may persecute or even give offence to another." "All bitterness and abusive language are to be avoided." "The peace of families is never to be disturbed on the plea of religious zeal."

2. In its anxiety to defend the liberty of the individual churchman against the tyranny of his own Church.

This anxiety is made especially clear to us in the record of the discussions (preserved in the Berlin archives and given in extract in Friedberg's book on the "Limits between Church and State") which took place amongst the framers of the Code respecting the whole question of Ecclesiastical Discipline, and which nearly resulted in the Churches

being altogether deprived of the right of excluding or excommunicating recalcitrant members. As it is, the sections respecting Church Discipline are highly instructive; they are as follows:—

“Every member of a Church Society is bound to submit to its Discipline.”

“Such Discipline, however, shall only have for its object the prevention of public scandals.”

“If individual members of a Church Society by their public acts display their contempt for Divine Service, or for the customs of religion, or disturb others in their devotions, the Society is empowered to exclude such unworthy members from its public meetings until they have bettered themselves.”

“No member can be so excluded solely on the ground of his holding opinions different from the common creed of the Society to which he belongs.”

“In case of a dispute respecting the legality of the exclusion, the decision rests with the State.”

“In so far as such an exclusion involves prejudicial consequences to the civil honour of a citizen, the consent of the State must be obtained before it can be enforced.”

From the above paragraphs it is clear that the intention of the legislators was to restrict the power of excommunication to a measure of police for the maintenance of public order and the avoidance of public scandals, and by thus restricting it to stop the use of those spiritual thunders with which all religious bodies, and Rome at their head, seek to constrain the consciences of their members.

3. In the care bestowed on securing for the office of “spiritual pastor and master” persons *morally* qualified for the post, who shall know how to live at peace with their flocks, and not vex them by their conduct, or by insisting upon opinions very different from their own (§ 325). Indeed this tenderness for the opinions of the flock rather than for those of the shepherd, and generally the sentiment that dogmas are private concerns, to be kept in the background and not thrust prominently forward in connection with

the public exercise of religion, which are the keynotes of the “Religion civile,” constantly attract our notice in studying the Code, as, for instance, in the article (§ 45) which lays down “that it is unlawful for a Church Society to obtrude upon its members articles of faith which are contrary to their convictions”!

When from the serene heights of the abstract State and the abstract Church the Code condescends to treat of the concrete relations between the actual Prussian State and the Roman Hierarchy, its language is very distinct, and the national character of the Catholic establishment is surrounded with safeguards against the international claims of Rome:—

“No bull, breve, or rescript of any kind can be published without the placet of the Crown.”

“No foreign Bishop, or other ecclesiastic, can legislate in regard to ecclesiastical matters within the realm.”

“No foreign Bishop can exercise any jurisdiction or power, or assume any direction over ecclesiastical affairs, without the express will and consent of the State.”

“No Prussian cleric can attend a Church Council outside the realm without the express sanction of the State,” &c., &c.

The above will suffice to give a general idea of the *animus* of the Prussian Code in matters ecclesiastical. With reference to it, it should be noted that though the legislation of 1850, and still more the *laissez faire* of the Government between 1850 and 1871, accorded an amount of liberty, or rather impunity, to the sacerdotal element in the Church Societies directly opposed to the *animus* of the Code, the great principles enunciated in it have never ceased to be the law of the land in Prussia.

Dr. Manning claims for the Bull *Unam Sanctam* and for the Vatican Decrees the character of “Declaratory Acts” of the constitution of the Vatican Church. The same character may be emphatically claimed for the Prussian Code in regard to the constitution of the modern State.

The interest of the present conflict consists in the pretensions of these extreme representatives of two extreme ideas having by a strange yet natural concatenation of circumstances been brought into sudden and violent collision.

Indeed, seldom has history been so lavish of dramatic effect as when it brought into almost immediate juxtaposition with each other the decreeing of Divine honours to the Papal, and the proclamation of the Protestant, Cæsar.

When, to use Dr. Manning's picturesque image, the *brand-new* Vatican Church (*chiesa tutta nuova*) sprang Eve-like from the side of the Sovereign Pontiff¹ and ceasing to be the Bride of the invisible Christ, became the obedient wife of a querulous and very visible old man: when, at Versailles, in the palace of the "Grand Monarque," political preponderance on the continent of Europe was for the first time committed to the hands of a Protestant Power, and that power the especial representative of the Modern State, two forces were called into life whose rival claims absolutely exclude each other, and between which no *modus vivendi* is possible.

It is no use blinking this fact—it and all its consequences must be looked at full in the face.

Between the *Catholic Church*, as it existed before it had formally identified itself with its St. Ignatian section, and the *Modern State*, relations of peace and goodwill abounding in all good works, and replete with the germs of excellent fruit, were not only possible in theory, but had proved possible and easy in practice, and nowhere more so than in Prussia.

Between the *Modern State* and the

Vatican Church no transaction is conceivable, unless the one or the other consents to abjure the essential principles of its existence.

If this statement appears too strong, we have only to compare paragraph by paragraph the "Credo" of the Prussian State with that of the Vatican.

The articles of the Code, above transcribed *verbatim*, forbid any Church from teaching doctrines implying want of reverence for the Divine Being, disobedience to the laws, lack of fidelity to the State, or moral opinions that are not sound.

If the deification of the Pope, and the crediting the Divine Being with all the extravagances pronounced *ex cathedrâ* by the successors of St. Peter during the last eighteen hundred years be not a want of reverence for the Deity, what are they?

If to believe that the Pope has power to depose the temporal Prince, to absolve subjects from their obedience, and kings from their oaths to maintain the liberties of their subjects, be not a doctrine involving as a possible alternative disobedience to the laws and lack of fidelity to the State, what is it?

If the doctrine that no oath is binding to the detriment of the Church be not an immoral doctrine, what is it?

Yet these are the doctrines of the Vatican, binding on the individual conscience of every Catholic who has not had the courage to refuse his assent to these monstrous propositions.

By a solemn act of *ex-cathedrâ* infallibility Pío Nono, on the 8th December, 1864, called up from their silent graves each and every pretension put forward during the eighteen centuries of its existence by the Papal See, and at the head of this resurgent host gave battle to the theories on which modern civilization is built up.

But not content with this academic performance, and as if to show himself equal to the most vigorous of his predecessors, he launched his anathema against the Austrian constitution, and thereby, according to Vatican doctrine, absolved all Austrian Catholics from their allegiance to that constitution.

¹ "La chiesa cattolica di oggidi esce tutta nuova del fianco del Vicario di Gesù Christo." Despite the success which it is said Dr. Manning earned with this rhetorical flourish in Vatican circles, it must, we should think, cause him some remorse to reflect that he should have been the first to stamp the Vatican Church with the title of the *New Catholic Church*; thus, as it were, with his own hands cutting out the label "Old Catholics" for the opponents of the Vatican, to say nothing of the absolute contradiction between this notion of a New Church and the theory of *Unam Sanctam* as a declaratory act.

Such are the marriage disabilities between the Vatican Church and the Modern State, and they are clearly of a kind which no dispensation can get over. But there is besides the absolute incompatibility of temper between the two.

The temper of the modern State cannot be better described than in the words of the "*Contrat Social*," "*le sentiment de sociabilité*:" that of the Vatican can be summed up in a word, "*Anathema*."

We must, however, return to Prussia.

The *Landrecht* was the last important creation of the Prussia of Frederick the Great; the generation which immediately succeeded witnessed the revolution which changed the face of continental Europe, and from north to south and east to west left hardly a stone of that which had been standing upon another. Of all the institutions affected by the revolutionary current, none underwent a more complete change than that which befell the Catholic Church of the Holy Roman Empire. The position occupied at the close of the century by that Church was an altogether exceptional one. It was a great temporal as well as spiritual power: of the seven Electors three were spiritual, combining with their archiepiscopal functions the territorial sovereignty of the vast possessions belonging to their Sees. On the bench of Princes in the Imperial Diet sat no less than thirty-nine Bishops or mitred Abbots, who were at the same time territorial sovereigns; to these must be added twenty-two Swabian and eighteen Rhenish prelates, whose territorial sovereignty was represented on the same bench by collective votes. Altogether the temporalities of the Church at the dissolution of the Empire were calculated to have comprised 1,719 square geographical miles of sovereign territory, with 3,161,776 inhabitants. The natural result of this worldly prosperity was to impress upon the Episcopacy of Germany, and especially upon the three spiritual Electors, a sense of their power and importance which tended necessarily in the direction of emanci-

pation from Rome. The celebrated book of Febronius gave to this tendency an ideal side, and the so-called episcopal system, as opposed to the absolute claims of the Roman Primacy, became the doctrine of the German Church during the last decades of its connexion with the Empire. To what ultimate consequences the development of this doctrine might have led it is idle now to inquire; with the revolution of '89 the knell of the temporal power, as regards the German Church at least, was sounded. The Peace of Luneville gave the left bank of the Rhine to France, and established the principle that the secular princes should be indemnified out of Church property. Once upon this inclined plane, the road to general secularizations was rapidly traversed. The last serious work with which the realm of the Cæsars occupied itself¹ was a division of ecclesiastical spoil amongst secular claimants. With the exception of the ephemeral creation of the Metropolitan See of Regensburg, Church lands with the sovereign rights attached to them all passed over into profane hands. All that the Church obtained in return was that the existing dioceses should remain for the present as they were, and that at some time or other the Bishops and Chapters should be endowed in a reasonable manner out of the public funds of the territories into which the Church lands had been incorporated.

In 1804 the empire came to its ignominious end, and, for the ten years that followed, the struggle for political existence threw ecclesiastical matters altogether into the background.

At the resettlement which followed upon the close of the revolutionary era, Prussia found herself in the strange and abnormal position of being the first Protestant Power on the continent of Europe, and the especial guardian and representative of the Protestant faith in Germany, whilst she at the same time numbered among her subjects as many Catholics as the whole of the rest of non-Austrian Germany together. This result had been brought about in spite

¹ "*Reichs-deputations haupt-Schluss*," 27th April, 1803.

of her most strenuous efforts to prevent it, Protestant Saxony having been the reward that she coveted for her exertions in the War of Liberation. That Austria, by forcing upon her a large Catholic population, hoped to establish a thorn in the side of her rival, is a theory which obtained some currency at the time. Be this as it may, one of the first and most important cares which occupied the attention of Frederick William III. after the definitive settlement brought about by the Congress of Vienna was the re-establishment of the Catholic Church within his realm.

Nothing could exceed the state of confusion and anarchy into which it had fallen. Matters were bad enough in the old eastern provinces which had continued under Prussian rule; but in the newly-acquired Rhine Provinces, and in Westphalia, they were a thousand times worse. The glorious old Archdiocese of Cologne had been suppressed by France, and a bishopric in lieu thereof had been founded at Aix. Treves also had shrunk down to a bishopric. A similar confusion existed on the Russian frontier, where the limits of the dioceses nowhere coincided with the frontiers of the two States. Everywhere Bishops and Chapters—or where there were none, Vicars-apostolic—lived from hand to mouth from such allowances as the Government was able to make them. There were no fixed dotations; no order; no security.

Hence, the most pressing work which had to be performed was a new circumscription of the dioceses, the creation of new Chapters, the nomination of new Bishops, and the permanent endowment of both. The circumscription of the dioceses could only take place with the co-operation of the Papal See. The permanent endowment was equally impossible without the good-will of the Prussian State. It was on the basis of these mutual wants that the negotiation between Rome and Berlin took place. The original idea of the Prussian Cabinet had been to conclude a detailed Concordat, in which all points of possible collision between Church and State should be provided for; but they soon

convinced themselves of the impossibility of the task, and determined to restrict the subjects of negotiation within the narrowest limits. With these modest hopes, with Niebuhr for a negotiator, and a statesman like Gonsalvi to negotiate with, it is not to be wondered at that the negotiation was perfectly successful, and highly satisfactory. The results were that the circumscriptions of seven dioceses were traced out, that the seven Bishoprics, with their corresponding Chapters, were permanently endowed with a yearly revenue of 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*), and that the Prussian Crown obtained an important influence over the nomination of the Bishops by the obligation imposed upon the Chapters of coming to an understanding with the Government respecting the choice of a candidate previously to proceeding to an election.

These results were embodied in the Bull *De Salute Animarum*, which, having obtained the royal sanction, was officially published with the force of law.

Very few years sufficed to show how different the new Episcopacy was from those spiritual grand seigneurs, with their palaces, their chamberlains, their masters of the horse, and their packs of hounds, who had flourished in Germany a generation before. The new Bishops were poor and zealous: the fleshpots of the temporal power having once for all been placed out of their reach, the Church alone remained as the sphere of their activity; and the conflict respecting mixed marriages which broke out at Cologne only a few years after that See had been restored, showed how serious was the view they took of their ecclesiastical office. The Prussian Government were roughly awakened from their dream, that peace between Church and State had been definitely established by the successful negotiation of the Bull of Circumscription. How in the main they were in the right, how they then managed to appear in the wrong, and then really to be in the wrong; and of what an ignominious kind was their final retreat from an impossible situation, are matters which cannot be treated of here. That in a bureaucracy with

old traditions, and a tenacious memory, like Prussia, the sting of such a defeat should have been long remembered, and be even now influencing the present conflict, is far from impossible. The Cologne episode has always seemed to us to stand to the present conflict in the same relation that the humiliation of Olmütz stood to the battle of Sadowa. It was, however, only a preliminary

storm. The accession of Frederick William IV. was the signal for a period of profound peace between Church and State which lasted until the opening of the first *German* Parliament in 1871.

The great episode of Frederick William IVth's reign was the liberty accorded to the Church by the Constitution of 1850, to which we must refer in our next article.

NOTE TO THE "DIES IRÆ."

IN my article on the "Dies Iræ," I stated that I was unable to find either of the other two sequences attributed to Thomas of Celano. I certainly ought to have found the "Sanctitatis nova signa," which is printed in the "Acta Sanctorum," and, as correspondents have since kindly informed me, both in the Franciscan and in the Dominican Missal. The "Fregit victor virtualis" is found in a Paris Missal of the year 1520.¹

The "Sanctitatis nova signa" and the "Fregit victor virtualis" were both written in honour of St. Francis, as we might have expected from their title. The first dwells upon the work of St. Francis as a reformer, describes in a few simple stanzas his character, and winds up with a prayer:—

"Fac consortes supernorum
Quos informas vita morum
Consequatur grex Minorum
Sempiterna gaudia."

The second is cast in a dramatic form, and possesses greater literary merit. The saint is introduced as speaking in reply to questions

¹ I have said nothing in my article about the translations of our hymn. One of my critics calls attention to an early translation contained in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "The Office of the B. V. Mary in English" (1687). He is mistaken in supposing that he is revealing a profound secret, for it is well known to the readers in the British Museum, but he is right in describing it as one of the best. Its merits are especially seen when compared with the two earlier ones, made during the first half of the century, the one by Drummond of Hawthornden, and the other by Richard Crashaw. There is an excellent translation of the "Stabat Mater" in a "primer" published at Antwerp in the year 1604. It bears the title of "The Plaint of the Blessed Virgin Marie," and begins thus:—

"The mother stood in woful wyse
Besyde the crosse with weeping eyes."

As a literary curiosity I may mention a quaint prose-rendering of this latter hymn in a collection of Scottish prose and poetry of the 16th century.

put to him by a chorus. There is a good deal of pathos in some of his answers; there is an air of sorrowful triumph about some of his utterances. He is asked specially about his vision—

"Dic nobis Francisce
Quid vidisti in cruce;"

and, after having given his account, the chorus replies:

"Credendum est magis soli Francisco veraci
Quam mundanorum turbæ fallaci."

These lines were probably directed against the Dominicans, who, as is well known, refused to believe for a considerable time in the "stigmata," and denounced the whole affair at first as an imposture.

The question as to the authorship of these hymns is exceedingly difficult. It is quite natural that they should have been but little thought of. If they were written by the author of the "Dies Iræ," they were of course totally eclipsed by his latest effort; if they were from the hand of a different writer their intrinsic merit was too little to call forth any special recognition. It would seem, moreover, that a great many panegyrics were written on St. Francis. In examining a Book of "Hours," dating from the end of the 14th century, I found a hymn beginning, "Gaude fulgens Christi signis," and I have no doubt that several other poems in honour of the saint might be found in those old devotional books.

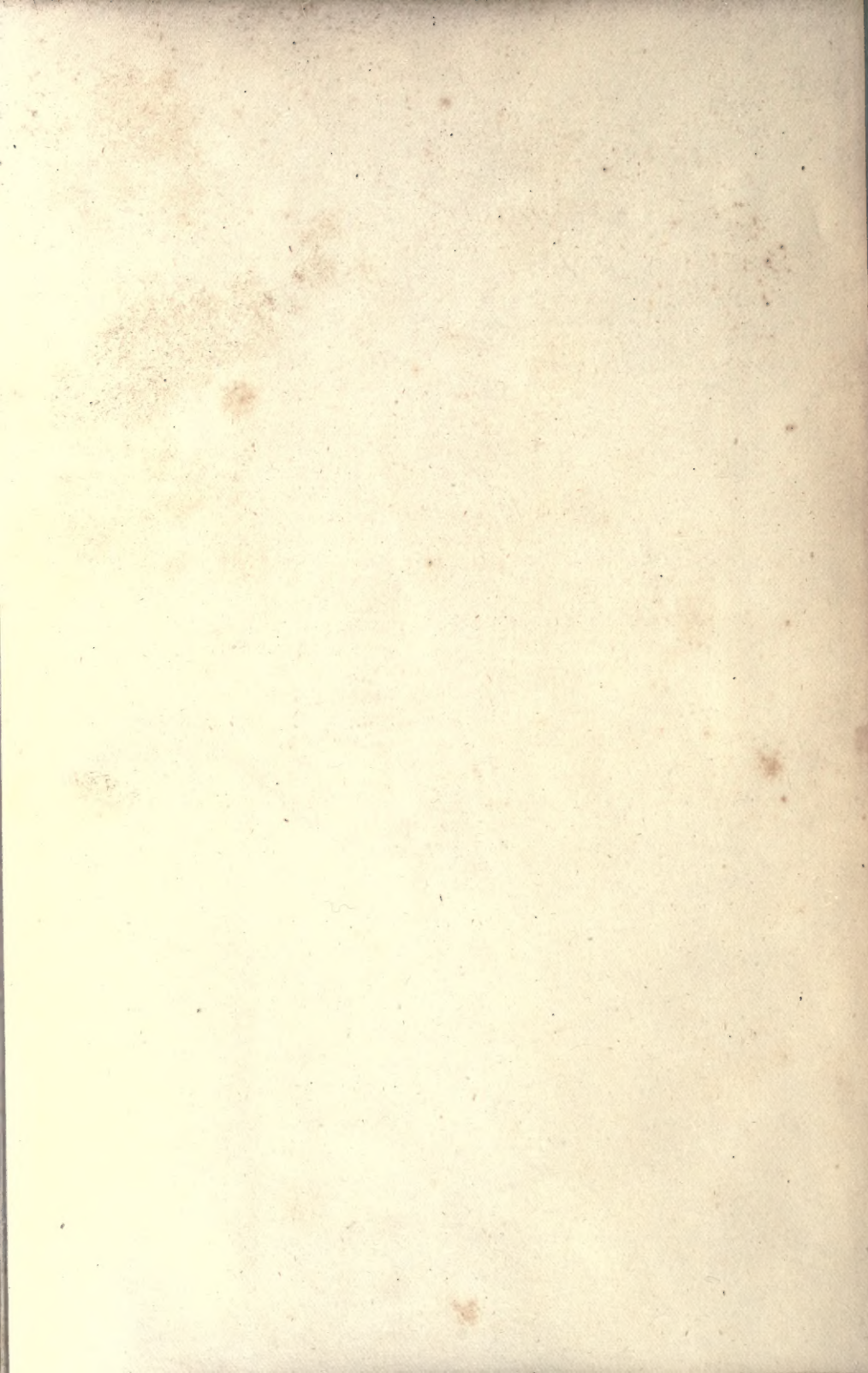
All we can say with certainty is, that our sequences were written by an Italian, probably a Franciscan, in the 13th century. They are comparatively feeble productions, and they do not betray any of the characteristics peculiar to the author of the "Dies Iræ." It would be rash to accept the testimony of Wadding as conclusive, because he evidently mixes up Thomas de Celano with Thomas de Cepeano, and it is quite possible that in this, as in several other instances, he was misinformed.

At a future date I trust to be able to show that the omission of the "Stabat Mater speciosa" in my article on "Jacoponi," was owing to the belief that it is not from the hand of the famous author of the "Stabat Mater."

A. SCHWARTZ.







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